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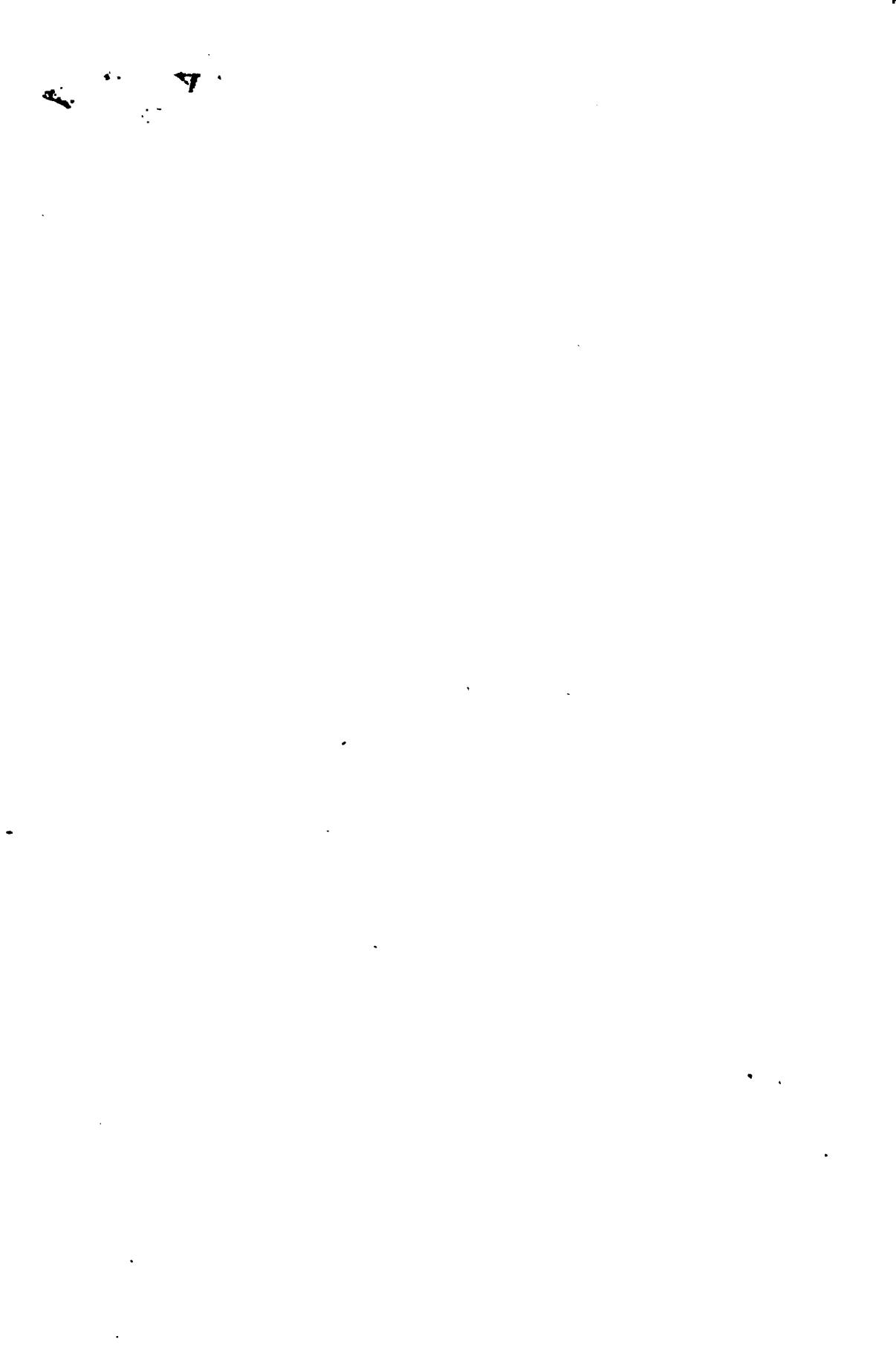
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29 Mar. - 9 Sept. 1901



БЕВБОДА—



THE CHAUTAUQUAN

A MAGAZINE FOR
SELF-EDUCATION

Issued Monthly with Illustrations

APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1901

VOLUME. XXXIII



CHAUTAUQUA PRESS

CLEVELAND, OHIO

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1901

P.138.2

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Dowell fund

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APRIL

PRICE 20 CENTS

1901

The CHAUTAUQUAN

*A Magazine for
Self-education*



Chautauqua

A System of Popular Education

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN,

A Monthly Magazine for Self-Education.

FRANK CHAPIN BRAY, Editor.

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THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY:

BUREAU OF PUBLICATION: WILLIAM S. BAILEY, Director.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Entered according to Act of Congress, April, 1901, by THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

Yearly Subscription, \$2.00. Single Copies, 20c.

Entered at Cleveland Post-Office as Second-class Mail Matter.





he other night I had an interview with Death. The place, a lonely dell, winter-bound, en-swathed in snow. The time, the waning moon, a last star paling to make the hour desolate.

A spirit prompted me to hail this heartless being. Said I, in accents strained as if to keep my courage up: "Monster, of thee no one speaks well! Thy tread, though soft and silent, makes firesides tremble, and in thy chilly presence flowers die. No gleeful child is safe from thy all-withering touch; no mother dost thou spare; no lovers weaving life's threads of hope into fancy's colored dream; no saint in humble prayer. Why not content thyself to prey on beasts of prey? Why devastate our homes? Why kill our little ones? Why break our hearts, then mock our pain with heartless sneers? O Death, I wish that thou wert dead!"

Then Death replied, and filled me with surprise: "Believe me, sir, thy reasoning's false; thy charge but unwise slander."

His voice was even mild and sweet, and through the gloom I saw suggestion of a smile. I knew I stood before transfigured Death—Death as unveiled by Jesus Christ.

"I am but God's servant, as are you," he said; "the flock must be brought Home; I am sent to bring the lost and wandering to their fold; the little ones could not endure the touch of winter's coming cold."

"But," I asked, "might not some brighter messenger be sent; an angel with music in his voice and laughter in his eye? His coming would be welcome as to birds the coming spring or opening day. Thou dost alarm us so, and make us die so oft in dying once. If some beloved parent, or one we knew full well, might come=any but thou, so silent, cold, so grim!"

"I understand you well," said Death; "but this grimness thou alone dost see. The living never see me as I am; only the dying see Death; what life is to the living, death is to the dead. I am a mask. The angel thou hast asked for is behind. Sometimes 'tis angel-mother, sometimes angel-father, sometimes parted lover, sometimes the child whose life you watched exhale itself away; only to the living am I enemy and monster; to the dying tenderer than the mother who smiles your tears away; gentler than the beat of wings that move in the Home of Day. No more revile me; I am thy Saviour in disguise."

And now the stars shone out like lamps of Home; like silver gleamed the snow; the lonely dell was all transformed; images filled the translucent space; upon me I felt the touch of life immortal.

Then I recalled, as I thought if this be Christian Death, the old familiar words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!"

W. Hamilton Spence.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN,

A Monthly Magazine for Self-Education.

VOL. XXXIII.

APRIL 1901

No. 1.



THE trust question is settling itself, thoughtful writers said at the beginning of the year, and it was certainly believed by many that the combination movement in the manufacturing industries had reached its natural limit. The report that under the auspices of J. Pierpont Morgan, the railroad magnate, practically all the leading steel-making corporations of the country were to be merged and consolidated into one colossal corporation, caused a world-wide sensation. There were many obstacles to be surmounted and apparently conflicting interests to be reconciled, and success appeared doubtful. But the combination is an accomplished fact. It is the most colossal ever formed even in the United States. It has been called a "billion dollar trust," but the stocks and bonds of the new corporation, organized, of course, under the "liberal" laws of New Jersey, exceed that amount, aggregating in fact \$1,154,000,000. The companies merged are these: The Carnegie Steel Company (Mr. Carnegie having retired from business and surrendered his interests for \$180,000,000, according to certain estimates), the Federal Steel Company, the American Steel and Wire Company, the National Tube Company, the American Sheet Steel Company, the National Steel Company, the American Tin Plate Company, and the American Steel Hoop Company. The plants of the twenty-four corporations which are absorbed are scattered over several states and many cities, and will unquestionably be subject to the federal laws.

The charter granted to the combination is of the most sweeping character. In terms it permits any kind of manufacture, mining, and method of transportation to the corporation. There is little doubt that the combination will have its own ships and railways, just as it has its ore beds and coal mines, in order to carry its own products to every market, domestic and foreign. One might

think that New Jersey was granting the United States Steel Corporation the right to become "guardian of the world." Following is a condensed statement of the grants made:

This corporation may manufacture iron, steel, manganese, coke, copper, lumber and other materials, and all articles consisting or partly consisting of iron, steel, copper, wood, or other materials, and all products thereof.

It has the right to acquire and develop any lands yielding these materials, and to extract coal, ores, stone, oil, etc., from any lands which it may own or acquire. It may buy and sell these materials and any of their products, and it may construct bridges, buildings, machinery, ships, boats, engines, cars and other equipment; railroads, docks, slips, elevators, water-works, gas-works and electric-works; viaducts, aqueducts, canals and other waterways and other means of transportation. These agencies may be bought or sold, maintained or operated, but the corporation may not maintain a railroad or canal in New Jersey.

This corporation may engage in any other manufacturing, mining, construction or transportation business of any kind or character whatsoever, but it may not engage in any business which shall require the exercise of the right of eminent domain within the state of New Jersey. It may conduct its business in other states and territories and in foreign countries.

The total authorized capital stock is three thousand dollars, divided into thirty shares, fifteen of which are preferred stock and fifteen common stock. From time to time the preferred stock and common stock may be increased. The holders of the preferred stock shall receive seven per cent annual dividends. When all cumulative dividends of preferred stock have been made, dividends on common stock may be declared.

The duration of the corporation shall be perpetual. The board of directors may meet outside of New Jersey when and where they please. The board may vary the amount of the working capital of the company and may determine the disposition of any surplus or net profits. The board may determine whether the accounts and books of the corporation shall be open to the inspection of the stockholders, and no stockholder shall have any right to inspect any account or book or document of the corporation, except as conferred by statute, or authorized by the board of directors, or by resolution of the stockholders.

It may be expected that such an unprecedented combination will wield enormous power and be able to suppress all competition at home, and to cripple the steel

manufacturers abroad. The question has been seriously asked whether this trust is likely to abuse its powers, to attempt extortion and discrimination, to charge higher prices at home, and to undersell foreigners abroad. Opinions vary, but it is feared that whatever economy there may be in the principle of combination, and in doing away with over-production, etc., may be neutralized by over-capitalization and the watering of the stock. The consolidated company has undertaken to pay 7 per cent dividends on \$400,000,000 of cumulative preferred stock and 5 per cent interest on \$300,000,000 of bonds. There are those who believe that half of the capitalization is of "water," which, if true, will necessitate high prices.

There has been some demand for legislative interference, though not as much as a similar enterprise would have excited a few years ago. Congressman Babcock, a prominent Republican and business man, offered a bill in congress repealing all duties on the products of iron and steel. This was promptly indorsed by many leading papers and public men, including high protectionists, but it received little support in congress. The main objection was that free trade in iron and steel products might injure the few competitors of the combination and really benefit the latter by giving it a complete monopoly of the home market. There was also the feeling that the combination ought to be given a fair trial, and that the withdrawal of protection could be resorted to in the event of oppression and monopolistic practises being attempted by it. If the corporation should be conservatively managed, the consumers would be advantaged by the reduction of prices, steadiness of production and superior efficiency claimed for combination; but the danger of manipulation and artificial inflation is generally recognized. Much, however, will depend on how far the raw material of the industry will be monopolized by the gigantic concern. Ultimately society may have to protect itself by exercising the right of eminent domain. In manufacturing industries, especially under a low tariff or free trade, it is almost impossible to maintain oppressive monopoly, so long as the supply of the raw material is subject to competition.



The revised trade statistics for 1900 establish one result beyond peradventure—the preëminence in the matter of exports has passed from Great Britain to the United States. This country is now first in the list

of exporting countries. The British statesmen have manifested no little apprehension, not to say alarm, over the fact that their nation has been industrially outdistanced, and an animated discussion has sprung up regarding ways and means, not of regaining the supremacy now lost,—that is conceded to be out of the question,—but of insuring to Great Britain's foreign trade a satisfactory rate of growth. Six years ago British exports exceeded those of the United States by \$250,000,000. In 1899 we were but \$35,000,000 behind our leading rival, and last year the lead was transferred to our side.

The progress of our foreign trade has indeed been wonderful. In twenty-five years France has gained nothing; Germany, by extraordinary efforts and application, has increased her exports nearly fifty per cent; the United Kingdom has gained about forty per cent; while the United States have increased their commerce with foreign countries about two hundred per cent. The period of most rapid growth, however, opened only about six years ago. Here is a table showing our exports by great divisions in 1895 and 1900:

To—	1895.	1900.
Europe	\$634,386,087	\$1,090,615,195
North America	114,225,264	199,425,214
South America	84,171,572	41,349,421
Asia, Oceania	33,073,633	99,721,476
Africa and others	9,003,580	21,906,384
Total	\$824,860,136	\$1,453,017,690

This table, it should be stated, was based upon incomplete returns, and the Treasury



HIS HANDS FULL.

THE OCTOPUS: "Guess I'll have to grow some more arms."
—Minneapolis Journal.

Bureau of Statistics has, in a revised statement, given the total value of our exports in 1900 as \$1,478,050,854. The imports for the same year were valued at \$829,052,116. The so-called "balance of trade" in our favor amounted to \$648,900,000, in round numbers. The percentage of manufactured goods in our exports rose to 30.38, against 24.93 in 1895. Of the imports nearly 45 per cent, it is estimated, consisted of materials for use in our manufacturing industries. We have been reducing our imports from Europe and North America, and increasing those from South America, Asia, Oceania, and Africa. The Bureau of Statistics makes the following detailed analysis of the trade movements, due generally to two causes—the increase of manufactures at home and the diversification of products, whereby markets are made abroad for many articles formerly produced here in but small quantities or entirely neglected:

From Europe, to which we are accustomed to look for manufactures, our imports have fallen [since 1890] over \$35,000,000, while Europe has largely increased her consumption of our cotton-seed oil, oleomargarine, paraffin, manufactures of iron and steel, copper, and agricultural machinery, as well as foodstuffs and cotton, our exports to that grand division having increased \$423,000,000 since 1890. From North America, the imports have fallen \$20,000,000, due chiefly to the falling off of sugar production in the West Indies, the imports from Cuba alone having decreased from \$54,000,000 in 1890 to \$27,000,000 in 1900. To North America, the exports have increased meantime over \$100,000,000, the growth being largely manufactures and foodstuffs, a considerable portion of the latter being presumably re-exported thence to Europe.

From South America, the imports have increased in quantity, especially in coffee and rubber, but decreased proportionately in price, so that the total increase in value in the decade is but \$1,000,000, while in exports the increase is \$6,500,000, chiefly in manufactures. From Asia, the importations have increased more than \$50,000,000, the increase being chiefly in sugar and raw materials required by our manufacturers, such as silk, hemp, jute, and tin; while to Asia the increase in our exports has been nearly \$40,000,000, principally in manufactures and raw cotton. From Oceania, the imports show little increase, though this is due in part to the absence of statistics of importation from Hawaii in the last half of the year 1900; while to Oceania, there is an increase in our exports of more than \$20,000,000, chiefly in manufactured articles. From Africa, the increase in imports is \$6,000,000, principally in manufacturers' materials, of which raw cotton forms the most important item; while our exports to Africa increased meantime \$17,000,000, chiefly in manufactures.

The chief factor, however, in the marvelous progress of our foreign trade is our predominance in iron and steel. Our exports in that line last year amounted to nearly \$130,000,000, against but \$32,000,000 in 1895. Yet twenty years ago this country was an importer of iron and steel products on a rather heavy scale. In 1880 the figures in this branch of trade were as follows: Imports, \$54,060,720; exports, \$14,716,524. What a phenomenal change in two decades! Today we are underselling Great Britain in her own markets as well as in those of continental Europe and the world at large. Mr. Andrew Carnegie recently wrote that this country is not only successfully competing to supply the wants of the world in steel and the thousand and one articles in which steel is a component part, but that these wants, steadily growing, can be met only by us. And he added: "The nation which makes the cheapest steel has the other nations at its feet so far as manufacturing is concerned in most of its branches. The cheapest steel means the cheapest ships, the cheapest machinery, the cheapest articles of all kinds of which steel is the base."

And it is generally agreed that the rate of American progress in exports is certain to be an accelerating one. Responsible newspapers, statesmen and economists—we may mention Sir Charles Dilke and Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu—have gone so far as to suggest a Pan-European commercial or customs alliance to fight the United States and prevent a disastrous economic invasion of old-world markets. A fierce struggle for trade is impending, and all industrial nations are preparing for a tariff war as the first manifestation of hostilities. Even in England the return to protection is vigorously advocated.



RETIRED TO HIS LIBRARIES.

—Minneapolis Journal.

For a time it seemed as if the threatened general tariff war had already broken out. The sugar-bounty controversy between Russia and the United States suddenly assumed an acute aspect, and the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Gage, was subjected to considerable criticism for his alleged "haste" in the matter. Now, however, the facts are better understood, and a second, sober thought has removed the apprehension of serious industrial effects.



COUNT G. DE LICHTERVELDE,
Envoy Extraordinary and
Minister Plenipotentiary
from Belgium to the
United States.

or bounty, direct or indirect, from the government. We have been levying additional duties on sugars imported from Germany, France, Belgium, and other countries that are encouraging the production of sugar by bounties. There is no doubt whatever that Russia is "encouraging" the production of sugar, but she has strenuously denied that the countervailing duty provision of our law applies to her case. Russia does not pay a bounty, but it remits from all exported sugar the internal revenue tax levied upon sugar sold in the home market. This exemption enables Russian exporters to pay the ordinary Dingley rate on sugar, and yet undersell American and other producers of sugar in the markets of this country. Secretary Gage, after an investigation, felt himself constrained to rule that the remission of the internal revenue tax by Russia amounted to an indirect bounty, and accordingly he directed an increase of thirty-five per cent of the duty on Russian sugar imported into the United States. His ruling was not final, and is subject to revision, first by the board of appraisers, a quasi-judicial body, and next by the supreme court. His duty as an administrative officer, he pleaded, was to give the benefit of any reasonable doubt to his own government and to throw the burden of proof on the Russian exporters of sugar.

But, pursuant to previous semi-official warnings, the Russian government declined to await the outcome of a test case in our courts, and "retaliated" by ordering an increase of about fifty per cent of the duties upon American agricultural machinery, tools, and manufactures of iron and steel generally. This order, issued by M. de Witte, the minister of finance, created a sensation throughout the industrial world. The American manufacturers became alarmed, and there was much talk about losing a trade worth \$20,000,000 a year. As a matter of fact American exports to Russia in 1900 were valued at \$10,488,419, against imports valued at \$7,246,981, and the balance of trade in our favor was a little over \$3,240,000. Cotton is one of our principal exports, and there are other leading articles to which the retaliatory tariff does not apply. Our total exports of machinery and the products of iron and steel in the fiscal year 1899 amounted to \$4,439,999. Even should the prohibitory tariff rates remain in force permanently, our loss of trade would hardly reach \$3,000,000 a year. On the other hand, failure to levy the additional duty on Russian sugar might offend Germany, France, and other bounty-paying countries, and lead to retaliation which would cost us hundreds of millions.

There is a general feeling, however, that the courts will decide in Russia's favor, and overrule Secretary Gage. Whether, in that event, western Europe will deem itself the victim of discrimination and attempt retaliation, it is impossible to say. The sentiment toward us is not too friendly. It is significant, however, that in Russia M. de Witte's order has not met with approval. The press is not free to express its opinion in explicit language, but such cautious comments as have been made indicate that the retaliatory decree is regarded as a mistake. Russia needs American tools and machinery, and prohibitory rates on our products injure her more than they can possibly harm us. Then there are Russian editors and statesmen who believe that the United States and Russia, as the greatest producers and exporters of grain, have common interests to promote and should work together against the German agrarians who would exclude foreign agricultural products from their market. At any rate, the tariff "war" has not disturbed the political relations between the two countries.



While our attention is being directed to the figures which display the enormous

growth of American trade, it is pertinent to remember that a younger, and in some respects a more progressive commonwealth, begins the new century with an astonishing commercial exhibit. With the advent of a federated form of government for Australia some striking speculations have become current. The Australian *Review of Reviews* refers to a number of historical comparisons made by Sir Phillip Fysh as follows:

"The United States, when they began their independent political existence in 1787, had almost exactly our population, but only one-tenth of our revenue! The income of the thirteen colonies was less than £3,000,000; their foreign trade was microscopic. Australasia has a public revenue of £30,000,000, more than one fourth of that enjoyed by Great Britain herself; while the volume of Australasian trade reaches £150,000,000—just about that of Great Britain herself when the queen came to the throne. Going still further back, Sir Phillip Fysh compares Federated Australia with the England of Cromwell's day. 'Britain's population in Cromwell's time,' he says, 'was 5,000,000: the six federating colonies have a population of 4,000,000, an annual revenue of £25,000,000, productive industries £130,000,000 per annum, a volume of trade of £130,000,000 per annum, shipping in and out of their ports measuring 10,000,000 tons annually, and have accumulated £1,385,000 of material resources.' This is decidedly 'tall' arithmetic!"

Quoting further some trade statistics for the colonies during the last five years, there is shown a decrease in the percentage of trade with the mother country, and an increase of trade with the United States:

"Betwixt 1895-99 Australian imports have increased from £44,268,000 to £63,439,000; exports have risen during the same period from £55,349,000 to £76,908,000. The gross value of the commerce of Australia, in a word, has risen from less than £100,000,000 to over £140,000,000—an increase in five years of nearly 50 per cent. The competition for this rich trade is, of course, keen. Roughly, more than 80 per cent of this trade flows in British channels—the exact proportion was 89.7 per cent in 1895, 83 per cent in 1899. The foreign trade, it will be seen, slightly grows, and the trade with America grows fastest of all. Thus the imports from the United States into New South Wales alone have risen from £624,000 in 1895 to £2,219,000 in 1899."



Early in February there was considerable talk of a special session of the new congress to deal with the Philippine and Cuban questions, for it was not expected that the fifty-sixth congress would have the inclination or time to deal properly, intelligently, and constructively with either of those momentous problems. But the unexpected, said to happen always in France, sometimes happens elsewhere. In the last days of the late "short session" congress, practically without genuine and serious debate, took radical and definite action on both of the great and vital questions named, thus obviating the

need of an extra session. As to the moral and political *quality* of the action opinions differ widely, and events alone will settle the controversy.

With respect to the Philippines, the resolution of Senator Spooner provides for the delegation to the president by congress of civil and judicial authority over the entire archipelago for the purpose of establishing civil government there. The constitutionality of such unqualified and sweeping delegation of legislative power by congress has been questioned, but it is alleged that there are certain early precedents for it. There is no doubt that the majority of thoughtful citizens would prefer congressional legislation for the Philippines, but it is certain that congress was not prepared—lacking knowledge and grasp—to take charge of the affairs of the far-eastern islands. The alternative to civil rule by executive authority appeared to be the indefinite continuation of military government, which, according to the Taft commission, hampered and delayed pacification. The resolution as passed gives the president absolute authority over the Philippine population, but this authority will exist only "until congress shall provide otherwise." This qualification did not prevent Senator Hoar and a number of influential Democratic senators from denouncing the resolution as un-republican, un-American, and involving pure, bold, undiluted despotism.

The danger of carpet-bag and franchise-grabbing evils was earnestly urged upon the senate, and the result was the adoption, without objection from any quarter, of a rigid proviso protective of Filipino property and interests. It runs as follows, and requires careful study:

Provided that no sale or lease or other disposition of the public lands or the timber thereon or the mining rights therein shall be made.

And, provided, further, that no franchise shall be granted which is not approved by the president of the United States, and is not in his judgment clearly necessary for the immediate government of the islands and indispensable for the interest of the people thereof,



BARON W. A. F. GEVERS,
Envoy Extraordinary and
Minister Plenipotentiary
from The Netherlands
to the United States.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

and which cannot, without great public mischief, be postponed until the establishment of permanent civil government; and all such franchises shall terminate one year after the establishment of such permanent civil government.

This will effectually discourage speculation, jobbery, and the alienation by Americans to Americans of those lands and resources of our island "wards." The resolution could not possibly have passed the senate without this just and essential restriction.



We turn now to the action on Cuba. After many conferences and much labor the senate committee on relations with Cuba reported, by way of amendment to the army appropriation bill, a resolution setting forth the conditions precedent to the withdrawal of the American army of occupation from Cuba and the fulfillment of the pledge embodied in the Teller resolution which accompanied the declaration of war upon Spain. Senator Teller is a member of the committee, and there are two Democrats and one Populist on it, yet there was no minority report, and the vote in favor of the amendment was unanimous in committee. The Teller resolution reads thus: "The United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise *sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control* over said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, *to leave the government and control of the island to its people.*" It is this language which caused the supreme court to hold in the Neely case that Cuba was a foreign country in every sense and that pacification must be regarded as the sole object of American occupation. It is in the light of this pledge that the Cuban amendment, which passed both branches of congress and received the president's signature late in the session, must be read by conscientious Americans.

The amendment demands the recognition by Cuba of certain rights or claims of the United States — such recognition to be contained either in the constitution or in an ordinance appended thereto, and to be embodied also in a *permanent* treaty between Cuba and the United States. The conditions are seven in number, and are as follows:

- That the government of Cuba shall never enter into any treaty or other compact with any foreign power or powers which will impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba, nor in any manner authorize or permit any foreign power or powers to obtain by colonization or for military or naval purposes or otherwise lodgment in or control over any portion of said island.

- That said government shall not assume or contract any public debt, to pay the interest upon which and to make reasonable sinking-fund provision for the

ultimate discharge of which the ordinary revenues of the island, after defraying the current expenses of government, shall be inadequate.

- That the government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the treaty of Paris on the United States, now to be assumed and undertaken by the government of Cuba.

- That all acts of the United States in Cuba during its military occupancy thereof are ratified and validated and all lawful rights acquired thereunder shall be maintained and protected.

- That the government of Cuba will execute and, as far as necessary, extend the plans already devised or other plans to be mutually agreed upon, for the sanitation of the cities of the island, to the end that a recurrence of epidemics and infectious diseases may be prevented, thereby assuring protection to the people and commerce of Cuba as well as to the commerce of the southern ports of the United States and the people residing therein.

- That the Isle of Pines shall be omitted from the proposed constitutional boundaries of Cuba, the title thereto being left to future adjustment by treaty.

- That to enable the United States to maintain the independence of Cuba, and to protect the people thereof, as well as for its own defense, the government of Cuba will sell or lease to the United States lands necessary for coaling or naval stations at certain specified points, to be agreed upon with the president of the United States.

The prevailing opinion is that these conditions are "moderate," far within reason, necessary to Cuba's welfare and our own order and peace; but the argument against this is that the above program means American suzerainty over Cuba and the establishment of a protectorate, with all its difficulties and possibilities of friction. Moreover, control of foreign relations, credit, sanitation, and debt, and indefinite right in internal affairs for the maintenance of liberty and property rights would certainly seem to be negatived by the promise of "non-control" and non-interference made so expressly by the Teller resolution. Senators Morgan, Tillman, and Pettigrew denounced the amendment as a repudiation of the national pledge and a deliberate breach of faith, and several Republican and independent journals took the same view. It was even predicted that the Cubans would revolt, and that unless the United States receded, force would be necessary.

The delegates to the Cuban constitutional convention may decline the American terms. They have informed General Wood that they would grant no condition tending to compromise the independence and sovereignty of the island, and that they would only agree to recognize the Monroe doctrine and bind Cuba not to permit its territory to be used as a base of military operations by any foreign power. However, the negotiations

and discussions are still proceeding, and at this writing it is impossible to say whether Cuba will accept or reject the congressional scheme of "future relations."



No incident connected with the passing of the British scepter from the hand of Victoria I to Edward VII. has properly attracted so much notice as his taking the "No Popery Oath." Historically this requirement goes back to the age of the Stuart kings, and is one of the safeguards by which the succession to the throne is secured to the Protestant line. The oath which was taken by the king in the presence of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, is an explicit denial of belief in the Romish doctrine of Transubstantiation, and includes a solemn declaration that "the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint, and the sacrifice of the Mass," are "superstitions and idolatrous." Furthermore, the king had to swear that the declaration was made "without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the pope, or any other authority or person whatsoever, and without any hope of any such dispensation from any person whatsoever, and without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man of any part thereof, although the pope or any other person or persons or power whatsoever should dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning." The oath is a survival of the time when the religious feeling of England was very different from its present condition. It was until a comparatively recent date one of many "test oaths" which must be taken not only by public officials in church and state, but by professors and students in the universities. The repeal of these tests—

"Catholic emancipation" was the phrase — was accomplished only after a notable political struggle. It is a strange fact that the Duke of Norfolk, hereditary earl marshal of England, whose office requires him to take a leading part in the ceremonial of the oath, is himself a Roman Catholic, the head of the ancient family of Howard. It was he, a privy councilor of England, who attracted such attention to himself early in the year by an effusive expression of loyalty which, as the head of a deputation of English pilgrims, he presented to Pope Leo XIII. His name, with those of some thirty Catholic peers, was signed to an address to the lord chancellor protesting against the oath. They profess to believe that the sovereign would gladly have been relieved of the obligations which the law made unavoidable, of heaping contumelious epithets upon the religious tenets of millions of his most devoted subjects. They say, "While we submit to the law, we cannot be wholly silent on this occasion. We desire to impress on your lordship that the expressions used in this declaration made it difficult and painful for Catholic peers to attend today in the House of Lords in order to discharge their official or public duties." Several incidents growing out of the ceremonial are noteworthy. Cardinal Vaughan "with the hope of repairing and cancelling the injuries thus committed against the Divine Majesty" ordered a general commission of reparation to be celebrated in every Catholic church in England on the second Sunday in Lent. In Paris when a mass commemorative of the queen was celebrated in a Catholic church to which the British ambassador issued invitations, the French press was not slow to point a finger at the hollowness of a profession which condemned at home as idolatrous a practise which it officially patronized abroad. In Canada the ever-smouldering fire of religious rivalry seemed on the point of flaming up again when a Catholic member of parliament offered a resolution asking for the abolition of the No-Popery declaration as offensive to Roman Catholics. Premier Laurier had the tact to give the motion his immediate support, telling the house that the government would not consider this a ministerial question, and leaving every member free to vote according to his individual opinion.

In 1840, at the age of twenty, Queen



THE PRESIDENT HAS ASKED FOR LAWS FOR THE PHILIPPINES.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Victoria took as her prince-consort, Albert, of the little German duchy, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. It is interesting to note that a few days after Victoria's death, Wilhelmina, twenty years of age, Queen of Holland, took as her prince-consort, Henry, of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, a little German principality. Wilhelmina is the daughter of King William III. of Holland, who died in 1890. Between 1890 and 1898, until Wilhelmina became of age, her mother, Emma, queen regent, governed Holland. Wilhelmina is now queen regnant; that is, she is a female sovereign ruling in her own right and having the same powers that would belong to a king. Victoria was a queen regnant, and Wilhelmina is now the only queen regnant living. A prince-consort is a prince who is married to a queen regnant. He does not share his wife's sovereignty. Prince Albert, upon marrying Victoria, received the title of Royal Highness, and was naturalized as a British subject. In 1842, the title consort was formally conferred upon him, and in 1857 he was formally made prince-consort. The new Prince-Consort of Holland, though having the privileges of royal Dutch princes, can have no royal powers. If Wilhelmina should die, Henry would be a Dutch prince so long as he remained unmarried. If he should remarry, or if Queen Wilhelmina should divorce him, his place in the Dutch royalty would be lost. Should the queen die, her husband would receive \$62,500 a year, so long as he remained unmarried. The prince-consort receives from the queen the income from about \$20,000,000. He receives nothing from the government.



William Maxwell Evarts, who died in New York City on the last day of February, had been attorney-general in the cabinet of one president, secretary of state in a second administration, and afterward a senator in congress from the Empire State. Yet his real eminence was not achieved as a politician, and he does not properly belong in the first rank of American statesmen. He was a great lawyer, and for the generation which followed the death of Daniel Webster his position at the head of the American bar was almost unquestioned. Three times in that period he was engaged as leading counsel in cases of such supreme national or international importance as to connect his name forever with the history of the republic. In

1868 the breach between President Johnson and congress, growing out of his disregard of the tenure of office law, resulted in the impeachment of the president. A committee of the House of Representatives conducted the prosecution. The senate, Chief Justice Chase presiding, constituted the high court. It seemed a foregone conclusion that the senators, most of whom were Johnson's political enemies, would give their verdict against him. But Mr. Evarts, by his general conduct of the defense not less than by the remarkable three days' speech which concluded the proceedings, won a sufficient number of Republican senators to destroy the requisite majority of two-thirds. Johnson was acquitted. Evarts became his attorney-general. The verdict of history has approved the judgment of the court. If Mr. Evarts had failed, and Johnson had fallen a victim to partisan rage, one of the chief safeguards of the independence of the executive would have been swept away. Even the defeated party, of which Mr. Evarts himself was one of the most loyal and consistent members, came to recognize years afterward that Johnson's acquittal had saved it from itself, and made more sure the foundations of our government.

In 1872 the American claims against Great Britain for damages inflicted by the *Alabama* and other Confederate cruisers were submitted to the arbitration of an international commission at Geneva. Mr. Evarts was chosen to make the oral argument for the American side. His views prevailed, and the Geneva Commission awarded the sum of \$15,500,000 to the United States. This was the first time that a question of commanding importance, on which two powerful nations



THE LION-KANGAROO.

JOHN BULL: "It's certainly a kangaroo, but it's an uncommonly like a lion." (Could not the "portmanteau-word" Longaroo be applied to the new compound animal?)—*Westminster Gazette*.

had taken issue, was submitted to judicial decision instead of to "the arbitrament of the sword." The five judges were as distinguished as any jurists in the world. The opposing counsel was the leader of the British bar; but the learning, force, and acumen of the American carried conviction of the justice of his cause. That speech, lasting two days, marked the Yankee barrister as one of the great court lawyers of the age.

The presidential election of 1876 was so close, and the result of the voting was so doubtful in many states, especially in the south, that the country was brought to the verge of civil war over the settlement. Eventually congress appointed an electoral commission of fifteen to hear and determine the cases in dispute. Mr. Evarts figured as the leading counsel for the Republican candidates, and his efforts were rewarded by the series of "eight to seven" decisions which resulted on March 2 in the declaration of the election of Hayes and Wheeler by an electoral vote of 185 to 184. Mr. Evarts entered the cabinet of President Hayes as secretary of state, and afterward closed his public career with a term in the senate. At the time of his death he had lived for several years in retirement, his health and especially his eyesight having been impaired. He came of New England ancestry and education, having been born in Boston in 1817, and educated at Yale, where Governor Samuel J. Tilden, Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite, and Attorney-General Edwards Pierrepont were among his associates in the "famous class of 1837."



"Academic freedom" continues to be a "burning issue" in the colleges and the press. The trouble at Stanford University did not end with the dismissal of Dr. Ross. Mrs. Stanford subsequently demanded the resignation of Prof. George E. Howard, head of the history department, who had criticized the action against his colleague as an attempt to suppress free speech and free teaching, and had used the following expression: "I do not worship St. Market Street; I do not reverence holy Standard Oil; nor do I doff my hat to the Celestial Six Companies." This was resented as undignified, personal, and flippant, and some members of the faculty, as well as many of the students, approved the virtual dismissal of Professor Howard. But two or three professors promptly resigned as "a protest against the throttling of free speech," while students held meetings to express their indignation.

and apprehension. President Jordan, a liberal-minded educator, cannot be supposed to sympathize with attacks on proper academic freedom, and he has repeatedly denied that the dismissal of Dr. Ross was such an attack. A committee of the San Francisco alumni of the university, after an investigation, declared that the dismissal could not be construed into an infringement of freedom of speech and teaching. But more weight is attached to the report of a committee of three distinguished eastern professors of political economy, Edwin R. A. Seligman of Columbia, Henry W. Farnam of Yale, and Henry B. Gardner of Brown. This committee was appointed at the annual meeting of the American Economic Association (though the action was not formal), and after considerable correspondence with President Jordan, Dr. Ross, and others, it submitted a lengthy report completely exonerating Dr. Ross from all vague charges of indiscretion and impropriety, and accusing President Jordan of inconsistent explanations and suppression of facts, and winding up with the following significant conclusions:

There is evidence to show: (a) That Mrs. Stanford's objections to Professor Ross were due, in part at all events, to his former attitude on the silver question, and to his utterances on coolie immigration and on municipal ownership; and (b) That while the dissatisfaction of Mrs. Stanford, due to his former attitude on the silver question, antedated his utterances on coolie immigration and municipal ownership, her dissatisfaction was greatly increased by these utterances.

The committee submitted the evidence to fourteen other leading professors and one editor, Mr. Horace White, and they all agreed with its conclusions. Most of the press comments on the case have been hostile to President Jordan and Mrs. Stanford, and the preponderance of evidence is certainly against them, notwithstanding sweeping denials from partisan friends. Dr. Harper, the president of the University of Chicago, has, in a convocation address, defended freedom of teaching, declaring that professors should exercise "common sense" in their pursuit of



DUKE HENRY OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN,
Prince-Consort to Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.

truth and public discussion of debatable propositions, but that, on the other hand, it is better to overlook indiscretions than to err on the side of restriction and interference with free speech. At the recent mid-continent congress of religions several Chicago ministers vigorously dealt with this question, and the opinion was expressed that endowments were a menace to the independence and integrity of the universities. One minister exclaimed:



THE LATE
WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS.

ants of a few private interests!" Another observed that of "absolute coercion" there was no danger, but that pictures of benefactors, constant eulogies of donors, and expectation of gifts "might mold the mind after a time until this suggestiveness might have the same effect as coercion." British journals of authority have written strongly on the subject, and have asserted that "plutocratic domination" is becoming quite pronounced in the United States, and that even in monarchical and military Germany the colleges have greater independence and are doing infinitely more good in spite of comparative poverty. The question is certainly a grave one, and whatever the facts may be, the discussion cannot fail to be productive of beneficial results.



School-room decoration is a subject which is now receiving considerable attention from educators in this country, and especially in New York State where the matter was first taken up. For the last three years the University of the State of New York has circulated among high schools, academies, and libraries photographs of historical portraits, architectural monuments, and great paintings. The traveling library was started in New York State in 1892, and the traveling picture system was a natural outgrowth of it, with its hand photographs, its lantern slides, and finally, its large wall pictures. The authorities furnished a list of recognized

masterpieces, which included such pictures as were thought to be most available for schools and libraries, but as the scheme developed it was seen that greater care in selecting the list needed to be exercised to exclude all objectionable subjects. To secure this approved list a set of subjects "was submitted to about seventy-five persons, specialists in school-room decoration, artists, Roman Catholics, Jews, members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and others of conservative opinions or with extreme views as to subjects which should not be displayed on the walls of high schools." The result is rather curious, and many severe criticisms have been expressed, but it must be kept in mind that the authorities disclaim any intention to represent the best art, their entire purpose being to make a list of one hundred "of the most satisfactory subjects for the decoration of high schools, taking into consideration not only artistic merit, reputation, historical and literary significance and educational value, but also extreme or peculiar views on religious and ethical questions." Two principles of exclusion were adopted. Pictures were rejected that were objectionable on religious grounds, as tending to irreverence for things held sacred, or as tending to dignify and enforce or to ridicule or antagonize particular doctrines; and those that were objectionable on ethical grounds, as tending to make vice or questionable habits familiar or attractive, or as disregarding prejudice against the nude in art.

The list as adopted is as follows:

Mosques — Cordova, belfry; Jerusalem, Mosque of Omar; Seville, Giralda tower.

Churches and cathedrals — Amiens, choir; Canterbury; Cologne; Constantinople, Santa Sophia, interior; Durham; Florence; Lincoln; London, (a) Westminster abbey, (b) Poets' corner; Milan; Mont St. Michel, cloisters; Paris, Notre Dame; Pavia, cloisters; Peterborough; Pisa; Reims; Rome, (a) St. John Lateran, cloisters; (b) St. Paul's beyond the walls, cloisters; (c) interior; (d) St. Peter's; (e) interior; Salisbury; Venice, St. Mark's; York minster.

Tombs — Taj Mahal, Agra, India.

Sculpture — Augustus; Colleoni, by Verrocchio; King Arthur, by Peter Vischer; Moses, by Michelangelo Buonarroti; Otricoli Zeus; Parthenon frieze, north section; St. George, by Donatello; Shaw memorial, by St. Gaudens; Victory of Samothrace.

Paintings — Abbey, Edwin A., Quest of the holy grail; Alma-Tadema, Lawrence, A Reading from Homer; Bastien-Lepage, Jules, Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices; Bonheur, Rosa, Ploughing in the Nivernais; Corot, Jean Baptiste, Landscape; Dyck, Anton van, (a) Charles I., King of England; (b) Three children of Charles I.; Guido Reni, Aurora; Hobbema, Meindert, Middelharnis Avenue; Homer, Winslow, All's Well; Hunt, William M., Flight of Night; Leighton, Sir Frederick, Captive Andromache; Le Rolle, Henri,

Shepherdess; Mesdag, Hendrik Willem, Return of the Fishing Boats; Michelangelo Buonarroti, Delphic Sibyl; Millet, Jean François, Gleaners; Raphael Sanzio, School of Athens; Rembrandt van Ryn, (a) Night watch; (b) Portrait of the artist; (c) Syndics of the cloth hall; Rousseau, Theodore, Forest of Fontainebleau at Sunset; Ruydesael, Jacob van, (a) The Hunt; (b) The Windmill; Sargent, John S., Frieze of Prophets; Troyon, Constant, Return to the Barnyard; Turner, Joseph M. W., Fighting Temeraire; Vedder, Elihu, Cumæan Sibyl; Velasquez, Diego Rodriguez de Silva, Don Balthazar Carlos; Watts, George Frederick, Sir Galahad.

Egyptian antiquities—Abu-Simbel; Karnak temple; Philae Island; Sphinx and Pyramids.

Roman antiquities—Rome, (a) Arch of Constantine; (b) Arch of Titus; (c) Colosseum; (d) interior; (e) Forum; (f) Pantheon; Nîmes, France, Maison Carrée.

Greek antiquities—Athens, (a) Acropolis; (b) Erechtheum, Ionic porch; (c) Caryatid porch; (d) Parthenon; (e) Theseum; Paestum, Italy, Temple of Neptune.

Description and travel—Haddon Hall; London, (a) Houses of parliament; (b) Tower; Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's house; Rome, (a) Castle of St. Angelo; (b) Vatican library, interior; Venice, Grand Canal; Granada, Alhambra, Court of Lions; Matterhorn; Cairo, (a) Road to the Pyramids; (b) Avenue of Palms; Garden of the Gods; Mount Vernon, Virginia; Niagara Falls; Washington, D. C., Capitol; Yellowstone National Park, falls.

United States history—Leutze, Emanuel, Washington Crossing the Delaware.

In view of the purposes of the list, the principles of selection, and the diversified character of the judges to whom the list was submitted, it is not surprising that many favorite masterpieces were excluded and that so large a preponderance of architecture appears. Some of the criticisms of the judges, however, are interesting, if not amazing. Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" is declared to be "second rate"; Breton's "Song of a Lark" is "unimportant"; Correggio's "Holy Night" is "objectionable to Jews," as are also Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" and "St. Anthony and the Infant Jesus," Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," "Madonna of the Chair," "Madonna del Granduca"; Da Vinci's "Last Supper" has "little artistic value"; of Hofman's "Christ in the Temple" it is stated, "Pupils will like it and should not"; while Joshua Reynold's "Heads of Angels" are "pretty, but not sufficiently strong." There was a difference of opinion also with reference to the value of modern art in the collection, one of the judges stating: "My belief is that we should start with things which will appeal strongly to many with very little regard to whether a thing is an old classic or not. Therefore I should like to see the best modern work very strongly represented: Morot with horses, Troyon with cattle, Millet more fully with workers, even at the expense of completeness in the list, and at the expense of older and better

men"; while one who assumes to be an art critic says that "modern art should be sparingly introduced; the best is based on classic models, and with these highest types the children should be made familiar from their earliest years." There was practical unanimity in excluding subjects on religious and ethical grounds, and strange as it may seem the artists among the judges were almost unanimous "in condemning the exclusion of pictures on the ground of nudity."

In their announcement of the findings of the committee the regents of the university make the following statement relative to their ideas of school-room decoration, and the relation of the list of one hundred subjects thereto:

It is to be borne in mind that while it is the purpose in school-room decoration to develop and train the art perceptions of high school students, this is not all nor the most important work to be performed by the pictures. They are intended to inculcate a love of the beautiful, to develop true esthetic ideals, to contribute pleasure and inspiration to the daily life of the school and to increase the student's store of general information by acquaintance with the world's great monuments and masterpieces and the memorable scenes of its history. Hardly more than incidentally are they to teach art, which is an independent subject to be studied for itself, and not to be confused with the quite different and equally important work of diffusing general culture. While, therefore, the artistic value of the list is impaired by the exclusion of certain desirable subjects, its practical value for schools is evident, representing as it does one hundred subjects which after passing a rigorous censorship are accepted as suitable for the high school.



There will be the usual number of religious organizations to hold their annual meetings at Buffalo during the Pan-American Exposition, but a distinctively Exposition effort is to be put forward in a tent that is to be so located that visitors to the Exposition can attend meetings in it with the least possible inconvenience. Meetings in this tent are not to be evangelistic. They will consist of prayer meetings, teaching services in which methods of Bible and other religious study will be set forth, and a vesper service to be held immediately before the electrical show, which is to be a feature of the Exposition every night. Especial attention is to be paid by the persons in charge of these religious meetings to visitors from Spanish-American countries. A strong committee of Buffalo ministers and laymen is in charge, and it announces that it will show all possible courtesies to visiting religious bodies which hold their meetings there this year.

RUSSIAN WOMEN. II.

BY ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

N the matter of woman's education Russia has a singular, and of late and in certain directions, a pioneer record. In the early ages of its history, female education in Russia equaled that in other countries. In the eleventh century the daughter of a princely house founded a school for women (only a few years later than the first school for men), which was considered the pioneer not only in Russia but in all Europe. Education of all sorts suffered a long eclipse, beginning with the Tatar invasion of 1224. During the Tatar dominion all women who were able—especially in the higher classes—took refuge in convents, as a matter of personal safety. Those who, for any reason, were unable to do so, patterned their lives at home as nearly as possible upon the conventional model, as a measure of prudence. Peter the Great forced them to abandon the veil (*fata*) and seclusion (his mother and step-sisters had begun this reform, and duly scandalized the conservative, as a matter of course); and thus they were brought into contact with foreigners, of whom Russia, and particularly the court, was full. The Russian women, more enterprising than the men of that day, promptly began that acquisition of foreign tongues for which they have since become famous. The Empresses Anna and Elizabeth were not highly educated, but they were so extremely clever that Russia became the ruling power in continental affairs, both diplomatically and otherwise.

But the Empress Catherine II. was an enlightened woman in the western sense of the word, and perceived the necessity for providing women with educational facilities. She accordingly founded schools for the daughters of the nobility and citizens of lower rank, where hundreds of girls were educated at the expense of the state. Catherine II. was nothing if not thorough: the girls (like the boys in corresponding schools) were received at the age of five years, and kept until they were seventeen. During that period they were never once allowed to go home, or even to see their parents except in the school buildings—called “institutes” to this day. The idea was to prevent the children being contami-

nated with the old-fashioned notions of their parents; and to provide a corps of tutors-to-the-universe, so to speak, who should reform said old-fashioned parents and society in general. Naturally, parents and children were strangers to each other, and the results were not entirely happy. This was the rule, also, in the institutes founded by the Empress Marya Feodorovna, wife of Paul I., and supported from her own private means.

The first of these (a good type of these



MME. EUGENIE KONRADI.

imperial institutes), is the Mary Institute. All these institutes are under the direct “patronage” of the reigning empress, and she, occasionally aided by a grand duchess, has always followed, in a degree, the example of the Empress Marya Feodorovna, who entered into every detail of their welfare. All these institutes of Catherine II., the Empress Marya, and the Emperor Paul I., are now supported from the imperial treasury, and have a special department devoted to them in the emperor’s chancellery. The education provided in them is of the “fashionable” sort even now—and very charming indeed are the girls whom they graduate.

The "solitary confinement" system has been relaxed, but the girls still wear the uniforms designed by Catherine II., must remove their fine linen tuckers and remain *décolletées* for recitations, and are still punished by being deprived of their linen aprons.

By the time the Crimean war was over, this "fashionable" education ceased to satisfy Russian women—except those who had the *entrée* at court, for which such education is thoroughly adapted; though some of these, even, yearned for more. Many women were, naturally, debarred from these institutes through lack of sufficient rank or means or of vacancies. Women's *gymnasia*, for all classes of society, none free but with varying prices, sprang up everywhere, in the capitals first. The

midwifery, and so forth. But the limited sphere of action, and the small pay received by graduates of these courses, necessitated a larger outlet, and one which opened the way to more remunerative professions. This led to the pedagogical and medical courses for women, and the advance-guard of women suffered much in this great cause.

In December, 1867, the beautiful Mme. Eugenie Konradi, a writer and the wife of a physician (editor of *The Week*, of which she soon afterward became the editress), presented a memorial to the first Congress of Naturalists. The memorial set forth the absolute necessity of organizing regular courses for women on subjects of historicophilological and physico-mathematical sciences. These men publicly expressed approval of the plan, but declined to support it actively,—unlike the rector and professors of the St. Petersburg University, who acted energetically in the matter in 1868. The fame of the petition to the rector, signed by four thousand women who longed to benefit society and the home, as mothers and instructresses of youth, or to earn their own living, spread all over Russia, and even beyond the frontiers. John Stuart Mill heard of it, and sent a sympathetic letter.

It is not possible for me to follow in detail the struggles of the heroic women who finally won the battle. Suffice it to say that, while the university committee reported adversely to admitting the women to their regular courses, many of the most learned members of the university and committee offered to lecture in independent courses for women. After various semi-private experiments (some of which were pronounced too "popular" and too mildly scientific for the ends in view), and various makeshifts, the courses were finally opened in rooms offered by the Minister of the Interior, in February, 1869, after they had occupied for a time the auditorium of the Military Medical Academy. In fact, the men have always been eager to aid the women, independently of the government. The subscribers to the courses for the first year numbered nine hundred, which must have filled with pride and joy the hearts of the women who had been chiefly instrumental in organizing them.

Among these women were Miss Nadezhda V. Stasoff, Mme. Trubnikoff and Marya Bokoff. Miss Stasoff was appointed superintendent, and for twelve years she devoted all her energies to the management of affairs, receiving no guerdon save the reverence and love of the students. That she possessed



MARYA BOKOFF.

education was more in line with that given to boys, and the graduates (like the graduates of the government institutes) were authorized to teach in schools and families.

The Empress Marya Feodorovna had had pedagogical courses for teachers in some of her institutes: but now regular courses were established. Still, there was no place which provided higher education for graduates of the *gymnasia* and institutes. In the course of the 60's several energetic Russian women started many professional schools for village schoolmasters and mistresses, also courses in designing, stenography, telegraphy, acting, music, bookkeeping, gymnastics, surgery,

this no one who had—as I was fortunate enough to have—the pleasure of seeing her surrounded by them could doubt. Miss Stasoff was also one of the women who inter-



NADEZHDA SUBLOFF.

ested herself in cheap lodgings for working-men, and in the Sunday-schools for working-men, women, and children who were occupied during the week. Thanks to the munificence of Mme. Rukavitchnikoff, the higher courses eventually moved into a building of their own, and a dormitory building was afterwards added. Miss Stasoff was superseded by a man, as superintendent, in 1889; but as long as she lived, she worked for the courses, procuring means for the support of needy students, and the like. She died in 1895 while on an errand of this sort. The government heartily approved of these higher courses: they would keep Russian women from going abroad to study, as many had been forced to do previously. The higher courses have sent many graduates to posts of honor and usefulness, including the biological stations at Naples and on the Black sea. It is not possible to enumerate all they have accomplished.

When we speak of learned Russian women, the first place and the palm of fame must be awarded to one who never attended the courses,—Sophia Kovalevsky. She was educated privately, in Russia and abroad, an only woman who has ever been

appointed professor of mathematics at a man's university. At the University of Stockholm she was called “our Professor Sonya”; and certainly no other woman ever won away from all male competitors the great Bordin medal for original discoveries in mathematics. Moreover, that medal was increased by fifteen hundred francs, in recognition of the remarkable value of Sophia Kovalevsky's discoveries. If anyone doubts that the Russian woman (like all other well-regulated women) possesses a domestic nature, despite profound learning, let him (or her) read Professor Sonya's autobiography, and her friend's sketch of the gifted but unhappy dual nature.

The higher courses for women have prepared scores of students for the Woman's Medical Institute,—an establishment from which more public benefit is expected than from any one learned enterprise in all Russia. The country is so immense that there are not enough male doctors to go around; and the country physician often has a district of forty square miles. A lack of enthusiasm for such arduous work has, not infrequently, been observed in male doctors: and the argument is as follows: Women are more self-sacrificing, far more unselfish, and hard-working than men, as they have demonstrated; therefore, an army of women doctors is desirable for such positions. It is very much “the thing,” by the way, for the mistress of the manor to take a course in trained nursing and medicine, in order that she may be able to minister to her family, and to the peasants who come from miles around, because the doctor is too distant or too expensive. Certain old wives' remedies are still popular, despite this: and I heard a



WOMEN'S COLLEGE, ST. PETERSBURG.

clever woman, with a big estate on her hands, recommend a peasant to hunt up a huge ant-

hill (there were plenty in the neighborhood), plunge his rheumatic foot into it, and keep it there as long as he could endure the injection of formic acid by the enraged little surgeon-insects.

Long before Russia could boast of a medical institute for women, she had a Florence Nightingale, a contemporary in activity with that well-known Englishwoman. She, also, won her first laurels in the Crimean war, this Elizaveta Petrovna Kartzeff, now dead. She was the first Russian Sister of Mercy who went to Sevastopol to nurse the soldiers. A celebrated physician who recognized her talent, gave her charge of the hospital patients and the commissariat. Such great, such unprecedented confidence shown in a woman, on such important matters, on the part of a man like the eminent physician, aroused a storm of indignation all over the land. The very idea of admitting a woman to the theater of war evoked strenuous opposition, ridicule, and worse. But Elizaveta Kartzeff's value was recognized, in the end, and after the war was over she took up the work of training nurses in different towns, working as the head of a community in Moscow for more than ten years, among other items. When she went to St. Petersburg, in 1870, she was asked, at the recommendation of Dr. S. P. Botkin (court physician), to found a community there. Thus the well-known Community of St. George came into existence, collected the very best medical aid, and established a dispensary and hospital. With the aid of persons as devoted as herself, she made her community the model medical establishment of Russia. She and her body of trained Sisters of Mercy went through the whole Russo-

Russia has long prided herself on having the first women physicians. Marya Bokoff, Nadezhda Susloff, and others were pioneers, not only in their own studies but also in



MISS NADEZHDA V. STASOFF.

opening up medical instruction to their countrywomen. The career of Nadezhda Susloff, one of the earliest and best women doctors, is particularly interesting. Born a serf, and freed with her parents at the emancipation in 1861, she and her brothers and sisters received the best possible education at home and abroad. For her parents were both extremely intelligent, and her father acquired wealth after gaining his freedom. Everywhere, in Russia and in the continental schools, Nadezhda was brilliantly successful.

For thirty years there has been no manner of doubt as to the sympathy of the public and the medical world with the idea of thorough medical instruction for women. Men started the movement. In 1870 one professor and two other men undertook to establish courses for instructing women in midwifery, two graded courses being provided. Mme. Rodstvenny, now Mme. Shanyavsky, gave fifty thousand rubles for higher medical courses, and the Minister of War arranged to have them opened in connection with the Military Medical Academy, in 1872. They gave full instruction, in contrast with the initial experiment where the course was partial; because it was felt that a woman



WOMAN'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

Turkish campaign of 1877-78, from the Danube over the Balkans to Adrianople

should not be allowed to deal with one vitally important branch of practise unless she were very thoroughly equipped. These higher courses lasted for ten years, and during that period had nine hundred and fifty-nine

students, the majority coming from the "privileged classes," that is to say, not peasants. The majority were members of the Russian Church, but there were several Jewesses, Roman Catholics, and Lutherans. In 1877 twenty-four students were sent to the seat of war, during the Russo-Turk-

ish campaign, and did so well that they received imperial permission to call themselves (after due examination) "women physicians," and to wear a badge.

For various reasons — among them the inconvenience of having women at the military hospital, the lack of funds and of hospitals — the courses were closed in 1886, when the class of 1882 graduated. After a while the city council of St. Petersburg

consented to take charge, on certain financial and other conditions which did not depend upon it for realization; and soon large private subscriptions began to come in. It was not until 1897, however, that the Woman's Medical Institute on which Russia prides herself as unique, was

opened. There is nothing like it in all Europe, and the claim is made that it is the first experiment on record of an independent institution exclusively for the higher medical education of women. No government subsidy has any share in the erection of the three fine buildings which house it: (1) The



ELIZAVETA PETROVNA KARTZEFF.

auditorium, with cabinets and quarters for the director and servants; (2) the anatomical institute, built with the latest improvements, and one of the very best in Europe; (3) the dormitory building, containing separate rooms for one hundred and twenty students, dining-room, library, reading-room, and a reception-room on each floor. Other buildings are needed, and will, no doubt, be built before long. Mme. Shanyavsky, the courses' early and faithful friend, with her husband, gave two hundred thousand rubles towards the buildings, and private subscriptions furnished the remaining funds. The city council provides a subsidy of fifteen thousand rubles a year for running expenses; the rest is derived from the tuition fee of one hundred rubles a year, and the fee of three hundred rubles for accommodations in the dormitory. In spite of the severe entrance examinations and the heavy fees, the new courses started with six hundred and forty students, and the new class of 1900 numbers three hundred.

To a woman's liberality the Moscow University is indebted for a magnificent new clinic for diseases of the ear, nose, and throat. This was built at the initiative and expense of a well-known philanthropist, Mme. Julia Ivanovna Bazanoff. Until this was completed, in 1896, the university had no clinic for those diseases, and the professors and students were accommodated in a corridor, at four small tables, illuminated by four kerosene lamps. This new clinic, which is unique not only in Russia but in the world, it is claimed, has everything that can be imagined, including thirty permanently endowed beds; and the annual expense of maintenance, which is reckoned at twenty thousand rubles, is secured by a capital of over half a million rubles. Mme. Bazanoff provided this fund after building and equipping the clinic.

One of the successful women physicians who had to contend with difficulties in her early days is Anna Schabanoff. She was reared on the estate of her father, a member



JULIA IVANOVNA BAZANOFF.



ANNA SCHABANOFF.

of the "nobility" or gentry. At the age of sixteen, when her father died, she found herself forced to earn her own living. After passing an examination at the Moscow University, she hoped to enter the St. Petersburg Medical School. But Russian women were still laboring under educational difficulties, and, as she had not the means to study abroad, she went to Helsingfors, in Finland, where the university admitted women. When the medical courses were opened in St. Petersburg, two years later, she hastened thither, completed her studies, and in 1878 received an appointment as house doctor in the Prince of Oldenburg's hospital for children, where she had already served as assistant. When the medical courses for women were again closed, the Minister of War appointed Anna Schabanoff house doctor at the Nikolai Military Hospital. She has been active in many other ways. The institute at Gatschina, under the patronage of the empress dowager, for the chronic diseases of children, is due to her initiative. She has also written much, chiefly on the diseases of children. Another of the women among the early students who achieved distinction was Marya M. Manasein. The Medical Society of Eastern Siberia, in 1888, made her a member on the same day that they conferred a like distinction on the world-renowned Professor Mendeleeff, Dr. S. P. Botkin, and other celebrities. The medical profession regarded her as extremely gifted, and deeply regretted that domestic trials prevented her rising to the height which her talents promised; the end was broken health from overwork. The government gave her a pension of two thousand rubles, also money

to publish a book, and to pay her doctor's bills.

Among the women physicians there are specialists of distinction. Such are M. I. Pokrovsky and Zinaida Yakovlevna Eltzin. The former was educated at home, but after passing the requisite gymnasium examination she taught a girls' primary school for three years, then entered the woman's medical courses in 1877. For

seven years after graduation she served as county doctor in the rural districts (to which manner of service I have already alluded), after which she abandoned the practise of medicine, and devoted herself to literature and science. She has written many works on hygiene, is a member of the Russian Society for the Preservation of the Public Health, and of a Committee for Improving the Dwellings of the Working Classes — a sphere in which all women doctors can be of infinite service.

Zinaida Eltzin is also a graduate of the woman's medical courses. As soon as she was graduated she entered (as expert) the Kalinkin hospital (St. Petersburg), for skin and other unpleasant diseases, having received an invitation from Professor Tarnovsky to be his assistant at the women's medical courses. For seven years she served at the hospital without any salary except a small gratuity at Christmas, owing to an incorrect interpretation as to the service of women. During this period of persevering, self-sacrificing labor she went, by invitation or at the command of the government, to places where her

special knowledge was needed. Since 1888 she has been house doctor at the hospital. She also lectures on dermatology and the rest of her specialty in the communities of St. George and of St. Eugenie, where Sisters of Mercy are trained; she is a member of the Russian Dermatological Society, and the Society of Russian Physicians, and has received several imperial rewards for her services.

Another of the prominent women physi-



ZINAIDA YAKOVLEVNA ELTZIN.



MME. TRUBNIKOFF.



MME. M. M. VOLKOFF.



PEASANT COTTAGE, SOUTH RUSSIA.

PEASANT COTTAGE, NORTH RUSSIA.

cians in St. Petersburg is M. M. Volkoff. When her husband, a physician, died during the Russo-Turkish campaign, she entered the women's medical courses, though burdened with the care of her two young children. After graduation she served as physician at a large factory near St. Petersburg, where she especially interested herself in the internal complaints of the wives and children of the four thousand employees. Soon afterwards she entered Dr. Wylie's clinic as house doctor, where she still is. (Wylie, by the way, is *Villié* in Russian.) Besides writing and lecturing to the women's medical courses Mme. Volkoff has aided in training nurses.

In short, Russian women have excelled in most branches of industry or learning which

they have taken up. But I must confess that I think them most charming, as I do all women, in the bosom of their families, engaged in making home happy. Alas! not to every woman is granted that inestimable boon of having a home and a family, which so many on whom it has been bestowed seem to value so little. But the Russian woman does thoroughly what she undertakes, whether, as in the past, she voluntarily accompanied her husband into exile and made him a new home with tender, indomitable courage; or, as in the present, she writes, paints, sings, nurses, teaches, doctors and, in general, leads the life of the modern woman, through choice or the compelling force of circumstances.

THE DEATH OF EARTH.

The Earth is stark and cold in death tonight;
The hovering clouds a mort-cloth all of white
Weeping have wov'n, and thrown it over her
To hide her withered beauty from the light.

Her ploughman sons will come at break of day
And reverently her dust to dust will lay;
Then from the fresh-made, furrowed grave will spring
A new Earth, for the old is passed away.

—John Finley.

APRIL-TIDE.

BY N. HUDSON MOORE.



ICKLE April with all her vagaries may yet be securely reckoned on for one sure thing, the coming of the birds. In this month begins that marvel which may be studied twice each year, that great movement known as the migrations.

The student who wishes to dip into the origin and causes of these migrations has a wide field before him. He may go back as far as the glacial period, he may trace down through successive ages, note the increase of birds, note that the necessity for migration is not so impelling as it was, but that it still goes bravely on. Not only that, it goes on for the same species exactly as it did when first observed.

During this long and terrible flight there is necessity for securing food and water with ease. Therefore the valleys and water-courses are followed, and as birds seem to have a prophetic faculty with regard to good weather, they seldom start with a storm in prospect. Perhaps the most singular detail connected with migrating is that during this period birds reverse their natural habits, the timid and feeble species whose flight power is weak, like thrushes and warblers, travel at night. Bold, resolute birds of sustained wing-power, like orioles, swallows, etc., do not make this change, but travel by day, resting and feeding when necessary. When the full moon comes near the first of May, the great bulk of the migrants may be expected during this period. When possible they choose moonlight, and thus, seeing where they are going, are able to make the journey more swiftly and securely.

It is impossible to estimate how many birds lose their lives during this trip. If you will sally forth while the dawn is still lingering behind the horizon you will find that telegraph wires and electric lights are responsible for many deaths. Cats and dogs dispose of many more birds that are weary or wounded.

By the end of April the migration is so well under way that we are no longer dependent on some courageous waifs and strays who have tempted fate by their early appearance, but we are greeted daily by whole bands of familiar friends, and frequently have the pleasure of greeting new ones.

This great army of birds coming from a warmer climate where they have passed the winter, is governed by some law as to route and time of travel, which is handed down year after year. One of the great causes of the migration is the food supply, and birds, like all other creatures, have a wonderful homing instinct, which impels them to return to the neighborhood of their birth, even though it imposes a journey of thousands of miles. Fish have the same instinct, and many species, like alewives, return to place their eggs on the very spot where they themselves were spawned. Darwin says "most animals and plants keep to their proper homes, and do not needlessly wander about, as is seen even with migratory birds, which almost always return to the same spot."

It is not the largest birds by any means which take the longest trips. The hummingbird, our smallest variety, may travel four thousand miles between its summer and winter homes. Many birds die of fatigue during these trips, but it is rarely that you will find a dead humming-bird; yet the wing of one seems almost as fragile as a butterfly's.

These first comers are generally males, brilliant in plumage, vocal with song. The females follow more deliberately, rejoining the males, and then settling down to nesting cares.

As early as the first week in April the bluebirds with us look about for a suitable hole. Last year a pair was noted settling down in a partially drilled flicker's hole. This was one of four holes made in an old willow stub which was directly over a path traveled daily by men and boys on their way to the canal locks; yet by the middle of April the bluebirds, the flickers, and a pair of English sparrows had all started nests in the same stub. This companionship did not last long, for the sparrows preferred the bluebirds' hole and took it, and the flickers withdrew to another tree with a decayed branch, which served them as well as the willow stub.

Not only the birds but the flowers as well are crowding forward. The nature student must spend every moment that can be seized out of doors. An eager disciple, with time

at his disposal, should begin to accustom himself to the idea that at least during the last week in April and the first two in May, the time to get up and out is at dawn. Five o'clock is late for the robin, and as he gets up betimes for the worm, so you must get up betimes for him.

Birds and flowers alike seem to flood the earth in waves. The warblers—that most fascinating group of birds—seem particu-

by the canal, and walk up and down studying my bird, for these little creatures have a curious trick of hunting back and forth through a spot which meets their fancy. Even before the warblers have started up this way, I see the kinglets, ruby, or golden crowned. Do you know the song of the ruby-crowned? How shall I describe it? You see the little green bird moving rapidly through the trees, and you are suddenly impressed that the air is full of melody, but far away, high up, somewhere just so you do not catch it. You bend your ear to listen, and it comes again, thrilling, pervading, delicate, filling the air as a perfume does, never intense enough to give the impression of notes, yet all about you like a cloud. While waiting for the kinglets there are other songs to hear, the very first being that joyous ripple poured out by the song sparrow.

Early in this month I spread my spring lunch. A spot is selected visible from some convenient window, and a patch about a yard square is spaded up and then flattened down. On this is sprinkled three times daily a mixture of common bird-seed, crumbs, bits of chopped meat, and near by is placed a pan of water. If a bell were rung my boarders could not be more prompt, after once the news has passed around that "free lunch" is ready. My guests are largely sparrows, but such sparrows, white-crowned and white-throated, song and chipping, with our English friend on the very outskirts, kept there by that tiny sprite, the song sparrow. Then I have as constant mealers purple finches; indeed they consented to stay and nest beside the house. There will be occasional red-polls, a few thrushes, oven-birds, and rarely some ground warbler, so the small amount of trouble taken is repaid a thousand times over.

Have you begun to study birds? Yes, I know how busy you are, but you are just the person who should do it. An hour a week is better than nothing, while an hour a day, provided it be not at high noon, will give you such returns that your whole year will be glorified. You need such a small outfit: an opera or field-glass and a manual. There are many now on the market, all good, and in selecting one, see that it is of a size to be easily carried about. When Mr. Burroughs began his bird studies he did not have a glass, but he did have an Audubon, a piece of good fortune which falls to few individuals.

If you wish to begin to learn about our familiar birds, do not consider it necessary to leave home. Of course if you live in the



MERTENSIA VIRGINICA.

larly to affect this mode of progression. You may go to bed at dusk, and leave only the old standbys singing vespers. You may wake at dawn, and find in your own garden eight, ten, yes, a dozen birds of this particular family, gleaning a meal off shrubs and trees, and looking as if they had always lived there.

These are splendid birds for the amateur. Even though they are restless, eager, seldom still, their markings are so definite and pronounced, there is so much gold and black, with spots and bands of white, that you hail them with eagerness, after in vain trying to "name" some baffling sparrow. Who that has seen and named, say a blackburnian, or a hooded warbler, can ever forget the bird or the occasion?

I haunt the Forest of Arden, my thicket

heart of a city you must seek a park, or some spot with trees and shrubs. If it be early in the season, and you can find a brush-heap, study that well. You may well come across the beautiful fox-sparrow, chewinks, wrens, and perhaps a thrush or two. They will cower in such a heap all day, if the wind has a nip, and the sun lies on one side of the heap. If you have a couple of old apple trees near at hand, you will see passing through them a greater number, and greater variety of birds, than any two trees you might choose. Begin to study the first bird you see. Learn the names of the different parts of his body. Get his size fixed in your mind. Accustom yourself to see at a glance the shape of his bill, the spots and marks on his breast and wings, and a general idea of his head. Do not be discouraged if you cannot "name" him the first time. Try again.

If you can learn a dozen birds you never knew before, during your first year of study you may be well content. Note in a book carefully all details as to time, place, and the bird's appearance. These may be studied out when you have time, and are valuable for reference. You will never regret time spent in this delightful pursuit. Begin today.

"Art thou in love with April-tide?
I' faith in love am I.
For now 'tis sun, and now 'tis shower,
And now 'tis bud, and now 'tis flower."

APRIL NOTES.

April 19 is celebrated in England as Primrose Day. It is the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death. The Primrose League was organized in memory of him. The members pledge themselves to "oppose radical and revolutionary tendencies and preserve the religion of the realm and the ascendancy of the British empire." All classes belong to this league and on this day wear a bunch of primroses on the coat or dress.

Shakespeare was born in April, and it was of April's flowers that he sang most frequently and most sweetly. Violets, cowslips, and primroses he mentions over and over again, and also the "flower de luce" which is with us, too, decking our garden beds.

Certain colors are in my mind associated with certain months. Blue is April's color, white belongs to May, pink to June. In April the sky, the water, the blue-birds, and many flowers seem to tinge the world with a celestial hue. Beside the banks of violets we all know so well, from those short-stemmed shy ones in the meadow, to the large flat crow's-foot which covers so many New England hills, there is the wild geranium, the wild forget-me-not, the housatonia or Quaker lady, and

best and bluest of all, the mertensia. The species I mean is *Mertensia virginica*. Do you know it? To see it in its glory about the third week in April I ride three or four miles into the country, go down a steep hill, and still on my wheel, ride a quarter of a mile farther through a shallow, noisy brook. Then I come to a woodland nook where the color blue is born.

Up to my knees in waves of blue mertensia, wild geranium, and ferns like plumes, I stand and live, the blue sky overhead, the sunlight flickering through the trees, and all around me circling and wheeling, pouring out their song as they dart, the indigo birds! They show every shade of blue on their graceful bodies as they flash in sunshine and shade, and fly so low and so near me that it seems as if I but stretched out my hand, I could seize

one. All this fluttering and careering is not for me, but for that modest brown bird yonder on her nest. There are eight or ten cavaliers, but she is the only female that I see. I steal away so as not to disturb her, bearing with me a bunch of the mertensia. Every part of this plant is fine, the leaves a tender, delicate green, the flowers sky blue, the buds a rosy pink. It is said to grow in the greatest profusion and beauty in the rich flats of the Ohio valley.

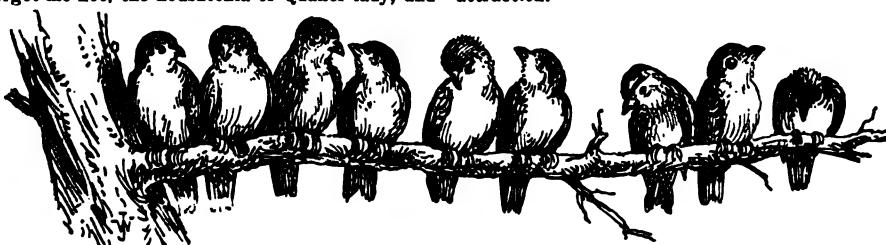
Wandering through the woods we find the dogwood, white or pink-tipped, a shrub with a double mission. It is a thing of beauty in the spring, and its red berries a source of great delight to countless birds during the chill autumnal days.

On stony hillsides the columbine is in full bloom. The arbutus is peeping out, the adder's tongue is dangling its yellow lily bells—it is a lily, you know—in moist woodlands, and the early meadow-rue, modest though it be, spreads to the wandering insect a rich meal of pollen.

In the slight shade at the wood's edge we may find the wood anemone so delicate and fragile that it is but a sacrifice of beauty to pluck it. Don't forget to look for the trilliums, and take a trip to the marsh for early orchis. While you are here, if the pitcher plant grows in your locality dig up a root of it, taking as much of the black soil as you can. Put the plant and mud into a bowl or deep saucer, and it is a pretty sight till mid-winter to watch the new pitchers grow. They come out flat like blades of grass, but red-tipped, and gradually spread out. Keep the bowl pretty well filled with water, and put some into the pitchers occasionally. You will see unwary insects entrapped therein,—the inset hairs prevent their getting out. There is a sweet secretion on the edge of the pitcher which has a fatal attraction.



SONG SPARROW.



CRETE AND THE CRETAN QUESTION.

BY EDWARD VAN DYKE ROBINSON.



T is barely two years since the Cretan question, after baffling all the cabinets of Europe, was settled in summary fashion by the allied admirals. But the diplomats, not content with their own ignominious failure, then stepped in and vitiated the work of the admirals by insisting that the Turkish flag be flown on a barren isle as a symbol of the formal continuance of Turkish dominion. Thus the definitive settlement became a mere *modus vivendi*: and no one, unless it be the diplomats who seem inaccessible to information known to all the world, was surprised when the word recently went forth that the Cretan question was again reaching an acute stage. It is sufficiently well established today that no arrangement which ignores the foundation facts of geography and history has the element of permanence.

Crete is located midway between Sicily and Cyprus, almost exactly in the center of the eastern basin of the Mediterranean. From Cape Malea in the Peloponnesus to the western end of the island the distance is sixty miles; from Cape Krio in Asia Minor to the eastern end it is one hundred and ten miles. This gap, however, is partly filled up by the large islands of Carpathos and Rhodes. On a clear day, the snowy tops of the Cretan mountains are visible from the mainland, both of Asia and of Greece. The island itself is one hundred and sixty miles in length, and from ten to thirty-five miles in width; the total area being 3,326 square miles — more than three times that of Rhode Island, and nearly double that of Delaware.

It is extremely mountainous, being, in fact, but the crest of the same submerged mountain range which includes Rhodes, Cyprus and countless lesser peaks which appear as small islands in the sea. In the center rises Mt. Psiloriti, anciently Mt. Ida, to a height of over 8,000 feet. To the west are the White mountains, almost as lofty, which fill up nearly all the western end; while the eastern, though slightly less rugged, nevertheless has peaks exceeding 7,000 feet. In spite of its mountainous character, however, the island as a whole is surprisingly fertile. Even today, after four centuries of oppression and eighty years of almost continuous insurrection, the

population is 295,000; which is greater than either Delaware or North Dakota, and nearly equal to that of Vermont or South Dakota.

The northern coast is so indented as to form a series of harbors, many of them well sheltered and of ample size, while the southern coast, lined with bluffs rising like a wall from the sea to the height of from two to three thousand feet, is singularly destitute of inlets; the one exception being the small bay still called Kaloi Limenes or Fair Havens, as when the ship bearing the Apostle Paul took refuge there. (Acts xxvii., 8.)

This peculiarity of the coast-line marks the island as a part of Europe rather than of Asia or Africa, causing it to face the north instead of the south, and to constitute, during all the ages preceding the invention of the compass, the most easy and natural line of communication, migration, and commerce between southern Europe and Asia. But while it thus belongs to the European world, it is peculiarly exposed, by its position, to influences and attacks from both Asia and Africa. Like Sicily, of which Freeman has written so convincingly, it was set apart by nature and predestined to be the meeting-place and battle-ground of the East and the West, in that secular conflict which began in ages before history, and which continues today with unabated bitterness. From time immemorial this has accordingly been its history.

The earliest myths and legends connect Crete with Syria and Asia Minor. Thus Pasiphae is obviously the well-known Syrian nature goddess, while the shining bull represents the sun-god, as in the Egyptian Apis. The man-eating Minotaur, again, is simply Baal-Moloch, to whom human sacrifices were offered; and its slaughter by Theseus symbolizes the triumph of the Greek Pantheon. The legends of Europa, fabled to have been carried off from Sidon to Crete, and of Sarpedon, the colonizer of Asia Minor, also point to early connection with Asia. In Homer (Odyssey XIX., 175 ff.), and even in Herodotus, the Eteocretes or "genuine Cretans," of undoubted Asiatic origin, are distinguished from the various tribes of Greeks — Pelasgians, Archæans, Dorians — who afterwards colonized and subdued the island. Recent researches show that they had developed an

indigenous Cretan alphabet, literature, and art at the time when the Hellenes were still running wild in the mountains.

But notwithstanding these foreign influences, or perhaps because of them, Crete became the cradle of Greek civilization, art, and government. It was the birthplace, as men believed, of Zeus and Artemis, and the abode of Rhea and Demeter. Cretan priests established the oracle of Apollo at Delphi. And in the time of Solon, when the right of sanctuary in the temples had been violated, and the Athenians were shaken and terrified with the sense of guilt, it was from Crete that Epimenides was summoned to intercede with the offended gods, and to purify the people. In matters of art its early prominence is attested by the legend of Dædalus, the skilful artisan, and his son Icarus, who perished, like many another youth, of too soaring ambition. In political affairs its early power quite justified Aristotle's remark that Crete "seemed formed by nature to rule the sea and dominate Greece." It was the seat of Minos, who was the first of the Greeks to consolidate his state, build a navy, suppress piracy, and enforce law and order with a strong hand. By Homer it is called the "Hundred Cities," and the "Isle of the Blessed," epithets indicating both its populousness and its prosperity. Idomeneus, a grandson of Minos, led against Troy a force second only to that of Agamemnon himself, and Lycurgus, as the ancients believed, found in the free city-states of Crete the model of the famous constitution afterwards established at Sparta.

In strictly historical times, this greatness had passed away, and Crete played no decisive part in the golden age extending from the Persian invasions through the Peloponnesian war. As it had been the first to develop, so also it was the first to reach the limit of development possible to Greek city-states, and to sink into the confusion and anarchy which sooner or later destroyed them all. Polybius paints most unlovely pictures of public and private demoralization in Crete, and it is well known that the Apostle Paul, who founded a church there some two centuries later, is not more flattering. (*Epistle to Titus, i., 12.*)

But in the last days of free Greece, amidst the general wreck of the Grecian world, the characteristics of islanders and mountaineers were again revealed; and the Cretans became renowned for liberty and courage long after these had perished elsewhere. In 146 B. C. Corinth was sacked by the Romans,

and all the Grecian mainland bowed in terror to the stranger. But the Cretans, secure in their mountains, swept the seas with their swift galleys, waging war on whatever craft carried the Roman flag. They preferred to be bandits rather than slaves. For nearly a century they held out. In 79 B. C. they defeated the prætor Antonius, captured numerous vessels, and hung the Roman officers with the chains which had been provided by the Romans for another purpose. Ten years more passed before they were again attacked. In 68 B. C. Metellus came with a large army. The Cretans dared to give battle in the open plains; defeated, they shut themselves up in their walled cities and fought to the last. It required three years and three legions—an army nearly equal to that which effected the conquest of Gaul—to reduce Crete to submission. Finally, in 66 B. C., this last mountain stronghold of Greek freedom surrendered. Right worthily had the Cretans defended their liberty, and dearly did they pay for it. Many cities which had fallen under the heavy hand of Rome were never rebuilt; the most fertile land was confiscated; and such restrictions were placed upon the commerce of the island that Strabo, writing some generations later, remarks, "The men whose maritime skill was proverbial have not a single ship." The history of ancient Crete was finished.

Under the Roman empire, Crete was joined with the neighboring African coast west of Egypt into one province called Cyrenaica. On the final division of the empire, 395 A. D., this province fell to the eastern, or Byzantine, emperor.

In the year 815, religious disturbances broke out among the Arabs, who had now been in possession of Spain since 711, and about fifteen thousand were compelled to emigrate. A portion of these settled for a time at Alexandria in Egypt. In 823, a band of them plundered Crete. When they would have embarked again, their ships were in flames, and their chief, Abu Caab, confessing himself the author of the fire, said: "Of what do you complain? I have brought you to a land flowing with milk and honey. Here is your true country; repose from your toils, and forget the barren land of your nativity." Taking to themselves by force wives from the inhabitants, they settled first near the bay of Suda, then in the north central portion of the island where the town of Candia still recalls their capital, Candax. For one hundred and thirty-eight years they maintained their control. But in 961, Nice-

phorus Phocas, afterward Byzantine emperor, captured their city by storm, after a siege of several months. Such of the Arabic population as survived the contest were compelled to receive Christian baptism of the conquerors.

In 1204, when the Latin Crusaders captured Constantinople and parceled the empire out in fiefs among the barons of the army, Crete fell to Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, who on August 12, 1204, sold it to Venice for ten thousand marks. It remained in the possession of Venice for over four centuries. The Venetian rule, like that of every trading oligarchy, was narrow and grasping. The Venetians valued their subjects only as sources of revenue, and despised them on religious grounds as "schismatic Greeks." Contempt was met by hatred; and the Venetians reaped what they had sown when the hour of danger came, and the Cretans would not raise a hand in their defense.

The Turks landed in Crete in 1645. After capturing Canea, they besieged Candia, which the Venetians defended for twenty-five years—the longest, costliest and bloodiest siege in history. The city fell in 1669, and the island speedily passed under Turkish control. But as it was the last Turkish conquest, it was also the least secure. It was not even complete. The mountainous districts, especially in the west, where the Cretans had lived on unchanged since ancient days, heeded little the change of masters, and Turkish troops rarely penetrated their mountain fastnesses. But in the more exposed sections, especially the cities, so many of the inhabitants, particularly of the Venetian land-owners, abjured their Christian faith in order to retain their estates, that about one-fourth of the entire population became Mohammedan. In return for their conversion they were granted such rights and privileges by the sultan as to constitute them a ruling caste. The lives and property of all Christians were at their mercy, since no court would listen to any complaint by a Christian against a Mohammedan. With the proverbial fervor of fresh converts, they set themselves to the congenial work of pillage, outrage, and murder, which they continued with unabated zeal until the expulsion of the Turkish authorities some two years ago. This may serve to explain why such bitter hatred exists between Mohammedans and Christians in the island, notwithstanding Greek is their common language.

In 1821, when the Greek revolution began, the Cretans rose, headed by the Sphakiotes of the western mountains, and soon drove the Turks into the fortified towns; but the island having been promised by the sultan to the khedive of Egypt in return for his aid against the Greeks, the Christian nations—England, France and Russia—took it upon themselves to carry out the promise at the close of the war. This was the first of eight Cretan revolts. The second, in 1821, resulted in the return of the island to Turkey. The third, in 1840, and the fourth, in 1858, were extinguished in blood. In 1866 the fifth revolution began. This lasted three years, cost fifty million dollars and the lives of eighty thousand men, besides the multitude of women and children who were massacred. It resulted in the expulsion of the Turks from all but three fortresses. For the second time the Cretans had fairly achieved their own freedom; and for the second time, notwithstanding France and Russia were this time favorable to their cause, they were again thrust back under the Turkish yoke by the influence of England. The net result of the heroic devotion of the Cretans was a kind of constitution called the Organic Statute, which Turkey promised scrupulously to observe, and of course scrupulously ignored. Again, in 1877, the Cretans were in arms, but desisted from war on the promise of the powers to consider the Cretan question at the Congress of Berlin. They did consider it, and the result thereof was a new promise from the sultan to observe the Organic Statute aforesaid. Doubtless the powers were much surprised and pained that this did not satisfy the Cretans; but since the revolt had broken out afresh, they again interfered, and had the sultan sign a new constitution called the Pact of Halepa (November, 1878). This provided for an assembly, to be chosen by universal suffrage; also that either the governor or vice-governor should be a Christian. This provision, however, was nullified by the appointment of a Mohammedan military governor, who superseded all civil authorities. After giving the arrangement a trial for ten years, and finding their condition more intolerable than ever, the Cretans again rose in revolt in 1889. The sultan immediately turned to the Greek government at Athens, promising satisfaction to the Cretans provided they abstained from occupying certain important positions. The powers guaranteed this promise. On the advice of the Greek government, the Cretans

did as requested, relying on the solemnly plighted faith of Europe. Turkish troops were then poured into the island, the Pact of Halepa was abrogated, the promise was laughed at; and the Cretans, Greece and all Europe were defied. Martial law was proclaimed, and a serious attempt was made to exterminate the Cretans through systematic massacres, as has been done more recently in Armenia. Meanwhile the powers courageously did—nothing. Thus were the Cretans for the fourth time betrayed by the Christian nations of Europe.

The last revolt was precipitated by a massacre of Christians in the Mohammedan city of Canea May 24, 1896. Had the government at Athens instantly ordered a fleet to the island, it might have been liberated and annexed to Greece at one blow. But while the Greeks hesitated, a Turkish army landed. This time, however, the Cretans had occupied the strong positions, and the Turks were unable even to relieve their beleaguered garrison at Vamos until some weeks later. In July the revolutionists formed a provisional government and declared for union with Greece. The popular excitement then compelled the government at Athens to act. A considerable force was landed in Crete under the command of Colonel Vassos, who at once occupied an impregnable position in the mountains. The insurgents, encouraged by the presence of these troops, drove the Turks into a few fortified towns, to which they then laid siege. While all this was going on, the six great powers at first remonstrated, then commanded. Greece was bidden to recall her army and navy and to leave Cretan affairs to the Concert of Europe. After some delay, the Greeks did, under threat of war, recall their fleet, but refused to recall their troops. The powers then (March 21, 1897) proclaimed a blockade of Crete in order to starve out the Greeks, while giving the Turks every facility for landing men and supplies. As the Turks still lost ground, and were in danger of annihilation, the warships bombarded the insurgents, and finally landed marines and troops to guard the fortifications and protect the Turks from the victorious Cretans. In this way the war in Crete was brought to a standstill. But the fire was smothered in one place only to break out elsewhere with increased violence. The efforts of the powers to preserve the Turkish régime in Crete resulted in the disastrous war between Greece and Turkey. And in the end they failed of their purpose even in

Crete. They could protect the Turks; they could not, without a war of conquest, again make them masters of the island. The Cretans, four times betrayed, had no mind again to trust the "Concert of Europe." Finding their resolution to be free or die equally proof against threats and promises, the discomfited diplomats referred the whole matter to the allied admirals in Cretan waters. Their management of it drew from Lord Salisbury the remark that the cause of peace on earth and good will to man would be mightily advanced if admirals could take the place of politicians in the foreign offices of all nations. They speedily cut the Gordian knot by recognizing and insisting that there was one and only one way to pacify the island: by expelling the Turks.

It was done. An autonomous government, under Prince George of Greece, as high commissioner, was installed December 21, 1898. A liberal constitution was adopted in April, 1899. An assembly of 188 members was chosen. Freedom of religion was guaranteed: but the Mohammedans have dwindled, by emigration and conversion, to barely a tenth of the population. Courts of law, education, and the various branches of administration were organized. For a time it seemed that the sorely tried islanders had entered into their reward. But all these reforms and improvements cost money. The people were impoverished by war. The government sought to raise revenue by import duties, but found that this was forbidden by the clause which the diplomats had inserted recognizing the formal suzerainty of the Turkish empire. The diplomats had indeed failed to thrust them back under the Turkish yoke; but they had undone, so far as in them lay, the work of the admirals, and had introduced a new source of contention and war.

It is now reported that Prince George is about to memorialize the governments of Europe to end this intolerable condition. What reception his petition will meet is uncertain. But of one thing there can be no doubt: the eternal Eastern question, of which this is part, will never be settled by diplomatic notes or European concerts. Beginning, according to Herodotus, in that dim age where myth and legend blend and the gods walked with men, this struggle between Europe and Asia has continued even to the present. The Trojan war, the Persian invasions, Alexander's campaigns, the long duel of the Roman empire with the Parthian, Persian, Saracen and Turk, the Crusades, and the thousand battles in modern times

between Cross and Crescent, Christian and Mohammedan, have written in letters of blood upon every page of history the fundamental truth that between civilization and barbarism there can be no peace. Either Asia must conquer and exterminate Europe, or Europe must conquer and civilize Asia, or the future must be filled, as the past has been, with endless, aimless slaughter. The Cretans may be kept by the great powers in

this bondage to the Turk: but not with profit to the cause of peace. European diplomacy has always stood for the *status quo*; and the *status quo* has always been wrong. Like all historical questions, the Cretan question will never be settled until it is settled right. So long as the powers ignore this consideration, their much heralded efforts to conserve the peace of Europe can but sow dragon's teeth, the seed of future wars.

HALF-FORGOTTEN MAGAZINES.

BY GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.

ITH the single exception of the *North American Review*, which had its birth very early in the last century, it is now nearly seventy years since the first really distinctive movement in magazine publication was projected in the United States. To be sure, there were one or more literary ventures of a similar character, somewhat antedating the period in question, such as the *United States Literary Gazette*, for which Longfellow and Emerson, as young writers, wrote; but this is all.

In 1833 the *Knickerbocker Magazine* began its existence under the management of the poet, Charles Fenno Hoffman. From the very outset the *Knickerbocker* proved a most able and brilliant periodical, and in subsequent years became the prototype for several other magazines whose careers, if not long, certainly were fraught with really splendid results. On account of failing health, Mr. Hoffman was obliged to relinquish the editorship of the *Knickerbocker* in less than a year, being succeeded in his position by Lewis Gaylord Clark, one of the most popular of our earlier writers. Under its new management the magazine flourished to an extent undreamed of on the part of its friends. It cannot be said that in Hoffman's hands the *Knickerbocker* had found its most capable conductor; but with Mr. Clark at the helm, it soon became apparent that the one person of all others to direct its fortunes had been selected.

For a period of more than twenty years, Mr. Clark held the editorial pen, each month furnishing the ever-to-be-remembered "Editor's Table," as also the "Gossip" menu with readers and correspondents, and passing with consummate judgment upon the various contributions which were to make up the

literary feast. The list of contributors to the *Knickerbocker* included the leading writers of the period, in America, with some who, today, are among the brightest stars in the literary firmament. In the pages of the *Knickerbocker* appeared Richard B. Kimball's unforgotten "St. Leger," a story so fresh in treatment, and so able and attractive in every way, that, soon after its original appearance, when published in volume form, in the space of a little more than three years it passed through eight American and two English editions.

To the *Knickerbocker Magazine* Willis Gaylord Clark, the twin brother of Lewis, contributed a series of light, graceful papers bearing the title of "Ollapodiana," which, at the time of their appearance, were particularly enjoyed by the public.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor" made its appearance in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, as did others of the poet's earlier poems. Lowell wrote for it occasionally. Among its contributors were Frederick Cozzens, of the "Sparrowgrass Papers" fame, and Henry T. Tuckerman, the latter contributing to it certain of his best essays. During the last years of the magazine's existence Thomas Bailey Aldrich and William Dean Howells, young aspirants for literary honors, furnished its pages with some of their choice productions in both prose and verse.

Shortly after the *Knickerbocker Magazine* entered upon its career, the *American Monthly Magazine* began its existence, proving for a time a formidable rival of the former. The leading spirit of this periodical was one Henry William Herbert, otherwise known to literary fame as "Frank Foster." Herbert was a native of England, and belonged to a family of high standing

and reputation, his father being a clergyman, and the dean of Manchester. Herbert was educated at the University of Cambridge, receiving his degree at the early age of twenty. Four years later he came to the United States, first engaging as an instructor of the classics in a private school in New York City. He followed teaching, however, for only a brief period, his natural tastes being in the direction of authorship. He resigned his instructorship, and became a contributor to the papers of the metropolis. After a short time he turned his attention to the *American Monthly Magazine*, then entering upon its career. His special talent soon developed in writing historical novels, and in discussing field sports, of which, in respect to pastime, he was particularly fond. In temperament and disposition Herbert was eccentric; he was saturated with monarchical ideas, while in his personal relations he was quite as liable to make enemies as friends.

In dress he affected, on all occasions, the typical English sportsman, and seemed never so happy as in his top-boots and spurs, gun in hand, and his horse and dogs in waiting. As a writer he was singularly picturesque and strong, and his tales, such as "Marmaduke Wyvill," "Sherwood Forest"; or, "Wager of Battle," and "The Miller of Martigny," the literary sensations of the time, are, even today, recalled with keen delight by all readers of the romantic in literature. Herbert was a thorough Bohemian in his habits, disdaining everything which savored of the conventional in society. Some time previous to his death, he purchased a few acres of land in a retired spot in New Jersey, not far from the present city of Paterson, erected a dwelling thereon, in accordance with his peculiar tastes, and giving the place the name of "The Cedars," here took up his home with a servant companion, and occupied his time with literary work and sports. The earnings from his pen were really handsome, and, had he been given to anything like frugality, he might easily have possessed a splendid property; but he was both extravagant and wasteful. At last his life went out, and in a manner fully in keeping with his erratic existence. One day, in 1858, Herbert gave a grand dinner to his personal friends at the Brandreth House in New York, and while his guests were enjoying the feast which he had provided, he suddenly left the table and sought an adjoining room. Only a moment later his companions were startled by the

sharp report of a revolver, and rushing in quest of their friend, they were horrified to find him lying dead upon the floor. Herbert had committed suicide.

At the expiration of about five years the *American Monthly Magazine* suspended publication, Park Benjamin being its editor at the time.

Some three years prior to this date the *Southern Literary Messenger* began its existence in Richmond, Virginia, its publisher being E. A. White. The office of the magazine was soon changed to Baltimore, where its publication was attended with a signal degree of prosperity. Here Mr. White made the acquaintance of a writer then coming into prominence as a novelist, John P. Kennedy, subsequently known to literary fame as "Horseshoe Robinson." Desirous of aiding the publisher in his efforts to make his enterprise successful, Mr. Kennedy called Mr. White's attention one day to the rising genius of Edgar A. Poe. Addressing the publisher by letter a few days later on the subject, Mr. Kennedy said:

"I have no doubt but that Mr. Poe can be made very useful to you. And—poor fellow—he is very poor! . . . He is at work upon a tragedy; but I have turned him to drudging upon whatever may turn to money, and I have no doubt you will find your account in each other."

By appointment Mr. White met Poe, and invited him to assist him in conducting his magazine. This engagement resulted, in the course of a few months, in Poe's taking entire editorial charge of the periodical. However, it was not long before Poe resigned his position as editor, contenting himself with being merely a contributor to the *Messenger*. "Hans Pfaal" made its appearance, and was widely read and commented on by the literary public. On the whole, perhaps this was the best of Poe's contributions to the magazine. In 1835 Poe left for Richmond, and from this date his connection with the *Messenger* proved only nominal.

In 1837 the *Gentleman's Magazine* was founded in Philadelphia, by the actor-comedian, William E. Burton. Edgar Allan Poe at once became its leading contributor, and, at the end of its second year of existence, its editor. His work, both as editor and contributor, was valuable in the extreme; but in the space of six months the besetting weakness of his character had possessed him to such an extent that his efficiency had ceased to be manifest, and, finally, his connection with the magazine ended altogether. Once more Mr. Burton assumed editorial

charge, conducting the periodical with ability, but its popularity declined and it was discontinued.

In 1841 *Graham's Magazine* began its career, its star of destiny bright in the extreme. The prominent writers of the day became its contributors. Its publisher, from whom it was named, was not lacking in excellent judgment and ability, and in a comparatively short time the magazine attained a circulation of over thirty thousand, an unprecedented popularity for those years.

Poe, who had, happily, regained the mastery over himself, was called to the editorship after a few months, and performed his labors with consummate ability. Indeed, his work both as editor and contributor, was more than equal to anything he had previously done. For somewhat more than a year all went well with this son of genius; then the one curse of his existence took possession of him again, and he abandoned his position of honor and influence, being succeeded by one who, in after years, was his vindictive biographer, Dr. Rufus W. Griswold.

The next to bid for popular favor was *Putnam's Monthly*, founded in January, 1853, by George P. Putnam, the eminent publisher. Its first editor was Charles F. Briggs, with whom were associated Parke Godwin and George William Curtis. The magazine was most fortunate in its publisher, as well as in its editorial staff. In effecting arrangements looking to the success of the enterprise, Mr. Putnam, a business gentleman with rare literary instincts, had entered into an extensive correspondence with many of the leading writers of the day, and had secured their services as contributors to the forthcoming periodical, so that, with the corps of able editors engaged, the outlook for the enterprise seemed indeed auspicious. After the first number of the magazine had made its appearance, it was apparent that the new monthly would ere long occupy the

field practically alone, since the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, was fast declining in favor.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, and others of the most eminent writers in the land, were contributors to the new monthly, and the repast set before the reading public from month to month was as delightful as can be imagined. In the pages of *Putnam's Magazine* originally appeared Longfellow's now famous poem, the "Warden of the Cinque Ports," as also Lowell's ever-to-be-remembered "Fountain of Youth." Curtis contributed to the magazine many of the sketches and other papers by which he will be best remembered, while a galaxy of new writers enriched its pages with contributions in prose and in verse, such as have become a part of the literary treasures of America.

In *Putnam's Magazine* appeared Herman Melville's story, "The Bell Tower," certain sketches and poems of the brilliant young author Fitz-James O'Brien, and William O'Connor's weird "Ghost" tale, as also the Rev. John H. Hanson's query, and reply, "Have we a Bourbon Among Us?" an article whose purpose it was to show that a certain "Rev. Eleazer Williams, of Green Bay, Wisconsin," was none other in fact than the unfortunate Louis XVII. of France.

For some seemingly unaccountable reason on the part of Mr. Putnam, the magazine in the high-tide of prosperity was permitted to pass into other hands, and early in 1857 the new publishers failed in business, and with their failure went the life of *Putnam's Monthly*. Ten years later its publication was renewed, once more the property of the original projector and publisher. But this time its stay was brief, for in 1870 the magazine was purchased by the Charles Scribner Publishing Company, and its existence became a part of the new child of destiny, *Scribner's Magazine*, its editor and part owner being Dr. J. G. Holland.

SPRING.

Now, by degree,
The fiercer blasts give way to a gentler motion;
A gentler motion that dissolves the frozen mold,
And coaxes the first glad flowers and greening things
To life. The soft air is full of life; and Nature,
Wakening from her colder sleep, feels all her veins
Full-throbbing with its motion. The mating birds call
Full-throated thro' the wood; the spearéd grass upsprings;
Wild living things crowd all about; and suddenly,
Along the black and naked boughs, thrust Heavenward,
The budded leaves burst forth — and it is Spring!

— Henry Jones Mulford.



The RIVALRY of NATIONS

WORLD POLITICS OF TODAY

By Edwin A. Star



CHAPTER XXV.

THE UNITED STATES AS A WORLD POWER.

Required Reading
for the Chautauqua Literary and
Scientific Circle.



THE Spanish war drew the attention of the world to the new power that had arisen across the Atlantic. What had been regarded heretofore as a strong but comparatively harmless and self-contained nation was recognized to be a world power of the first rank. The voice that had been raised but seldom and somewhat hesitatingly in the council of the nations was heard speaking in the accents of command. The child had become a man, with the man's capacity for good and evil, but above all for power. Occupying a territory bound by physical conditions into a unit, fronting on the two great oceans, and containing enormous resources, the people of the United States, the freest of any in the world from institutions or traditions that might hamper their development, had an opportunity unequaled by that of any nation on earth except Russia. The national outburst in behalf of the Cuban people, a really generous expression of popular feeling, accompanied by the emphatic reassertion of the time-honored policy of the United States government in regard to Cuba, was a surprise to the European world. At first the evidence that there was in the western republic any interest beyond the accumulation of wealth and the control of the home market was received with surprise, and, as it developed into vigorous action, with consternation. As the latent power of the nation

Recognition of
a new world power.

[Chapters I.-IV. appeared in the October issue. The first was an introductory discussion of the significance of the present age, the expansion of the nations, the industrial revolution, the growth of democracy, and the world problems resulting from the interplay of these elements. Chapter II. explained the politics of Europe in the middle of the century, as turning upon the ideas of nationality and the revolutionary democracy; with the Eastern question as shaped in the Crimean war. In Chapters III. and IV. the development of England and France respectively in the last half century were traced, with especial reference to the rise of English democracy and the growth of republican government in France.]

Summary of Preceding Chapters.

[Chapters V.-VIII. in the November number considered in a similar way the other four great powers of Europe, Germany, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia.]

[Chapters IX.-XI. in the December number dealt with the question of the near East. Chapter IX. described the reopening of the Eastern question after 1871, explaining the relations of Russia and Turkey and the status of the Turkish empire and the Balkan and Danubian provinces. Chapter X. discussed the developments from 1871 to the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, the results of the war and the treaty of San Stefano, and Chapter XI. the resettlement of the Eastern question by the Congress of Berlin, the resulting conditions, and the effect upon Russian policy.]

[In the January number Chapter XII. discussed the consequences of the Congress of Berlin in the Balkan peninsula; Chapter XIII. considered Egypt as a factor in the Eastern question, and the British control; Chapter XIV. was a general introduction to the subject of Colonial Expansion; and Chapter XV., on "Imperial England," began an examination of the characteristics, methods, and extent of the colonial activity of the different European powers.]

[Chapters XVI.-XIX. in the February number continued the study of the expansion of the great nations begun in January, Chapter XVI. being a study of the growth of the British imperial idea in its spirit and manifestations. A chapter on German colonial policy showed the consistency and studied character of German colonial methods, and another dealt with French colonization in its chief aspects. The closing chapter was on Russian expansion.]

[In the March number Chapters XX.-XXII. were devoted to a consideration of the advance of civilization in Africa, the scramble for territorial possessions, and the present relations and prospects of the European nations in the Dark Continent. Chapter XXIII. dealt with the entrance of the New World into world politics, the Monroe doctrine and South America. Chapter XXIV. described the growth of the foreign policy of the United States.]

THE RIVALRY OF NATIONS.

appeared, and its strong strategic position was realized, it became evident that respectful consideration and friendly relations would be the better policy. From that moment, somewhat reluctantly, but with increasing cordiality, the United States was recognized as a world power.

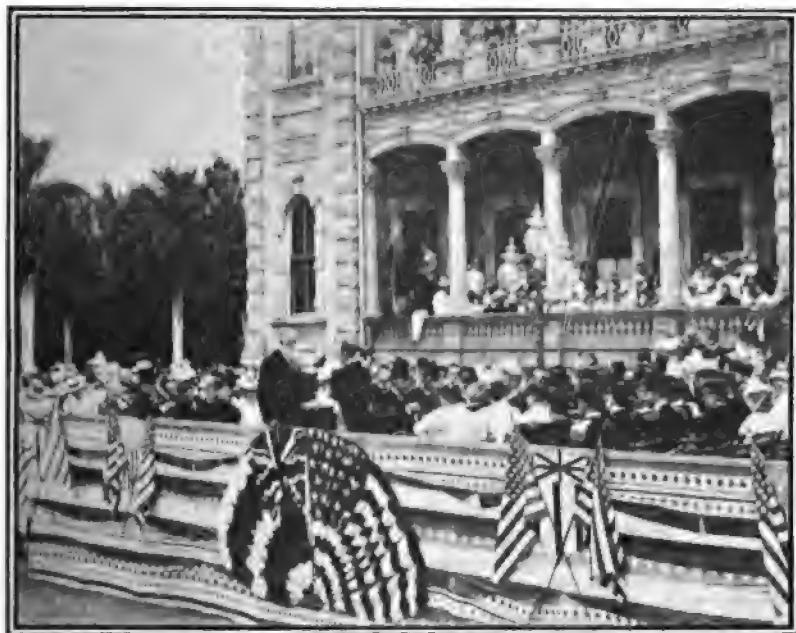
The awakening of a people.

To the United States also the war brought an awakening of the people to the consequences and needs of power. The national defense, the navy, strategic positions, coaling stations, and the efficiency of the organization of government for its new tasks, were discussed and studied as never before. The annexation of Hawaii, which had been under consideration for a long time, was accomplished, and that important position, which has been well described as the cross-roads of the Pacific, became United States territory. The issue of the war gave to the United States the island of Porto Rico and imposed upon this nation large responsibilities in connection with Cuba, which had become, in a certain sense, the ward of the nation. The unexpected turn of events which made the far East the scene of the principal engagement of the war, led to the occupation of the Philippine Islands by American forces, and to the negotiations which, in the final treaty of peace, made this group likewise a United States possession. This rapid territorial expansion, the glory achieved by the fleets of the United States in western and eastern waters, the prominence given to the nation in the affairs of the world, almost turned the heads of the people, stirring them for a time to a feverish desire for national expansion and the laurels of a triumphant advance in power and prestige. But the people of the United States as a whole care little, except spasmodically, for the pomp and circumstance of international influence. They hold the highest ideals of national life, ideals handed down from their fathers and instilled more permanently than we sometimes realize into the very life-blood of the people; these ideals are not those of world empire, but the simpler democratic ideals of the best and the freest government combined with the fullest liberty of the individual. They are, therefore, gradually settling down to a sane, practical, businesslike view of the problems confronting them as a nation. They are mainly of Teutonic stock with the Anglo-Saxon strain dominant; and the Anglo-Saxon, the best organizer, the best missionary of free institutions that the world has ever known, cannot stop in his march of progress and development. To pause is stagnation; to cease to go forward is degeneration. The question, therefore, is in what way and manner this progressive movement shall be accomplished; how the institutions that the Anglo-Saxon guards and loves can be made effective and beneficial in the greatest degree to the greatest number of people; how also the greatest prosperity may be secured by the race itself which, whether in its British or its American branches, has an eye constantly upon the main chance. These are some of the questions that the United States is undertaking to solve in its conscious entrance upon the career of a world power.

Simple democratic ideals not lost sight of.

Unconscious development must give place to conscious world policy.

It is easier to follow a path along which we are led than it is to pursue that path when it is unknown to us, upon our own responsibility. For more than a century the United States has been working out its destiny in response to certain inevitable tendencies and influences, the result of which it could not foresee. Looking backward across its history we can see how each step in its progress fitted so nicely into the general scheme of world development, and carried the nation onward towards the high position which it has now attained. We can understand the influence which each of its wars, which the steady development of its diplomacy, which even its internal politics, have had upon its preparation for the fulfilment of a larger mission in the world. But each of these steps was taken at the time in response to temporary but imperative conditions, and the theory of the government of the United States and the tradition of its people have always been that it is separated by nature and by destiny from the conflicting currents of old world politics. This theory



THE SYMBOLIC
TRANSFER OF THE
SOVEREIGNTY OF
HAWAII, AUGUST
12, 1898.

and tradition have now been put aside in response to the demand of equally imperative conditions, and the policy of the United States, hitherto unconsciously shaped with reference to its place in the larger world, is now to be consciously guided along the great highway of the nations. This does not imply of necessity the abandonment of old principles, but it does involve a careful study of the deeper meaning of those principles and their application to the new conditions.

With so many rival interests facing each other in every part of the world, with so many complications that are likely to involve the nations in conflict in spite of themselves, the necessity of "preparedness for war" has become one of the most familiar formulæ of international politics. Every great state is interested in the preservation of peace, and each one is perfectly conscious that its interests are better served by the continuance of peace among the nations than by war. Constant efforts to avoid war and to minimize the wars that do arise at one time or another are evidences of this fact. Nevertheless, each state knows equally well that war is an ever-present danger and that ample preparation for its exigencies is necessary and is its best preventive. The United States has been slow to recognize the possibility of armed conflict with



A STATION ON THE
MANILA & DAGUPAN
RAILWAY, ISLAND
OF LUZON.

other nations. It has relied on its freedom from entanglement in European quarrels and upon the comparative isolation which so far has protected it from European aggression, but the new era in the politics of the world

THE RIVALRY OF NATIONS.

The Caribbean, the Isthmus, and the Pacific.

finds the barriers of the oceans broken down. They are no longer walls, but highways, and national expansion has brought about contact with questions involving European interests, now no longer European questions but world questions, in which no nation has a deeper and more lasting interest than this one whose splendid domain looks both to the east and to the west. It has therefore become a matter of vital importance to the United States that it should hold the important stations in the West Indies which command the Caribbean sea and the approach to the trans-oceanic routes across the Central American isthmus; that it should hold important strategic points in the Pacific ocean; and that it should be able to coal and supply its vessels in time of peace or war in any part of the world. No European power without extreme provocation will challenge the United States to combat if these details are regarded and the navy is maintained at an adequate fighting strength. With these important points of national defense taken care of and a proper military organization, the United States occupies an impregnable position, and the world knows it. Nothing but rash neglect will lay it open to attack. Thus fortified, its greater mission of peace and liberty among men can be fulfilled without fear or hesitation.

But war and "preparedness for war" are considerations arising out

of, yet subordinate to, the greater rivalry of peace, the economic competition of the nations. In war it is generally possible to know where to find one's allies or friends. In the great economic warfare, which knows only self-interest, it is much more difficult to determine who are one's friends and who one's enemies. The economic warfare of nations has never been so severe and strenuous as at present. This is due to the enormous accumulation of capital, the result of modern industry. This capital is constantly seeking outlets, and national boundaries become too narrow for its manipulation when it rises to the stupendous figures that it does in all the powers of the first rank in the western world today, and in many of the smaller industrial nations. However much doubt there may be of the readiness of the United States to meet its competitors in war on land or sea, its place in the great economic competition is unquestioned. Already the world is familiar with discussion of "the economic supremacy of the United States." The governments of the great European powers are learning that they can float their loans to better advantage in New York than in the financial centers of Europe. The prosperity of the country in all branches of industry has brought about great accumulations of capital which seek the most advantageous investments at home or abroad. In the varied fields of production and industry the country has gone to the front with rapid strides. Between 1870 and 1899, while the population of the country has increased 100 per cent, the production of wheat has increased 132 per cent, that of pig iron 607 per cent, and that of steel 12,000 per cent. The United States now produces nearly one-quarter of the gold of the world, being exceeded slightly by South Africa alone, and more than one-fifth of the wheat of the world, being far and away ahead of Russia and France, its nearest competitors. It is the greatest cattle producing country. Its steel

Economic competition of nations.

Economic supremacy of the United States.



CHARLES H. ALLEN,
GOVERNOR OF
PORTO RICO.

products are successfully competing everywhere in the markets of the world with those of other nations. It is being called upon to export coal, that essential of modern life, since the old world supply has begun to fail. Its exports to nearly every European country far exceed its imports from those countries, and the same is true of other parts of the world, with the exception of South America, the East Indies, and the Pacific Islands. This enormous development of the export trade of the country is very recent and gives a new aspect to our relations with the world. It makes the United States an active competitor in the vast field of the world's trade, where diplomacy and sometimes force are called upon to protect the results of the trader's courage and enterprise. It is a position fraught with difficulties and dangers as well as opportunities.

These conditions, coupled with the exacting requirements of modern trade and transportation, make necessary a ship canal to shorten the water route between the Atlantic and the Pacific; a Pacific cable, giving direct and sure telegraphic communication with the East, and a merchant marine that may turn the profits of the carrying trade of the country back to its own people. There is, too, a direct value to the sale of American goods in the frequent appearance of the merchant flag of the United States in foreign ports, a value which should not be lost sight of in these days of far less dignified and reputable advertising. "Where then are your ships?" the question of the shrewd Chinaman, is one that many foreigners are likely to ask when the advantages of American trade are urged upon them. Again, the United States needs to follow the example of the German, who carries banking facilities with him where he wishes to trade. The lack of American banking connections is one obstacle in the way of the increase of United States commerce in the far East.

The United States has lately seen the need of the maintenance of the "open door" for trade in China. It must as a logical sequence soon acknowledge that it has outgrown the high protective tariff, with its special legislation and its dangerous log-rolling. Industries that can challenge competition in the markets of the world can certainly defend themselves in the home market against all comers. Freer trade, through reciprocity or differential tariffs, will yet be found to be the wiser part for the nation that stands in politics, religion, and industry, for freedom

MAJOR-GENERAL
ARTHUR
MACARTHUR,
MILITARY GOVERNOR
OF THE PHILIPPINES.



Requirements of the economic situation.



GEN. LEONARD
WOOD, MILITARY
GOVERNOR OF CUBA.

of thought and opportunity. A new critical period has come in the history of the United States, a period in which wisdom is needed to choose

**CHARLOTTE AMALIE,
ST. THOMAS.**

The chief town of the Danish West Indies of which the United States is considering the purchase.



A wise, patriotic, and experienced guidance of the State Department.

deliberately the right course, and strength to follow it with determination to the end. It is fortunate for the United States that it has had at the helm of its diplomacy in these years of its new self-assertion among the nations a man so well qualified for the work as John Hay, secretary of state. Trained in public life under the strong, wise influence of Lincoln; acquiring his experience outside the wild scramble for office that spoils so many promising statesmen; loving his country with an abounding affection, yet a gentleman withal who believes that even a democratic republic should be right, and courteous, and honest, and self-respecting; he has made no false move, done nothing to compromise the government, but has made it respected by the world in spite of partisan clamor of press and people.

There will come periods of doubt and danger in this new era of the nation's development, as there have been in the old. The problems of the United States grow more difficult and complicated as it increases in size and the old machinery is strained to meet new demands. What the

United States especially lacks for success in the world is consistency of purpose, always difficult to attain in a democracy, combined with unity, promptness and directness of action, such as is possible to

so great a degree in autocratic Russia, and to a less extent under the consolidated party system of Great Britain. The executive, upon whom must

rest much responsibility in foreign relations, is hampered by jealousy of the executive power which the people and the legislative branch still retain. This often leads to embarrassment and difficulty. The modification of the

Shortcomings of American democracy.

**THE UNITED STATES
GUNBOAT WILMING-
TON, AT CIUDAD
BOLIVAR,
VENEZUELA.**



Hay-Pauncefote treaty by the Senate is a recent and striking example. The treaty yielded no rights of importance. Such concessions as it made were an earnest of the friendly spirit in which the United States should approach Great Britain, that one of the great powers which has most interests in common with itself. The change made in the treaty gained nothing that was practical for the United States, and tended to make the treaty obnoxious to England, with the result that a very important negotiation is seriously endangered. Such action injures our credit with foreign nations, and states should value credit as highly as individuals.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE NEW MAP OF THE WORLD.

A survey of the work of expansion carried on by the world's great nations shows that within fifty years a resistless force has been impelling these states onward until they have practically reconstructed the political map of the world. There is no more instructive study, if it is made with a sufficient amount of historical knowledge, than can be made with a series of world maps, from that bogey of school days, the *Orbis Antiquis Notus*, which was really not the world as known to the ancients at all but the ancient world as known to the moderns, down through the centuries to that map, not yet made in its completeness, which shall show how the nations have allotted to themselves the lands and the seas in the year 1901. Such an examination will reveal a marvelous story of race development. It will show the great primitive civilizations of antiquity, which were lost in the successive tidal waves of progress because they had in their institutions no political and social ark of salvation. It will show still other primitive civilizations in farther Asia, out of reach of these tidal waves of progress, but standing still in their own inertia, while the great world forces go on around them, leaving them untouched in their closely preserved seclusion. It will bring to light, like a splendid overture, full of color and harmony, the Hellenic expansion in the eastern Mediterranean, the opening of the drama of western civilization, with its comedy, its tragedy, and its power. It will reveal the first reign of law, the *pax Romana*, with its nobility and its pitiable decline. Amid a stormy burst of Wagnerian music it will bring before us the first rude entrance of that mighty race that caught up much of what was good and much of what was bad in the Roman world, teaching meanwhile the value and the giant strength of nationality, and the importance of its unit, the individual man. It will show the spread of the composite Roman-German civilization over Europe, through centuries of strife in which Christianity alone gave a common boundary to the warring states. Within this pale institutions were made, tried by fire, and tempered until they could be used. Then came the first daring attempts at national expansion, when this reconstructed Europe began to feel the energy of its new life. And now rapidly, with the most dramatic accompaniments, the great world map is unrolled before us like a scroll. Across all its seas run the trails of this uncompromising, strenuous civilization of the West, that will leave no hidden corner unexplored, no land unoccupied. In continuous procession pass the explorer and adventurer, the trader and the missionary, the settler, the fleet, and the army. The savage and the barbarian are crowded backward. The vast areas of the New World are peopled and organized; and there is a brief pause while the old rivalries are fought out upon the new issues that these expanded possessions have created. Out of this conflict emerges triumphant the people best fitted by nature, training, and environment to carry forward this work. They spread into many lands, their flag is on every sea. Meanwhile their rivals are immersed in conti-

The map reconstructed within fifty years.

Story of race development.

Drama of expansion.

THE RIVALRY OF NATIONS.

nental questions until, these settled for the time, they find the same genius of the European white race guiding them to new and broader fields of activity. In the western hemisphere a new power, fresh and vigorous, bars the way; but Africa offers a vast and unknown field for exploration, and in that direction they turn their energies, finding difficulties and perils, with mysterious hopes that still lead them on. And while all this rapid movement among the western European powers, with accompanying wars of the greatest magnitude, has been going on, the great new empire of eastern Europe has been steadily and surely expanding to the eastern limit of Asia, absorbing an enormous territory, colonizing it, and preparing it for civilization. All of this splendid panorama of history

may be brought before us by a thoughtful study of a few plain and unpicturesque maps, if we will read them aright.

Surveying the world as it has been reconstructed, we find that in Europe, always the scene of intense national rivalries and conflicts that are the heritage of bygone centuries, there has been a steady tendency towards the adjustment of national boundaries in accordance with the great natural divisions of the continent and towards a recognition of the principle of the greatest good of the greatest number represented by the consolidation of kindred nationalities; the holding of the direction of affairs by these consolidated nations, great powers as we commonly call them, and the relegation of the lesser states to the background of a pro-

WILHELMINA,
QUEEN OF THE
NETHERLANDS.



Great powers and
lesser states.

tected neutrality until such time as their absorption in the larger states shall seem to be the fulfilment of a wise policy. Six states of greater or less natural resources arrogate to themselves the rank of great powers, and by a concert of action that is maintained with the greatest difficulty endeavor to adjust and direct international affairs wherever in the world their interests are found. These states are Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and Russia. Of the lesser states free democratic Switzerland, with its mixed French, German, and Italian population, occupies a fortunate position which excites no jealousy and is in a measure a guarantee against troubles between the three nations that would be brought together among its mountains, without well-defined boundaries, if its independent existence were destroyed. Spain and Norway-Sweden occupy well-defined geographical divisions, and no government of a European power, unless directed by the audacity of a Napoleon, would care to disturb them under present conditions; but Belgium is desired by France, and the Netherlands might, without subjecting the laws of race or geographical division to any undue strain, become at some time in the not far distant future united with its powerful German relative. The Netherlands and Portugal are of some importance as colonial powers, but this is the age of consolidation among nations as in industry, and no small state, however energetic its life, can hope to retain independence except by sufferance of the great powers and by virtue of that balance of power which is sometimes, though with growing infrequency, invoked by the great powers against each other.

In the group of the great powers themselves a gradual differentiation is going on. Austria-Hungary has held its place partly by force of tradi-

tion, but chiefly because of political relations due to its territorial position in Europe. The rapid expansion of European interests beyond the continent tends to lessen the importance of the latter factor; the former tends to expire by limitation; and the multi-national composition of the dual monarchy takes it out of the category of great powers of the future. It cannot be a world power because its fundamental organization unfits it for the place. Italy holds its present rank through political combinations, and not by right of wealth, resources, or actual power. Its future is problematical; its influence even now is dependent on its alliances. And France, that has preserved its energy through centuries of almost constant wars, that has directed and bullied Europe, and would brook no question of its supremacy until the structure of the second empire came crashing down before the onslaught of the new-born Germany, compelling the French people to realize that the day of French supremacy was past—what of this latest republican France? As a colonial power its methods are faulty, and its achievements, in comparison with the magnitude of its enterprises, are meager. As a European power it is still capable of exciting a panic in England, but its continental neighbors look upon the days of its greatness as passed, not soon to return. In its latest alliance it has played a decidedly subordinate part to Russia's masterful leadership, and it will be difficult for it to regain its prestige without displaying qualities new to the French character. France will never be weak nor insignificant, but it is not one of the world powers of the future.

Italy and France.

Three states of this nineteenth-century group stand out prominently as great powers of the century just opening. They are Germany, Great Britain, and Russia. The elements of their strength and the extent of the exercise of their influence have already been indicated. The first is in process of complete national organization, the last two are thoroughly organized national states; one a fine type of modern selective democracy, the other the best example that history shows of a scientific and successful autocracy. These three powers, with the United States, dominate the new map of the world. The four are the real great powers of the present century. Between them the great rivalry of nations lies. Racially speaking, the determination of the political destiny of the world is in the hands of the Teuton and the Slav, unless the great yellow race shall develop through numbers and inertia a force of resistance and reaction sufficient to change what seems now to be the decree of destiny.

The United States.

We see these great powers, in proportion to their vitality and growth, reaching out for influence in all parts of the world. We have found them in practical control of the African continent with its millions of uncivilized races; and here the Teutonic element is free from the rivalry of the Slav. The nations of the Latin group, headed by France, are largely represented on the map, so far as territorial allotment is concerned, but it has been pointed out that the really important strategic positions are held by Great Britain and Germany, which also hold mortgages on those of Portugal and Italy. We find nearly all the important islands in all the seas occupied by these great powers for way-stations along the great ocean lines of commerce, and that while this active process of organ-

The Teuton in Africa.



DON CARLOS,
KING OF PORTUGAL.

ization and settlement is going on, constant efforts are directed towards the exploration of every corner of the globe that still remains unknown. We find them also encroaching more and more upon that Asiatic continent whose people have not shown thus far practical genius for political organization, but whose numbers and circumstances make them an object of interest to the great producing and commercial powers that are seeking markets and fields for industrial and commercial activity.

Grand political divisions.

We find Russia occupying in a solid block more than half the area of Europe and Asia, and binding this territory together by a vast system of government railways that will make it a unit for ages to come; Great Britain and the United States holding the great North American continent and the commanding strategic points of the western hemisphere; Great Britain exercising paramount influence through the best parts of Africa, holding India in vassalage, and occupying with a vigorous young state the continent of Australia, while also possessing valuable vantage-ground in the far East. The United States again occupies positions in the mid-Pacific and on both sides of that ocean, which make it the chief Pacific

power. Germany makes a much less striking showing of actual territorial possessions, but if we consider the countries in which its commercial and financial interests give it an influence as valuable in an industrial age as actual political control, the German representation is almost as striking as that of its three compeers. Moreover, the commanding influence of Germany today in western Europe must be taken into account.

This marvelous advance of the European nations and of the great new power of the western hemisphere eastward and westward has brought the oriental and occidental worlds into close contact. In the far East is found one people not restrained by undue conservatism — alert, intelligent, and ambitious. Modern Japan, if its institutions bear the test of

time and if its people show endurance in the work they have undertaken with such abundant enthusiasm, may yet prove itself a fifth great power with which the four that represent the great white race must reckon. The increasingly intimate contact of the East and the West is slowly fusing their institutions. The results of this process are sometimes startling and spectacular on the surface; but underneath there is a silent undercurrent, running still and deep, of irresistible power and constantly increasing volume. This undercurrent of action and reaction between East and West is of the most profound importance to future civilization. When the Japanese turned from their secluded medieval path to join the bustling crowd along the great modern highway of nations, they gave a noteworthy example of the spectacular element in this mingling of eastern and western ideas that appeals to the most casual observer, but a far deeper study is needed to grasp the full significance of this wonderful new growth from an ancient stem. And while this influence in Japan has been more rapidly embodied in institutions, it is no less efficient in India, in China, and in other regions of the great continent whose civilizations have been for thousands of years so strikingly different materially and psychologically from that of the European world. Nor is this influence entirely one of the West upon the East. It will be seen



ALPHONSO XIII.,
KING OF SPAIN.
(By permission of The
Perry Pictures Company,
Malden, Mass.)

Fusion of institutions.

Western influence in Japan.

when all accounts are balanced that eastern civilization will have made its impress upon western in many modes of thought and action. This modification of ideas and systems in various parts of the world by the fusion of civilization is the chief consequence of the reconstruction of the map of the world which has been going on since the early Portuguese and Spanish discoverers marked the first paths across the oceans.

The railway, the steamship, the electrical telegraph and cable, the countless wonderful feats of modern engineering, have had far more to do with this transformation of the map than have wars and conquests. Mountains are no longer permanent barriers to national movement. Rivers and oceans are more than ever its main highways. Great continental distances are no longer a necessary bar to political unity. A possession in farther Asia may be governed from London or Berlin or St. Petersburg or Washington without delay and with comparatively little difficulty. This possibility has its dangers, because it is always difficult for the central power at a distance to accurately judge the needs and wishes of the people in any given locality, particularly of a people of alien race and strange traditions. But masterful races in the pursuit of what they deem legitimate and beneficial power seldom stop to consider questions like these. They press on, and the solution of such problems as arise along the way must be found after the act is committed, rather than before.

Religious and intellectual systems have always flourished in the East, but every political system that has been of permanent force and value has been the product of the western nations. It is this fact which has made their mastery of a great part of the world inevitable, just as the Germanic tribes mastered the Roman empire in spite of its law and its high degree of development in what we call civilization, because they held the key to a greater advance in political institutions than was possible to Roman imperialism. The overrunning of the empire was brutal, but it was the greatest missionary movement of history. It prepared a way for the development of the two striking factors of the modern political world, nationality and individual liberty, two great motive forces in civilization which the Roman system made impossible; and these two ideals, often promoted in a similar brutal way, have been behind the advancing power of the European nations throughout the world. There is, then, something more than the tyranny of mere political power and domination in the direction of the world's affairs by the nations of the progressive West. It is often a rule of force, it is often brutal, and this violence and brutality are in themselves inexcusable as are many other faults of the human race; but in the main, this control represents ideas of the highest value to the world.

And now at the opening of the twentieth century of the Christian era, and perhaps the seventieth of recorded history, the circuit of the globe has been accomplished by civilization. The people whose institutional life has been so recent, having covered the wildernesses of many continents with active, eager life, and made the trackless seas their pathways between worlds old and new, have returned upon the ancient and unknown empires that stand upon the ruins of a yet more ancient past on the

Effect of material agencies upon the map.



OSCAR II., KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

Political leadership of the West.

A completed circuit.

THE RIVALRY OF NATIONS.

continent where the oldest civilizations and all religions were born. The swift spirit of victorious progress confronts the inert conservatism of ages, and with all the world and all races brought into communication and contact the final problem of the rivalry of nations presents itself as the summing up of all history.

“ Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God’s great judgment seat;
But there is neither East nor West, border, nor breed, nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho’ they come from the ends of the Earth ! ”

CHAPTER XXVII.

PROBLEMS OF ASIA.

Four Asiatic empires.

Four principal factors appear in the Asiatic arena, the British, Russian, Chinese, and Japanese empires. The first of these dominates southern Asia, the second northern and central Asia. The fourth is a new power, the strength and endurance of which is not yet tested in the great world competition; while China, a vast and ancient empire gone to seed, presents in itself a special problem of the greatest magnitude and complexity. To this quartet must be added Germany, which shows no such territorial possessions in Asia as entitle it to compare with the others in point of importance, but for reasons which have perhaps been suggested in previous chapters, occupies, on account of the steadiness and sagacity of its policy, a position which entitles it to be considered in any estimate of future international relations with Asia. In this connection, also, the United States with its strategic command of the Pacific and its territorial possessions immediately off the Asiatic coast in the Philippine Islands, must be considered. Whether it retains permanent possession of the Philippines or not, the United States will undoubtedly maintain a naval station and commercial colony similar to Hong Kong at some point on the Island of Luzon, and from this center will direct more or less wisely its far eastern policy. France, too, holds territory of great value commercially and strategically which will inure to its advantage if it maintains the Russian alliance in full vigor, and corrects the gross misgovernment which has made the provinces of French Indo-China a sink of official corruption. In the cases of Germany and the United States and France, however, there are so many conditions attached to the advance of their influence in Asiatic affairs that they can hardly be placed in the same category with Russia, Great Britain, and Japan, which are today great Asiatic powers and active rivals in the development and control of the continent.

Other interested nations.

The Eurasian continent.

Russia in Asia.

An examination of any good physical map of Asia and Europe shows that, although we usually consider them as two continents, they really form one great land mass with no proper physical division, and that Asia is the main continent, Western Europe being merely an Asiatic peninsula having much the same relations and proportion to the whole that the Hellenic peninsula bears to Europe. Eastern or Russian Europe, on the other hand, is merely a continuation of the great plains of western Siberia; that is, it is a natural part of the main Asiatic continent, the only separation being the low range of the Ural mountains, which are easily crossed without inconvenience or hardship. Thus the eastern expansion of Russia has been a perfectly natural and inevitable movement. Its rapid progress eastward to the extreme limits of Asia is an example of endurance and of brilliant pioneer work which places the Slav beside the Anglo-Saxon as an explorer and colonizer. This advance, placing the whole of northern Asia under Russian control, was accomplished before the close of the seventeenth century, and attracted no attention in Europe, since it involved no political complications, and the current impression of Siberia was then and has been until very recently that it

was a vast and frigid waste. We are only beginning to learn that while much of northern Siberia is arctic in climate and unfitted for the abode of civilized men, there is a rich belt, comparable to Canada in its extent and the range of its resources, extending through southern Siberia to the Chinese empire on the east. It is this broad and rich belt, fertile and colonizable, that Russia is developing through the medium of the Trans-Siberian railway. In northern Siberia, too, are thousands of miles of unbroken forest which will in time become valuable for the lumberman, and in the mountains of the northeast are stores of gold and other metals and minerals which, with improved communications and modern facilities for overcoming the difficulties of climate, will be worked with great profit. It is no barren empire that Russia possesses in Siberia, nor is Siberia the mere convict settlement that it has sometimes been represented. The convict element forms a very small part of the population, and is likely to be no more of a deterrent to Siberian prosperity than were the early convict settlements in Australia to the prosperity of that continent.

Siberia.

Russia has been gradually acquiring during the last century and a half a very complete control of other extensive districts in central Asia south of Siberia,—the regions of the Caucasus between the Black and the Caspian seas, all of Turkestan

Central Asia.

east of the Caspian down to the borders of Persia, and Afghanistan, as far as eastern Turkestan and Mongolia, where it marches with the Chinese empire. Here, also, as was observed in the discussion of Russia's expansion, a well-studied system of railways is being developed, binding together the different parts of the empire for defense or for commerce.

It is this southern advance of Russia in central Asia that has raised one of the critical questions of Asiatic politics. The native state of Afghanistan alone intervenes between the central Asian provinces of Russia and Kashmir and the Punjab in northern British India. Afghanistan, a mountainous state inhabited by semi-civilized Mohammedans with whom the British Indian government has been alternately at peace and at war, is a very uncertain buffer against the progress of an empire which shows so marked an ability in assimilating native Asiatic states, and so restless an ambition to reach the southern seas. Already Russia has carried its railway almost to the gates of Herat, which covers one of the passes by which Afghanistan is entered, and an extension of this railway is projected southward into Persia. Already the superior shrewdness of Russian diplomacy has supplanted British influence at the court of the shah at Teheran; and Persia, which can be threatened by Russia from the Caucasus or from Trans-Caspia, is likely to be ready to do the bidding of the government of the tsar with little question.

Advance toward India.

The problem of Asia, as one writer has said of that of China, is a Asiatic problem one of railways. This Russia fully understands, and with Russia to understand is to act. Great Britain, with the slow caution of a democracy and the confident blindness of insularity, thinks slowly, and acts more slowly. When action is taken it is with a dogged tenacity that carries far, but many a golden opportunity is allowed to slip by until the task, when once assumed, has become one of great difficulty. Russia, on



RELIEF MAP OF EURASIA.

THE RIVALRY OF NATIONS.

Russian and
British methods.

THE BOMBAY
STATION OF THE
GREAT BENGAL
RAILWAY, INDIA.

the other hand, pushes ahead with abundant patience, in accordance with a large general idea, laying the wires of its policy sometimes a generation in advance of their actual use, so that it is always prepared for each new opportunity. Thus it rarely hastens matters by forcing sudden conquest upon a people. It advances by degrees; makes them feel the greatness of Russian power; if they make trouble it causes them to



realize by one swift, terrible blow the severity of Russian vengeance, and then it can safely pursue the more satisfactory method of benevolent assimilation. Russia knows Asia, and acts accordingly.

Great Britain, on the other hand, entertains theories of human liberty. It never quite knows whether it is playing

the part of a conquering empire or a political missionary, and halting between the two it frequently misses the prompt efficiency of the one and the true liberalism of the other. Speaking broadly, it may be said that both have their mission. Russian methods are better calculated to advance order and civilization among the barbaric and semi-civilized tribes of Asia, who can only understand autocracy in government and who only respect the relentlessness of the hand of steel and the swift and certain stroke; while British democracy is best adapted to the creation of strong colonies and states in new lands and among tribes of a lower status, like those of Africa, who are more susceptible to influences other than those of force. But while this may fairly be accepted as a general truth, it must be said that no generalization can be made without many exceptions where so much depends upon the individual initiative of strong and forceful leaders. Without Yermak, and Khabarov, and Mouraviev Amursky, and many others, Russia would hardly hold such a commanding position as it does in Asia today. Without Clive, and Hastings, and Wellesley, and Lawrence, and many others who were greater than a system, England would have no Indian empire to worry over and to glory in.

Their railway work.

The inherent difference in the two methods is strikingly shown in the management of this matter of railways, which are more important than armaments in the control of Asia. Russia is pushing forward a great system of strategic lines, binding her territories and spheres of influence together, and always seeking the sea. She builds five miles to Britain's one. British colonial statesmen and engineers have projected lines of the utmost importance, but a parliament, sitting in London and representing the people of the United Kingdom, responds slowly to demands

FLOUR MILLS ON
THE TRANS-SIBERIAN
RAILWAY.



from across the world, which are but half understood. Great Britain saw nothing in the Suez canal until it was built, when she stepped in and took control. Chance saved her from a grave tactical blunder. Now the overland route through India from Suez to Shanghai, a British project rivaling the Trans-Siberian in importance, awaits the slow action that may come too late. If Russian influence prevails in Persia, and Russia controls the new railway system of that country, cutting across the overland-to-India route with its line to the Persian gulf, what can Britain expect of its greatest rival? An open overland route to India is essential to British security and prosperity in the East, but at the present rate of Russian progress southward it seems almost impossible that the way can be kept clear.

It is very doubtful whether Russia has any thought of invading India. Thirty years ago she had intentions in that direction, intentions handed down from Napoleon and Alexander I., perhaps even from Peter the Great. Now her attention is very fully occupied in other directions;

Russia's intentions
in regard to India.

but it is safe to say that she will check her great rival in every possible way. Russia means to command India if she does not attack it. How strong her position is can be very readily seen. Intrenched in the Caucasus and in central Asia; working patiently, by methods that have never failed of ultimate success, toward the goal of a

directing influence in Persia and Afghanistan; an organized power in central Asia; and now, with the Amur and Manchuria, in practical possession of a rich country and a Pacific seaboard in eastern Asia,—Russia certainly occupies a position of remarkable strength.

The progress of Russian influence in Manchuria is significant. In return for assistance given to China in mitigating the demands of Japan at the close of the recent war between Japan and China, Russia took practically what Japan had asked for, and a little more. The lease of Port Arthur and the Liao-tung peninsula brought her into the Gulf of Pechili with ports and a strongly fortified naval station. The concession of the right to deflect the Siberian railway across Manchuria to Vladivostok, instead of following the course of the Amur, and to build from the main line down to Port Arthur and Dalny, simplified the railway problem and brought Russia close to Peking. In a country where so much disorder exists as in China, there is a constant pretext for the use of military police, and Russia has rapidly developed a practical military occupancy of Manchuria, which has begun during the recent international troubles with China to seem very much like armed conquest,—an inference of which Russia, with her usual innocent frankness, steadily denies the validity. Whatever her present aims may be, we have only to do with the fact that Russia is very near Peking; that the impending completion of her railway system will place her within striking distance of the Chinese capital, with the rich province of Manchuria for a base, and under such circumstances Russia has never been known to show timidity or scrupulousness.

TRANS-SIBERIAN
RAILWAY,
NIKOLSKOE STATION,
NEAR VLADIVOSTOK.



Russian progress
in Manchuria.

THE HARBOR OF
VLADIVOSTOK.



Great Britain and
the Yang-tse.

To maintain her lines in southern Asia and establish an overland communication between India and her outpost of Hong Kong, a condition strategically and commercially necessary to the maintenance of British ascendancy in the south, Great Britain needs to control the great valley of the Yang-tse and the back country through which British Burma and India may be reached. The Yang-tse has so long been assumed to be the natural sphere of British influence that British statesmen have been content with the assumption, and little has been done to make it a practical reality. Meanwhile, Russia and France have been at work in the central provinces of China, cultivating influence and securing concessions. Some day Great Britain will find that her alert rival has again cut across her lines with a branch of the great Russian Asiatic railway system, and that Russian Manchuria and French Tongking have joined hands in Szechuan or Yunnan, in a fellowship of common opposition to Britain. In developing the internal railway system of India, British administrators have shown marked energy, but in the extension of those larger systems, in which Russia has lately shown such proficiency, the British policy has been hesitating and ineffective. It has been, perhaps, too much an article of faith with the English people to depend solely upon the sea power for the preservation of the empire, but Russia has the advantage in all these movements of operating on connected interior lines, out of range of the British sea power. While thus drawing her cordon around India and cutting off the British outposts she is rapidly strengthening her navy, in anticipation of the time when she will have ports on four oceans, united by a complete interior system of direct, government-controlled railways.

Should this result be accomplished, without any direct attack on India, the prestige of Great Britain in Asia would be irreparably weakened. In Asia, accustomed for centuries to conquests of arms and the rule of force, nothing succeeds like success. More and more political and commercial influence would be secured to Russia which would be really mistress of all of the Asiatic continent except India, and that England holds in none too strong a grasp.

Russian domination
not desirable.

This is not a contingency upon which the other commercial nations can look with equanimity. The cautious reserve with which Russia responded to Secretary Hay's request for a guarantee of the "open door" in China was lost sight of in the general haste to celebrate what was regarded as a great diplomatic victory for the United States. It needs to be clearly

understood that such paper victories are not worth the price of ink and paper to a nation that does not stand ready to support its demand in any contingency and with all its resources. In this case Russia has not committed herself in such a way as to justify armed action on the ground of a broken agreement, even if she should choose to close half of Asia to commerce. Her agreement was simply to meet the wishes of the United States as long as might be convenient and agreeable to herself. Russia makes no rash and dangerous promises.

Germany, Japan, and the United States are interested in common with Great Britain in preventing any great preponderance of influence in Asia by any strong power. At the close of the war between China and Japan in 1895, Germany secured advantages in China by acting with Russia and France. Great Britain, Japan, and the United States missed a great opportunity in failing to act unitedly and aggressively in support of the larger principle which now seems likely to be hopelessly sidetracked. Only a very vigorous policy by the four powers whose interests in the far East are practically identical can restore the balance of conditions without strife. The United States has no reason to have any but the friendliest feeling toward Russia. This country is the natural spokesman of a combination in the interests of a fair field and the integrity of China; but party politics, the most unreasonable of influences in foreign relations, so press upon its state department that wise, firm action, properly supported, seems almost impossible to obtain.

It is to be said for Russia that her work has been generally beneficial in Asia; that her advance has been profitable to the peoples who have come under her sway, and attended with singularly little bloodshed. But Russia does not stand for the highest principles of progress, and her aims are naturally selfish. Great Britain, on the other hand, has represented essential political principles and free opportunities for commerce. If in her age she loses sight of these principles that have been her strength, her children, the nations she has founded in the East and in the West, must see to it that they do not forget their best heritage — their surest guarantee of power.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NEW ORIENTAL WORLD POWER.

Within thirty years the island empire of Japan, the Great Britain of the far East, has demonstrated a strength that compels recognition of it as a real force in the affairs of eastern Asia. It is the one Asiatic state that has shown the capacity to grasp and assimilate modern western ideas without losing its vigor in the process. Indeed, the receptivity and adaptability of the Japanese are among their most notable national characteristics, and have been chiefly instrumental in their development. They have never been originators, but they have taken with quick appreciation suggestions transmitted to them by others, developing these ideas with remarkable skill and enthusiasm in accordance with the national genius and aptitudes. Their earliest impulses came from Corea and China; their latest from the progressive western world.

The story of Japan is one of the romances of history. Its beginnings can be traced but vaguely in the mists of allegory and tradition with which the legend-loving Japanese have wrapped their early history. Out of these mists appears the line of the mikados, — "unbroken for ages eternal," if we may believe the Japanese records, — a dynasty in whose presence Hapsburgs, Romanoffs, Guelphs, and the Manchu rulers of China are the merest parvenus of royalty. But this dynasty, like that of the Merovingians and Carolingians in early France, degenerated into

Japan, the island empire.

Beginnings of Japanese history.

The eternal dynasty.

External influences.

effeminacy and often into debauchery, while warrior nobles held the reins of power. Authentic Japanese history begins in the fifth century, about the time of the fall of the Western Empire in Europe. At that time we find the barbarous, warlike people absorbing the lessons of Chinese and Corean civilization with the same avidity and intelligence as has been shown by the last generation in learning its lesson from the West. From China came in the gorgeous oriental catholicism of Buddha, and the practical ethics of Confucius, to unite with the primitive Shinto, or ancestor worship of the Japanese, forming after a long and bitter struggle, an amalgamated religious system which prevails today.

Early feudalism.

Politically, the earliest form of organization in which Japanese society appears was a very simple feudalism, in which the supreme power of the mikado was carefully preserved.

Gradually a strong military class developed, and the great nobles descended from the imperial family, heads of powerful clans, sought for power; while the mikado, hedged about by his divinity from contact with the world, lost his grasp of affairs and became a mere puppet in the hands of stronger men. The feudal system became more and more complicated, following a development closely analogous to that of European feudalism. The twelfth century, the period of the Japanese Wars of the Roses between the powerful Taira and Minamoto clans, marked the full development of feudalism and control by a military class. The victorious Minamoto chieftain,

Yoritomo, became shogun, and in his hands the office speedily acquired the same ascendancy as that of mayors of the palace in the ancient Frankish kingdom. The mikado, with his court in Kioto, remained the nominal head of the empire, but the shogun, with a more splendid court at Kamakura, was the real ruler. This condition lasted for over seven centuries that were filled with internal strife, but were almost entirely free from foreign wars. The great Kublai Khan made one vain attempt to add Japan to his conquests, and that was all.

Commodore Perry's mission and Japan's first treaty.

The tyranny of the shoguns had already produced a tendency to a loyal reaction, when in 1852 Matthew Calbraith Perry entered the bay of Yedo with a commission from the United States government giving him extraordinary diplomatic and military powers. After extended negotiations, conducted by Commodore Perry with great tact and dignity, the first treaty of Japan with a western nation was negotiated in May, 1854. This treaty provided that there should be peace and friendship between Japan and the United States; that the ports of Shimoda and Hakodate should be open to American ships, which were to be supplied with necessary provisions; that relief should be given to shipwrecked people; that Americans were to be free as in other countries, though amenable to just laws, and in the open ports they could go about without restrictions; that United States ships should be restricted to the open ports except in stress of weather; and that the United States consuls should reside at Shimoda.



A SHINTO PRIEST.

The treaty provided also for the details incident to these general provisions. Other western nations followed the lead of the United States, and similar treaties were made with Great Britain in 1854 and 1858; with Russia and the Netherlands in 1855; with France in 1858; with Portugal in 1860; with the German Customs Union in 1861; and then with other countries.

It will be noticed that there are provisions in the treaty as above outlined due to Japanese medievalism. The rapid progress of Japan in the half century is shown by the completion in 1899 of a series of treaties with Great Britain, the United States, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, the Netherlands, Sweden and Norway, Peru, and Switzerland, on a basis of equality and a common international law. These treaties throw the entire country open to foreign trade, and establish relations similar to those which have for some time existed among the western nations. This step into the international circle was due to the respect of the western nations for Japan's rapid progress in civilized government and ways of living.

In his negotiations, Commodore Perry met the difficulty of jealousy between the rival courts of the mikado and the shogun. His dealings were with the shogun as the real ruler, but the assent of the mikado was still necessary in treaty arrangements, and the imperial court at Kioto maintained an anti-foreign attitude, perhaps because the party of the shogun had decided to permit foreign intercourse. The first foreigners to enter the country had been some stray Portuguese in the sixteenth

Foreign influence
in Japan.



MUTSUHITO, THE
MIKADO OF JAPAN.

century. Then came Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit missionary, and after him came others. Christianity made considerable progress, and several Japanese young men visited Europe during this period. Under the Tokugawa shoguns who succeeded the great Ieyasu (1603–1616) Japanese feudalism reached its most complete development and became very oppressive. This period lasted until 1868, when the revolution began that changed the whole character of the country. It was during this long period that the policy was followed of closing Japan to foreigners. The Dutch, who got along with the Japanese better than other Europeans, were allowed to maintain a factory on an island near Nagasaki. Through intercourse with them the Japanese learned something of the outer world, and were

COMMODORE
MATTHEW C. PERRY.
(From The Illustrated
London News of May 7,
1858.)



prepared for the reception of new ideas from the West. This influence brought about by degrees a kind of Japanese renaissance, which made

CELEBRATION OF
THE CONSTITUTION,
YOKOHAMA.



Japanese
renaissance.

the further step into the field of modern life comparatively easy. This revival of learning, leading to a study of the national history, acted against the shogunate, creating a renewal of reverence for the mikado and a determination in the minds of a strong party to restore the old imperial power and to put an end to the usurpation of the shoguns. This feeling was intensified by the tyrannies of the later Tokugawa shoguns and was seeking organized expression years before Perry, under the flag of the United States, had knocked at the closed door.

Outbreak of the
revolution.

The reckless challenge to conservative Japan conveyed in the opening of the country by the shogun, without due authority from the mikado, brought about the revolution that had been pending. The samurai, the great warrior class, corresponding to the lesser gentry in England or the knights in feudal Germany, revolted against the daimios, or nobles, and

the risings, at first a lawless, unguided outbreak, gradually crystallized into a national movement, centering about the mikado. One of its earliest demonstrations was anti-foreign, an American, a French, and a Dutch vessel being successively fired upon in 1863 by imperial batteries in the straits of Shimonoseki. Prompt punishment was administered by a

United States vessel, and by the French. For the murder of an English traveler, a British fleet bombarded Kagoshima, and demanded an

A JINRIKISHA.



indemnity. Then in 1864 a squadron of British, French, Dutch, and United States vessels destroyed the forts at Shimonoseki, and exacted an indemnity of three millions of dollars from the Yedo government. The complicated anarchic situation now cleared somewhat through these repeated lessons, and the Japanese factions united in a demand for the retirement of the shogun and a return of the real power to the mikado. This was accomplished in 1868 after a vigorous campaign between the imperialists and the partisans of the shogun. From this conflict Mutsuhito, the present mikado, emerged the supreme power, pledging himself to abolish uncivilized customs, and to govern by the popular will through a national assembly. This pledge has been loyally and intelligently carried out.

Yedo, renamed Tokio, the city of the Tokugawa shoguns, now became the imperial capital. The leading daimios of the south and west voluntarily gave up their feudal fiefs to the emperor to facilitate the reorganization of the empire, and the abolition of feudalism was decreed in 1871. Meanwhile a special embassy was abroad studying foreign state systems. With unusual caution, local popular assemblies were instituted before the establishment of a national parliament, in order that the people might have some experience in self-government before the affairs of the nation were trusted in their hands. Finally, in a proclamation of October 12, 1881, the emperor declared that he had long intended to establish a constitutional form of government; that the senate in 1875, and the local assemblies in 1878 had been authorized with this in view; and that in the twenty-third year of his reign (1890) a parliament would be established in order to carry into full effect this determination. All faithful subjects bearing imperial commissions were therefore charged to make all necessary preparations in the meantime. Many a western state that has rushed hurriedly and unprepared into radical reforms might well take a lesson from this deliberate procedure.

In accordance with this promise, and under the constitution promulgated in 1889, Japan became a constitutional monarchy, with a parliament composed of a house of peers and a house of representatives. This parliament has control of the finances. There is a cabinet of ministers, responsible nominally to the emperor, but Japan is gradually evolving the responsible party government which is the inevitable outcome of such a constitution.

Under this new régime the empire is evincing remarkable energy, and its progress, politically and industrially, is one of the marvels of the last decade. Between 1872 and 1885 the state had built 181 miles of railway. There were in 1899 in operation and under construction 5,810 miles. There are over 12,000 miles of telegraph and over 1,500 miles of cable lines. These figures are a good index of the material progress of the country. The cordial relations of Japan with the world are sufficient proof of its progress in other ways.

Power of the
mikado re-established.



MONUMENT TO
IYEYASU, THE
FIRST SHOGUN.

Imperial proclama-tion of 1881.

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1. What are the three great gold-producing countries, and how much did each produce in 1899?
2. What is the area of Siberia? Population?
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~~XXVIII~~

XVII. NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.

Bibliography.

In connection with Chapters XXIII., XXIV., and XXV. the standard American and United States histories may be consulted; also:

Foster, John W. "A Century of American Diplomacy." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1900.) A valuable survey.

Conant, Charles A. "The United States in the Orient." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1900.)

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There is a voluminous recent magazine literature on this subject. Those who wish to become really acquainted with United States diplomacy should study Wharton's "Digest of the International Law of the United States."

In connection with Chapter XXV., see Bibliography XVII. No special references are needed for Chapter XXVI., as it is a general summary of large world movements.

XVIII. PROBLEMS OF ASIA.

Two of the most competent students and writers in this field are Archibald R. Colquhoun and Henry Norman. See, by the former, "China in Transformation," "Overland to China," and "Russia against India," all of them recent and showing extended observation and temperate judgment; and by the latter, in addition to his articles on "Russia of Today," now running in *Scribner's Magazine*, "Peoples and Politics of the Far East." Reinsch's "World Politics" is important in this connection. Captain Mahan's recently published book entitled "The Problem of Asia," is worth reading, although not contributing much to the subject. Lord Curzon's "Problems of the Far East" is a valuable contribution to the subject.

XIX. JAPAN.

The Rev. William Elliott Griffis has written two good books on Japan, "The Mikado's Empire," and a smaller volume, "Japan in History, Folk-Lore, and Art." (Riverside Young People's series, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1892.) Basil Hall Chamberlain's "Things Japanese" is a useful reference book. Morris's "Advance Japan" is a recent work. The Johns Hopkins University has published some valuable constitutional studies of Japan by native Japanese.



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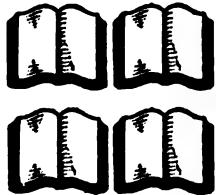
The Japanese renaissance.

The revolution.

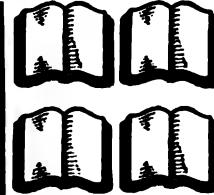
Feudalism abolished.

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A READING JOURNEY in the ORIENT



Summary of Preceding Chapters.

[The voyage from New York to Gibraltar, scenes in Tangier and Algiers, and the arrival at Alexandria were described in the October issue. In November, Alexandria, the trip to Upper Egypt, and scenes along the Nile were the subjects considered. In December, "Down the Nile to Cairo" was the topic. "Modern Palestine and Syria—from Port Said to Beirut" constituted the region visited in January. In February Asia Minor was visited. "Constantinople" was the subject in March.]

VII. A CRUISE IN THE ÆGEAN.

BY J. IRVING MANATT.

(Professor of Greek in Brown University.)



EAVEN and History have joined hands to make this the bluest and bravest of seas. Lord Byron was not the first (as has been claimed) to note "the extraordinary intensity of the deep blue color" of the Ægean, for the Homeric poet had caught every glancing tint of it, and eternalized them in such epithets as twinkling, skyey, violet-hued, wine-colored, purple, grey, dark, and black (compare Tozer's "Geography of Greece," p. 61 ff.). And for story—it holds all the fame of the Golden Fleece and Helen of Troy; it saw Hellenic brain and brawn wreck the Persian armada at Salamis and Constantine Kanares fire the Ottoman flag-ship at Chios.

Mapping the
Ægean.

It is no easy task to map this storied sea—confined on the north by the comparatively regular Thracian coastline, until that line takes on its more Hellenic character, and thrusts its own trident of Chalcidice into the sea-god's face; well-nigh barred on the south by the long narrow island of Crete, which Freeman aptly calls the "barrier between Greek and barbarian seas"; on the west fretting the Greek mainland with many a deep gulf, while on the east it notches the rugged coast of Asia Minor into the similitude of a saw. Here within four degrees of longitude and six of latitude (about 23–27 degrees east and 35–41 degrees north) lies the Archipelago—to use the barbarous mediæval name that has come to be as widespread on our world-maps as was Olympus on old Hellenic charts—comprising some fifty-five islands important enough to be designated on a map-scale of eighty miles to the inch. Yet these numbers give no adequate impression of the actual density; for, whereas

HERA'S TEMPLE AT SAMOS.





SAMOS : ANCIENT
CITY WITH WALLS
AND PRESENT
VILLAGE.

the northern *Æ*gean is comparatively open sea, three-fourths of the *Æ*gean islands are crowded into a little square which forms but one-fourth of the area marked out above.

Of this smaller island-world, the ideal center is an islet too tiny to be named on any map in Freeman's "Historical Geography of Europe," although it was once the focus of European history; and the yachtsman, who makes his own schedules and carries his own stores, should begin and end his *Æ*gean cruise at Holy Delos.

Yet I bethink me that the gentle reader (or the patient pilgrim) is this moment taking his last look at St. Sophia, and I must meet him in that neighborhood. Not that we shall linger for a moment on scenes already limned by a master hand; but, once out of the Hellespont, the field is ours. To our right stretches Thraceward a chain of islands at which we must glance, lying out of our course though they are. The nearest, Imbros, with "its winding shores and rolling hills," is a fair picture to look upon, but has little else to detain us. But beyond and above it looms the watch-tower whence Poseidon overlooked the toil and moil of Troy; it is Samothrace, the highest peak in the *Æ*gean this side of Crete, and Samothrace. it commands at once Thessalian Olympus and the Plain of Troy, thus enabling the blue-haired earth-shaker to keep an eye on wrangling gods as well as warring men. And it is in these waters that lave the shores of Samothrace and rocky Imbros that Thetis had her deep-sea dwelling; and, when Achilles utters that heart-broken cry over his comrade slain, it is here "his lady mother heard him as she sat in the depths of the sea beside her aged sire," and with that train of Nereids of the beautiful names she speeds to mingle her divine tears with his, and then to fetch the marvelous armor from Hephaestus's forge. Samothrace was the holy place of the Great Gods, with more pilgrims thronging to their mysteries than any other island shrine but Delos could count. St. Paul found the cult still flourishing there, and in recent years (1875) the foundations of the great sanctuary have been laid bare. Last in this little chain lies Thasos close under Thrace, "the most beautiful island in the *Æ*gean" (as Thasos. Tozer thinks), famous not only for its splendid marble quarries but for its rich gold mines worked from early Phenician times. Herodotus claims to have seen these old Phenician diggings, which he describes as "a great mountain turned upside down in the search for ore."

DELOS : GENERAL
VIEW SHOWING
RUINS, SACRED
LAKE, AND
MT. CYNTHUS.



Tenedos and Lemnos.

Heading south, we have on our larboard close inshore little Tenedos, dear to Sminthian Apollo and yet raided by Achilles; while far out to sea lies hazy Lemnos—first station of that old transmarine telegraph by which Agamemnon

“Beacon to beacon fast and forward flashed”

from Ida to Arachne and the weary watch on his own palace roof with tidings of fallen Troy. Lemnos has a yet elder fame; for its rude-spoken Sintian men received Hephaestus kindly when that unlucky peacemaker—hurled headlong from the heavenly threshold by his testy sire—landed there. In other words, it was a volcanic isle, and, indeed, the typical one to the old Greek poets, though no extinct volcano or other evidence of volcanic agency, is now to be found upon it—doubtless because its fire-mountain (Mosychlos) was swallowed by the sea, as Pausanias tells us, before his time.

If these islands in the North Aegean demand but passing notice, there are three in our southward course lying close inshore, on which we may well linger. These are Lesbos, Chios, and Samos. For varied and perennial interest, in landscape, literature, and history, they were hard to match even in this storied and shining sea. Lesbos, between Lemnos and Chios,

“Where burning Sappho lived and sung,”

is forever the land of the lyre and of love. Even in Homer the Lesbian ladies are a parable of female beauty; on Lesbos, Longus lays the scene of his “Daphnis and Chloe”; and in our day the poet Bernardakos

DELOS : PRIMITIVE
SHRINE ON SLOPE
OF CYNTHUS.





MYKONOS : THE MODERN CITY.

divides his time between his Lesbian vineyards and the Muses. Arion (if ever he was) hailed from Lesbos. So did that swashbuckler bard Alcæus, who wooed the Poetess too rudely, and whose brother fought under Nebuchadnezzar at Carchemish in 605 B. C., if we can take Otfried Müller's word for it. Another Lesbian of the same age Time has vindicated — Pittacus survives the flings of Alcæus, and may fairly be reckoned among the good rulers as well as the Seven Sages of old Greece. And if you go ashore at Mitylene, you may lodge at a hostelry which still keeps his memory green, the *Xenodocheion Pittakos*.

One cannot think of Lesbos without recalling two of the darkest *Lesbos*. passages in Athenian history; the barely averted massacre of Mitylene in the fourth year of the Peloponnesian war (427 B. C.), and the consummated judicial murder of the Athenian generals who won the brilliant victory at the Arginusæ islets here some twenty years later.

Thus far we have kept pretty well in the wake of the Return from Chios. Troy, but now we must settle for ourselves the question which Nestor and Menelaus debated here at Lesbos — whether to go seaward of craggy Chios, keeping the isle upon the left, or inside Chios, past windy Mimas. By Poseidon's bidding they steered a straight course for Eubœa; but the channel route appeals to us. For on that course we pass close under the "School of Homer," or the leveled rock platform which goes by that name. Archæologically Ithaca's "School of Homer" makes a better showing, but sentimentally it is here we would look for the "blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle." It is on this side, also, that we find the modern town with its Genoese castle, to remind us of the fact that for two hundred years and more (1346–1566) Chios was the property and under the government of a joint-stock company,—Genoese merchants anticipating here in a small way what the East India Company was to do later on an imperial scale. Farther down the channel and at its narrowest point, we look upon the spot where Constantine Kanares fired the Turkish flag-ship in 1822. It was a heroic act of retaliation on the monsters who had just wreaked upon Chios barbarities before which even Cleon's bloody designs against Mitylene appear merciful.

The opening of the Greek revolution found this island the garden of The butchery of the Aegean; it had drawn to itself all that was refined, intelligent, and Chios.



ANDROS:
LANDSCAPE VIEW.

captivating in Greek life. Schools, colleges, libraries were founded and flourished. The Chioites held aloof from the struggle, but in April, 1822, Moslem fanaticism let loose upon them the hounds of hell. Three thousand helpless refugees in one of the hill-top monasteries, two thousand in another, were butchered or burned alive. "Fire, sword, and the still more deadly passions of fanaticism and lust ravaged the island for three months. Of one hundred thousand inhabitants, not five thousand were left alive upon the island. Forty thousand of both sexes were sold into slavery, and the harems of Turkey, Asia, and Africa (so writes Richard Cobden on his visit to Chios fifteen years later) are still filled with the victims." My friend Bikelas has told something of the awful story in his "*Loukes Laras*"; but no pen can picture "that indescribable enormity"—as Gladstone has characterized it—"from which human nature shrinks shuddering away," and which an English eye-witness compared to the destruction of Jerusalem. One would think that Chios had bought her liberty at a great price; and, indeed, her hero Kanares lived to be prime minister of Free Greece; but today this fair isle that claimed Homer for her son, with her new population of seventy-five thousand Greeks, is still in the clutch of the Turk.

Samos.

So in a sense is her neighbor to the south, but with a difference. Samos holds at present the place of privilege under the Porte which Chios held at the opening of the last century. For sixty years and more the island has enjoyed substantial independence with a constitution and council and flag of its own, though its governor is named by the Porte, and it pays a nominal tribute, most of which is expended on the improvement of the island. The governor, who must be a Christian, bears the title of prince, and is not removable at pleasure, like the ordinary Turkish pasha. When I visited Samos in 1893, that dignity was held, as it had been for eight years previous, by Prince Karatheodori, an accomplished statesman and a wise administrator, who subsequently undertook the government of Crete. Under him education was flourishing (there were forty-eight schools with one hundred and twelve teachers and some five thousand pupils, the system culminating in a full gymnasium for boys and a high school for girls); the chief places were connected by telephone; public works were fostered, industry being the rule, and crime the rare



EUBOEA : THEATER
AT ERETRIA,
EXCAVATED BY
AMERICAN SCHOOL.

exception, only nine minor criminal cases being reported in a year.

Approaching Samos from the north, we make our first landing at the new capital, officially known as Samos, popularly as Vathy (*Bathu*, Deephaven), a name which it shares with the new capital of Ithaca and many another place on Greek coasts. The harbor, a great bottle-necked gulf with an ample well-built quay, might shelter the world's navies; and it is a grand mountain amphitheater that closes it in. The town—built partly around the harbor, partly on the steep slopes half a mile back—is clean, well-to-do, inviting, with a solid self-respecting air which in itself is proof of good government.

But we must get out of this great harbor, and thread the narrow channel where isle and mainland approach within speaking distance, as it were, if we are to realize what Samos was. With Mycale rising almost within touch and with Herodotus in hand, one becomes in a sense eye-witness of that last well-aimed blow that avenged Eretria and Athens, and sent the invader scurrying out of Greek waters. Clearing the strait we run into the ancient harbor, still well-nigh closed by the great mole which was a marvel to Herodotus, and provided with a fine modern quay. The shape of the port within the breakwater seems to have suggested the vile name now borne by what was once the port and capital of Polycrates—viz.: Tegani, which being interpreted is “The Frying Pan.” Certainly what we yet see of old Samos, to say nothing of what it must have been in its prime, is a crying protest against this vulgarization. For few finer sites or nobler ruins are to be found even in Greece: there is the picturesque land’s end and the level shore, with the parallel ridge rising seven or eight hundred feet behind it, and commanding wide views over the Ægean and the Ionian mainland. Tegani, indeed, is only a curved line of houses on the water-side, with a fine church and a ruined castle to show that Venice held on to the old site; but old Samos (as Strabo describes it, and as we can trace it on the ground today) not only occupied the level shore but stretched up the mountainside above. The entire ridge was a strong-walled city, and hardly at Eleutheræ or under Mt. Ithome could one see nobler Hellenic walls than the line which extends down the northwestern slope of the hill, much of it intact and the rest traceable to the water’s edge.

Ancient harbor at
Samos.



KEOS: MODERN
TOWN ON SITE OF
IULIS, BIRTHPLACE
OF SIMONIDES.

Works described by
Herodotus.

Herodotus probably passed a season of exile here, and he knew Samos well. And he told the simple truth in his account of "three of the greatest works in all Greece made by the Samians." Two of these, the great mole and the great temple, have always witnessed to his veracity; but the third—was it not just another of his yarns? And yet how circumstantial! "One of these works," he says, "is a tunnel, under a hill one hundred and fifty fathoms high, carried entirely through the base of the hill, with a mouth at either end. The length of the cutting is seven furlongs, the height and width are each eight feet. Along the whole course there is a second cutting, twenty cubits deep and three feet broad, whereby water is brought, through pipes, from an abundant source into the city. The architect of this tunnel was Eupalinos, son of Naustrophus, a Megarian."

Exploring the
tunnel.

Singularly enough this remarkable work is mentioned nowhere else in ancient literature, and all traces of the tunnel had been lost until one day in 1878 a monk from the neighboring monastery stumbled upon the opening, and it was partly cleared out and restored. Today we may follow a line of air-shafts up from the theater to the tunnel mouth, and go down with tallow dips to light the way to verify for ourselves the story of Herodotus. A steep stairway cut in the rock leads down to an arched gallery, at first so narrow as to accommodate but one person—stooping a little at that—then widening to admit two or three abreast. Farther on we find the tunnel, now hung with stalactites, quite answering to the historian's description—seven or eight feet wide and eight or more in height, though not uniformly so—with the aqueduct proper some thirty feet deep alongside. After penetrating as far as you like, you may go around the mountain and trace the source, the ancient reservoir, and the tunnel from its starting-point on the north. Without that we have seen enough to show that Eupalinos was no ordinary engineer for his time, and that Polycrates was an enterprising ruler who knew how to promote public works and to keep his people out of mischief withal. If he built also the mighty breakwater and the great temple, his reign must have been a strenuous time in Samos.

The Heræum.

Of the Heræum—first founded by the Argonauts, burned by the Persians, plundered by Verres, visited by Antony and Cleopatra and by



KEOS: RUINS OF
KARTHAIA, WHERE
SIMONIDES TRAINED
HIS CHOIRS.

King Herod—one lonely column still stands; but enough foundations and bases remain in place to determine the plan and dimensions, which are about double those of the great temple of Zeus at Olympia. Here, as in Argolis, Hera's temple is a solitary place an hour from her city; and the way to it crosses the Imbrasos on whose banks the white-armed goddess was born "under the willow which," according to Pausanias, "still grows in her sanctuary," and which the same veracious traveler declares to be the oldest tree in the Greek world. But the willow is gone, and with it the image of the goddess wrought by Smilis of Aegina.

And, indeed, as we strike across the Ægean, we are reminded that Icaria and Patmos. Dædalus himself had traveled these wet ways before us. For straight ahead lies Icaria washed by the Icarian sea, both bearing the name of the great artist's unlucky son. Icaria is interesting only for its name's sake, but not so the smaller island to our left. Patmos, like Ithaca, is almost cut in two by the sea, the two parts being held together by a narrow isthmus surmounted by the old Hellenic acropolis. The isle is volcanic,

and its town is "built upon the edge of a vast crater, sloping off on either side like the roof of a tiled house." The southern half of the island is still sacred to the great Reve-lator, and possesses two monasteries, one of St. John, the other of the Apocalypse—the former rich in precious manuscripts, even

TENOS: MODERN
TOWN AND PIL-
GRIMAGE CHURCH.



after illiterate monks had done their worst; the latter containing the very cave where John saw the Vision.

TEMPLE OF
POSEIDON AT
SUNIUM.



Delos, the holy island.

From the isle of the Apocalypse one turns not inaptly to the serenest theophany of old Greece

"Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung."

There our anchor drops amid a nest of granite isles. Behind us curves Rhenaia; at either side nestles big and little Hecate; and before us, right athwart the track of rosy-fingered dawn, rises a granite ridge but a short hour's walk from end to end and a good bow-shot across from sea to sea, with its summit barely three hundred and fifty feet above the brine, and one brook without a drop of water in it. A poor desert scene, one would say, to invite the pilgrim or detain him for an hour; but the sea-girt granite ridge is Delos, the summit Cynthus, and the brook Inopus. This solitude was Leto's lying-in, cradle of her heavenly twins, goal of a thousand sacred embassies, seat of the Athenian empire, and world-mart of imperial Rome. The channel, which affords us anchorage, may account for the secular fame of Delos. It forms a spacious and secure harbor which must have been the central station of the Carian corsairs in prehistoric times, and doubtless sheltered the fleets of Minos when the Cretan sea-king cleared out the pirates and annexed the Cyclades — as it was to make Delos the clearing-house of the Ægean for a thousand years.

But it is sacred rather than secular Delos that appeals to the pilgrim in us; and, whether the twin gods only followed the traders' flag or it was the other way about, we care less for Roman and Tyrian warehouses, and the mart where ten thousand slaves were sold in a day, than for the sanctuaries and the still waters of the Sacred Lake. As a proof text on human vanity nothing could be more pointed or more pathetic than this labyrinth of marble wreck which M. Homolle has laid bare and out of which Dr. Dörpfeld (our *cicerone* upon the ground) builds you up a sacred and secular city wherein he walks about as confidently as in Athens.

Entering the great sanctuary.

As we enter the great sanctuary, the well-worn steps bear witness to the thronging pilgrimages of other days; but it is only on leaving the theater behind to climb the Cynthian steep that old old Delos becomes real to us. For, half way up the hill, we come to that rock-rift Cynthian shrine which the young world first roofed over for its young god. "Roofed over," we say, as does Chryses in that eldest prayer to this same



AEGINA : HILL-TOP
TEMPLE OF ATHENA.

Apollo; for that was all man's hand had to do in building the god's first temple here. Taking advantage of a long, narrow ravine whose granite sides offered him ready-made walls, the prehistoric architect simply set across them five pairs of massive granite blocks so as to key one another and thus form a self-sustaining gable-roof—which, strange to say, is the only roof on Delos that has weathered all the ages. The space roofed in measures about nineteen feet high (to the comb), seventeen feet long, and sixteen feet wide in front, though the ravine gradually narrows to half that breadth. Within is a deep chasm, watered from a small spring,—indispensable property of an oracle; and there is also an enormous block of granite, probably the original object of adoration here—one of those fetishes fallen from heaven which the old Greek revered above all the gold-and-ivory gods of Phidias. Later generations added a facade and doorway and terraced up a little temenos; and thus we have here a complete compend of temple-evolution. As Jebb remarks ("Journal of Hellenic Studies," I., 43): "It shows the very genesis of the early temple from step to step. First, an altar in the open air; then a roof to shelter the altar; next, a door to keep out the profane; lastly, a precinct added to the house of the god."

It is here, not amid the marble wreck below, one would open one's A land of flowers. Homeric Hymns and read the tale of Leto's travailing, and how at that theophany

" All Delos bloomed with gold,
Even as some mountain peak with woodland blooms."

Tradition says it was a May-day not unlike this day of our own pilgrimage "in the prime of purple-blossomed Spring"; and, to do Delos justice against her modern maligners,¹ I must record the fact that I climbed up through a field of barley bright with scarlet poppies and fairly waded in yellow clover blooms to reach the shrine. If Homer's self was here to sing at the great Ionian gatherings, and (as Thucydides thrice avers) did sing this very Delian hymn, he came honestly by his bloom and fragrance,



¹Diehl, for instance, allows Delos "only a few traces of a withered and stunted vegetation."

THE ANDRIAN
HERMES.

Mykonos.

ANDROS: THE
ROUND TOWER.

fragrance we have our own clover-proof; and Delos, to be sure, is just the altar to the wide *Ægean* orchestra. Indeed, upon this gently-swelling shimmering sea you fancy a real rhythmic movement of the island-choir; and, though the Cynthian lute is long unstrung, there is a suggestion of subtle melody as of the morning stars.

Following the inner circle the eye rests first on Mykonos, a granite mass rising in the near northeast to a summit of some twelve hundred feet, with a fair white town lying on the narrow shelf of shore. The old Mykonians were mocked at as baldheads and bad neighbors, with nothing to boast of but the grave of the giants slain by Hercules in the Gigantomachy; but the Mykonians of today are the heirs of deserted Delos, whose sparse acres they pasture, and whose movable monuments lie heaped up in their dimly-lighted warehouse of a museum. Next on the south looms Naxos, largest and loftiest of the Cyclades, still fragrant with the fame of Dionysos and Ariadne, and rejoicing in a tropic profusion of fruits and a vintage to keep the wine-god's memory green—though it must be owned the modern world knows the island better for its whetstones than its wines. And, alongside, there is Paros, one mountain of the most resplendent marble in the world, the quarry of Melian Aphrodite and Olympian Hermes and

if not by his palm tree, and on this spot the prayer of Chryses may well have taken shape in his mind.

While Cynthus is but a molehill among mountains, yet for the mind's eye no specular mount on earth sweeps a wider horizon than this lookout on little Delos. If one would feel the *Ægean* in its supreme charm and storied fame, one must take one's bearings here. Round and round, ring after ring, the encircling isles rise upon the vision. These circling isles (or Cyclades) were in old Greek parlance the Pearls of Hellas, while the poet Callimachus saw in them a "chorus dancing round fragrant Asterie," as Delos was named in older time. Of the



many another masterpiece, extant or perished, of the ancient world. Thence the eye travels north to Syra with her double town, city perched above city, shining white and fair in the track of the westering sun; and recalling her one immortal story—Eumæus, kidnapped out of his royal cradle over there to shine in the Homeric firmament forever, divinest of swineherds to teach the lesson of fidelity to all generations. In the glow of that glory—disputed though it be by more than one critic who knows more than is written—Syra need hardly wince to see her commerce now slipping away to Athens and her shipyards shut down or running on half time. On the north the circuit closes with Tenos, to which we shall return.

Of the outer circle, the eye just catches Ios, which claims Homer's tomb; but it looks full on Siphnos opulent in the output of its gold and silver mines six centuries before our era, and stoutly refusing earth and water to the Persian—in which defiance her plucky neighbor Seriphos (next in our revolving view) kept her company. Seriphos has a complex fame: it was there the carven chest that bare Danaë and her immortal babe was cast ashore, and thence comes today the manganese ore—quarried, it may be, out of her prehistoric potentate and people whom Perseus petrified with a flirt of the Gorgon's head—to make our Bessemer steel.

In a yet wider circle lie Amorgos, where Simonides was born to flout all womankind in railing verse; and Thera with its prehistoric town buried under lava floods maybe twenty centuries before Pompeii was built; and Melos with its own memories of Athenian mercy; and Kythnos and Keos hidden behind Syra; and the lonely rock of Gyarus known too well to many a Roman exile; and, to close the northern circuit again, Andros, of which we shall have a nearer view.

This Cynthian bird's-eye takes in just the summits of an Alpine land which the sea-god has reclaimed. The Cyclades are simply Greek mountain ranges prolonged and drowned. Sweep out the *Ægean* and you have a second Switzerland.

What time the seer of Patmos was rapt away by the heavenly vision, even then Holy Delos was entering upon its desolation. As early as the first century a poet wrote of her: "Who would have looked to see Delos more lonely than Tenos?" And today the total census of the holy isle, when not swollen by quarantined passengers from plague-spots in the East, consists of one curator of the marble wreck and two goatherds from Mykonos, who indeed are Delians only between hay and grass. But it is to Tenos you must repair if you would see the Hellenes of three continents foregathering now, as in olden times they flocked to Delos; and if you would hear Hellenic battle-ships thundering their welcome. The pilgrimage is made twice a year, in April and in August, and the little town with inns for a hundred people at most, turns itself into a tavern for ten thousand. The Pilgrimage church, which occupies a vast irregular quadrangle above the town, is itself the main hostelry; and a midnight visit there reveals strange scenes. Along the open cloisters, we pick our steps with difficulty over hundreds of prostrate forms,—men, women, and children who have stretched out for the night on their own rude "shake-downs." Off these cloisters open lodges, all occupied by more favored pilgrims; a little chapel is packed with more; and even the landings are beset with snoring companies. It is no new scene; for in old times at Delos and Epidaurus the gods kept open house as does the Virgin here. Nay, long before the great days of Delos, this very spot was the gathering place of the Ionian island folk: here, in the midst of the sacred grove rose a stately temple of Poseidon and Amphitrite, with its refectories and entertainment for all who flocked to the gods' great festival. As the deity of the Dashing Wave shared the honors of the isle with the god of the Purple Grape, there could have

Syra.

Ios and Siphnos.

Amorgos, Thera,
Melos.The desolation of
Delos.Pilgrimage to
Tenos.

been no lack of good cheer. Nor is there now, as we find on revisiting the holy hostelry at midday when the pilgrim housekeeping is in full swing, tables are spread, and none seem so poor as to want an equal feast, or, in plain English, a square meal.

A familiar tale.

But how comes it that precisely on this spot old Greece thus repeats herself in the new? Thereby hangs a familiar tale. Greece abounds in chapels and cloisters of the Virgin Revealed (Panagia Phaneromene) and this is the most notable of the lot. The story goes that in 1824 a nun dreamed of finding here an image of the Mother of God; the faithful dug and found it. The marvel was noised abroad, pilgrims flocked from the East to keep the feast of the Annunciation, and with their gifts, even before the war of independence was over, the great marble church was built. With increasing revenues were added quarters for the clergy and provision for pilgrims, a school and a hospital; and the entire establishment is maintained without any tax upon the community. In fact, the church has built and sustained the town: it has made the wharves, paved the streets, put in a water supply, and encouraged art by supporting Tenian students at Munich and other European centers.

Perhaps the secret of this prosperity is in the healing virtue of the Revealed Virgin. In the dusk crypt of a chapel where the image was discovered, we find crowds of the faithful filling their vessels with holy water and earth from the favored spot. And the church proper is as full of votive offerings as ever was the Epidaurian temple. Here an arm, there a leg, again a breast, all done in silver, mementoes of the member healed; for the icon of miraculous discovery still works miracles, and not only upon and above it, but pendant from the multitudinous lamps, hang the thank-offerings of those who have experienced the healing power.

That there is nothing new under the Hellenic sun, we are again reminded when Philochorus tells us that Poseidon was worshiped here as a great physician. The sea-god would seem to have been a doctor of the order of St. Patrick, for tradition says he sent myriads of storks to destroy the reptiles which had given Tenos its ancient name of *Ophioussa* or the Isle of Snakes.

A patriotic demonstration.

The Tenian *panegyris* is not merely a pilgrimage of the faithful, it is a patriotic demonstration. Here the Greeks of the Captivity out of all the East come to kiss the soil of Free Greece; and Free Greece takes care to meet them with her best and bravest show. As Athens used to send her splendid *theoriai* to Delos, so she now sends her ironclads to Tenos — and sweeter than droning liturgy, ay, sweeter than the national hymn to the pilgrim from afar, is the music of Greek guns. Listening to that music, and regarding the motley pomp, yet of one blood and one faith, one wonders why a new and nobler Delian League may not come into being here at Tenos.

Romance of the Aegean.

The romance of the Aegean is the romance of Venice. One feels that most on the Castle Hill of Naxos. One cannot forget, indeed, that some six centuries before our era Lygdamis was holding there the hostages of his brother tyrant Pisistratus, and seconding the schemes of Polycrates of Samos — a triple alliance of tyrants spanning the Aegean. But the visible monuments and even the names of many people whom we meet there recall rather the Duchy of Naxos or the Twelve Isles, “the most long-lived Latin power in the Greek world.” Here for nearly four centuries (1207–1579 A. D.) ruled a long line of Latin dukes, nine Sanudos and eleven Crispis, until the Venetian power is broken and Sultan Selim names his Jewish banker and wine-merchant, Juan Miquet, to be “by the grace of God Duke of the Aegean Sea and Lord of the Twelve Isles.” The historian Curtius in his first essay (“Naxos: ein Vortrag,” Berlin, 1846) has drawn a charming picture of those times when the songs of the troubadours rose on the air once ringing with the odes of Sappho and Anacreon.

But as Naxos lies out of our present course and we are to enter Andros *Andros*. by its sunrise port and its Venetian castle gate, we may there consider how Venice came into these waters. Indeed, there is no spot in the Aegean where we can better isolate and study apart that romantic age of Venetian rule. At Naxos and elsewhere Venice built upon old Hellenic ruins, but here at New Andros the great Hellenic ages are not present to dispute attention. Even Rome and Byzantium scarcely intrude. Indeed, it is not improbable that this eastern capital of Andros was founded long after Greece had turned her back on Rome and her face to the rising sun of the Eastern Empire.

Now, it is not quite seven centuries since the great Doge Enrico ^{The great Doge} Enrico Dandolo, as leader of the Fourth Crusade, steered his galley out of the Grand Canal at the head of a fleet that must have purpled the lagoons; but Venice never lost sight of her commerce in her crusading, and the city of Constantine was a better bargain than the Holy Sepulcher. So in March, 1204, we see the doge and his Frank ally at the Golden Horn casting lots on the estate of the Byzantine empire.

By that drawing the Bride of the Adriatic annexes the Aegean. It was a brave haul, and Venice proceeded to occupy in her own way. War was an extravagant business and free-booting was cheap. Where old sea-king Minos had swept out the corsairs millenniums before, the Venetian crusader set up a pirate nobility. The senate proclaimed that any Venetian or ally who

had a will and a way to seize upon island or mainland within the Greek Aegean should have and hold the same in hereditary fee with sovereign rights.

"Thus," remarks Curtius, "Hellas was auctioned off in the doge's palace just as under the Stuarts the New World was parceled out among English lords. The young nobles banded together, enlisted mercenaries, fitted out galleys for bold adventure, and soon Lombard and Venetian grandees with squadron after squadron put out from their lagoons to win princely crowns in the Aegean." Among them came the doge's nephew, Marino Dandolo, with his mailed knights steering straight for Andros, which he mastered (1207) and ruled until his death in 1233. The story of the conquest may be read in the archives of Venice, and that of Marino's family who ruled the isle for some two hundred and eighty years before it was yoked up with Paros under the Sanudos and Sommaripas for two centuries longer. That long roll of Andrian dukes from 1207 to 1699 is not in order here, but how many a brave romance it suggests! Out at this very castle gate doubtless passed Luigi Cornari's daughter to her wedding with Marino Falieri just four centuries ago; and but the

MAP OF THE
AEGEAN.



Conquest of the
island.

A READING JOURNEY IN THE ORIENT.

other day at Naxos I was hobnobbing with the last of the lordly Sommaripas — a rusty notary whose marble dwelling stands on the citadel where Lygdamis and Sanudo reigned.

Venetian rule in
Greece.

It is common to characterize the Venetian rule in Greece as an unrelieved affliction. I think there may be something to say on the other side. If Venice ate up Greece, she was so far assimilated by the diet as to be fitted for royal compensations. Not long before Dandolo raised the standard of St. Mark here, the rosy finger of a new dawn for Greek letters had faintly flushed the east. The tongue that had never been quite hushed began to sing again with some far-off echo of its ancient sweetness, and the Latin conquerors found Greek worth learning for more reasons than one. It was doubtless due to three centuries of such Hellenizing that Aldus could gather at Venice an army of Greek scholars and compositors to carry through his great task of rescuing the still extant literature of old Greece from further peril; and we know that Andros contributed at least one librarian of the Vatican to help on that work. Venice held on to Andros more than a hundred years after the Turk had intrenched himself on the Athenian Acropolis, possibly doing somewhat to keep letters alive here at a time when Athens seems to have been lost from the world's map if not from its memory; but we cannot close the account between Venetian and Greek without adding one lurid debit. It was in the last desperate struggle to recover her empire of the Aegean that Venice, the savior of Greek literature, wrecked the one matchless monument of Greek art. It was Morosini, bearing a name we meet among the lords of Andros in the fifteenth century, who in 1687 blew up the Parthenon.

Morosini, who blew
up the Parthenon.

Prehistoric and
Hellenic Andros.

You have but to cross the island ridge — no easy task even with a sure-footed mule under you — and you are in prehistoric and Hellenic Andros. There, swung up far below you and yet a thousand feet above the water's edge, is a strong-walled acropolis which Themistocles and Alcibiades stormed at in vain, and which King Attalos mastered only by treason within the gates; and on the rugged slopes below, now occupied by a paltry fishing hamlet, you shall see the ruins of the ancient city — its temple and town hall with their fascinating marble archives still littering the ground, and the very spot where the Andrian Hermes was dug up by a peasant in his own garden sixty years ago. A few miles north of this old Andros (now known as Palæopolis), is another fishing hamlet, Batsi, once my summer residence, where I would fain give the reader a glimpse of the actual life of a Greek island today.

When after Salamis Themistocles bore down upon Andros with his fleet and demanded untold indemnity for her weakness in giving earth and water to the Mede, adding that he had brought with him two mighty Athenian gods (namely, Persuasion and Necessity) to enforce the claim, the poor Andrians referred him to their own mightier gods, Poverty and Helplessness, who proved indeed too much for even him, and sent him packing empty-handed. On the spot the parable speaks for itself; and the marvel is that from this naked island rock, twenty-one by eight miles in area, twenty-five thousand souls should wring not only a living but comfort and independence. Yet such is the fact. To begin with they are well housed, though there is neither forest nor saw-mill on the island. For the island itself is a great lumber yard — of slate. To get foundations you simply quarry out a section of rock-slope till your horizontal and perpendicular meet, and you have a fine rock-shelf with floor and back wall that will never need repairing. In fact, you may sometimes economize your end walls out of nature in the same way. Then you lay up your remaining walls — it may be out of your quarry chips — two or three feet thick and well joined. Putting on the roof is a more complicated process: beams of cypress are laid across from wall to wall, on these transversely a close bed of reeds covered in turn by another matting of bushes, and then over all is spread the clayey earth which is wetted down

Island's natural
resources.

and trampled and rolled smooth. This is the very roof in fashion at Mycenæ 1500 B. C. or thereabouts, and at Troy five hundred years earlier still, as it continues the invariable style in the Troad to this day. The material inspires the artist—Paros had her marble to awake the genius of her Skopas; and Andrian slate has exercised a school of masons who are in great request at Athens and Constantinople as well as at home.

It is easier to build a house than to build a farm in Andros, but Andrian industry has achieved this latter task. It has through patient ages turned the bleak mountains into smiling gardens. Terracing and irrigation have worked wonders. God gives the rock and the rigorous winters and sweeping summer winds. Where a thousand shiftless souls would starve, twenty thousand and more by toil and thrift have enough and to spare. Nature's capital, the rock, is richer than it looks. In other parts of Greece the limestone drinks up the rain and leaves the land thirsty; the slate sucks it in like a sponge, but only to pour it out again in multitudinous mountain springs which are the life of the land. The chalk burns up vegetation, the slate weathers into fruitful soil. So the Andrian rocks pay their tribute of earth and water, and the Andrian husbandman lays up his terrace and leads his little aqueduct to water it. When he has got his footing, so to speak, in one little shelf of soil or a dozen of them, he plants his olive, fig, and vine, his bit of barley or wheat, his patch of onions, potatoes, and beans. Against the north wind he sets his brake of cypress trees with intertwining vines or of tall reeds in triple ranks. He keeps half a dozen goats and sheep for wool, milk, and cheese; a family pig (untaxed); a donkey for transportation (I have yet to see a cart or carriage on the island); possibly a cow or two of the best stock in the Aegean. In due season you shall see him winnowing his barley on his hill-top threshing floor, and the Andrian girls treading the wine press with blushing feet or gathered to the unique Andrian festival of the Fig-Stringing. There is, too, the hill-top monastery where you may quench your thirst at the hidden spring that used to flow wine instead of water on Dionysos's holiday; and the Round Tower which may have looked down on Agamemnon when he put in at Gavriion harbor on his way home from Troy. And within a stone's throw of that tower, you may see a peasant wife knitting silk stockings for her peasant husband, while silken fishing nets drape the rude walls—all her own handiwork from the rearing of the cocoon through all the stages to these finished products. Forty years ago Andros was a great silk producer, but the blight fell upon that beautiful industry, and it continues now only in domestic hands. Instead the lemon has become the chief staple, and on the south and east of the island every glen and slope is beautiful with its tender green and gold.

Andrian life today has all the simplicity of the antique; and one who would escape the modern world could hardly do so more completely than with the brethren of *Hagia Monē* or with my friend Demetrios Zaraphonides and his American wife on their twelve-story farm at Katakoilo.

But it is time to be getting out of Gavriion harbor, and our next port is Eubœa. Eubœan Karystos. There we may leave the poor village on the shore and climb up through glens that are a dream of beauty to one of the finest Frankish fortresses in Greece—although Boniface of Aragon sold it to Venice in 1365 for a bagatelle of six thousand ducats. High above the medieval castle rises Mt. Ochê, traditional scene of Zeus and Hera's nuptials, on which there remains still under roof a stone building long supposed to be Hera's temple and the oldest sanctuary in the Greek world, but now taken by the learned for an ancient signal station. Eubœa scarcely belongs to the island realm, so narrow is the strait that severs it from the Main; but one of its great cities, Eretria, we have in a manner annexed. There the American spade has laid bare one of the most interesting of old Greek theaters—to say nothing of other remains of the stronghold which the Persian mastered on his way to Marathon.

Terracing and irrigation.

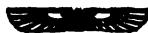
Glimpses of peasant life.

A READING JOURNEY IN THE ORIENT.

Last of the Cyclades in our course lies Keos, with her fair town pitched upon the mountain top in full view. It occupies the site of ancient Iulis where Simonides was born to be the trumpet voice of Greek freedom, and his nephew Bacchylides no less sweet and true a singer than any of the nine, as we know now that Egypt has given us back his songs. For the archaeologist scarcely less interest attaches to the ruins of Karthaia where Simonides had his choristry and where Brondsted the Dane made his brilliant excavations ninety years ago.

End of the Aegean cruise.

We have yet to look on Helen's Isle, where the fair runaway paused to keep her guilty honeymoon with Paris; to sail under "Sunium's marbled steep," where within two years (thanks to Staes's spade) Athene has been ousted and Poseidon restored to his own as rightful lord of the foreland fane; to catch a glimpse of Athene's own temple, once usurped by Panhellenian Zeus, on the piney heights of Egina; to peruse the shores of Salamis; and then our anchor drops in Piraeus harbor and our Aegean cruise is done.

*Review Questions.*

1. What little island is the ideal center of the Grecian Archipelago? 2. As one leaves the Hellespont what three islands connect that region with the shore of Thrace? For what is each famous? 3. What connection had Agamemnon with Lemnos? What had Hephaestus? 4. What incidents of the Peloponnesian war centered at Lesbos? What poets have also given fame to the island? 5. What connection has Chios with Homer? What Italian merchants had possession of this island and when? What events of the Greek war for independence took place here? 6. What present political position does Samos hold? What event is connected with the neighboring promontory of Mycale? What did Herodotus say of the island in his day? How has his story proved true? 7. Who was Icarus for whom the island was named? What places on Patmos are still associated with St. John? 8. What twin deities were born on Delos? What fame had the sanctuary of Delos? Describe the growth of the temple. What is the character of the view from Mt. Cynthus? 9. What connection has Mykonos with Delos? What associations are connected with Naxos, Paros, and Syra? How is the modern commerce of Seriphos connected with the mythology of the island? 10. What is the relation of the group of islands called Cyclades to the mainland? 11. Describe the present-day pilgrimages to Tenos. How has the church influenced the town? What patriotic aspect has this celebration? 12. What was the duchy of Naxos? How did the Aegean islands come into the hands of Venice? How did Venice help to bring in the revival of learning? What famous Greek building was destroyed by a Venetian bomb? 13. Describe present-day life in Andros. What island was the home of Simonides and of his nephew Bacchylides?

Search Questions.

1. What places claim to be the birthplace of Homer? 2. What was the city of Daedalus? 3. Who was Eumeus? 4. What is an icon? 5. Where in Homer does the debate at Lesbos between Nestor and Menelaus occur? 6. What allusion to Samothrace occurs in the New Testament?

Bibliography.

The most valuable book is Tozer's *Islands of the Aegean* (1890), but it does not touch Andros, Keos, or Melos. Bent's *The Cyclades: or, Life Among the Insular Greeks* (1885), is rich in folk-lore. Of older books Tournefort's *Voyage in the Levant* gives quaint and charming pictures of the islands at the opening of the eighteenth century; and Clarke's *Travels in Greece*, etc. (Vols. III. and IV.) affords glimpses of some of the islands a century ago. For Delos, Jebb in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, Vol. I., 7-62, is excellent; as is the chapter in Diehl's *Excursions in Greece*. For Keos: Manatt's "Bacchylides and his Native Isle" in *The Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1898; and his article on the same poet in the *Review of Reviews* for April, 1898.

CRITICAL STUDIES IN FRENCH LITERATURE.*

VII. ALEXANDRE DUMAS AND "THE THREE MUSKETEERS."

BY BENJAMIN W. WELLS.

(Formerly Professor of Modern Languages in the University of the South.)



HERE is not a spot 'on this earth,' said the rather cool-blooded critic Nisard, "where Dumas's gifts as a story-teller have not excited admiration for his inexhaustible fund of diverting inventions, his sparkling and characteristically French dialogue, his facile, natural flow of words, even his very defects which, to be sure, one hardly has time to notice, so completely does he carry you away at his own sweet will." But perhaps it is something more to arouse the enthusiasm of one's fellow novelists than of the critics. Let us listen then to Thackeray, who writes playfully to his rival in popular favor: "It made me quite happy when, having read eight volumes of 'The Three Musketeers,' I saw Mr. Roland bring me ten more under the title 'Twenty Years After.' May you make Athos, Porthos, and Aramis live an hundred years, and treat us to twelve volumes more of their adventures." And if we wish still further testimony to the merit of this story that the world has instinctively chosen as typical of its author and of the historical romance in its apotheosis, let the old man judge the young. Broken down in health, a dependent on the care of his son, Dumas was found two years before his death reading "The Three Musketeers" again. "It is good," said the aged romancer, with feeling, to the author of "The Prodigal Father," "'Monte Cristo' is not up to 'The Musketeers.'" And he was quite right. If we want to know what the French romantic school means in fiction, we cannot do better than concentrate our attention on this novel. All of Dumas is here. We shall not advance a step in the comprehension of his genius, though, indeed, we may add greatly to our enjoyment, if to this story we add the whole series of the *Chronicles of France* to which it belongs, or even if we supplement these well-nigh hundred volumes by the other two hundred that the catalogue of his alleged works contains.

A book like this to be thoroughly understood must be studied not alone in itself but in its environment. We must ask ourselves not only what it is that we enjoy, what its qualities are, and its defects; but we must ask how they came to be, why it was that that generation produced novels of this kind, for this is only the best among many that have not since had their like. And then we must ask ourselves what it was in the man as well as in the time that gave him this unique place, even in his own generation. It might be more logical to proceed from the book to the environment, and from that to the author, but it is more perspicuous, and, on the whole, more helpful to reverse the order, and to consider first the man, then the public for which he wrote, and finally the work itself; for we shall hardly understand how completely he succeeded till we know something of his readers, nor shall we quite understand why he could so wholly satisfy them till we know something of the man himself.

It might have been hard to find in all France a man with such an ancestry. He was the son of a gallant general who had served Napoleon

A critic's comment.

How to study the story.

* No. 1, "The Song of Roland," appeared in the October CHAUTAUQUAN; No. 2, "Montaigne and Essay Writing in France," in the November CHAUTAUQUAN; No. 3, "Tartuffe: a Typical Comedy of Molière," in the December CHAUTAUQUAN; No. 4, "Lyrists and Lyrics of Old France," in the January CHAUTAUQUAN; No. 5, "Victor Hugo's Ninety-Three," in the February CHAUTAUQUAN; No. 6, "The Short Story in France," in the March CHAUTAUQUAN.

[Review questions on this "Critical Study" appear at the bottom of page 80.]

with distinction in Egypt and the Tyrol, but had fallen into disfavor and died in neglect when the future novelist was four years old. The general's father was the Marquis de la Pailleterie. Whether his mother was the marchioness is not altogether clear. Certain it is that Dumas was the name of a full-blooded negress of San Domingo, whom the marquis is said to have married in 1760, and it was in San Domingo that General Dumas lived until about 1780 when we find him estranged from the marquis, who persisted in a foolish marriage with a woman from the servants' hall, so that his son in disgust enlisted in the Queen's Guards under his mother's name. He was a man of remarkable courage, impetuosity, and physical strength. He imitated the marital vagaries of his parent by marrying an innkeeper's daughter at Villers-Cotterets, and it was in the first five years of restless inaction after his retirement from the service that his son Alexandre was born to an inheritance of his negress grandmother's appearance and nature, and of the aristocratic spirit of his marquis grandfather. Few things in literature are more curious than the working of this contrasted combination in his novels.

Influence of early environment.

But to heredity we have to add the influence of infant environment. His birth is in the year of the Peace of Amiens; he is thirteen at Waterloo; his first impressions are of his soldierly father; wars and rumors of wars fill his childhood. Then the disaster of Leipsic brings the Cossack invaders to his home. And then over this restless nature the Restoration comes with its piping time of peace against which the whole romantic generation chafes, and in which it gasps for air. His parents now had the happy inspiration to educate him for the church, that being the career then most open to ambition, as one sees so clearly in Stendhal's "Chartreuse of Palma," but it needed no prophet to see that nothing would come of this. His ebullient energy needed only the suggestion of a vent. That came to him from seeing "Hamlet." In 1823 he set about writing a play, and would not rest till he had found his way to Paris.

A writer of dramas.

For the moment he found a livelihood in the household of the future king, Louis Philippe, and with an instinct, wiser often than all the reason of the critics, he saw that the drama offered the best opportunity to impress his originality upon the public. All the romantic sap was stirring in him. He needed no teacher or model. To him Hugo's preface to "Cromwell" was already ancient history, and he rang the tocsin of dramatic revolt from classical tradition before even the first skirmish of the "Battle of Hernani." Before the Revolution of 1830 he might have been wealthy, but he was as gloriously careless of money as were his musketeers, and seldom waited to win before he spent. The theater was not a wide enough stage for him. The Revolution afforded him occasion for a frolicsome run in the political field. He tells of adventures in those bustling days of July as incredible as those of his D'Artagnan,—how, like Daudet's Tartarin born before his time, he made a desperate march on Soissons, where he had once been a notary's clerk, and captured, with unaided but resistless courage, a powder magazine. And there really seems to be some grain of truth in the story, for when political calm came again he had somehow earned the distrust and forfeited the favor of Louis Philippe, and presently found fiction a more favorable field for his work than the drama, because it was less under the control of the political police. So with "Isabelle of Bavaria" he began that remarkable series of the Chronicles of France, historical novels, extending to some hundred volumes, of which "The Three Musketeers" is the chief. It may not be without interest to give the titles of them in their historical order. First "The Bastard of Mauléon," then "Duguesclin," then "Isabelle of Bavaria," telling of the years that precede the coming of the Maid of Orleans and degrade the French crown till it owes its very survival to a shepherd girl; next "Queen Margot" and the St. Bartholomew Massacre; then "The Lady of Monsoreau;" after which "The

Turns to fiction.

"Forty-Five" brings us to the Bourbons. Then come our "Three Musketeers," whose story is continued for us in "Twenty Years After" and "The Viscount of Bragelonne." "The Chevalier of Harmental" tells of the last days of Louis XIV., "A Daughter of the Regent" dates itself, "Joseph Balsamo" follows, and "The Queen's Necklace" brings us to Marie Antoinette. "Ange Pitou" and "The Countess of Charny" carry us onward to the Revolution, to varied aspects of which Dumas gives four novels—"A Chevalier of the Maison-Rouge," "The Whites and the Blues," "The Companions of Jehu," and "The Red Rose."

But because Dumas wrote novels of the chief characters and events in French history, it must not be supposed that he based his stories on careful study of anything. They are all built, as is "The Three Musketeers," on hasty impressions of memoirs, decked out by an exuberant imagination into a sort of comedy of history, that lets fancy play around the evidences of the past and, in Dumas's own words, "exalts history to the height of fiction." None of this work shows grasp of character or psychologic insight; here again "The Three Musketeers" is wholly typical; but they almost all show what "The Three Musketeers" shows supremely, prodigious imagination, wonderful dramatic instinct. He fuses and recasts his material, and links together just as the old minstrels used to do, chaplets of episodes by turns frolicsome, wild, extravagant, breathless, impetuous, all on the slenderest thread of narrative plot.

Novels not based on careful study.

In all these novels the women are subordinated to the men. Milady in "The Three Musketeers," his best female character, is so because she is most virile. But he subordinates character, even in his heroes, to plot, and he subordinates plot to action. We can see him skimming the surface of history like a light-hearted boy. He has no judgment nor discernment for historic fact, but he has unerring judgment and discernment for what is effective. He never fails to absorb the reader, and to excite an intense curiosity. He seizes the telling incident, and spins around it the silken thread of his fancy with a gaiety of style.

As Dumas became popular, demand for his work came from every side, Popularity of his work.

and, indeed, there seems to have been in the early forties a demand for novels in France more general and more imperative than that country had known. Every daily paper had its slice of fiction "under the line" on the first page, the *feuilleton*. In this way Dumas began the publication of "Monte Cristo" in 1841, and before this was finished, in 1845, he had entered into contracts simultaneously with six newspapers to furnish more "copy" than it was physically possible for him to produce. Men said he kept a novel factory, that he bought the work of unknown authors or translators, and it does appear that he was willing to buy ideas or even whole novels and plays which he would rewrite, infusing his own spirit into them. Later on he became even less scrupulous. But it is certain that none of those who claimed to share his honor as well as his profits ever produced anything like his work. And he was a man almost as industrious as he was fertile. He lived, says the romantic critic Jules Janin, "without a moment's rest. Even while traveling he wrote, composed, planned. He was a slave of story-telling. His youth, his whole life, passed in obeying this taskmaster, the ogre that swallowed up his genius." There seems to have been no period of his life when he could not produce with astonishing rapidity, and if he employed assistants, he got far more out of them than they ever got out of themselves. "Gentlemen," he once said good-humoredly to his detractors, "the doors are open for you. The columns are ready. Write us a 'Three Musketeers,' a 'Monte Cristo.' Don't wait till I'm dead to do it. With all the books I have to write, give me the relaxation of reading yours."

It is certain, however, that Dumas overestimated his power with a vanity that was perhaps an inheritance from his negro grandmother. The years 1843 to 1846 witnessed the crown of his achievement in His best stories.

Value of such
journalistic work.

"Monte Cristo," "The Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," and "Queen Margot." He never approached the feeblest of these.

One effect of this mode of journalistic publication is immediately apparent to every reader of Dumas's novels who realizes that the work was produced day by day, often with the copy-boy at the writer's elbow. The value of such journalistic work depends on the independent interest that each fragment possesses. The artistic effect of the whole would in any case suffer from the accentuation of the parts. The attention of the reader is inevitably concentrated on details. The architectural effect of mass is lost upon him. The author becomes a *raconteur*, a sort of Scheherezade aiming at immediate effects, content that the impression of today shall be effaced by the impression of tomorrow. So such novels might continue to any length, and in fact France in the forties was, in the words of one of her critics, "overwhelmed by some five or six huge compositions that embraced in their somber framework heaven and hell with all the most deadly passions of the human race." These were the days of the "Memoirs of the Devil," of "The Mysteries of Paris," "The Mysteries of London," and "The Wandering Jew." The taste of the time was for novels in daily morsels in which characters reappeared every morning, so regularly and so long, that men came, as Gautier says, to regard them as part of daily life. "I often used to hear men say," he tells us, "'Monte Cristo has done this or that. I think he was right' or possibly wrong, just as one would blame the acts of one alive."

Entertainer rather
than artist.

From this point of view Dumas is not so much an artist as an entertainer; not so much a quality as a quantity, or, as he said of himself, "only a vulgarizer." But for this very reason he contributed more than any other to give French fiction a cosmopolitan audience in the great middle class. He extended its domain greatly and permanently, being indeed the most catholic-spirited novelist of his time in interest and in sympathy, and the greatest story-teller in all the western world.

Dumas's later life.

Let us say a word of Dumas's life after "The Three Musketeers," before we pass to consider that novel itself. For a time he was possessor of a princely income, but he spent this and more with a phenomenal thriftlessness, for he had a sort of barbaric generosity, that made him a millionaire to a host of parasites, while to himself he was a beggar. He entered on contracts with thoughtless levity, became involved in law-suits as costly as they were dishonorable, built a palace that cost half a million francs in 1847, sold it for debt in 1851, and from that year till his death became a pathetic wanderer, evading the sheriff and looking for "copy" in Belgium, England, Russia, the Caucasus, and Italy, till in 1866 he fell into the precarious poverty of senility, and was saved from a sordid end only by the persistent solicitude of his son, who had taken him rather as a warning than an example. He died at Dieppe on the day of the Prussian occupation of that town, December 5, 1870. After peace had come again he was solemnly interred at Villers-Cotterets.

"The Three Mus-
keteers."

Consider now "The Three Musketeers," that "Iliad of the *feuilleton*." It is based, with no pretense of disguise, on the "Memoirs of D'Artagnan" by Coutils de Sandras, who was almost contemporary with the story he pretended to record with realistic detail. These "Memoirs" furnished the main outline of "The Three Musketeers," and behind the hero of both is still to be discerned the historical Charles de Batz Castel-mare d'Artagnan, who was killed at the siege of Maestricht in 1673. Sandras, too, had been a pioneer in the kind of fiction that Dumas was to write. He first transferred the scene of romance frankly from fairy-land to France. He first made rapid action take the place of tedious talk about action, and he made men speak in brisk dialogue, not in the elaborate and fantastic language of Scudéry. Altogether in the history of fiction his book is by no means negligible, though it would surely be neglected were it not for "The Three Musketeers." Here, as in the

"Memoirs," D'Artagnan serves as a connecting thread, though he is no more the center of action than Achilles is in the "Iliad." The real center is the triple-linked devotion of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, that magnificent trio, who go through the world rescuing, punishing, duelling, fighting, wounding, and wounded, but never losing their ebullient spirits or their gasconading gallantry. We do not mind whence Dumas took his facts and his fancies. He may steal from Sandras, he may even take his very best scene, Milady tempting Felton, from his own drama "The Tower of Nesle," — we only say that it was well worth the repetition, and wish there were more such plagiarists. Indeed, one has no heart for criticism at all in the rush and excitement of this phantasmagoria of history. We do not ask even that it shall be probable. We cease to expect when Athos faints from loss of blood that he will be in bed the next day; we are quite prepared to find him fighting a duel, or even sustaining an unequal combat with the emissaries of the cardinal. Our moral sense, too, reverts to its babyhood. We have not the heart to think ill of one who steals the writ of his own execution and applies it in his own behalf, if only Milady's death can give us a romantic thrill or shiver. We are willing to put all our historical criticism on the top shelf and believe for the moment that Richelieu lays siege to La Rochelle because the fair Queen Anne has turned her smiles from him to the Duke of Buckingham. We should be even a little disappointed if these musketeers behaved like men of ordinary clay, or endured only possible wounds and hardships. We glory, with the author, in such wanton feats of daring as the lunch in the bastion and the napkin turned into a flag of glorious defiance. We delight to be hurried from one hairbreadth escape to another, sharing the enthusiasm of this gasconading spirit, with its chivalrous fellowship, its bold tricks, its jolly pranks, its bubbling humor, all set off against the hardly less grotesque and comically sinister background of Milady's satanic inspirations and diabolical plots, till we rejoice at the healthy thoroughness by which she is done to death at last by the great Three. The morality of the story may something smack to a captious critic, and yet at the core it is sane, hale, and hearty. There are pages here that are not for the ingenuous. It is barely possible that some might be harmed by them. But as a rule even children glide lightly over what they do not understand, and these blemishes fall as readily from the kernel of the story, as the husk from the grain. The world is a safe judge, and here for two full generations now the world has pronounced its judgment. There may be touches of a finer nobility in "Twenty Years After," there is a vein of pathos in the sequel to that sequel "The Viscount of Bragelonne" where the dying D'Artagnan says "*au revoir*" to those more kindred souls Athos and Porthos, but "good-bye forever" to Aramis, a spirit more antithetically mixed; there are one or two scenes of more sustained power in "Monte Cristo"; but as a whole none of these can touch "The Three Musketeers" which the boy reads with eager interest, and the old man with a mellow savoring of its delight, while even the jaded critic and novel reader comes back to it and bathes in it as in a spring of perpetual youth. "Childish," you say. Possibly; childlike surely. Yet "he who of such delights can judge and spare to interpose them oft is not unwise."

But if the critic turn from the book itself to consider its effects on the development of fiction, he will be constrained to admit that it, with its fellows, blighted the historical novel as a work of art by the very qualities that gave it popularity. Under the inspiration of Walter Scott historical fiction in France had been conscientiously wrought by Vigny, delicately chiseled by Mérimée, grandly elaborated by Hugo, but this *genre* cannot bear vulgarization. Dumas's success evoked a swarm of imitators, and when they had passed to the back shelves of the provincial libraries the historical novel in France was dead.

Improbable incidents.

Deeds of daring.

Blight of the historical novel.

THE INNER LIFE OF AESCHYLUS.*

☒ ☒ BY HAROLD N. FOWLER. ☒ ☒

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AESCHYLUS, the son of Euphorion, was born at Eleusis, near Athens, about 525 B. C., the son of a noble family. The deme of Eleusis was the home of the Eleusinian mysteries, the deme in which more than anywhere else in Attica religious ceremonies would naturally attract the attention of the citizens and occupy their minds. Everywhere in Greece, to be sure, religious observances formed a part of the daily life of every state and every individual, for no undertaking was begun or even planned without consulting an oracle, or at least performing a sacrifice or pouring a libation, but the ceremonies connected with the Eleusinian mysteries were distinct from those of ordinary worship, and were inspired by thoughts and sentiments of a different kind.

In the centuries that had passed since the Homeric times the Greeks had advanced in civilization and culture. With this advance some change and progress in religious ideas was naturally connected, and something of this progress must be understood before we can understand the conditions of religious thought under which *Aeschylus* was educated. In the Homeric poems we find the gods portrayed as human beings with enlarged powers, but human in all their passions, caprices, and frailties. These gods do not always agree one with another, and their treatment of human beings is the result of personal considerations, not of any general laws or principles. There is, to be sure, the restraining power of Zeus, who is stronger than the other gods, but Zeus is himself subject to the same passions and caprices as the rest. Themis, or abstract right, and Fate, or destiny, were not unknown to the Homeric age, but they were relegated to the background of religious consciousness, or rather they had not yet come forward as clear or important ideas. The gods were worshiped, but there was no logical or rational scheme of the universe in which the gods played a ruling part, nor was there any general rule of human conduct which the gods enforced by rewards and punishments, either in this world or the next. As regards the next world, the Homeric conceptions were peculiarly vague, involving hardly a hint of future requital for good or bad conduct in this life.

Early status of the gods.

Changes in religious ideas.

Such crude and imperfect beliefs could not continue to satisfy the Greeks as they advanced in civilization, but must themselves be changed, revised, and improved as time went on. The Hesiodic poets did much to systematize mythology and to give it a consistent form, which was accepted in its main features throughout Greece. Then, too, as men felt more strongly than in former times the burden of the sense of sin and the fear of an offended deity, rites of purification were introduced, partly through the influence of the Delphic oracle, which tended to strengthen the feelings to which they owed their origin and to impress upon all the need of refraining from wrong-doing, and of appeasing the gods when wrong had been done. These changes had taken place in the public religion, and at the same time there seems to have been, in connection with the worship of deceased ancestors, an increase in the strength of the belief in the future life. But the gods still retained their former character, and there

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* This is the seventh CHAUTAUQUAN study of the Inner Life of Historic Figures in France and Greece. Fénelon appeared in October; Pascal was published in November; Madame Guyon appeared in December; Corot's life was studied in January; The Chevalier Bayard was the character studied in February; in March Odysseus was the subject.

was still little in the religion of the ordinary man to raise him above the level of the Homeric age.

But in the sixth century a different movement is seen in the religious life of the Greeks. Pythagoras developed his philosophy and his half mystical religious doctrines, the Orphic sect multiplied its votaries, and at Eleusis the mysteries of Demeter and Persephone, with solemn rites unknown to earlier days, gave a new direction to the religious thought of Athens. How far the rites of the Orphic and the Pythagorean sects agreed with those of Eleusis, how far their doctrines were accepted or rejected by the Eleusinian priesthood, or what the ceremonies at Eleusis were, we need not discuss. About these matters there are many theories, but little certain knowledge. We do know, however, that those who were initiated took part in ceremonies from which the uninitiated were excluded, and that they believed themselves to be made more holy by initiation and participation in the sacred, mysterious rites. It is true that the Greater Mysteries, which alone were celebrated at Eleusis, took place only once in four years, but the influence they exerted was undeniably great in all Attica, and must have been intensified at Eleusis itself.

But aside from the fact that he was born at Eleusis, where the Eleusinian mysteries had their seat, Aeschylus had ample reason for religious seriousness. He lived in stirring times. In his boyhood fell the assassination of Hipparchus, and the expulsion from Athens of Hippias, which restored the government of the state to the citizens, and was the second beginning of Athenian democracy. In his early manhood came the revolt of Ionia from the Persian dominion, which brought down upon Greece the anger of the great king on account of the part taken by Athenians and Eretrians in the burning of Sardis. The first attempt of the Persians to wreak their vengeance upon the Greeks was frustrated by the elements, and the expedition accomplished nothing. The second attempt was, however, far-reaching in its results, though not in the way intended by the Persians, for this expedition ended with the battle of Marathon. This may well be regarded as the most important battle in the history of the world. Without it, Thermopylae and Salamis would have been impossible, the freedom of Greece would have been destroyed, the Macedonian empire would never have come into being, and Rome, not finding a superior civilization before which her victorious eagles must bow down, could have developed little but brute force and material luxury. The victors in this battle were a little band of ten thousand Athenians, aided by one thousand Plataeans. The Lacedæmonians, who claimed for themselves the leadership of Hellas, and the Argives, with all their pride in the mythical glory of Agamemnon, remained aloof from this struggle, while Thebes succumbed ingloriously to her fear of the invader. Athens alone,—a city of no great military renown, a city moreover in which a faction favored submission to the overwhelming force of the East,—Athens alone stemmed the tide of invasion and turned its billows in broken masses back to their source in the Orient. No wonder the Athenians were proud of their victory. No wonder that "Marathon became a magic word," or that Aeschylus is said to have mentioned in the epitaph he wrote for himself that he had fought at Marathon.

For ten years after their defeat at Marathon the Persians gathered their vast resources for another invasion of Greece. Their wonderful bridges spanned the Hellespont, and their innumerable hosts swept along the shores of Thrace, carried with them the powers of Macedonia and Thessaly, overwhelmed the heroic rampart of martyrs at Thermopylae, spread like a destroying flood over all central Greece, only to fall back in shattered retreating masses from the stern, fierce rocks of Salamis. Athens, though destroyed by the invaders, had for a second time saved Greece.

Plataea saw the last attempt of the Persians to overcome the free cities

Stirring times in
Greece.

Persian invasion.

of Hellas. This was but one year after the battle of Salamis. The best part of the army of Xerxes wintered in Thessaly, overran central Greece, burned what little there was to burn at Athens after the destruction of the previous year, and finally, meeting the united forces of the Greeks, was utterly routed and almost annihilated. In this battle Athens had borne herself nobly, and in the naval contests of that and the following years she gained for herself the acknowledged leadership in the struggle to put an end to Persian aggression.

The Persian wars had brought ruin and destruction upon Athens, but they raised her from the position of a secondary power in Greece to that of the ruler of the Mediterranean, from moderate resources to unprecedented wealth,—they made it possible for her to become the home of arts and sciences, the teacher of Hellas and of the world. Æschylus lived indeed in stirring times.

Athens saved by the gods.

In her darkest hours of danger Athens had not despaired. She had trusted in her gods and in the courage of her citizens, and her trust was gloriously rewarded. It is not to be wondered at if her people, her poets, and her orators were inclined to see the hand of deity in the fates of men. On the other hand, the Persians had come in the fulness of their pride and power, with overweening confidence in their ability to blot out Greece, and especially Athens, from the face of the earth,—and behold, their wealth and their power had availed them nothing. The gods of Greece had “put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.”

The Athenian people believed that the storm which wrecked the Persian ships had been sent by Boreas in answer to their prayers, that Pan had made the Persians flee in terror at Marathon, that Athena had appeared in person and encouraged the Greeks at Salamis, and that in other miraculous ways the gods had shown their power. This was entirely in accordance with the old beliefs, but these beliefs had gained in strength and dignity by the grand scale upon which the power of the gods had been exerted for the protection of all Hellas. Thus the time of Æschylus was a time of religious exaltation even among those who had no share in the progressive religious thought of the period.

Education of Æschylus.

Of the immediate personal surroundings of the young Æschylus we know but little. He was educated, as were all young Athenians of good birth, in gymnastics and music. Who his masters were is unknown, but what they taught him can be stated with some approach to certainty. The facts he learned were those contained in the poems of all the poets before his own time, for the works of the poets were universally studied by the Greek youth, and in addition to these facts he learned music in its three forms,—the music of the verses in epic and lyric poetry, the music of the voice in singing and of the lyre in accompaniment, and the music of the feet in the traditional choral dances of boys and youths. In all these we may assume that he was an apt scholar. At an early age he turned his attention to tragedy. He is reported to have said that “when he was a youth he fell asleep in a field as he was watching the grapes, and that Dionysus came and stood over him and bade him write tragedy; and when day came (for he wished to obey), he tried it and wrote verses very easily at once.” At any rate, he devoted himself early to tragedy, the form of serious poetry especially connected with the worship of Dionysus. He wrote as many as eighty plays, including satyr dramas; but of all these only seven tragedies are left. It is but a fragmentary record from which we have to gather our knowledge of his thoughts and feelings, and yet we feel instinctively that, however incomplete it may be, it is true and correct in its testimony.

A poet, not a philosopher.

Æschylus was not a philosopher nor a pioneer of religious thought. He was a poet, whose dramas were to be performed at the sacred festivals of Dionysus. He was therefore limited in his choice of subjects, and to

some extent in his treatment of the subjects chosen. Nevertheless, when thoughts or sentiments recur in different plays, and when they occur in passages where they are not required by the character of the speaker, we may regard them as the property of *Aeschylus* himself. His birth and education tended to make him conservative, and there is nothing in his works to intimate that his views on most subjects were very different from those of other educated men of his time. He believed in the same gods as his fellow citizens, and believed in them in much the same way as other people. He seems to have been initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries, which implies a certain serious attitude toward religion, but this was characteristic of many men at that time. Seriousness is, however, one of the most striking qualities of the plays of *Aeschylus*.

Of all the philosophical ideas of *Aeschylus*, the most general is the notion of fatality, or, to use a different word, predestination. Traces of this notion are visible all through the history of Greek thought, but nowhere is it so emphasized as in the *Aeschylean* drama. In every play, though less strongly in the "Suppliants" than in the others, we are made to feel from the beginning to the end that all is the result of a previous decree of an overruling power. In the "Persians," we are told that oracles had foretold the greatness of the empire, to be followed by its fall; the death of Agamemnon, the vengeance of Orestes upon Clytemnestra and *Egisthus*, the fall of King *Edipus*, and the death of his sons by each other's hands, all are portrayed as foreordained and inevitable. The manner of the foreordination is not always clear. Sometimes it appears as if Fate or Necessity were something mightier than the gods, something entirely beyond their control, and again the gods seem to be omnipotent. It is probable that *Aeschylus* had no very clear ideas on this subject. He believed in omnipotent gods, and he believed in a kind of predestination which determined beforehand the conduct of gods as well as men; but he did not try to reconcile these two beliefs, or if he did, he has left no record of the attempt. But the belief in a power higher than man was with him as an ever-present source of inspiration. In one passage in the "Agamemnon" the poet seems to confess that he is not sure by what name to call the higher power:

"O Zeus — whate'er he be,
If that name please him well,
By that on him I call."

These words may express the real feeling of the poet, but in general he does not attempt to be consistent or to cast in the same mold all his expressions concerning destiny. In the "Prometheus" destiny is clearly a power to which gods as well as men are subject, while in the "Seven Against Thebes" and in the "Agamemnon" trilogy destiny, the will of the gods, and the passions of men, seem to work independently, but all toward the same end.

The manner in which destiny accomplishes its ends is, in some cases at least, clearly portrayed. The gods bring men to naught through their own overweeningness. Prosperity is good; but when prosperity becomes too great, it leads men to acts of presumption in defiance of the divine order of the world or of the commands of the gods. Then *Até*, Ruin, comes, and the presumptuous one is crushed under the weight of the divine wrath. This is the teaching of the whole tragedy of the "Persians." The might of the empire, the impious pride of Xerxes, who wished to make even Poseidon his slave by bridging the Hellespont, the sacrilegious violence of the Persian forces which destroyed the temples of the gods in Greece,—all these are set before us to be followed by utter ruin. But it is not mere envy on the part of the gods which causes the ruin. Men themselves must do impious deeds in the wantonness of

How destiny attains
its ends.

Men incur divine punishment. their prosperity to bring upon them the divine justice. The chorus in the "Agamemnon" says:

" There lives an old saw, framed in ancient days,
In memories of men, that high estate
Full-grown brings forth its young, nor childless dies,
But that from good success
Springs to the race a woe insatiable.
But I, apart from all,
Hold this my creed alone:
For impious act it is that offspring breeds,
Like to their parent stock:
For still in every house
That loves the right their fate for evermore
Rejoiceth in an issue fair and good.
But Recklessness of old
Is wont to breed another Recklessness,
Sporting its youth in human miseries,
Or now, or then, whene'er the fixed hour comes:
That in its youth, in turn,
Doth full-flushed Lust beget,
And that dread demon-power unconquerable,
Daring that fears not God,—
Two curses black within the homes of men,
Like those that gendered them."

Pride brings God's curse.

For Æschylus, all pride above what befits humanity brought down the curse of God. This might appear to come directly, or it might come through the medium of a father's curse, as in the case of Eteocles and Polynices, but in any case it was foreordained that he who was to be ruined should sin and bring his own destruction. And even in the lower world the guilty cannot escape;

" For there, as men relate, a second Zeus
Judges men's evil deeds, and to the dead
Assigns their last great penalties."

But as yet there are no corresponding rewards in the life hereafter, but the continued prosperity of the family on earth is the happiness to which one has to look forward and for which one has to strive.

So we find in Æschylus a belief in substance not very different from what we found in the Homeric days, but more serious and nobler, more fit to urge men on to great deeds and to hold them back from evil, a religion of many gods, but of gods so conceived as to form together one divine power, too shadowy for any name, too vague to be clearly designated, but still recognized as the same under the forms and names of all the personal gods.



End of Required Reading.

Bibliography.

"The Tragedies of Æschylus," translated by E. H. Plumptre, D. D. New York: George Routledge & Sons.



Review Questions.

1. What position did the gods occupy in Homeric times? 2. What religious movements began to be felt in the sixth century? 3. At what famous religious center was Æschylus born? 4. In what stirring times did he live? 5. How did the Greeks connect the gods with the overthrow of the Persians? 6. What was the probable nature of his education? 7. How is his belief in Fate shown in his tragedies? 8. Was his idea of Fate that of an "overruling Providence"? 9. What did he teach about man's own responsibility for his destiny? 10. How does the religious belief of Æschylus differ from that of the Homeric Greeks?



Review Questions on "Critical Study."

1. What influences came into Dumas's life from his ancestry and from his early surroundings? 2. Why did he select the drama for his first literary field, and what led him to leave this for fiction? 3. What historical foundation have his novels? 4. How is his dramatic skill shown in these works? 5. What gave his writings such great popularity? 6. How did the method of publication affect the quality of Dumas's stories? 7. How must his work be regarded from an artistic point of view? 8. How did he make use of the success which he won? Describe his later career. 9. Describe "The Three Musketeers." 10. How did Dumas's work affect the development of the historical novel in France?



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GIFTS THAT WE SHARE.

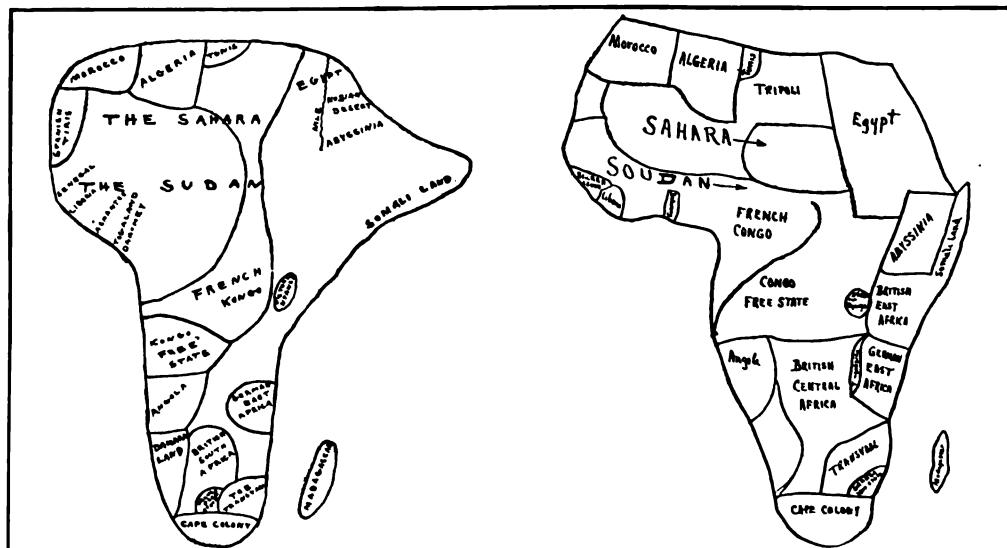
We are all persuaded that really to enjoy our reading we must think about it. But we do not always realize how much we can help to make our thinking clear by talking over what we have read. Some of the circles have already discovered this royal road and are using it very effectively. One circle writes that oral reports have become so much a matter of course that the members instinctively apologize if they read from a book. When we announce that we know something but cannot tell it, we must not be surprised if our friends look doubtful as to our diffidence, and conclude that our ideas are somewhat hazy. Let us put into practise the pleasant art of talking more than we do. If you are a lone reader, work up your facts into incidents or stories to be told to friends. "By the way, I was reading the other day such a curious thing. It seems that over in European Turkey, etc." One can so practise the story-teller's art that those who seem quite outside the circle of your reading can enjoy it with you without your seeming to instruct them. Readers in circles have, of course, special opportunities, for they are sure of having a sympathetic audience; but even circle readers owe a debt to the world outside. Why not have a roll-call where each member should relate some incident from the required reading for the week in a way that would interest people not C. L. S. C. students? Different types of audiences might be assigned: one incident to be told to a child, another to be told to a business friend, a third to your own housemaid, a fourth to the family dinner table, a fifth to a calling acquaintance. We all need this kind of practise, and it is the gifts that we share

which make life richer for ourselves and for others.



MAPS OF THE CENTURIES.

"The Rivalry of Nations" for this month in Chapter XXVI. gives a very effective bird's-eye view of some stages of the world's progress in the expansion and decline of its various races. There could not be a more impressive way of reviewing this chapter than by a series of maps showing the changes from one period to another. Very excellent maps can be made by the members of the circle with comparative ease, and those to whom this part of the program is assigned will be well repaid for their trouble by the pleasure they will find in working out the plan. A sheet of brown paper about three feet square would be large enough for most of the maps, and a soft black drawing pencil can be used to make a wide, heavy line easily seen at a distance. Those who choose to use a few strokes of blue crayon to emphasize the coast line, will find that it throws the land into relief, and helps the effect decidedly. Ten or a dozen maps could be used to advantage, but a circle can accomplish a good deal with a smaller number. The first might represent the world in 1000 B. C. This would, of course, not extend very far beyond the borders of the Mediterranean and the region about Babylonia; 500 B. C. would show the spread of the great Persian kingdom, the wide scattering of the Greek colonies, and the beginnings of the city on the Tiber. The year 1 A. D. might follow with Rome supreme; then 500 A. D. with the heathen hordes pouring into Europe; 800 brings Charlemagne and tremendous growth of the Saracen power. With 1066 the Norman has his hand on England; 1200



TWO ATTEMPTS AT THE MAP OF AFRICA.

finds the crusading spirit rampant, and in 1453 Constantinople falls; 1492 recalls a vivid picture of the geography of the time; 1609 marks an epoch, and 1871 the rise of a new world power. The steady expansion of Russia and the beginnings of colonization in various countries should be noted by these map-makers. Much detail in the map is unnecessary for this purpose, and clear outlines showing significant changes should be the aim. Labberton's "Historical Atlas" will be found very helpful, and for those who have the earlier periods, Ginn's "Classical Atlas" or the maps in a general history will answer. For the medieval period, either general or medieval histories will give all necessary points. The maps should be hung on the wall one after the other as they are taken up, and each map-maker should mention only the greatest events between the times portrayed in the previous map and his own.



OUR IDEAS OF GEOGRAPHY.

We find that the members of "The Human Nature Club" in comparing notes on mental imagery, discovered that their mental pictures of a given object or idea differed widely. Some interesting practical experiments in this direction might be tried by the circles in connection with their studies of "The Rivalry of Nations." Here, for instance, are two maps of Africa, drawn by two people, each of whom has taken rather more than usual interest in African affairs. Even a casual observer will notice very striking differences. The plan adopted by these

two competitors allowed them to look at the map of Africa for five minutes, and then gave them ten minutes in which to draw the maps. An occasional exercise of this kind in the circles will help to make more tangible some of our ideas of history, as we cannot study the geography of any country without realizing how vitally it often influences history. Some of us who try this plan may come out of it convinced that we are sadly lacking in clear visual memory. If so, we may remember for our encouragement that those who are wise in matters psychological tell us that the nature of the mental image is less important than the idea which it



COIN OF THE WINGED VICTORY.

(In the illustration the coin is reversed. The Victory held the trumpet in her right hand.)

represents. We may be unable to draw an accurate map of Africa, yet we may have very intelligent notions as to its importance in the world's affairs. Nevertheless, let us

try the experiment with the map, and repeat it once in a while whenever our attention is turned to a given country.

A FAMOUS COIN.

In our journeyings this month through the Greek islands we must not forget that to Samothrace we are indebted for one of our greatest treasures of Greek art. The famous Winged Victory has now happily become well known to a great many people through the excellent casts so easily obtained; and on the back of the illustration of the statue given in Joy's "Grecian History" will be found a brief account of the facts relating to it. Many of our readers will doubtless be inter-

One of the most valuable bits of history recorded by Plutarch is that when Cicero, in his youth, consulted the oracle at Delphi, it told him to live for himself and not take the opinions of others for his guide; and Niebuhr thinks that this looks more like inspiration than anything else recorded of the Delphic priestess.—*T. W. Higginson.*

THE HYMN TO THE DELIAN APOLLO.

Few of our readers, we believe, will follow Professor Manatt's charming description of Delos, the holy isle, without a passing wish at least to enter into the full spirit of the place. And this is one of the pleasant things about an imaginary journey, that for the time being we ourselves live in the atmosphere of days gone by. A more effective way of breathing the air of old Delos can hardly be found than by making the friendly acquaintance of the

"Hymn to the Delian Apollo." This quaint old hymn tells in romantic fashion how the mother of Apollo came to little rocky Delos, and changed it from a barren, lonely island to the favored center of Apollo's worship. The following fragment of the hymn speaks for itself. What a contrast it presents to the scene of desolation which our illustration shows! We select from the translation by George Chapman, which will be found in any complete edition of his works.



DELOS: RUINS OF APOLLO'S TEMPLE.

ested to see a photograph of the coin by means of which we can imagine what the Victory was in her perfect state. That scholars prize this little Greek coin very highly is shown by Professor Percy Gardner's comment upon it in his book entitled "Types of Greek Coins," where he says:

"This being almost the only instance in which there has come down to us besides the copy of a statue on coins, the original statue so copied, it would be worth while to institute a careful comparison between the two, a comparison which would show clearly what method the Greeks of the third century followed in imitating on coin-dies contemporary works of art."

Two members who had read one year of the course by themselves, applied for membership as follows: "We have formed no class, neither have we in any way connected ourselves with the Chautauqua circle, but we desire to be enrolled somehow or somewhere. We are situated in a mining camp, and are about fifty miles from any railroad town, but we are in for education and want to keep pace with the times."

But one should read the entire hymn to get the full flavor of this old world romance:

"And thou, O Phœbus, bearing in thy hand
Thy silver bow, walkst over every land;
Sometimes ascendst the rough-hewn rocky hill
Of desolate Cythrus, and sometimes takest will
To visit islands, and the plumps of men.
And many a temple, all ways, men ordain
To thy bright Godhead; groves made dark with trees,
And never shorn, to hide ye Deities.
All high-loved prospects, all the steepest brows
Of far-seen hills, and every flood that flows
Forth to the sea, are dedicate to thee.
But most of all thy mind's alacrity
Is raised with Delos; since to fill thy fane
There flocks so many an Ionian
With ample gowns that flow down to their feet,
With all their children and the reverend suite
Of all their pious wives. And these are they
That (mindful of thee) even thy Deity
Render more sprightly with their champion fight,
Dances, and songs, performed by glorious sight,
Once having published, and proclaimed their strife.
And these are acted with such exquisite life
That one would say, 'Now the Ionian strains
Are turned Immortals, nor know what age means'."

SOME BIRD CONUNDRUMS.

As we begin our walks abroad in these early spring days, those of us who made our first ventures in bird study a year ago will follow Mrs. Moore's nature study articles in the current numbers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN with peculiar



THE CIRCLE AT DAGGETT, CALIFORNIA.

interest. We shall certainly renew our acquaintance also with "Birds Through an Opera Glass" or with other bird books that we may have acquired, and some of us will even turn back to last year's CHAUTAUQUANS to recall Mrs. Florence Merriam Bailey's helpful advice on bird matters. Perhaps some of the circles will like to test their attainments in bird lore by answering the following conundrums:

1. What bird offered a low piece of ground for the concert?
2. What was used for decoration?
3. What clock marked the opening hour?
4. What gold coin was the price of admission?
5. What tall bird acted as usher?
6. Upon what kind of a fence did the audience perch?
7. What bird sat in the royal box?
8. What church official of high eminence sat beside him?
9. What three birds sat in a group and made the form and colors of the United States flag, the white being a common domestic bird?
10. What European country was represented?
11. What bird displayed Germany's national colors?
12. What bird represented the navy?
13. What professional man was present?
14. What bird was most gorgeously attired?
15. What bird was the official costumer?
16. What bird's name suggested the "vaulted dome" overhead?
17. What bird was the prima donna?
18. What bird with a red vest introduced the prima donna?
19. What bird denotes the word used by the reporter in describing the prima donna?
20. What bird kept up a soft accompaniment to the music?
21. What bird next appeared and imitated a baby?
22. What two birds imitated domestic animals?
23. What bird imitated a rooster?
24. What bird disturbed the audience by imitating the singers?
25. What did the lights do during the concert?
26. What pickpocket kept up a lively chattering to divert suspicion from himself?
27. What literary lady reported the concert?
28. What bird furnished her with a pen?
29. What bird supplied her with notes and gossip?
30. What threat of punishment was made to an unruly bird?

RECOGNIZED READING FOR GRADUATES.

The question is raised as to the relation of "Recognized Reading" to the garnet seal courses. The general idea of the recognized reading plan is to offer one seal for whatever supplementary reading may be done during a single year by either graduate or undergraduate students. In the case of the garnet seal courses, if a graduate reads a number of supplementary books, these could offset some of the other readings in the way of magazine articles and editorials required for the seal. Arrangements are, however, occasionally made for special seals for graduates who are following out with considerable thoroughness some particular line of supplementary reading.



Don't forget to make use of pronunciation exercises in the circle. Have a short "match" on proper names, every week or two. Vary it with studies of common words. Let each member bring in five words which appear in the reading for the month, words which are liable to be mispronounced. Each member should look up the correct pronunciation of his words in all available authorities, and come prepared to stand as sponsor for them. A definition match or a derivation match would add still further variety. How many of us know where *iconoclast*, *theophany* and *archipelago* come from? We meet them in our trip through the Aegean.



AN OASIS IN THE DESERT.

On the great Mojave Desert in California is the little mining town of Daggett, num-



LOOKING FOR "COLOR." A PLACER MINE.

bearing some two hundred and fifty inhabitants. One might think that a Chautauqua

circle in such an isolated locality would consider itself somewhat aggrieved by reason of its limitations, and long for the privileges of its compatriots in more favored communities. Not so, however, are the Daggett Chautauquans. Not only do they refrain from sighing for that which may not be, but they rejoice in their peculiar privileges. "We don't feel at all as we look, isolated," they say, "for what with Chautauqua and other reading material, we keep in touch with the world. Indeed, we have more time for study than we probably would have were we in a larger place." So truly have they made the desert to blossom as the rose, that they call themselves "The Oasis." The miner's pick is their emblem, and they have fearlessly adopted as their motto, "The best is none too good." They report the circle in a most flourishing condition, despite the fact that there have been no winter rains. The chief industry of Daggett is the mining of borax, and the illustrations which are kindly furnished us by the secretary, Mrs. Hillis, give some idea of the processes involved. The picture of the circle "taken on Thanksgiving Day, a day as balmy as spring," does not show the entire number, as there are seven members all told. The secretary says: "We are enjoying our work very much and doing much more than required. . . . Mrs. Duane's eleven years of *The Century Magazine* have been of inestimable value to us. We have the International Library which contains dozens of articles on the required or suggested work." One secret of the success of the circle is yet

queue." Under the inspiration of that far-reaching motto, "The best is none too good," we may expect to learn some day that little Ah Churg is managing a Chautau-



"OUR MASCOT, AH CHURG."

qua assembly across the Pacific in the land of his forefathers.



ANSWERS TO IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

Some questions asked by one of our Winona Chautauqua Circles suggest that other readers may be glad of light on some of the methods which older Chautauquans understand but which newer readers do not. Here are the questions with answers:

1. Are we to take an examination in a given book when we finish it, and must the papers be filled out from memory?

Answer: The C. L. S. C. memoranda or review questions will be found in the "Membership Book" sent to every enrolled member. It is a good plan to fill out the answers as soon as you finish the book. Some readers work them out while they are reading the book. The questions need not be answered from memory, but the answers should be expressed in your own language. It would be a good plan for several members to compare their answers and discuss them. The object of the review is to help fix in mind important points and to exercise your ability in expressing your ideas. The final written answer should always be given in your own language.

2. How do former Winona readers receive credit for their previous work?

Answer: The record of each member is forwarded to the Chautauqua Office, and transferred to our books.

3. What are the requirements for graduation in the C. L. S. C.?

Answer: The books for each year and the required articles in THE CHAUTAUQUAN must be read and reported to the Central Office. No examination of any sort is required, but those who fill out the memoranda for each



MINER WORKING SIFTED SAND OVER RIFFLE BOARD.

to be mentioned. It is "our mascot, Ah Churg." This particular view of the chubby little celestial was taken "to show his

year receive at graduation five seals: one for each of the four white seal papers and one for the four four-page papers. Arrangements will be made so that the written work done by Winona readers in former years will receive full recognition.

4. Do lone readers need any instructions

different from those given to the circles?

Answer: No. Each member, whether reading alone or in a circle, is entered on our books as an individual, and all reports are credited in the same way. A lone reader may carry off just as many honors as a circle reader, so far as his relation to the Office is concerned.

OUTLINE OF READING AND PROGRAMS.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God."

"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."

"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.

BRYANT DAY—November, second Sunday.

MILTON DAY—December 9.

COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.

LANIER DAY—February 3.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.

LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.

SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.

ADDISON DAY—May 1.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.

INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Sunday after first Tuesday.

ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.

RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

APRIL 1-8—

Required Books: Grecian History. Chap. 11 concluded. Homer to Theocritus. Chap. 10. The Human Nature Club. Chaps. 6, 7 and 8.

APRIL 8-15—

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: The Rivalry of Nations. Chaps. 25 and 26.

Required Books: Grecian History, Chap. 12. Homer to Theocritus. Chap. 11.

APRIL 15-22—

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: The Rivalry of Nations. Chaps. 27 and 28.

Required Books: Grecian History. Chap. 13. Homer

to Theocritus. Chap. 12 to page 272. The Human Nature Club. Chap. 9.

APRIL 22-29—

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: A Reading Journey in the Orient. Required Books: Grecian History. Chaps. 14 and 15. Homer to Theocritus. Chap. 12 concluded. The Human Nature Club. Chap. 10.

APRIL 29-MARCH 6—

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: Critical Studies in French Literature, Alexandre Dumas and "The Three Musketeers." The Inner Life of Aeschylus.

Required Books: Grecian History. Chap. 16. Homer to Theocritus. Chap. 14. The Human Nature Club. Chaps. 11 and 12.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

APRIL 1-8—

- Paper: The Parthenon: Its history, some peculiarities of its construction, its condition today. (See "New Chapters in Greek History"; Baedeker's "Greece"; "Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens," Harrison; Tarbell's "Greek Art," and the larger Greek histories.)

- Reading: Selections from "How a Riddle of the Parthenon was Unravelled" (*Century Magazine*, June, 1897), or "The Parthenon by Moonlight." (See "In Palestine," R. W. Gilder); or "Modern Athens," (*Scribner's*, Jan., 1901.)

- Quiz on the general features of Greek comedy.

- Discussion of the play of "The Birds"; note the following points: Aristophanes in many of his plays worked out at once the project of the principal actor and then developed comic situations by the introduction of some stray visitor. Compare the "Wasps," "Birds," "Peace," "Plutus," and "Acharnians." He often explains the plot at the outset either in soliloquy or dialogue; find examples of this. The poet was an aristocrat and satirized the middle and lower classes. His satires are chiefly directed against middle-aged rather than young men.

Study his brilliant dialogues and his fine handling of lyric passages.

- Quiz and discussion of Chapters 6, 7, and 8 of "The Human Nature Club."
- Roll-call: Answered by each giving an instance of his or her own spontaneous train of thought as suggested in Chapter 8. This might be followed profitably by similar experiences with a controlled train of thought.

APRIL 8-15—

- Roll-call: Answered by selections from Herodotus describing the customs of his day. Each member should be provided with a number so that there need be no duplication of reports.
- Review: Brief summary of the Grecian history lesson.

- Reading: Selection from Thucydides's report of the funeral oration of Pericles.

- Character study: Pericles. What kind of mayor would he make for one of our modern cities? (See Abbott's or Holm's histories or Abbott's "Pericles.") Study his ability as a leader. His relation to his friends. His personal qualities. His view of public responsibility, etc., and consider the times in which he lived. If preferred,

several persons might discuss the subject, each taking a separate quality of his character.

5. Map study: This may be made a very effective way of reviewing Chapter 26 in *The Rivalry of Nations*. (See paragraph headed "Maps of the Centuries" in Round Table.)
6. Debate: Resolved, That the United States should have power to control the isthmian canal in time of war. (See *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, September, 1896; *Harper's Magazine*, May, 1898, and recent magazines and papers.)

APRIL 15-22 —

1. Discussion: Chapter 27, *The Rivalry of Nations*. The circle should have a wall map if possible, and take up the review questions one at a time showing the situation upon the map, and discussing it.
2. Reading: Selection from article on "Russian Women" in this magazine.
3. Roll-call: Answered by reports concerning Japan. Each member may be assigned one of the questions of Chapter 28, or may bring additional items concerning Japan's progress.
4. Discussion: Chapter 9, "The Human Nature Club." After the discussion the circle might test their mental imagery by drawing maps according to the plan suggested under "Our Ideas of Geography" in the Round Table.

APRIL 22-29 —

1. Roll-call: Answered by quotations from Homer or other poets, especially Greek, referring to one or another of the Greek islands.
2. Map Review of the Islands: Mentioning the mythological associations.

3. Reading: Selection from the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus, describing the signal fires.
4. Map Review of the Islands: Noting the historical events of classic times.
5. Papers: The Venetians in the Aegean. The Greek war of Independence. (See Travel Club programs.)
6. Reading: Brief account of the life of Kanaris with selection from Tozer's "The Islands of the Aegean," pages 153-5.
7. Quiz and Discussion: Chapter 10, "The Human Nature Club."
8. Reading: Selection from "The Gospel of Relaxation." (See page 89 of this magazine.)

APRIL 29-MAY 6 —

1. Roll-call: Answered by paragraphs from Highways and Byways.
2. A Study of "The Three Musketeers": Three papers on, 1. The plot, its historical features. 2. Dumas's character drawing. 3. His power of description. As many of the circle as possible should try to read this famous story, so that the papers may be discussed. The papers should be illustrated where possible with selections from the book.
3. Reading: Selections from "Crete and the Cretan Question" in this magazine.
4. Character Studies: Epaminondas. (Study him in much the same manner as was adopted for Pericles). Socrates. (Study him as a reformer. What type in our own day does he most nearly resemble?)
5. Reading: Selection from cover of C. L. S. C. membership book.
6. Discussion: "The Human Nature Club." Chapters 11 and 12, using the review questions as a basis.



THE TRAVEL CLUB.

The two books which are quite indispensable for members of the Travel Club visiting the Greek islands are "The Cyclades," by Theodore Bent, and "The Islands of the Aegean," by H. F. Tozer. The following programs suggest a general plan of study, but members will do well to take up each island in detail and read both of the above volumes carefully. In studying the larger islands subjects might be assigned as follows: 1. Mythological stories. 2. History in classical times. 3. Under Venetian lords. 4. The influence of the church. 5. The war of independence. 6. Customs in modern times. The game of Greek mythology may be used to advantage in this tour among the islands.

First Week —

1. Roll-call: Answered by quotations from Homer or other poets, especially Greek, referring to one or another of the Greek islands.
2. Papers: The Story of Samothrace; The Island of Thasos. (See "The Islands of the Aegean." Also "A Famous Coin" in Round Table.)
3. Map Review: The islands from Imbros to Lesbos inclusive, with incidents associated with each.
4. Reading: Selection from the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus describing the signal fires.
5. Papers: Alcaeus and Sappho (see "Homer to Theocritus"); Old and New Mytilene (see "The Islands of the Aegean.")
6. Reading: Selection from "Sappho" by T. W. Higginson, *Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1871.

Second Week —

1. The Genoese at Chios; Samos in the past and present; Patmos and St. John (see "The Islands of the Aegean.")
2. Reading: Selections from "The Pan-hellenic Festival of Tenos." "The Cyclades," Chapter XI.
3. Map Review: Chios, Samos, Icaria and Patmos.
4. Paper: The War for Greek Independence. (See encyclopedias and Larned's "History for Ready Reference"; also *North American Review* for 1829.)
5. Roll-call: Answered by quotations referring to

Greek struggles for freedom. (The last Greek war brought out many such expressions. See Poole's index.)

6. Readings: Brief account of the life of Kanaris with selection from Tozer's volume, pages 153-5. (See encyclopedias and Larned's "History for Ready Reference"); also, "Marco Bozzaris," Fitz Greene Halleck. (See any book of American lyrics.)

Third Week —

1. Papers: The Story of Naxos (see both volumes by Tozer and Bent); Melos and its Famous Statue (see "The Cyclades.")
2. Roll-call: Map Review. The Cyclades, except Andros and Tenos, with incidents connected with each not already covered in reports.
3. Reading: "The Death-wails of Mykonos." "The Cyclades," Chapter X. "Dirge of Danae" (see "Homer to Theocritus," page 135.)
4. Papers: The Story of Delos (see "The Islands of the Aegean," Diehl's "Excursions in Greece," and note to Chapter X. in "The Cyclades.")
5. Reading: Hymn to the Delian Apollo. (See Round Table.)

Fourth Week —

1. Roll-call: Answered by reports on customs in modern Greece. (See Tuckerman's "The Greeks of Today.")

2. Papers: The Venetians in the Aegean. (See Larned's "History for Ready Reference.") Modern Life in Andros. (See "The Cyclades.")

3. Reading: Selection from Tuckerman's "The Greeks of Today."

4. Papers: Ægina and its famous temple (see encyclo-

pedias and Holm's "History of Greece"); Crete in history and legend (see "The Islands of the Aegean.")

5. Readings: Recent Discoveries at Crete (*The Nation*, August 2, 1900, or *The Scientific American Supplement*, September 22, 1900.)

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "GRECIAN HISTORY."

CHAPTER XII. THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR TO THE PEACE OF NICIAS.

1. Why was the Peloponnesian war inevitable? 2. What was the state of affairs between Corcyra and Corinth? 3. How did Athens respond to the former's appeal for help? 4. What other cause of complaint had Corinth? 5. What attacks upon Pericles were made by his enemies? 6. What struggle opened the war? 7. What was the situation of Athens and Sparta respectively at the outbreak of the war? 8. What was the result of the first year of the war? 9. How did affairs stand at the end of the second year? 10. What was the fate of Plataea? 11. To what extent was this paralleled in the case of Mitylene? 12. Describe the struggle over Pylus. 13. What was the plan of Brasidas to weaken Athens? 14. How did his first attempt succeed? 15. What was the effect upon Athens? 16. How did the second attack succeed? 17. In what demoralized condition did Greece find herself at the close of the war?

CHAPTER XIII. THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR TO THE END OF THE SICILIAN EXPEDITION.

1. Why was the Peace of Nicias a failure? 2. What induced Sparta to form a league with Athens? 3. How did other states regard this? 4. What was the character of Alcibiades? 5. Why was the league between Athens and Sparta broken up? 6. What was the cause of Athens's weakness at this time? 7. What outrage was perpetrated against Melos? 8. What was the character of the Sicilians? 9. How did Egesta lead Athens into a Sicilian conflict? 10. What was the advice of Nicias at this time? 11. Why did it not prevail? 12. What effect had the destruction of the Hermæ? 13. What did the leaders of the fleet find when they reached Sicily? 14. What plan of attack was proposed? 15. Why did Alcibiades leave the expedition, and what was the effect? 16. What help did Syracuse secure from Sparta? 17. Describe the beginning of the struggle over Syracuse. 18. What reinforcements came from Athens? 19. What did this

force attempt? 20. Describe the tragic close of the siege.

CHAPTER XIV. THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR TO THE FALL OF ATHENS.

1. What attempts did the Ionian cities make to free themselves from Athens? 2. How did Alcibiades aid Sparta in her encouragement of Persia? 3. How was Athens betrayed into the hands of the oligarchy? 4. How were the four hundred overthrown? 5. How did Alcibiades once more come into favor at Athens? 6. What brought about his final humiliation? 7. How did the battle of Arginusæ bring both victory and humiliation to Athens? 8. Describe the defeat at Ægospotami. 9. What hard conditions forced upon Athens closed the war?

CHAPTER XV. THE SPARTAN ASCENDENCY.

1. How did Sparta bind the conquered cities to herself? 2. Who were the thirty tyrants? 3. How were they overthrown? 4. Tell the story of the Ten Thousand. 5. How did the Spartan struggle against Persia stir up her enemies at home? 6. What became of her former allies in Asia? 7. How was the supremacy of Persia shown in the "Peace of Antalcidas"? 8. How did the arrogance of Sparta begin to work her own destruction? 9. Describe the liberation of Thebes. 10. What was the Sacred Band? 11. Why could not the various states come to an understanding and so end the war? 12. What significance had the battles of Marathon, Ægospotami and Leuctra?

CHAPTER XVI. THE PERIOD OF THEBAN GREATNESS.

1. What two tendencies of the Greek states explain their failure ever to form a nation? 2. Describe the expedition of Epaminondas to humble Sparta. 3. What effect did this have on the other jealous states? 4. How did Macedon enter upon the scene? 5. What period of anarchy succeeded these events? 6. What was the tragic end of the last Theban expedition against Sparta?

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "HOMER TO THEOCRITUS."

CHAPTER XI. THE HISTORIANS. HERODOTUS.

1. Why did prose literature in Greece develop so much later than poetry? 2. How was prose employed before its use in literature? 3. What forms did the early prose literature take, and in what country? 4. What is known of Herodotus? 5. What qualities has his style? 6. How did he secure the materials for his history? 7. How did his ideas of history differ from those of our time? 8. What was the subject of his history? 9. How are his national spirit and his religious feeling shown in his work? 10. In what form has his history come down to us? 11. Give an outline of the events of which it treats. 12. Mention some of the customs with which he enlivened his narratives.

CHAPTER XII. THUCYDIDES AND XENOPHON.

1. What do we know of Thucydides? 2. Why was he especially fitted to write the history of the Peloponnesian war? 3. How does the style of his history differ from that of Herodotus? 4. Why is he entitled to be called the first critical historian? 5. Why do the speeches of generals and statesmen have so important a place in his work? 6. What period of the war does he cover? 7. Why was Xenophon but slightly attached to Athens throughout his life? 8. Give the principal events in his life. 9. Why does he rank below Thucydides as a historian? 10. What is the meaning of the word "Anabasis"? 11. Describe briefly other works of Xenophon. 12. What was the significance of the

saying "Alexander the Great would not have been great had not Xenophon been"?

CHAPTER XIV. PHILOSOPHICAL PROSE. PLATO.
(Chapter XIII. will be taken after XIV.)

1. How did Xenophon protest against the theology of his day?
2. Of what kind of impiety was Anaxagoras accused in 431 B. C.?
3. Give the facts in the life of Socrates.
4. What was his method of teaching, and why?
5. In what different ways was his influence felt?

6. Why was he put to death?
7. What were the chief events in the life of Plato?
8. Why does he make use of dialogue in his writings?
9. Why is it difficult to distinguish the ideas of Socrates from those of Plato?
10. What is contained in each of the four dialogues relating to the trial and death of Socrates?
11. Give one or more of the other subjects treated by Plato, and the underlying idea of each.
12. Give an idea of Plato's republic.
13. What has been its influence?

 REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "THE HUMAN NATURE CLUB."

CHAPTER IX. MENTAL IMAGERY.

1. How may the mental images which correspond to our various sensations be classified?
2. Describe some of the mental images which it is possible for a good visualizer to see.
3. Contrast this picture with that of the poor visualizer.
4. How do people differ in their mental images of words?
5. Is one sort of mental imagery better than another sort? Why?
6. Sum up the successive mental steps upon which a man's conduct depends.
7. Why are our senses important, and in what ways do people's sense impressions differ?
8. In what three ways does the structure of the brain influence the ideas which we get from our sensations?
9. What do we mean by saying that ideas are "attended to"?
10. How does the arrangement of the brain cells make possible what we call memory?
11. If one idea is connected with several others, which one of these ideas will it naturally call up first?
12. How can we control our ideas and train ourselves to think logically?
13. Which are more important, our mental images or the feelings and judgments which result from them?

CHAPTER X. OUR EMOTIONS.

1. Why do we conclude that our bodily emotions are instinctive?
2. Describe Professor James's theory of the cause of our emotional feelings.
3. Give illustrations of this point.
4. How does this explain the fact that emotions are often felt when there is no real reason for them?
5. In what three ways can we control our emotions?
6. How can we train ourselves to

be less nervous?

7. Illustrate the fact that people may have noble feelings which result in no good actions.
8. How are our emotions useful in human life?
9. Which is the more important, the feeling or the action?

CHAPTER XI. PURPOSEIVE ACTION.

1. Illustrate the fact that we do many things without willing them.
2. How can we account for this?
3. What causes people to do things that they will not do? Illustrate.
4. What prevents us from acting out many foolish ideas?
5. Is the phrase "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he," always true?
6. Give an experience of your own in deliberately choosing a certain action.
7. How may we characterize the feeling which we have when we will to do a thing?
8. How do we select from all our other ideas the one to which we give this "feeling of consent"?
9. How can we improve our powers of willing?
10. How does the importance of "inhibiting" come out in this study of the will?
11. Can both "inhibiting" ideas and "impelling" ones become too strong and therefore unhealthful?

CHAPTER XII. HABIT AND CHARACTER.

1. Does the voluntary repetition of an act always form a habit? Why?
2. What effect does the tendency to form habits have upon our wills?
3. Why is the forming of good habits especially important for the young?
4. How has this law an encouraging as well as a discouraging side?
5. What do we mean by a man's character?
6. How can he act contrary to his character?
7. Can we change our characters?

 SELECTIONS FROM "THE GOSPEL OF RELAXATION."

There is no better known or more generally useful precept in the moral training of youth, or in one's personal self-discipline, than that which bids us pay primary attention to what we do and express, and not to care too much for what we feel. If we only check a cowardly impulse in time, for example, or if we only don't strike the blow or rip out with the complaining or insulting word that we shall regret as long as we live, our feelings themselves will presently be the calmer and better, with no particular guidance from us on their own account. Action seems to follow feeling, but really action and feeling go together; and by regulating the action, which is under the more direct control of the will, we can indirectly regulate the feeling, which is not.

Thus the sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, to look round cheerfully, and to act and speak as if cheerfulness were really there. If such conduct does not make you soon feel cheerful, nothing

else on that occasion can. So to feel brave, act as if we were brave, use all our will to that end, and a courage-fit will very likely replace the fit of fear. Again, in order to feel kindly toward a person to whom we have been inimical, the only way is more or less deliberately to smile, to make sympathetic inquiries, and to force ourselves to say genial things. One hearty laugh together will bring enemies into a closer communion of heart than hours spent on both sides in inward wrestling with the mental demon of uncharitable feeling. To wrestle with a bad feeling only pins our attention on it, and keeps it still fastened in the mind: whereas, if we act as if from some better feeling, the old bad feeling soon folds its tent like an Arab, and silently steals away. . . . A Viennese neurologist of considerable reputation has recently written about the *Binnenleben*, as he terms it, or buried life of human beings. . . . This inner personal tone is what we can't communicate or describe articulately to others; but the wraith and ghost of it, so to speak, are often wh

our friends and intimates feel as our most characteristic quality. In the unhealthy-minded, apart from all sorts of old regrets, ambitions checked by shames, and aspirations obstructed by timidities, it consists mainly of bodily discomforts not distinctly localized by the sufferer, but breeding a general self-mistrust and sense that things are not as they should be with him. Half the thirst for alcohol that exists in the world exists simply because alcohol acts as a temporary anaesthetic and effacer to all these morbid feelings that never ought to be in a human being at all. In the healthy-minded, on the contrary, there are no fears or shames to discover; and the sensations that pour in from the organism only help to swell the general vital sense of security and readiness for anything that may turn up. . . .

Many years ago a Scottish medical man, Dr. Clouston, . . . visited this country, and said something that has remained in my memory ever since. "You Americans," he said, "wear too much expression on your faces. You are living like an army with all its reserves engaged in action. The duller countenances of the British population betoken a better scheme of life. They suggest stores of reserved nervous force to fall back upon, if any occasion should arise that requires it. This inexcitability, this presence at all times of power not used, I regard," continued Dr. Clouston, "as the great safeguard of our British people. The other thing in you gives me a sense of insecurity, and you ought somehow to tone yourselves down. You really do carry too much expression, you take too intensely the trivial moments of life." . . .

All Americans who stay in Europe long enough to get accustomed to the spirit that reigns and expresses itself there, so unexcitable as compared with ours, make a similar observation when they return to their native shores. They find a wild-eyed look upon their compatriots' faces, either of too desperate eagerness and anxiety or of too intense responsiveness and good will. . . . The general over-contraction may be small when estimated in foot-pounds, but its importance is immense on account of its effects on the over-contracted person's spiritual life. . . . For by the sensations that so incessantly pour in from the overtense excited body the over-tense and excited habit of mind is kept up; and the sultry, threatening, exhausting, thunderous inner atmosphere never quite clears away. If you never wholly give yourself up to the chair you sit in, but always keep your leg- and body-muscles half contracted for a rise; if you breathe eighteen or nineteen instead of sixteen times a minute, and never quite breathe out at that,—what mental mood

can you be in but one of inner panting and expectancy, and how can the future and its worries possibly forsake your mind? On the other hand, how can they gain admission to your mind if your brow be unruffled, your respiration calm and complete, and your muscles all relaxed? . . .

We say that so many of our fellow countrymen collapse, and have to be sent abroad to rest their nerves, because they work so hard. I suspect that this is an immense mistake. I suspect that neither the nature nor the amount of our work is accountable for the frequency and severity of our breakdowns, but that their cause lies rather in those absurd feelings of hurry and having no time, in that breathlessness and tension, that anxiety of feature and that solicitude for results, that lack of inner harmony and ease, in short, by which with us the work is so apt to be accompanied, and from which a European who should do the same work would nine times out of ten be free. . . . The voice, for example, in a surprisingly large number of us has a tired and plaintive sound. Some of us are really tired; but far more of us are not tired at all or would not be tired at all unless we had got into a wretched trick of feeling tired, by following the prevalent habits of vocalization and expression. And if talking high and tired, and living excitedly and hurriedly, would only enable us to do more by the way, even while breaking us down in the end, it would be different. There would be some compensation, some excuse, for going on so. But the exact reverse is the case. It is your relaxed and easy worker, who is in no hurry, and quite thoughtless most of the while of consequences, who is your efficient worker; and tension and anxiety, and present and future, all mixed up together in our mind at once, are the surest drags upon steady progress and hindrances to our success. . . .

So we go back to the psychology of imitation again. There is only one way to improve ourselves, and that is by some of us setting an example which the others may pick up and imitate till the new fashion spreads from east and west. Some of us are in more favorable positions than others to set new fashions. Some are much more striking personally and imitable so to speak. But no living person is sunk so low as not to be imitated by somebody. . . . And, if you should individually achieve calmness and harmony in your own person, you may depend upon it that a wave of imitation will spread from you, as surely as the circles spread outward when a stone is dropped into a lake.—"Talks to Teachers on Psychology." William James.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS.

"THE RIVALRY OF NATIONS." — MARCH.

1. An important surveying expedition to the Niger under the direction of four naval officers sent out in 1841 by the British government. The expedition was despatched at the instigation of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, a philanthropist. The program of the expedition included the establishment of a model farm at the junction of the Benue and the Niger, the spreading of Christian civilization, the suppression of the slave trade, and the zealous pushing of commercial products from Manchester (England). Numerous treaties were made, but the result of the expedition was disappointment and disaster and the loss of many lives, owing to the great unhealthfulness of the region and the malnutrition and indecision of those in command of the

In "Bleak House" Dickens satirizes this
v's industrial mission of Bor-

- riabools-Gha. 2. This question should read Leopold I., not Leopold II. By the treaty of London (1814), and the provisions of the Congress of Vienna (1815), Belgium and Holland were united under the name of the "Kingdom of the Netherlands." Belgium was separated from Holland by the Revolution of 1830, and on November 10, the provisional government summoned a national congress, which in turn invited the Duc de Nemours, son of Louis Philippe, to become their sovereign. The French monarch, however, declined the dignity in behalf of his son, and Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was next selected by the congress. He ascended the throne on July 21, 1831. 3. In 1869 the Portuguese government concluded a commercial treaty with the South African Republic, under which it seemed probable that considerable trade might spring up between the Portuguese coast of the Indian ocean and the interior. This called attention to the port of

Lourenço Marques, on Delagoa bay, the best haven on that coast. Great Britain claimed it under a cession obtained from a native chief by a British naval exploring expedition in 1822. Portugal resisted the claim, and in 1872 it was referred to the arbitration of Marshal MacMahon, the president of the French republic. In 1875 he awarded the territory in dispute to Portugal. 4. A republic formed by France out of the Netherlands in 1795. It existed until 1806. 5. "Fuzzy Wuzzy" in "Barrack-Room Ballads." 6. In 1861 England and France concluded a treaty by which both governments bound themselves to respect the independence of Zanzibar. In 1884, England, having made treaties with the natives, wished to secure possession of the Kilma-njaro region, but was prevented by the agreement with France. About the same time the sultan of Zanzibar was compelled to recognize German territorial claims, Germany not being restrained by any treaties. The sultan leased his coast territory for fifty years to the German East Africa Company. The company took possession of the territory, but conducted operations in such an arbitrary manner that the natives rebelled. The German government then took control, and in 1889 put down the revolt. In 1890 by a convention between England and Germany and a new agreement with France, a British protectorate over Zanzibar was recognized, while Germany secured Mount Kilma-njaro, and carried her boundaries to the frontier of the Congo Free State.

"A READING JOURNEY IN THE ORIENT." — MARCH.

1. The Spartan general, Pausanias, son of Cleombrotus. When the Persians were expelled from Greece, Byzantium was delivered by Pausanias, the conqueror at Platæa. He rebuilt and so enlarged the ruined city as to be reckoned its second founder. From Byzantium he conducted a treasonable correspondence with Xerxes, offering to betray to him Sparta, Athens, and all Greece. As a punishment for his treason he was starved to death by order of the ephors. 2. The horses of St. Mark are four gilded steeds of Corinthian brass, perhaps the work of Lysippos. They first fronted a temple in Corinth. In 146 B. C. Mummius brought them to Rome to adorn the square of the Senate. Later they crowned the Arch

of Nero and of Trajan, whence they were brought by Constantine to Constantinople. In 1204 they were sent to Venice by the robber chieftains of the Fourth Crusade as part of their plunder. The victories of Napoleon carried them to Paris to surmount the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel. Since 1815 they stand as guardians over the main entrance to the Venetian Cathedral of St. Mark. 3. The star and crescent were adopted by the Byzantines for the following reason: Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, while besieging the city, set his soldiers one dark night to undermining the walls. But the crescent moon appearing, the design was discovered and frustrated. In acknowledgment, the grateful Byzantines erected a statue to Diana, and made the crescent moon, her attribute, the symbol of the city. The Sultan Othman, founder of the Ottoman dynasty, saw in a vision a crescent moon which went on increasing till it reached from furthest east to furthest west. This led him to adopt the symbol which had been in use by the Janissaries at least half a century previously. 4. From Byzas, King of Megaris, who, in the seventh century before Christ, led a company of his countrymen to Lygos on the Thracian Bosphorus and there built Byzantium. 5. From the name of the founder of the Turkish empire, Osman II. (or Othman). He became chief of his tribe in 1288, and assumed the title of emir (not of sultan) in 1299. He died in 1326. 6. The Blues and the Greens were two great political parties in Byzantium. The Blues were the conservatives, zealous supporters of the reigning house, and orthodox in faith. The Greens were the radicals, usually lukewarm in loyalty and dissatisfied with the existing state of things,—the agitators, freethinkers, reformers, and latitudinarians in religion. There were times when the position of each party seemed reversed; but throughout their history they held to their respective credos with a tenacity and consistency unsurpassed by the great political parties of Britain and America. 7. A summary of the chief tenets of the Christian faith, first set forth as of ecumenical authority by the First Nicene Council (held at Nicaea in Asia Minor in 325), but closely similar in wording to ancient creeds of oriental churches, and specially founded upon the baptismal creed of the Church of Cæsarea in Palestine. 8. Charlemagne, Nicephorus I.

SOME PEN PICTURES OF CIRCLE LIFE BY MEMBERS OF THE C. L. S. C.

CLAREMONT, COLORADO.

Claremont is a small village situated in the eastern part of Colorado. It was at one time quite a large and prosperous town, and the surrounding country was well peopled. But farming proved to be a failure and the larger share of the people left the country. The region being well adapted to stock-raising, the people that remained went into that business. This necessitates that the people live a good distance apart. This fact hinders the success of any organization, there not being enough people in the town to carry on an organization successfully.

The C. L. S. C. was organized chiefly by the village folk. Many from the surrounding country would join could they attend. Most of the members are those who wish to have a prescribed course of study so that they may study more thoroughly. Several of the members are students, the school instructor being a member. Encyclopedias and private libraries are scarce, but some reference histories are obtained from the school library. Reference books are read by all the members. A few were acquainted with the circle before coming to this country, thereby making it more

entertaining. It is the only organization of any kind in the vicinity, and for that reason could be made a great success.

WILL BORDERS, Secretary.

FLANDREAU, SOUTH DAKOTA.

The Athena Circle reports itself as situated in "a live, enterprising town of sixteen hundred people, supported by farming interests, with a population chiefly American and Norwegian." The circle has seventeen members, most of them 1903's, divided into groups of three, each of which takes its turn as a committee on program. One method of debate adopted was to appoint three members as judges and then divide the rest into two camps which waged a lively warfare over the subject under discussion, which on that occasion happened to be a phase of socialism. Among the diversions employed

was a Longfellow party, using pictures to represent the title of thirty of his poems. The Athenas have convictions upon the subject of prizes, and nothing of more intrinsic value than a wreath is allowed in recognition of victory. This circle has two correspondence members living at Colman and Vermilion, South Dakota, and these isolated readers are constantly stimulated by the enthusiasm of their fellow Chautauquans in the circle.

SAN JOSÉ, CALIFORNIA.

In compliance with your request regarding our Chautauqua circle here in San José, I would say that we are few in numbers but full of enthusiasm for the work. Our president, Mrs. E. C. Long, completes the four years' course this year, and it is with feelings of deepest regret that we will part with her, for she has been the mainstay of our circle and a most enthusiastic worker.

We had but two members added to our roll this year, and after remaining with us a short time they were forced to leave on account of removal from our city. Our vice-president also severed her connection with us, owing to the call of her husband to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church in Kansas City.

We find the work this year intensely interesting. We have acted on the suggestion given in THE CHAUTAUQUAN and have committed the Greek alphabet to memory, so that we are as familiar with it as with our own. We find the suggestive programs laid down in the magazine most helpful. We are particularly interested in the Reading Journey, and consider the magazine a marked improvement in the last year or two.

Recently the Woman's Club of our city organized a club alliance and invited our own and other literary societies to unite with them. We accordingly did so. Once during the year each club is expected to take charge of the entertainment. The alliance meets the fourth Saturday in each month, and the Chautauquans will entertain the last Saturday in March. We hope to have a pleasant and varied program.

FANNIE B. HOBSON, Secretary.

KNOXVILLE, IOWA.

One feature which regularly appears in the printed programs of the Vincent Circle has aroused some curiosity among the uninitiated, and we are glad that the secretary of the circle has offered an explanation. She says concerning the forms of literary amusement which they have tried that Chautauqua cards, toasts and literary quizzes have been included; also "a drill at each meeting in what we call our Chauncey M. Depew corner. Each responds formally to a subject given and when the speaker has finished the critic calls attention to manner of speaking, standing, self-control, language and subject matter." It is evident that these Chautauquans have not only trained up some good critics, but have so far lost their self-consciousness in the pursuit of their ideals that they cheerfully submit to the gentle ministrations of that critic. "O wad some pow'r the giftie gie

us" is no mere poetic form for them but a stalwart conviction which is being realized in practise.

CARSON, IOWA.

The Carson Chautauqua Circle was organized during the latter part of October. Although organizing somewhat late in the season, the first part of the year's work was not neglected. The lessons were made longer so that the work now is the same as that outlined in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Our circle is small, numbering only nine, yet the quality of the circle makes amends for the small numbers. All are busy Americans whose every moment is fully occupied; yet each believes that time devoted to the improvement of the mind, even if it causes one's other work to be neglected at times, is the best of investments.

The circle meets every Friday evening at the home of one of the members, and so far not one meeting has been missed. We have adopted the plan of having a small fine attached as a punishment for absence and tardiness; a rather heavy one for non-appearance on the program. The proceeds are to be used towards a banquet at the close of the year.

We are very fortunate in having secured the services of a good leader, Prof. G. P. Linville, who is an enthusiastic worker. Yet the society does not place the whole responsibility upon him, each member feeling that he is a co-worker and cheerfully taking the part assigned.

We follow the programs as given in THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Altogether the work is progressing nicely, and we find it very profitable as well as pleasant.

LOTTIE M. NORTHEY.

STILLWATER, MINNESOTA.

A typical report of the Pierian Circle of Stillwater we clip from the *Prison Mirror* of January 3:

The Pierian Circle held its regular meeting Sunday afternoon. President Leland presided. The following program was rendered:

Chorus.	Pierian Glee Club.
	"Jingle Bells."
Class Report — Tyrant Rome.	Member of Class B.
Class Report — A Chapter from Life.	Member of Class B.
	Pierian Glee Club.
Chorus.	"Solomon Levi."
Special Paper — The Thinking Power of Man.	Member of Class E.
Class Report — The Revolution of France — Its Causes and Effects.	Member of Class C.
Instrumental Trio.	Members of Classes A, B, and C.
	"Sweet Magnolia Blooms."

Mock Congress was in session for half an hour, and devoted the time to the bill making voting compulsory. Two features of the meeting deserve special mention. One was the paper on the French Revolution. As the critic stated, the pleasure of listening to this paper alone repaid us for coming to the meeting. The other feature was the critic's review of the meeting. It was, as one member expressed himself to the secretary, the best part of the meeting; clear, concise, pointing out where we could improve and bestowing praise where praise was due. It was appreciated by all the members.

The secretary in commenting upon the work of the circle this year, speaks of the present membership as more than ever

devoted to keeping high ideals before the circle. He adds:

"I believe that we who are shut in from the outside world appreciate to a greater extent the benefit and help to be derived from the C. L. S. C. course of study than any other circle. Speaking personally, I can truthfully say that it has wonderfully helped me in many ways, and I know this is true of others as well."

KAHOKA, MISSOURI.

We have found the question and answer method perhaps the most satisfactory. Our president appoints a committee of two to prepare programs and assign work for two months. They use the suggested programs to some extent, and appoint leaders to conduct different branches. We always have responses at roll-call bearing upon the week's work, and free informal discussion, though nothing worthy of the name debate. We use papers somewhat, but brief reports more frequently. We have a small but excellent public library and a free reading-room. Our circle meets at the reading-room on Tuesday evenings at 7:30 o'clock, and we are very prompt; members rarely being absent. I belonged to the Class of 1887. This is the first time since then that we have had a Chautauqua circle in our town or county. People are taking interest in us, and we expect to have a good many recruits next year. We did not commence till November, but have just made up the work with some effort, for we are busy people.

Next year we shall be anxious to start October 1.

MRS. SIDNEY MONTGOMERY, Secretary.

STEPHENSON, MICHIGAN.

The Stephenson C. L. S. C. was organized October 4, 1900, with fourteen enthusiastic members. The rank and file of the circle is composed of busy housekeepers, with a sprinkling of teachers from the school. Our little village of seven hundred inhabitants affords a library, so our reference books are not necessarily confined to our own private libraries. We have not the advantages of lectures, etc., but without these pleasant and profitable accessories we still feel that we are doing good work with the material at hand, and probably in the absence of these and kindred privileges we doubly appreciate the advantage of this splendid course of study. At our meetings, held bi-weekly, the mode has been a complete review and a general discussion of the lesson. The results evince genuine work done by one and all.

"The Rivalry of Nations" has proved a surprise and delight. In it was anticipated a dry and uninteresting study, but the reverse has proved the case, and although with one accord it is pronounced "hard," we are beginning to experience a real and intelligent interest in national and international affairs.

The social advantages of Stephenson being rather limited, we also esteem that feature of the circle exceedingly pleasant. At the close of the lesson refreshments are served, and an hour is spent in social intercourse. All agree that the work of the C. L. S. C. has proved of untold benefit, and express the intention of completing the four years' course.

A MEMBER.

MOUNT VERNON, NEW YORK.

The Edelweiss Circle of Mt. Vernon, New York, is one of two circles which have kept C. L. S. C. work well at the front in Mt. Vernon for many years. The following report of what might be called a typical "special occasion" comes to us through the press:

After a vacation of five weeks, the Edelweiss Chautauqua Circle met at the home of Mrs. W. P. Hickok on Monday night. President C. S. Hickok occupied the chair. At roll-call each member responded with a quotation from Madame Guyon. The letters of the Greek alphabet and character studies of some prominent French men and women and other mental work employed the time. Among other interesting and profitable features of the program was the following: Forty photographs of prominent people were pasted on as many cards, and each numbered, these were distributed among the members, who were required to recognize them, and to the one giving the greatest number of correct answers was awarded a prize consisting of a beautiful calendar of 1901. The president was the fortunate winner, being able to recognize thirty-four out of the forty. A social hour with light refreshments gave the contestants a pleasant opportunity to count their battles o'er.

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

In our study of the lesson, the leader assigns special portions to different members or follow the questions given for the lesson. It is the privilege of the leader to conduct the lesson according to her own plan. Three leaders are appointed for each meeting, each taking a given subject. At roll-call we respond with current events, quotations, bits of history, ideas from some portion of the lesson, travel or whatever subject the standing committee decide upon. The history and oriental travels are all followed up by maps which some of the members carry to the place of meeting. After the leader has had charge for about fifteen minutes the subject is open for general discussion, which is often most interesting. We make use of everything we can find explanatory of our reading. We have a good public library and another one in course of construction, donated by Andrew Carnegie.

A MEMBER.

AUBURN, RHODE ISLAND.

The Vincent Circle are evidently thoroughly imbued with the idea of hard work, and this makes it possible for them to meet with undaunted front those parts of the course which for a time seem like "discipline" but in the end perhaps result in the peaceable fruits of renewed mental activity. The secretary incidentally mentions that original poems occasionally form a feature of the roll-call. Many other forms of literary activity seem also to occupy their energies. The study of famous pictures is to be noted as a frequent diversion, and it is a pleasure to realize that our circles are making such good use of the splendid opportunities which are now within reach of most of us for a closer acquaintance with the treasures of the past.

The Auburn Vincent Circle was formed three years ago with nine members. Our enthusiastic president was not afraid of hard work, consequently the circle flourished and made good progress. We have gained very slowly in numbers. This year we have fifteen members, all ladies. We have derived much pleasure from some of the reading, and some we have taken as discipline. "Socialism" belongs to the latter class. The "Auburn Vincents" are very busy people, but our meetings are held regularly and are very instructive.

Our program usually includes a synopsis of the lesson, discussions, breezy papers, much miscellaneous information, and a good time always. We have had occasional public meetings which were interesting and well appreciated. Some of the circle have tasted the delights of Framingham, and are yearning for Chautauqua, as they hope to graduate in 1901.

A MEMBER.

PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

The Carlyle C. L. S. C. has the good fortune to be situated in a town where they can have a Carnegie library to draw from, and we have the word of the secretary that the privilege is improved and the use of supplementary references a frequent feature of the circle meetings. Of course it is not always possible for busy people to use what is known as the "library method" in the study of history, and many of our readers have to supplement the one required book with their thinking powers only. But sidelights from other sources help to give breadth to our views, and it might be a good plan for circles to have library committees of less busy members who shall bring to the circle such supplementary material as may be helpful, and so bring the library to the people who cannot go there for themselves. The Carlyle Chautauquans report that they choose their own subjects for debate. It would be interesting if we could know what these are, as they are the expression of the circle's individuality, and that is what we are trying to get through these "pen pictures." By their plan of debate each debater has an opportunity to give two speeches, and then after the judges have given their decision, the pent-up ideas of the rest of the circle are expressed very freely.

GREENWOOD, SOUTH CAROLINA.

An excellent custom observed by the Dixie Circle is that of keeping all quotations brought in during the year. These, with author and source noted, are handed to the secretary for preservation, and at the end of the year the best ones are selected and pasted into a scrap-book. Presumably the circle have contests on these quotations once in a while, and in this way many famous sentiments of the great writers become a part of their everyday experience.

The Dixie Circle had a social meeting on the evening of December 31, to watch the new century in. There were nineteen members and seven visitors present, and a brief program was carried out. Each one wrote a resolution, hope, or wish to be fulfilled in the new year or century, but signed no name. The papers were collected in a small basket as the different ones came in, and, as part of the program were read aloud, and, judging from the laughter and remarks heard on all sides were much enjoyed by those present. They were

of every kind, possible and impossible, grave, gay, or witty. The secretary read Bishop Vincent's messages from the January Round Table, and his calendar for 1901. Then our president recited an original poem, "A Greeting to the New Year." The circle was delighted, and requested a copy to be preserved with its other papers. Light refreshments were then served, and recitations, music, and games were enjoyed until almost twelve o'clock, when all adjourned to the Episcopal church, by invitation of its pastor, and took part in the religious watch services.

I am much encouraged by the present Chautauqua outlook for our community, for it is the brightest yet. Our circle hopes to have several members, one ready to pass through the Golden Gate, at Chautauqua the coming summer.

FANNIE PEMBERTON, Secretary.

SELMA, ALABAMA.

The Selma Chautauquans with characteristic energy have varied their regular programs with certain special exercises. An Iliad and an Odyssey meeting were held early in the year, and the leader writes that they have given especial attention to the search question work. "Those on the 'Pinch of Attic Salt' have been the cause of great enthusiasm." On February 22 a Washington celebration was held, the invitations for this meeting being decorated with a small portrait of Washington attached to the national colors. Upon the reverse side of the card was a rhythmic invitation to "try our wits and ready power upon American riddles." A Montgomery paper gives the following particulars:

After the regular lesson, each lady was given a list of ten original conundrums in rhyme, the answers to which were either noted American facts or national characters. The solution, if correctly given, formed an acrostic spelling the name "Washington." Decorations were in beautiful keeping; a six-pointed star outlined on the white table cover, in blue, and a dish of red japonicas in the middle made the refreshment table very artistic and beautiful. The whole afternoon was a pronounced success, and the participants called it the most complete club meeting of the season, indeed "quite as good as a party," one devotee to cards said, as she took her reluctant leave.

EUPORA, MISSISSIPPI.

The New Century Circle of Eupora has no near neighbors in the way of clubs or circles, but it has a very devoted membership who seem to be making the most of their resources. The town has no public library, but as these Chautauquans are connected with an educational institution they have some facilities in the way of private collections. The president reports that the majority of the circle are recent comers and have not yet become sufficiently identified with the community to take hold of a public library problem. Both oral and written reports form an important feature of the work.

TOPICS of the HOUR with CURRENT EVENTS PROGRAMS

[Note.—In the daily deluge of books and articles the average reader is hopelessly overwhelmed. Complete lists of references to current magazines and recent volumes are of value only to specialists. The busy person who wishes to be reasonably conversant with the leading questions of the day has no time for wide reading, and is too likely to be discouraged by an exhaustive "bibliography." THE CHAUTAUQUAN will seek to serve its subscribers by calling attention each month to a list of representative books, and typical articles which deal with the different phases of some one topic of current interest. The Current Events Programs are prepared for the use of clubs, college and other literary societies, women's clubs and organizations desiring direction for current events courses.]

VII. PAUPERISM.*

INTRODUCTORY.—It is well to bear in mind the difference between pauperism and poverty, pauperism being the extreme of poverty which requires relief. The peculiar burden which it imposes on society, though without doubt its most obvious, is not its worst aspect. Pauperism may indeed be mere helplessness, but more often its causes are moral and its influences injurious. Some organized method of relief is absolutely necessary, and yet experience has proven the increasing difficulty of dealing with the problem. England has her poor-law system and America the alms-house as fundamental institutions for relief.

Do not fail to consult Lalor's "Cyclopedia of Political Science" and Bliss's "Encyclopedia of Social Reform": they form the best possible preliminary reading in the consideration of the general question. If the files are in your library, you will find freeh matter, though sometimes of rather a polemic nature, in the "Reports of the Boston Industrial Aid Society" (annual), *Charities Review* (monthly), *Lend-A-Hand* (monthly), "Proceedings of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections" (annual), *International Record of Charities* (monthly), and the annual reports of the Boards of State Charities, especially of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Minnesota.

Aschrott, P. F. "The English Poor Law System." (Knight & Co., London, 1888.) Good account of the development of English poor law system, and its present conditions.

Atkinson, E. "Progress from Poverty." (*Forum*, Vol. VI., p. 19.) Concludes that steam and electricity, in the United States, have relieved fear of pauperism becoming a public burden.

Behrends, A. J. F. "Socialism and Christianity." (Baker & Taylor, New York, 1886.) Suggestive analysis of personal, social and historical causes of pauperism, and possible remedies on basis of this analysis.

Boies, H. M. "Prisoners and Paupers." (Putnam, New York, 1893.) Broad and generous treatment of question in United States, finding causes in urban growth, intemperance and immigration.

Booth, Chas. "Aged Poor in England and Wales." (Macmillan, New York, 1894.) Portrays condition of aged paupers, with good tables, referring especially to increase and decrease of paupers.

Booth, Chas. "Pauperism and the Endowment for Old Age." (Macmillan, New York, 1892.) Chapter on causes is a careful analysis. An argument for old age endowment.

Booth, General. "In Darkest England." (Macmillan, London, 1890.) Awful pictures of conditions of submerged tenth, also the solution as conceived by the Salvation Army.

Bosanquet, Mrs. B. "Rich and Poor." (Macmillan, New York, 1899.) Not a technical presentation, but rich in suggestions for work among paupers.

Brace, C. L. "Dangerous Classes of New York." (Wynkoop & Co., New York, 1872.) Descriptive of condition of homeless paupers in our metropolis by one who worked among them twenty years.

"Dictionary of Political Economy." (Macmillan, New York, 1899.) Vol. III., pp. 81, 153-162, give unprejudiced statement of administration of English poor laws.

* "Party Government in England, France, and the United States" appeared in October. "Trusts" appeared in November. "Village Improvement Association and Kindred Topics" appeared in December. "Divorce" appeared in January. "Race Problems in the United States" appeared in February. "Foreign Missions" appeared in March.

Drage, Geo. "Problem of the Aged Poor." (A. & C. Black, London, 1895.) Government inquiry into aged poor question. Four means of avoiding old age pauperism, and several for alleviating conditions when unavoidable.

Ely, R. T. "Pauperism in the United States." (*North American Review*, Vol. CLII., p. 395.) Wise charity work in cities proves that remedy is possible.

Emminghaus, A. "Poor Relief in Different Parts of Europe." (Stanford, London, 1873.) A store of information drawn from experiences of various countries. Good for argument against the usually proposed remedies.

Farnam, H. W. "Economic Aspect of the Liquor Problem." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York, 1899.) Discusses ably one of the great causes of pauperism, with valuable tables.

Fawcett, H. "Pauperism, Its Causes and Remedies." (Macmillan, New York, 1871.) Analysis from standpoint of an economist; first rate, but rather intangible for ordinary reader.

Fields, Mrs. J. F. "How to Help the Poor." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1883.) Little of theory, but shows how great improvement was made in one district.

Fowle, T. W. "The Poor Law." (Macmillan, New York, 1881.) Comprehensive and satisfactory review of English poor law experience, with full statement of principles.

George, Henry. "Progress and Poverty." (Manhattan Single Tax League.) The famous Single Tax Bible.

Gladden, W. "The Problem of Poverty." (*Century*, Vol. XLV., p. 245.) Uses "poverty" and "pauperism" as synonyms. Unwise charity is one great cause of pauperism.

Godard, J. G. "Poverty, Its Genesis and Exodus." (Sonnenschein, London, 1892.) Insufficient produc-

tion and waste are great causes of "poverty" which he identifies with "pauperism." Clear argument.

Hobson, J. A. "Problems of Poverty." (Methuen & Co., London, 1895.) Presents industrial status of low-skilled labor.

Loch-Bosanquet-Dwyer. "General Booth's Scheme." (Sonnenschein, London, 1891.) Discussion of Booth's scheme by three authorities in England. Excellent for argument, because statements are specific and criticisms careful.

Lowell, J. S. "Public Relief and Private Charity." (Putnam, New York, 1884.) Public relief usually defeats its very purposes; outlines principles for private charity wherein lies only hope. Good for question of remedies.

Mackay, Thos. "The State and Charity." (Macmillan, New York, 1898.) Outlines what is possible in cooperation between legal and voluntary agencies for relief.

Mackay, Thos. "History of English Poor Laws." (King & Co., London, 1899.) Statement of theory of poor laws and elaborate history of their operation.

Peabody, F. G. "Colonization as a Remedy for City Poverty." (*Forum*, Vol. XVII., p. 52.) Rather a remote and visionary plan, but interesting.

Royce, S. "Deterioration and Race Education." (E. O. Jenkins, New York, 1878.) Pp. 49-67. Views pauperism as a sign of race deterioration.

Twining, Louisa. "Work-houses and Pauperism." (Methuen, London, 1898.) Personal experiences of fifty years' connection with the workings of poor laws.

Warner, A. G. "American Charities." (Crownell, New York, 1895.) One of the most enlightening books, especially with reference to the American alms-house and philanthropic financing.

Welch, R. "Horace Greeley's Cure for Poverty." (*Forum*, Vol. VIII., p. 586.) Advice to "go West and grow up with country" is largely chimerical for the poor man of today.

CURRENT EVENTS PROGRAMS.

First Week —

1. Reading: Chapter on "Charity and Correction," in Henderson's "Social Spirit in America," C. L. S. C. book 1897-8.
2. Oration: Poor Law Fallacies.
3. Paper: (1) Morality and Pauperism. (2) Pauperism as a disease.
4. Debate: Resolved, That restriction of immigration is the most practicable remedy for evils of pauperism.

Second Week —

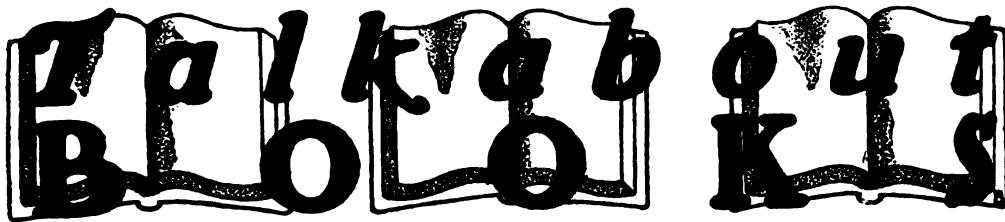
1. Reading: Chapter "On Population," Malthus.
2. Oration: Charity vs. Justice for the Pauper.
3. Paper: (1) The right to work. (2) "The Poor ye have always with you."
4. Debate: Resolved, That the adoption of the single best economic treatment for pauperism.

Third Week —

1. Reading: Chapter on "Causes of Pauperism" in Charles Booth's "Pauperism and Endowment of Old Age" (listed above).
2. Oration: The Rise of Old Age Pension Systems.
3. Paper: (1) The relation of pauperism to political corruption. (2) The Palliative of Public Relief.
4. Debate: Resolved, That intemperance is not the chief cause of pauperism.

Fourth Week —

1. Reading: Selections from Henry George's "Progress and Poverty."
2. Oration: The Submerged Tenth.
3. Paper: (1) Is poverty a crime? (2) The administration of charities.
4. Debate: Resolved, That state control and ownership of public utilities is the most feasible solution of problems of pauperism.



In the preface to his "Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews" Dr. Abbott states the double purpose of the book to be an explanation for the general reader of the spirit, method, and present conclusions of the modern school of Biblical interpretation, and to prove that the New Criticism enhances admiration and affection for the Bible and adds to its value as an inspiration to Christian faith. He discusses the books of the Old Testament, and synthesizes from them a history of the law and the lyrics, the theology and the politics, the traditions and the prophecies of the ancient Hebrews. He finds the Old Testament to be the selected literature of an elect people and the record of Israel's fourfold message to all the world. It seems that a reading of Dr. Abbott's book must inevitably promote a wider interest in the Old Testament and a deeper study of the entire Bible as a means for the cultivation of religious faith.

A. E. H.
[The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews. By Lyman Abbott, D. D. \$2.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Optimism in matters that make for righteousness and lead unto salvation, when expressed by the teacher who is zealously seeking truth that he may share it with his fellowmen, imparts a creative impulse of courage and hope to those who listen. Dr. Gordon's volume, being in part the lectures delivered by him last year before the Lowell Institute, breathes the gladness of one who says from the heart, "I believe and therefore have I spoken." The seven chapters pass from things assumed to things expected, offering meantime a consideration of what the author believes to be "the sovereign moods of the century." The argument of the book to support the claim of its title is the witness made by the nineteenth century to a new understanding of the divinity of humanity. The educational discipline of doubt, the consequent return to faith, and the new helps found in a deeper perusal of history are treated with the vigor of style and language which Dr. Gordon has taught us to expect from him. He finds God's promise in the depths of the social process as well as in the cloud and in the human heart, and his optimism is the expression of a conviction which, he says, has for him the force of truth. The dedication of the book reads, "To fellow-students of the times who are yet fellow-servants of the Eternal, this book is inscribed as a token of gratitude for inspiration received from an unseen host."

A. E. H.
[The New Epoch for Faith. By George A. Gordon, D. D. \$1.50. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

The story of the Prodigal Son, retold in whatever language, appeals to a certain sympathetic sub-consciousness in even the best exemplars of human nature. Mrs. Foote gives a San Francisco setting — with a New Zealand background — to her version of the Prodigal's repentance and return from the far country. Readers who have already learned with what clearness and grace of touch Mrs. Foote uses her narrative skill on scenes and incidents will with justice anticipate a pleas-

ure in meeting Mr. Clunies Roberts on the way back to his first estate. Incidentally it will do no harm to mention that a baby and the baby's young lady aunt make the path of return easier for him.

A. E. H.
[The Prodigal. By Mary Hallock Foote. \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Professor Shaler's latest book, "The Individual," sets forth a naturalist's judgment of life and death, and his conclusions concerning the place of man in "the vast orderly procession of which we can discern neither the beginning nor the end." He notes the inseparable relation between organic individuality and the lower inorganic realms, the relations of the person "with his fellow-beings of all degrees which are his kinsmen," and traces in the organic series the progressive steps in "the perfection of death," seeking to find the scientific justification for death and thus reconcile it with the order to which human beings belong. The range of the book might be described by saying that it begins with the atom and ends with immortality. The style through the chapters that connect these extremes has the charm of candor and the effective eloquence of a sincere seeking after truth. The naturalist's conclusions concerning war, the care of children and of aged people, and the value of individual life are in line with Christian teachings on these subjects. The book is a most interesting and suggestive contribution to that branch of literature in which theology and science may be said to clasp hands.

A. E. H.
[The Individual. A Study of Life and Death. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. New York: D. Appleton & Co.]

It is not fanciful to discover a significance in the fact that the latest history of Methodism comes from St. Louis, a central city of the United States and a point where the two largest branches of American Methodism touch elbows in active church work. In making this history, two representative pastors have been associated — the Rev. Dr. James W. Lee of the M. E. Church South, and Rev. Dr. Naphtali Luccock of the Northern branch, both men of distinctly proven literary qualifications and possessed of broad views of the history and destiny of Methodism. Prof. James Main Dixon, of Washington University, is the third editor of the volume, which has already had wide reading in serial form in the *American Illustrated Methodist Magazine*. The spirit of this work is indicated in a single paragraph from the chapter on "The Methodist Outlook of Today":

"Methodism was wonderfully adapted for the state of society in which it grew up. The work of the Reformers had been effective in stamping out the gross heresies of Romanism and founding right-thinking communities; and the task before Christian men was not so much doctrinal as practical depravity. The two centuries after the Reformation had been fruitful in inculcating among the common people a fairly adequate and just acquaintance with Holy Writ. What the times have required then and since is the vitalizing of truth; the rescue of men from practical heathenism; the bringing together of a nominal and a thorough-going

Christianity, so that we may live up to our profession and our privileges. To this great object Methodism has been conspicuously faithful; and it has been particularly successful in its attainment."

The authors discern everywhere Methodist union in the air and consolidation of the Church forces. If one were to specify the most impressive features of the text aside from the plain purpose to set forth the history of Methodism as a whole rather than of any particular branch of it, one must point to the wealth of detail gathered from every quarter of the globe, in order to make a record not only picturesque with local color but calculated to give true perspective to a great world movement. Over a thousand portraits and views of persons and places identified with the development of Methodism appear in the volume, which consists of 760 pages, inclusive of index. F. C. B.

[*The Illustrated History of Methodism.* By Rev. James W. Lee, Rev. Naphtali Luccock, and James Main Dixon. St. Louis: The Methodist Magazine Publishing Co.]

That true "Americanism," the genius of our social life, is essentially a religion, is one statement of the message the Rev. Mr. Ferguson sends forth at the beginning of a new century. For style, courage, spirit and insight, the book deserves the high praise bestowed upon it. Here is a taste of its qualities:

"The consciousness of freedom grows space. It is no longer possible to believe that God is the author of the confusions of history or the fearful iniquities of social institutions. We perceive that we are jointly responsible with Him for the present condition of the universe. It appears that the providence of God is limited to making the best of every emergency so far as may be done consistently with the liberty and responsibility of men. And it by no means follows that He established the existing churches, states, law-codes, and commercial customs because they exist.

"Not only is it true that the world as it stands today is not a theocracy, but it appears that theocracy is not a thing to be desired—that God will not have it so. The revelation of history and of all experience is that God will not reign over the people, but has set His heart upon it that through faith in Him the people shall reign over themselves.

"The beginning of history is in theocracy; but democracy is the consummation. And all the intermediate stages of confusion and bewilderment, of misery and disappointment are, it would seem, better in the eyes of God, and more desirable than the sway of unquestioned goodness, and the smooth obedience of a puppet world." F. C. B.

[*The Religion of Democracy.* By Charles Ferguson. \$1.00. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.]

The fairy-tale of Eros and Psyche, a gift to us from ancient Greece, was long ago understood to be a myth of life's deepest mystery, having for its central idea the interrelation between love and death and the loneliness of the soul until it has found and been united with the one perfect love. The present volume, "Eros and Psyche," presents with a modern touch the classic version of the old-time poetic story which in a figure taught the immortality of life and love. There are many illustrations, some being copies from the antique, but most of them from the series made by Paul Thumann.

A. E. H.

[*Eros and Psyche. A Fairy-Tale of Ancient Greece.*

Retold after Apuleius by Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.]

The lectures delivered under the auspices of the Sunday-School Commission of the diocese of New York and collected under the title, "Principles of Religious Education," contain material of universal interest to Christian parents and to Sunday-school teachers. Bishop Potter says in the introduction, "the modern Church has not recognized its responsibilities nor improved its opportunities, as a teacher of the young." This thought may be called the keynote of the whole series of lectures; as emphasis is laid throughout upon the necessity for an elevation of religious teaching, by the introduction of modern methods, to the place of dignity and the degree of efficiency which it ought to occupy in the church and in the home.

Attention is called to the fact that, "the influence first of Protestantism and then of Democracy has completely secularized the school. The school, therefore,



The Open Court Publishing Co.

FROM "EROS AND PSYCHE."

gives an incomplete education." Ways and means to supply more nearly the religious instruction, which the school curriculum fails to provide, are discussed by men eminently qualified to deal with the subject of so great moment. The contributions of Walter L. Hervey on "The Preparation of the Sunday-School Teacher," of G. Stanley Hall on "The Religious Contents of the Child-Mind," of Frank Morton McMurray on "The Use of Biography in Religious Instruction," and of Richard G. Moulton on "The Study of the Bible as Literature," are especially suggestive.

Although some of the other lectures are not of equal

merit. One who reads the volume through will fail to receive new light upon the significance of religious teaching and to find a stimulus for improving the lax method which now exist. The lectures are timely and should command widespread attention. S. C.

[*Principles of Religious Education. A Course of Lectures delivered under the auspices of the Sunday-School Commission of the Diocese of New York.* with



The Century Co.

FROM "THE HELMET OF NAVARRE," DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

an introduction by the Right Reverend Henry C. Potter, D. D., LL. D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.]

"The Helmet of Navarre," to be published in book form May 1, has been appearing serially in *The Century Magazine* during the fall and winter, and is said to have attracted wider attention and to have been more highly praised than any serial story in the magazine's history. As the first book of a young writer, it is noteworthy.

Collier calls it "a remarkable performance, not only for a young writer, but for a writer of any age." The author's unusual fertility of invention crowds the story full of plot and sub-plot natural to the violent times, to the clash of faiths. The story has made such an impression in the literary world and among critics that it is not only to be published in book form, but it will be dramatized in the fall. Many persons who have been reading this remarkable historical romance,

have expressed a desire to know something of the author, Miss Bertha Runkle, who has written such a fascinating story about the struggles of Protestants and Catholics in and around Paris at the time of Henry IV. The *New York Times* gives the following:

"Miss Runkle is probably the youngest of the American authors whose pens have made them well known within the past few years. When she wrote 'The Helmet of Navarre' she was little more than twenty years of age, yet the manuscript of her romance was read with enthusiasm by the editors of *The Century*, and has attracted wider and more favorable attention than any other story that has ever appeared serially in that magazine. Many applications have been made for the author's portrait, but no one has succeeded in overcoming her aversion to its public use; and details of her biography are almost equally difficult to obtain. As a matter of fact, there is little to record. Miss Runkle is the only child of Mrs. L. G. Runkle, a well-known New York journalist. She is a native of New Jersey; never went to kindergarten as a child, nor to college as a young woman; has traveled little, and has never been to France—a fact which, she herself suggests, may account for her laying there the scene of her romance."

E. C. A.

[*The Helmet of Navarre.* By Bertha Runkle. New York : The Century Co.]

A handsome book edition of Ida M. Tarbell's "Life of Napoleon" is announced. This life, it will be remembered, appeared first in *McClure's Magazine*, and in pamphlet form ran over the 100,000 mark. The completeness of the collection of Napoleon's portraits with which it was illustrated attracted special attention. The author aims to present Napoleon's personality, rather than his career as affecting European politics, or his military achievements. Not that Miss Tarbell is one of the gossiping historians who feel that the understanding of personality depends on minute knowledge of the habits and foibles of the subject. Napoleon's life is told in its relation to the great political movements of which he was a part, these serving to illustrate his character.

The second edition differs from the first in including a sketch of Josephine. This was added because of the absence

of any trustworthy account of her life in English. Until recently, biographers have followed the example set at the time of Napoleon III. by his desire to have her represented more as an injured saint than an actual woman. Miss Tarbell, relying on the recent investigations of Frederic Masson, and the memoirs of the Napoleonic period, shows her as corrupt as any of the gay, licentious society of the Directory: shallow, frivolous, vain and extravagant, yet kind of heart, of wonderful grace and tact, and in her later married life, devoted to the emperor. Miss Tarbell throws chief emphasis on this latter part of her life, passing lightly over the time before her second marriage, giving us rather a picture of the wife of Napoleon than a complete story of the life of Josephine. A. H.

[*Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.* By Ida M. Tarbell. \$2.00. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.]

Six "Brief Studies of Great Americans" have so far been presented in the "Riverside Biographical Series." The little volumes are in every respect admirable examples of tasteful book making, and the photogravure frontispiece in each is a desirable portrait of the individual whose claims to honored remembrance are set forth in clear, concise, and picturesque style in the volume bearing his name. No lesson is more impressive, when realized, than that of the individual life to achieve, to serve, and to influence, but no lesson needs re-telling more frequently, more forcefully. Hence the value of the "Brief Study" like these that may awaken interest in a fuller knowledge of the process by which a strong character was shaped and a laborious career rounded to the admiration or gratitude of a whole nation. Young Americans now on the way

whose work remains in the structure of the great republic." CHAUTAUQUAN readers will concede that the author has made an exceedingly valuable and timely contribution to historical literature on an original line of treatment. The serial chapters have been somewhat expanded, and additional illustrations are included in the volume, which comprises about 460 pages. The frontispiece reproduces a mural painting in the Hall of the House of Representatives, bearing the suggestive title "Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way." A good index adds materially to the serviceableness of the volume as a book of reference. Distinguished from other current publications dealing with the question of American expansion, it is safe to say that the elements of social expansion have been here brought out and emphasized in a manner which exhibits an unusual combination of scholarly insight and attractive presentation to the popular mind. F. C. B.

[The Expansion of the American People. Social and Territorial. By Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D. \$2.00. Chicago: Scott Foresman & Co.]

Brooks Adams's extraordinary book consists of a series of six essays, published from time to time in magazine form. As the author states in his preface, he finds that they are susceptible of republication in their chronological order and that together they make up an almost connected discussion of a common main theme. This theme is, shortly stated, that modern society is so organized that there must always be either firmly established, or in process of being established, some predominant economic center; that all modern effort wages around the establishment of such a center of economic influence and power, and that the most important national concern at any time is the securing, if possible, of this economic center within its own borders.

Copious historical illustrations are given of the changing seat of economic empire in ancient and modern times, and an analysis is sought to be made of the underlying causes producing these changes. Following them comes a review of the conditions of modern economic and industrial life, and the conclusion from this review is that a titanic struggle for commercial supremacy will, in the near future, take place between a congeries of nations centering around Germany or Russia, and seeking to base their economic power upon a control of all of Northern Asia, including the vast mineral and coal deposits in the provinces of Honan and Shansi in China on the one hand, and an Anglo-Saxon confederation under the leadership of the United States, and in which England will be a mere outpost on the frontier of Anglo-Saxon civilization, on the other. This seems to the author to follow, from the fact that England, so long the commercial and economic mistress of the world, is decaying, alike in its martial and in its economic effectiveness, and that the supremacy so long held by her is moving westward, plainly in financial affairs and perhaps perceptibly in military matters as well.

This book bears somewhat the same relation to modern economic conditions as Machiavelli's "Prince" bore to the political conditions of Italy in the sixteenth century. It is a cold, passionless, if not unfeeling, exposition of the philosophy of the things that are; and its author frequently reminds us that whether or not we like the tendency of these conditions is a matter of no moment; that the inexorable laws of evolution control the destiny of the human race without its consent and without any power in it to resist their operation.

We have no desire to dispute this contention in this place, but the philosophy propounded by Mr. Adams is one which must be reckoned with by those who think on economic questions, and the international relations

*I have done the same thing by clear implication
I have made it equally plain that I think the negro is included in the word "men" used in the Declaration of Independence
I believe the declaration that "all men are created equal" is the great fundamental principle upon which*

McClure, Phillips & Co.

FROM "ABRAHAM LINCOLN, HIS BOOK." A Facsimile Reproduction of the original Scrapbook kept and annotated by Mr. Lincoln.

to being great may find a helpful hint in these studies.

[Andrew Jackson. By William Garrott Brown. James B. Eads. By Louis How. Benjamin Franklin. By Paul Elmer More. Thomas Jefferson. By Henry Childs Merwin. Peter Cooper. By Rossiter W. Raymond. William Penn. By George Hodges. Riverside Biographical Series. Each .75. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Editorial reference has already been made in this magazine to the projected publication in book form of "The Expansion of the American People," which constituted a leading feature of THE CHAUTAUQUAN last year. In the preface to the volume, now published, Professor Sparks says that "the intention has been to collect the local history of the American people in one volume, trusting that its perusal will inculcate additional reverence not alone for American statesmen but also for the plain people, whose names perish, but

of the United States today, its presence in the Philippine Islands and in China, are all involved in the rightfulness or wrongfulness of these theories.

To say that the book is attractive is not enough; it is a book that must be read by those who seek to be informed upon the most significant things transacting in the world today, and the style of the book is worthy of the importance of the subject with which it deals.

N. D. B.

[*America's Economic Supremacy*. By Brooks Adams. \$1.25. New York: The Macmillan Co.]

"Old Ironsides" has received a new and careful study by the impartial historian and naval expert, Ira L. Hollis, in his "*Frigate Constitution*." The size, shape, and equipment of a frigate of that period, and the problem of handling a sailing vessel in action are discussed, and a detailed account is given of the share taken by the *Constitution* in the war with Tripoli and the second war with England. The maneuvers of the ships in battle are described in detail with the aid of diagrams. The frequent use of technical terms, however, often readers a situation somewhat obscure to the ordinary reader. The author accounts for the American victories in the War of 1812 by showing that while the English navy was far larger than ours, yet ship for ship, at a time when naval warfare was often a series of duels between different vessels, ours were more skilfully built and our sailors better trained, England's long naval supremacy having bred a fatal carelessness and lack of discipline.

A. H.

[*The Frigate Constitution*. By Ira L. Hollis. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

The foot-notes to history that are accumulating in these days of the historical novel will soon make needful a thorough revision or a complete rewriting of the text-books. "*A White Guard to Satan*," for instance, relates the true time and manner of the death of Nathaniel Bacon, leader of the rebellion named after him, which event did differ greatly from the commonly accepted report of it. Moreover, the story of his love—not mentioned at all in the text-books aforesaid—for the stately Elizabeth, who did go to stand in the "White Guard" clad all in blood red velvet, is herein set down. This recital may be accepted as authentic, inasmuch as it is made by a kinswoman, Mistress Elizabeth Godstowe, who incidentally rehearses at the same time her own love-story and that of her cousin Abigail.

A. E. H.

[*A White Guard to Satan*. By Alice Maud Ewell. \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Knox Magee has contributed to recent fiction a tale based upon the historic events of the time of Richard III. All the important characters, made familiar in Shakespeare's play of the rise and fall of that bloody usurper, appear again. The chief interest centers about the five fictitious characters: Sir Walter Bradley, his cousin Lady Mary, her friend Lady Hazel, ladies-in-waiting to the queen, Sir Frederick Harleston, and Michael O'Brien, a giant in goodness of heart and physical strength, Sir Walter's devoted squire. The action begins with the taking of Berwick in which Sir Walter and his friend play an important part, afterwards carrying the news back to Windsor. A tournament, a duel, an imprisonment in and escape from the Tower, together with a love romance running through the book, hold one's interest. The author causes the little Duke of York to escape into France, where he is lost, contrary to the general belief that he was murdered with his brother in the Tower. The book closes with the famous battle of Bosworth.

R. E. D.

[*With Ring and Shield*. By Knox Magee. \$1.50. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.]

Albert Gardiner Robinson, staff correspondent for the New York *Evening Post*, has collected and somewhat amplified his record of personal observations and experiences in the Philippines from July, 1899, to February, 1900. The writer states that he was under no instructions except to tell the truth as he saw it, and that he has endeavored to do that, "seeking no favor and fearing no rebuke." People who care to know the truth concerning the Philippine muddle, so far as a



McClure, Phillips & Co.

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

Author of "*The Gentleman from Indiana*" and "*Monsieur Beaucaire*."

thorough-going newspaper correspondent can get at it, will find this volume well worth reading. It goes far to establish the opinion that a blunder was committed by Americans at the time of the military occupation of Manila. The chapter on "The News and the Censorship" may go far to explain how public opinion in this country may have been misled. The chapter on "The Church and the Friars" is of special value. The unfortunate attitude of American soldiery, and the fact that the Chinese control commerce and, as laborers, constitute the supreme element in industrial and agricultural life, are pointed out as most serious factors with which Americans will have to deal. United States protection is assumed as a necessity, while, at the same time, the capacity of the Filipinos for self-government is postulated. "The great danger in American interference in Filipino affairs lies in the idea that American ways are best and right, and regardless of established habit, custom and belief, those ways must be accepted by any and all people who live under the American flag."

F. C. B.

[*The Philippines: The War and the People*. By Albert G. Robinson. \$2.00. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.]

The account which Albert Sonnichsen gives of his experiences during ten months' captivity among the Filipinos constitutes a fascinating story of adventure which holds the attention of the reader from the start. He was incarcerated at the insurgent capital and moved from place to place as the Filipinos retreated northward. Naturally, his opportunities for observing the traits and customs of these little brown people were extensive. Apart from the thrilling story which tells, among other things, of treachery on the part of other American prisoners, various futile attempts at escape, and later service to the government, the author pays this compliment to his captors:

"Those who really have come in sufficiently close

contact with the Filipinos to know them, and are enabled to judge them without racial or national prejudice, cannot but admit that they are as entitled to be called civilized as other nations, and even more so than some whose representatives we receive at our capital and accord the same honors as those of the most polished nations. Considering the chances they have



Charles Scribner's Sons.

ALBERT SONNICHSEN.

Author of "Ten Months a Captive Among Filipinos."

had, or rather not had, and who their teachers were, the Filipinos have certainly behaved as well, if not better, toward their prisoners than other nations have done in recent wars."

There are twenty-six chapters in this book, which gives more light upon Filipino life and characteristics than any other volume of equal size that we have seen.

F. C. B.

[*Ten Months a Captive Among Filipinos.* By Albert Sonnichsen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.]

Herbert Welsh presents a sketch of "the wrong done by the United States to the people of the Philippines" from the standpoint of the law of duty towards our neighbors. His book is distinctly an appeal to conscience. He analyzes the popular attitude as the cry of the speculator, and for the support of his thesis he cites testimony from official and historical sources. The book is a vigorous protest against the opinion that political freedom or the strength of self-reliance which comes to men when they possess and use it wisely is only the right of the strong. In his mind, the acceptance of such a proposition leads to the inevitable conclusion that there is nothing to prevent morally irresponsible combinations in this country from exercising a similar right upon fellow citizens who are too weak to resist their demands.

F. C. B.

[*The Other Man's Country.* By Herbert Welsh. \$1.00. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.]

In this connection reference may be made to the pamphlets of the Philippine Information Society, which is issuing in handy form the most authoritative evidence that can be obtained from United States documents and other authentic sources regarding the people of the Philippine Islands and our relations to them. Six out of the nine pamphlets projected in the first series are at hand. Persons who seek to be thoroughly informed cannot afford to miss reading them. The list

of the pamphlets is as follows: "Jose Rizal, the Filipino Patriot: together with an Account of the Insurgent Movement in 1896"; "Aguinaldo: a Selection from his Official Documents, together with the Authorized Accounts of the alleged 'Spanish Bribe,'"; "The Insurgent Government of 1898"; "Our Relations with the Insurgents prior to the Fall of Manila, August, 1898"; "Aguinaldo and the American Generals, August, 1898, to January, 1899"; "Iloilo; An Episode of January, 1899, and Incidents leading to the Outbreak of Hostilities"; "Outbreak of Hostilities, February 4, 1899, and Efforts to secure an Armistice"; "Efforts at Recognition, October and November, 1899"; "Present Condition and Attitude." F. C. B.

[These pamphlets may be had of L. K. Fuller, 12 Otis place, Boston, for 10 cents each.]

"The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedias" represents eighteen years of continuous labor. The work was begun in 1882, under the superintendence of Prof. Wm. Dwight Whitney, Ph. D., LL. D. A large office force and a still larger force of outside workers were engaged, the former giving all their time, the latter a large part of their time to the construction of this work. The way in which the work of collecting, assorting and arranging the material was conducted, so that no word and no information should be omitted, was as follows:

A force of persons was put to work reading books, who should mark all new words and new senses of words, should select such quotations as would help illustrate the meaning, and should make note of all those names, of persons, places and things, which have sprung into existence or become prominent in the last few years. Books of all kinds on every subject were consulted, even trade catalogues and advertising circulars. Over three thousand authors were read, and over half a million quotations selected. It shows how little of such work had previously been done that in one work of twenty-five volumes nearly ten thousand terms were found which had never before been recorded in a work of reference.

These terms were then separated according to the province or department to which they belonged. All those in zoölogy were placed in one pile to be sent to the zoölogy expert; those in botany in a second pile for the editor of that department; those in law in a third, and so on. These different collections of terms for the different experts, or heads of departments, were sent out, each to the proper person. In due time the headings sent out came back, each one properly described. This manuscript was at once typewritten (a special room had to be provided for the typewriters, they were so numerous), arranged alphabetically and united with the literary matter prepared in the office. The whole was pinned together on slips of paper so as to make a trial copy which some of the editorial staff could go over, revising it, placing the articles in the right order, putting the quotations in their places, etc. When this had been done the trial copy was pasted on large sheets of brown paper with broad margins for additions and corrections. This was called a final copy, which, in turn was gone over by other members of the office staff of editors just before being sent to the printer, and after such matter had been added as had in the meantime been collected. This additional matter (belated articles, new quotations, corrections, etc.) was so numerous that it not only filled the broad margins but at times caused the addition of eight or ten supplementary pages.

The manuscript and final copy that accumulated was enormous in amount and of immense value. In case of fire, no money payment that any insurance company would ever agree to pay would make good the loss. To

meet the circumstances of this peculiar case, the final copy was photographed, each page being reduced to one-sixteenth of its actual size. Though there was a fire in the building occupied by The Century Company while "The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedias" was going through the press, none of the copy was burned. However, once a page was lost and then, and then alone, the photographic plate was taken from the safe-deposit vault and a copy made. The picture here given shows one of these photographic plates, actual size, and one-sixteenth the size of the original sheet of copy.

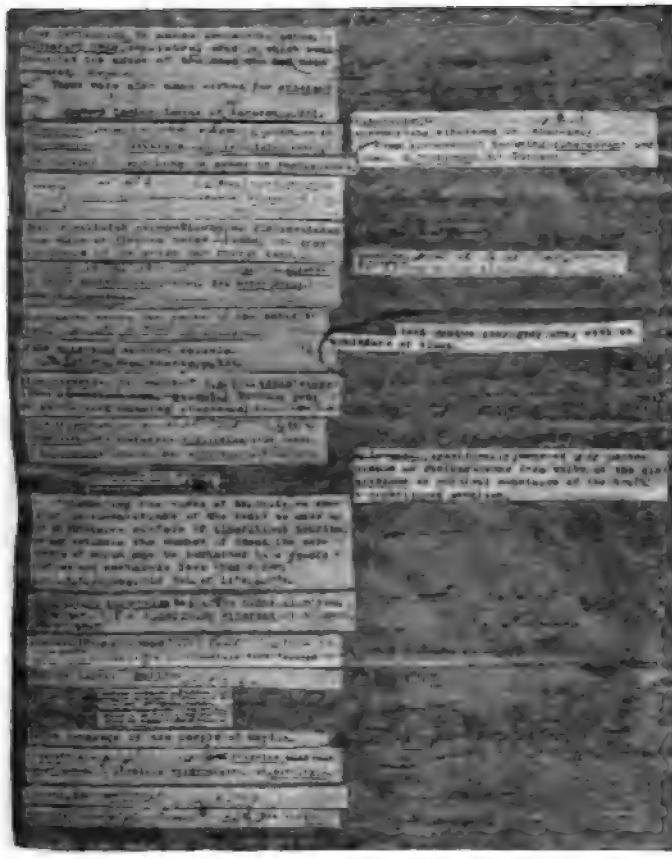
At last the copy was finished and sent to the printer, and when it was set up, one hundred and fifty persons read the proofs, Professor Whitney himself going over the first-galley, second-galley, first-page, and second-page proofs. On account of the difficulty of the work it was necessary to have a special proofreading force, both at the printer's and at The Century Company's

that covers the whole language from the earliest times to the present, and gives the latest and authoritative results of scholarly research in the origin, spelling, pronunciation and meaning of words. It gives every shade of meaning of every word, simplified by illustrations, quotations, and synonyms. No other work ever published contains so many quotations. The best known book of quotations has about 10,000—The Century has 300,000, gathered from every source, from the earliest writers to the newspapers of the present year, making it the greatest reference work for quotations, familiar and unfamiliar, in all literature.

In order that no single word or phrase, common or uncommon, ordinary or technical, should be omitted, many thousands of volumes, papers, reports and treatises, and even catalogues and advertisements were read, the result being that thousands of words which have never before appeared in any dictionary were found, and are given and defined with precision.

As an encyclopedia, The Century occupies a field peculiarly its own, and there is nothing in all the world of books to compare it with. The work covers far more ground than other encyclopedias, for, to the scientific knowledge generally found in such works, it adds the plain, practical, everyday knowledge which is usually omitted and which is really the information most sought for. Hence it becomes a work of the greatest value to everyone—merchant, manufacturer, teacher, professional men, or general reader. Its 150,000 Encyclopedic Articles cover the entire field of human knowledge and history, not in long, dry articles to be skimmed over in search of the desired piece of information, but in articles that go straight to the point, while its 8,000 illustrations are not only accurate, but are exquisite specimens of the engraver's art. These illustrations of animals, plants, musical instruments, machinery, antique vases and statues, buildings and monuments, are distributed throughout the work, each in its proper place with the article which it helps to describe. Taken together, these pictures would fill more than 500 royal quarto pages.

As an atlas, The Century is the latest and best published. The wonderful maps are new, and as authoritative and as comprehensive as the rest of the work. They cover the whole world thoroughly and with absolute correctness in every detail. The Atlas



The Century Co.

PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION OF PAGE OF COPY FOR THE CENTURY
DICTIONARY AND CYCLOPEDIA.

office. These men were paid much higher salaries than ordinary proofreaders receive. It is believed that no other work ever put through the press was so carefully read and corrected as "The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia."

The finished work marks the consummation of over eighteen years of labor and is the culmination of what is universally recognized as the greatest literary enterprise ever undertaken.

As a dictionary, the Century is not only the most comprehensive ever published, but it is the only one

Volume, in which all the maps have been gathered together for convenience, contains 120 double-page maps, 145 inset maps—including plans and cities—and 45 historical maps. It shows not only the existing political divisions of the earth, but gives numerous pages of the world's history from the earliest period to the present. Its index contains about 200,000 geographical entries, a number much larger than is to be found in any atlas or gazetteer ever before published. The maps are printed in from five to ten different colors and are a revelation of the modern map-maker's skill.

E. C. A.

The amount of local color in American fiction (outside of the newspapers) which is to be credited to the city of New York is not as surprising as the fact that a writer should have run down so many definite instances for the entertainment of story readers. Dividing his work into three parts, dealing first with "Old and Protestant New York," second "About Washington Square," and third "The New City and Suburban New

due to a lack of national experience, and that the obvious superiority of English literature is due to England's national experience. Books II. and III., dealing with the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, contain an elaboration of the same interesting comparative study, and include special chapters on Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin. Book IV. contains chapters on Charles Brockton Brown, Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Poe, and The Knickerbocker School. In Books V. and VI., on "The Renaissance of New England," there are discussions of the development of oratory, scholarship, Unitarianism, and Transcendentalism in New England, and special chapters on Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and Hawthorne. "The Rest of the Story" is the thoroughly characteristic way in which Mr. Wendell entitles Book VI. In this division there are chapters on the following subjects: New York Since 1857, Walt Whitman, Literature in the South, The West, and The Present Time. The last fifty pages are filled by an invaluable list of authorities and references, and an unusually good index.

Mr. Wendell has given a just and well-proportioned estimate of American literature as a whole. His book is exceedingly useful. J. M. S.

[*A Literary History of America.*
By Barrett Wendell. \$8.00.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.]



From "New York in Fiction," by Arthur B. Maurice.

Dodd, Mead & Co.

"VAN BIBBER AND THE SWAN BOATS."—RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

York," Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice, editor of *The Bookman*, shows us the hundred and one places, objects and scenes which Bunner, Crawford, Mrs. Barr, Ford, Howells, Warner, James, Cahan, Townsend, Davis, Matthews, Fawcett and others have made familiar. The Battery, the East Side, Washington Square, Bohemia, Greenwich Village, Fifth Avenue; Gramercy Park, Madison Square and Westchester gain new associations by this skilful presentation of their literary appearances. Incidentally, the author points to lost opportunities for the great American novelist in boarding-house life, law, politics, and civil war. Sixty-eight fine half-tones of the localities touched upon by the fiction writers help to make this volume highly attractive.

F. C. B.

[*New York in Fiction.* By Arthur Bartlett Maurice. \$1.35. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.]

In order to possess a balanced judgment of the literature of any people one must complement the study of special parts with a survey of the whole. Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard, in his "*Literary History of America*," has made this task much easier for students of American literature. His new work of 574 pages is divided into six parts. In Book I. seventeenth-century English history and English literature are compared with American history and American literature of the same period. In this part, and indeed throughout the volume, much stress is laid upon the claim that the commonplaceness of most American literature is

self a man of letters as well as a publisher, with the foremost writers of his day. Its present reappearance in sumptuous holiday guise is abundantly justified, not only by the perennial interest attaching to the memories it revives, but particularly by the portrait gallery now connected with the text and by facsimile pages from poems and letters written by those whose names are honored and dear wherever the English language has gone. The chapters are named for Thackeray, Hawthorne, Dickens, Wordsworth, Miss Milford, and Barry Cornwall, but the friends with whom each of these held converse gather in cheerful comradeship as the recital of reminiscence and anecdote flows smoothly on. It is one of those delightful books the very atmosphere of which speaks of intimate friendship with the best of one's own time and of a loving literary acquaintance with the best of times gone before. The mechanical appointments of the book are most elegant, thus harmonious with the high and happy society brought together in its pages.

A. E. H.

[*Yesterdays with Authors.* By James T. Fields. \$3.50. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

There is interest in the fact that nearly all of the great literary figures of America lived and worked within the clear remembrance of older people, and there is added contemporary interest because one of these older people, himself a very notable personage, has published his personal retrospect of American authorship. Mr. Howells counted among his earlier

friends and associates: Lowell, Hawthorne, Bayard Taylor, Emerson, Julia Ward Howe, Holmes, and a host of others. Of these men and women he writes, truly, "as no other living person could." His book has the charm that is born of judicious reminiscence. It is capital reading and could not fail to entertain anybody who maintains even a moderate knowledge of literary folks and events.

J. M. S.

[*Literary Friends and Acquaintance*. By William Dean Howells. Illustrated. \$2.50. New York: Harper & Brothers.]

Competent young writers who seriously desire to do something worth while along the line of the short story will do well to read Charles Raymond Barrett's "Short Story Writing." The author makes some very wise and remarkably practical suggestions. He defines the curious limitations and canons of this peculiar art form, the short story, in a clear and discriminating way. He classifies short stories, speaks helpfully of the selection of plots, talks judiciously of good and bad titles, of the use of facts, of character painting, of methods of narration, and of style. In the last chapter he gives sound advice on the quest of a market. Neither Mr. Barrett nor anyone else could turn the average man or woman into a successful short story writer, but Mr. Barrett can give a lot of good pointers.

J. M. S.

[*Short Story Writing*. By Charles Raymond Barrett. \$1.00. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.]

Each month in 1901 Harper & Brothers will publish a novel dealing with American life, written by an American author. The first of these stories, "Eastover Court House," depicts present-day life in Virginia. Hugh Carrington, the hero, is a young planter deep in debt, and with no settled purpose. He thinks himself in love with the young wife of General Tazewell, a typical southern politician, but gradually turns from her, and at length wins the affection of a young girl. After a time he is given a commission in the army, goes to the Philippines for a year, and returns to find the general dead, and Mrs. Tazewell in France,—the result is to be imagined. While it is a love story, it contains many exciting and laughable incidents, in the course of which the development of Carrington's character is well shown. In portraying the various characters, and in describing the life of a sleepy southern town and the neighboring plantations, the authors have done clever work. The story is full of life and action, and interest does not flag from beginning to end.

C. C. T.

[*Eastover Court House*. By Henry Burnham Boone and Kenneth Brown. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers.]

D. Appleton & Co. are publishing a series entitled

"Short Histories of the Literatures of the World," edited by Edmund Gosse. In this series "The History of Chinese Literature," by Herbert A. Giles, professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge, holds a conspicuous place. This book is one of unusual interest for three reasons: first, because it is a study in the literature of a nation which is peculiarly prominent just now; second, because it is the only history of Chinese literature in the world; third, because it is a scholarly and entertaining account of important facts which are not generally appreciated. The volume, one of some 450 pages, is divided into the following books: Book I., The Feudal Period (B. C. 600-200); Book II., The Han Dynasty (B. C. 200-A. D. 200); Book III., Minor Dynasties (A. D. 200-600); Book IV., The T'ang Dynasty (A. D. 600-900); Book V., The Sung Dynasty (A. D. 900-1200); Book VI., The Mongol Dynasty (A.D. 1200-1368); Book VII., The Ming Dynasty (1368-1644); Book VIII., The Manchu Dynasty (1644-1900).



From "Literary Friends and Acquaintance."

Harper & Brothers.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS AND BAYARD TAYLOR, 1860.

The story is told very largely in the sententious utterances of the Chinese themselves. The book

(Continued on page 108.)

BICYCLING.

ITS PROGRESS.—INCREASING POPULARITY.—A DIVERSION FOR WOMEN.—ITS FUTURE.

BY CHARLES S. WILLIAMS.

At first reading, the statement of physicians that the race of today is living longer than that of a generation ago, seems incredible. In fact, there exists an under-current of opinion among people in general that the race is constantly degenerating in age. Some people say that this degeneration started at the time of Methuselah, and that from the 900 and odd years of life which he enjoyed, the age limit has constantly decreased until today the statement that a man has reached the age of 90 is regarded by newspapers generally as worthy of a position in their columns. Especially has this been so of Americans. In the old country, a man might live to 100 or 112 and not excite any undue interest, but in America let him once reach the century limit, and every paper will refer to him as the oldest inhabitant. Of course, the hurry and rushed life which Americans lead has something to do with this, as has the climate and other natural conditions over which they have no control. When we review these facts, it is, of course, only natural that the average magazine reader should question the statement that we are living longer than the previous generation. Instinctively he asks, why is this? The only answer which physicians give this question is, that Americans are taking more out-door exercise today than formerly. When we review the various conditions under which Americans took their exercise during the last 25 years and compare it with the same record for the previous 25 or 50 years, there is one form of recreation which stands out with a clearness that demands consideration, namely cycling.*

Commencing in a small way with the old-fashioned high wheel, it has within the last 25 years gone through a series of evolutions which find their ideal in the Bevel-gear Chainless of today. The history of the decline of the old wheel and the rapid progress of the Safety bicycle into popularity is a story familiar to all readers of this article. The opposition which first faced the safety style of vehicle gave way as it became more widely known and utilized. In time the old wheel disappeared from the roads entirely, the Safety taking its place everywhere.

Cycling, as a sport, was in the "Seventies" confined exclusively to men. With the introduction of the Safety vehicle, women commenced riding it as a novelty. Gradually the opposition of parents, as well as that of both sexes, decreased. Today almost one woman in every family in the land rides a wheel.

Within the last 10 years the attention of the medical profession has been drawn to the fact that cycling is perhaps the best exercise that women could take.

It displaces horseback riding, because cycling requires the exercising of almost every muscle in the body. A woman returning from a ride on a bicycle feels refreshed, while her companion returning from a horse-back ride feels jaded and tired in every muscle. Americans have never been great walkers; therefore, there was no sport, with the exception of horseback riding, which called for any long exposure in the open air. The bicycle has readily filled the long felt want which

physicians searched for in vain. Many women who suffered from what they believed to be chronic ailments really were suffering from a lack of fresh air. Advise as strongly as they could, physicians were unable to keep their patients in the open air during the three or four hours a day which it was necessary they should stay, in order to return them to health and strength. No outdoor form of exercise could be discovered which would occupy the mind for any given length of time. Cycling is the one recreation which requires the constant attention of the individual. Whether it be on a country road, city street or in the arena of a regimental armory, the rider must constantly keep her mind upon the road in each case. If one is riding in the city, whether on the street or through the park, her mind is constantly occupied by the rapidly passing panorama of events which go by with almost railroad speed rapidity. Here a beautiful wheel, there a beautiful bend in the road, and then again a handsome horse, a beautiful house, or a crowd of citizens collected around a fallen horse. Each and all of these events tend to keep the mind of the rider occupied.

As the effort necessary to propel the bicycle is just violent enough to keep the blood constantly in circulation, and causes the lungs to move fast enough to keep them constantly filled with pure fresh air, it would indeed be a miracle if any other effects could follow such effort beyond the perfect health, increased appetite and renewed interest in things general, which are familiar to every rider of the bicycle.

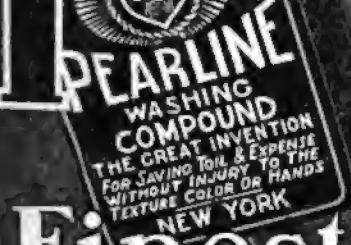
Like everything else, the bicycle has its evils. If ridden just enough, it will benefit people more than all the tonics in the local drug store. If ridden too much, it will leave the same effects as in the poison sold therein. There is a limit, and that limit is a happy medium which exists in all walks of life, whether it be working, sleeping, eating or pleasure. The pleasures from cycling are many. They are practically limitless. Every day opens some new form of enjoyment, and every ride adds but to your increasing interest in the sport.

There is a peculiar human interest connected with it that appeals at once to all individuals, no matter how much opposed they were to the wheel before they adopted it as a vehicle of pleasure. The people who in the days of its infancy as a sport were most opposed to it as a vehicle of pleasure for women, have come around to view it as the best exercise which they can encourage their wives and daughters to participate in. The past history of cycling for women has been the story of steady progress. The future, judging by present indications, bids fair to rival the past in the progress that will be made in coming years.

The bevel-gear chainless type of wheel is in itself a step that will increase the popularity of the sport among women, as it does away with the dirt, grease, cleaning, and catching of skirts incidental to chain wheels, as well as reducing the amount of effort necessary to propel the machine. In future years this style of machine will completely supersede the chain wheel of today.

*"Eight years of bicycle riding has taught me a great many things about the judicious use of this means of exercise, that it would pay most women to know. I had made a study of the bicycle before riding it; a study from the point of view of its effect upon the health. . . . The beneficial effects of cycling cannot be too highly spoken of. Many ailments can be cured by judicious bicycle riding. All nervous troubles, torpid liver, anæmia, and chronic rheumatism; in fact, there is no chronic ailment so severe that the persistent riding of a bicycle will not effect a cure or palliate. The daily ride is a great thing."—MRS. MARY EASTON, M. D.

Pearline



Finest Things



-it's safe
and needs no
rubbing.

Coarser Things



-it's sure
and makes work
easy.

..... If this isn't true,
millions of people have been
fooled billions of times.



(Continued from page 105.)

abounds in quotations from the writers of all periods. The proverbs and maxims quoted here and there are most interesting. The book is exceedingly profitable.

J. M. S.

[A History of Chinese Literature. By Herbert A. Giles. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.]

An excellent "Short History of French Literature" has recently been written by L. E. Kastner and H. G. Atkins. The book, one of 306 pages, is intended to be much more comprehensive than a primer, and much more useful than some of the larger works. The volume is divided into six books, and these books are subdivided into periods and chapters. The writers of first importance are discussed at some length. Those of little importance, when introduced at all, are discussed briefly in smaller type, which "serves the double purpose of indicating their relative position and of economizing considerable space." Brief biographies and summaries of the various authors' works are included. This book is well proportioned and of value.

J. M. S.

[Short History of French Literature. By L. E. Kastner and H. G. Atkins. New York: Henry Holt & Co.]

The Macmillan Company has published an abridged edition of Sidney Lee's valuable and well-known "Life of Shakespeare." This edition "is designed for the use of students and general readers who seek a complete and accurate account of the great dramatist's career and achievement in a small space at a moderate cost." The plan thus set forth in the preface is admirably carried out.

J. M. S.

[Shakespeare's Life and Work. By Sidney Lee. \$80. New York: The Macmillan Co.]

McClure, Phillips & Co. have published Richard Mansfield's acting version of Shakespeare's "King Henry V." This edition contains Mr. Mansfield's arrangement of the play, an old picture of Henry V., a portrait of Mr. Mansfield as Henry, and an introduction by the actor. The book is valuable to all who are interested in studying the treatment a Shakespearean play must undergo before it is ready for the stage of today.

J. M. S.

[The Richard Mansfield Acting Version of King Henry V. .50. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.]

For intelligent use of type faces, makeup and book-covering, the E. H. Sothern Acting Version of "Hamlet," issued by McClure, Phillips & Co. is exceptional. Scenes from the play, as produced by Mr. Sothern this season, are reproduced in half-tone, eight of which show Mr. Sothern and Miss Harned as Hamlet and Ophelia, the rest exhibiting whole scenes in the play. The striking cover design is a representation, in six colors on imitation Japan vellum, of the burial of Ophelia. This volume is a fitting souvenir of a notable Shakespeare revival.

[Hamlet. A Tragedy. By William Shakespeare. The E. H. Sothern Acting Version. .50. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.]

Boswell's "Life of Johnson" has been reprinted in thoroughly useful form by the Macmillan Company in the new series, the "Library of English Classics." This edition, which is in three volumes, is reprinted from that prepared by Mr. Mowbray Morris for the

Messrs. Macmillan's "Globe" set in 1893. Among those in the same series is an edition of Bacon's Essays and Advancement of Learning.

J. M. S.

[The Life of Samuel Johnson. By James Boswell. 3 vols. \$1.50 a volume. Essays and Advancement of Learning. By Francis Bacon. \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Co.]

The works of Mrs. Browning, as presented in the handsome Cambridge edition, are furnished with a sympathetic biographical sketch and with notes of special aid and value to the student. The appendix, moreover, contains certain prose studies which illustrate the intense and devout quality of her thought. The vignette on the engraved title-page facing the portrait shows the windows of Casa Guidi.

A. E. H.

[Complete Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Cambridge Edition. \$2.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Charles Scribner's Sons have published a volume containing twelve papers by Brander Matthews. The book is called "The Historical Novel and Other Essays." Several of the papers have been given publicity elsewhere. These essays are full of interest; two entitled "New Trials for Old Favorites" and "Literature as a Profession" are especially attractive. The paper on H. C. Bunner, late editor of *Puck*, is most interesting and appreciative. Of course Professor Matthews's discussion of "The Historical Novel," of "Romance against Romanticism," and of "The Study of Fiction," is of first importance to the student.

J. M. S.

[The Historical Novel and Other Essays. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.]

Edmund H. Garrett in "The Pilgrim Shore" has done for the South shore of Massachusetts bay what he did for the North shore in "The Puritan Coast," and the books supplement each other. He has used the history and traditions of the old Pilgrim towns to make the book thoroughly interesting. At the same time he has shown that the coast is not always bleak and wintry such as we associate with the pilgrims, but that it is far otherwise "when summer clothes it in genial and smiling beauty." The book has a colored frontispiece and is made very attractive with "little picturings drawn from nature, or from fancy by the writer."

S. D. N.

[The Pilgrim Shore. By Edmund H. Garrett. \$2.00. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.]

The story of "The Archbishop and the Lady" opens attractively with an interesting description of an old French abbey, where a wholesome American is visiting a vain, unscrupulous, husband-hunting widow. As the hero proceeds to fall in love with the widow's irresistible daughter, who is married to a deep-dyed villain; and as the pages offer as a background secret stairways, midnight rappings, a diabolic priest, the manufacture of infernal machines, the blowing up of steamers, suicide, and murder, the interest wanes from over-stimulus. The fact that in many instances the language and the events are too lurid and highly colored to tally with the reader's idea of the natural and the inevitable, seriously mars the effect of what promised in the beginning to be a pleasing story.

M. E. R.

[The Archbishop and the Lady. By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.]

With the calendar's official announcement that spring has returned to the place royal whence she reigns with the happy consent of the governed, literature of the garden becomes a seasonable delight, even to those who do their gardening vicariously from the depths of

van Houten's Cocoa



Van Houten's Cocoa, the Best for Children.

The extremely nourishing qualities of Van Houten's Cocoa recommend it for children. It is a powerful aid in promoting the growth and strength of the young. It furnishes the necessary material for forming blood, brain, bone and muscle. Children and adults love it, because it is so nice. Suitable at all times, in all places, at all seasons, and easily and rapidly made ready. If "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," then also the mothers who nourish their children with Van Houten's Cocoa, lay the foundation for a future sturdy nation.

Don't forget to order it from the Grocery Stores next time.

easy chairs in libraries or on verandas. Literary probabilities indicate that the garden club will be more the vogue than ever before. Among the volumes contributing to this pleasing lore a place of honor should be reserved for "A Garden of Simples," so named for the first of a score of papers treating of the delights for the seeing eye and the open mind so generously dispensed by garden, field, and country roadside. "Leaves of healing" diffuse aromatic odors between the lines of prose painting and poetry, mingled with perfumes from the flowers linked by tradition with sacred shrines and festival days. Moreover, the flowers held so dear by poets of the elder days, who transplanted them, fadeless, into the courts, groves, and gardens of fancy, have been deftly gathered into garlands that seem to bring the presence of their poet-lovers near. The external appointments of the book are in harmony with the rare quality of learning, unusual breadth and depth of research, and the grace of diction that characterize the essays. A. E. H.

[*A Garden of Simples.* By Martha Bockée Flint. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.]

When an author whose style includes with other gifts and graces a sound of music and a glow of color in its literary quality, is so happily circumstanced as to evade the winter in his year by annual visits to the Gulf shore, we need no assurance before beginning to read the dozen or more papers gathered up in token of flower and fruit from his "Winter Garden" that we shall find therein a sunny charm against winter at northern exposures, and a harmony for the out-door gladness that summer carries everywhere. But this "nature-lover under southern skies" also provides for us archery in company with Roger Ascham, the Doric flute-notes of Theocritus overflow to us from a hammock swaying amid vernal tangles, and Montaigne gossips cheerfully under the tent-roof of a dogwood-tree in bloom, so that old-world thought comes to us in a new-world version whose tone is expressive of the vacation mood and a balmy climate. A. E. H.

[*My Winter Garden.* By Maurice Thompson. \$1.50. New York: The Century Co.]

Following the general plan of two former popular works edited by Miss Singleton and presented with the same external attractiveness, the "Wonders of Nature" contains descriptions of the grand, the curious, and the awe-inspiring in nature, compiled from the records of famous writers, some of whom did their writing with the standard of aesthetic appreciation continually in mind, some with the gaiety of the care-free holiday spirit, and some chiefly "in terms of the palette." The book contains forty-three sketches, each illustrated, descriptive of natural beauty or sublimity in all parts of the world. A. E. H.

[*Wonders of Nature. As Seen and Described by Famous Writers.* Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. \$2.00. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.]

There is a quaintness in the title "The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts" that takes the attention pleasantly. The inscription, "In loving memory of a friendly beast," and the explanatory quotation from an oldtime lover of our "little brothers" in field and wood increase our faith that the book will be found of interest and helpfulness to the youthful readers for whom it is chiefly intended. Its twenty sketches repeat pretty or touching legends, the reading of which can but strengthen the bond of affectionate comradeship between the "little folk in fur and fin and feather" and their human friends. A. E. H.

[*The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts.* By Abbie Farwell Brown. \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

If it be indeed true, as we are told by an honored authority, that "many American children — and grown people, too — who are fairly intimate with lions and elephants could not tell a woodchuck from a chipmunk," then Mr. John Burroughs should be chided for not having sent forth long ago the papers included in his recent little volume, "Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers," papers written with his accustomed charm of style, and relating his friendly observations on certain shy, clever, bright-eyed little neighbors of those of us fortunate enough to live in the country. The fifteen chapters treat of nearly as many of the smaller mammals, and are accompanied by fifteen reproductions of colored plates by Audubon. A red fox done from life appeals to our regard in the frontispiece. A. E. H.

[*Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers.* By John Burroughs. \$1.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

The little lady who in Miss Shinn's "Biography" unconsciously contributes to phylogenetic knowledge by being the subject of her aunt's ontogenetic study, was doubtless just as winsome and lovable under scientific observation as she would have been without it, and the book is a distinct contribution to the records of infant psychology, and is of both practical and suggestive value. It is a study of the growth of consciousness during the first year of a child's life, tracing the development of sight and hearing, of talking and voluntary motion, along with the awakening to sensation, emotion, and intelligence. Miss Shinn has unusual qualifications for this line of work and previous studies by her in this province of knowledge have received high commendation from foreign scientists. A. E. H.

[*The Biography of a Baby.* By Milicent W. Shinn. \$1.50. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Of that which has been written on the subject of child study, the greater part refers to the period of infancy, rather than school age. An addition to the books on this subject has been made by Margaret McMillan, in her book, "Early Childhood," which deals largely with the primary education of the child. Among the special points dealt with are: "Impressions, movements, arm and manual training, moral training, literature for children, the feeble-minded child, and the cost of mental effort." The work recommended is such as would serve to correlate the child with life, by such means as bodily activity free and directed, freedom of expression both physical and mental, and the doctrine of interest. Especial emphasis is placed upon large movements, correct breathing and the injurious effects of mouth-breathing, voluntary and involuntary attention. The book has many suggestions for those who have to do with small children. R. E. D.

[*Early Childhood.* By Margaret McMillan. \$1.50. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.]

Books on etiquette are of value to a great many people in so far as they enter into the details of good social usage. Emily Holt's "Encyclopedia of Etiquette" bears the test of this standard, covering social requirements of almost every conceivable kind. The practical character of the work is shown, for instance, by explicit instructions regarding the proper dress for both men and women for all the various social occasions; the arrangement of parlors, drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, and cloak-room for all kinds of social gatherings; the decorations, refreshments, and forms of entertainment suitable for each of such gatherings, and the proper duty and bearing of servants in the reception and care of guests. Nine illustrations and an index are included in the volume. F. C. B.

[*Encyclopædia of Etiquette.* By Emily Holt. \$2.00. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.]



SHE: "It's Uncle John and Aunt Mary. Now what's to be done? The cook is out you know."

HE: "Oh! throw something together. Anything will do for Sunday night supper."

SHE: "'Anything will do!' Uncle John thinks more of his meals than he does of his money, and you know I can't cook!"

HE: "Yes, I *do* know! But you have some of Libby's good things and that little book about preparing Libby's cooked and ready-to-serve foods."

SHE: "Oh! I never thought! You open a can of Melrose Pate'. I'll cream it in the chafing dish, and there's one can of Chicken Loaf; we'll have that cold. With the Deviled Ham for sandwiches, we'll have a feast, and Uncle John will imagine himself at a banquet."

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The "Royal Baker and Pastry Cook"—containing over 800 most practical and valuable cooking receipts—free to every patron. Send postal card with your full address.

Alum is used in some baking powders, and in most of the so-called phosphate powders, because it is cheap, and makes a cheaper powder. But alum is a corrosive poison which, taken in food, acts injuriously upon the stomach, liver and kidneys.

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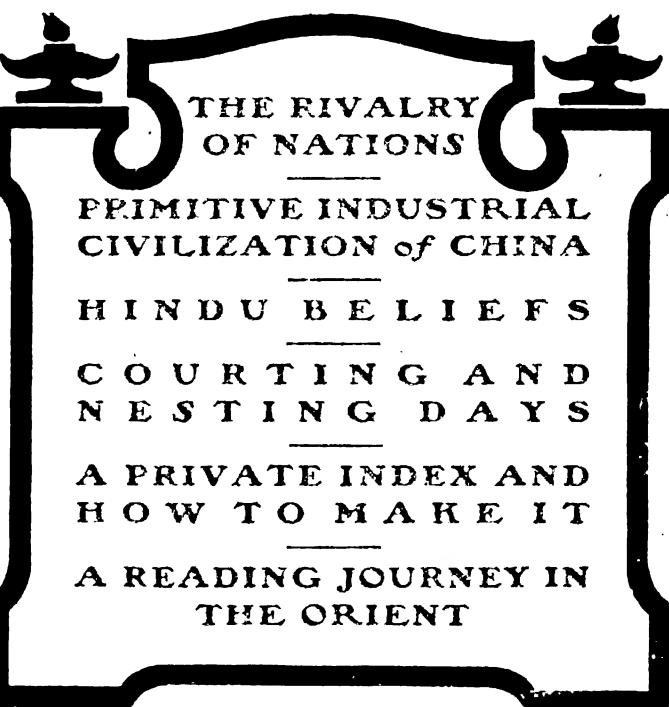
1901

The CHAUTAUQUAN

*A Magazine for
Self-education*



APR. 25 '01



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THE CHAUTAUQUAN,

A Monthly Magazine for Self-Education.

FRANK CHAPIN BRAY, Editor.

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CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY:

BUREAU OF PUBLICATION: WILLIAM S. BAILEY, Director.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Entered according to Act of Congress, May, 1901, by CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

Yearly Subscription, \$2.00. Single Copies, 20c.

Entered at Cleveland Post-Office as Second-class Mail Matter.





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THE CHAUTAUQUAN,

A Monthly Magazine for Self-Education.

APR 26 1901

VOL. XXXIII.

MAY, 1901.

No. 2.

Highway & Byway



WHAT next in China? The imperial government has yielded to the concert of the powers in the matter of punishment, and all the high officials condemned to the death penalty in the joint note either have been or are to be executed. Twelve men were named in the note, but Prince Tuan and his chief accomplice, Duke Lan, were to have their sentences commuted to degradation and banishment. Three of the twelve were dead, but their names were inserted for the "moral effect" of the sentences upon the multitude. Some were to be permitted to commit suicide, and only three were to be publicly decapitated. In February, as the readers know, Hsu Chen Yu and Ki Hain, high officials who had led the Boxers in the attacks upon the legations, were beheaded at Peking upon the very spot where, last summer, they had put to death four members of the foreign office for favoring the aliens and seeking to protect them. Field Marshal Waldersee had planned a military expedition into the interior to capture the court and bring it to Peking, but the executions caused him to postpone the projected raid indefinitely. The United States would not have joined such an expedition.

The Chinese government has submitted to another demand—the suspension of examinations for the civil service in the districts where foreigners have been assailed and maltreated. The question is therefore asked in diplomatic and political circles, What is to be the next move of the allied powers? There are disquieting reports that more blood will be demanded—executions of provincial officials who aided or led the Boxers, but it is understood that the United States, Russia, and Japan will oppose such demands. But an agreement must be reached upon pecuniary indemnities. What is to be the aggregate amount, and how is it to be apportioned? How is China to pay it? Sir Robert

Hart believes that \$300,000,000 is the maximum figure China is able to raise. It is feared that Germany will demand extravagant indemnities, and compel China to make territorial concessions in lieu of cash. But would this be approved by the concert? Would it not violate the principle accepted at the outset, the integrity of China and equal opportunities to all in her markets?

Foreseeing this complication, Secretary Hay addressed a note to the powers suggesting an agreement against private settlements with China and against the seeking of franchises or territory as compensation. The danger of land grabbing is by no means removed, and it will be the special task of the United States to enforce moderation in the pecuniary demands upon China. Russia has practically annexed Manchuria (though she protests the occupation is only temporary) and will support this government in preventing further alienation of territory. The Manchurian question has, indeed, overshadowed every other, and there have been sensational reports of serious differences threatening the collapse of the concert, and even war between Russia and Japan. It is stated that existing commercial rights and privileges will be respected by Russia, and the "door" will be kept "open." A very difficult problem is to be dealt with, and both the good faith and the statesmanship of the powers will be put to a severe test. The United States will be represented by Commissioner W. W. Rockhill, Minister Conger having secured a leave of absence and contemplating a long vacation (some believe retirement from the position). Mr. Rockhill favors leniency.



The Russo-Chinese treaty, the subject of agitation and apprehension for weeks, has finally been withdrawn. Owing to the oppo-

sition of the powers and the belligerent attitude of Japan (which even at this writing is apparently ready to declare war on Russia in order to prevent the annexation by her of Manchuria) the Chinese government found the courage to decline acceptance of the treaty, even as modified by Russia. The official organ of the tsar's government published a long "explanation" of the diplomatic controversy, intimating that Russia blamed the powers for the failure of her attempt to solve the Manchurian problem. Immediate evacuation, the statement declared, was impossible, and Russia, true to her original pledges and non-aggressive purposes,



MAJOR-GENERAL A. R.
CHAFFEE,
Commanding the American
Troops in Peking.

desired a *modus vivendi* which would have enabled her to turn the province gradually over to the civil and military control of China. That having failed, the statement continues, matters must remain *in statu quo*. The intention to retire "can only be carried out when the normal situation is completely restored, and the central government established at Peking is strong enough to afford the necessary guaranties against a recurrence of disorder and assaults upon the property of Russian subjects." The statement concludes with these somewhat laconic, if not ironical words: "While the Russian government maintains its present organization in Manchuria, to preserve order in the vicinity of the broad frontiers of Russia, . . . it will quietly await the further course of events."

The general construction, and the correct one, put upon these words is that, though the treaty had to be abandoned, Manchuria will remain indefinitely under Russian control. Russia will decide when pacification is complete enough to permit evacuation—and that decision may never be reached. We must remember England's experience in Egypt. There is no practical change in the situation in the far East. Manchuria is now under Russian rule, and will probably never revert to China. Will the powers be satisfied with their barren diplomatic victory?

Will Japan acquiesce? Time will tell.

To Mark Twain's sojourn in Vienna a few years ago we are indebted for one of his most graphic descriptive articles, in which with great fidelity he reported a cyclonic session of the reichsrath of Austria-Hungary. The strife of parties has become so bitter in that misnamed "deliberative assembly" that all the rules of parliamentary order have been violated; even the principles of common decency have been disregarded. Day after day and week after week a small group of vociferating and desk-pounding delegates has been able to obstruct completely the progress of business. The utmost political enmity exists between the pan-Germans and the Czechs. The Hapsburg dual monarchy is bound together by the frailest of personal ties, and as the aged Emperor-King Franz Josef nears the bound of life, the divisive forces in the realm gain strength. The Germans are captivated by the idea of an all-Teutonic empire, and are bent upon having the German lands and peoples of Austria annexed to the empire of Kaiser Wilhelm II. The Czechs of Bohemia have the union of the Slavs at heart. They favor a Russian alliance for



QUITE AT HOME.

BRITISH AND GERMAN ALLIES:—"Hi! What are you doing there?"

RUSSIAN COSSACK:—"I'm the man in possession! Are you going to turn me out?"

BOTH (*hesitating*):—"N-N-No. No. We only asked."

RUSSIAN COSSACK:—"Then you know." [Goes on smoking.]

—London Punch.

the present, and the ultimate amalgamation of Slavic Austria with the tsar's domain. Hungary, again, feels quite competent to manage her own affairs, and there is yet an "Italy unredeemed" about the head of the Adriatic whose inhabitants would gladly exchange the Austrian tax-gatherer for the one from Rome. At a recent uproarious session of the reichsrath a noisy Czech member named Silenz taunted his German colleagues with squinting toward Germany. At this Herr Stein shouted back, "We do not squint, we look; we are as eager to join Germany as you Russia," following this with the frank avowal that his party hoped for a consolidation with the German empire. Herr Silenz declared that the Triple Alliance was a failure so far as Austria was concerned. She would have been better off with Russia at her back. "Say openly that you wish to belong to Russia," demanded the German, and when Silenz protested his patriotism, Stein remarked, "Any one remaining a good patriot in Austria now is a fool."



While the Triple Alliance, which Bismarck forged with so much labor and which proved so useful to him in his plans for the aggrandizement of Prussia and less directly of Germany, is thus threatened with the loss of one of its members, a fresh element of disintegration is developing in another quarter. It is generally conceded that as long as Franz Josef survives there will be no disturbance of the present status, but the advanced age of

the venerable monarch is stimulating active speculation as to the probable rearrangements which his death will precipitate. The accession of a young, energetic, and ambitious sovereign to the throne of Italy has given a new turn to the policy of that kingdom. The alliance

with the Teuton has served its turn. It served Bismarck by tying one hand of France in 1870, and the first Victor Emmanuel took his profit when Rome, no longer garrisoned by the troops of Napoleon III., fell helplessly into his hands to become the capital of United Italy. Now there are signs that Italy would prefer an alliance with France and Russia to the old compact with the two kaisers.

(Continued on page 116)



ROBERT S. McCORMICK,
New United States Minister
to Austria.



STOP THIEF! STOP THIEF!!
Don't they need a bigger policeman on that beat?
—Minneapolis Journal.

In these days of wars and rumors of wars, it is interesting to note that the Permanent Court of Arbitration, which the convention at The Hague provided for in July, 1899, has been completely organized. The forty-nine members appointed represent fifteen nations. Austria-Hungary, Belgium, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, The Netherlands, Roumania, Russia, and the United States have four members each; Sweden-Norway and Japan have two members each; Spain has three members; and Portugal and Denmark have one member each. The first secretary of the court is J. J. Rochussen. The second secretary of the court is Jonkherr W. Roell. The members of the court from the United States are Chief-Justice Melville W. Fuller, Attorney-General John W. Griggs, and United States Circuit Judge George Gray.

Ex-President Benjamin Harrison, who recently died at his home in Indianapolis, was

a member of this court. His successor has not yet been named.



The net result of the [redacted] diplomatic negotiations concerning the Nicaragua ship canal is the revival of the Clayton-Bulwer convention of 1850, and the recognition by our government of its binding force and quality. The attempt to secure a modification thereof has failed completely. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty would have enabled the United States to construct, operate, and control the projected isthmian canal, subject to the sole requirement of absolute neutrality at all times. But our senate was opposed

to the limitations which that treaty imposed upon our control, and demanded an "all-American" canal—that is, a canal which the United States might close to an enemy or prospective enemy in time of war or apprehension of international complications.

It will be recalled that the senate radically amended the Hay-Pauncefote instrument. It adopted a proviso reserving to the United States the right to protect the canal by its own forces, and to maintain public order. It eliminated the clause requiring the adhesion and sanction of the treaty by the other civilized powers of the world. Finally, it inserted a clause abrogating so much of the Clayton-Bulwer convention as was not expressly modified, re-enacted, or superseded by the new treaty.

While these amendments were somewhat ambiguous in their phraseology, it was generally understood that their effect, as well as their purpose, was to do away with the obligation of *neutrality*, and to convert the canal into a "part of the American sea coast line," as the phrase is. The British government adopted this popular construction of the amendments and, after allowing the Hay-Pauncefote treaty to lapse by its own time limit for ratification, communicated to our state department its reasons for refusing to accept the instrument in its new form. The statement was signed by Lord Lansdowne, the minister of foreign affairs, and

was friendly, reasonable, and argumentative.

Lord Lansdowne reminds the state department that when it originally requested Great Britain to consent to a modification of the Clayton-Bulwer convention, it distinctly declared that it only desired such changes as, "without affecting the general principle [neutrality of the canal] therein declared, would enable the great object in view to be accomplished for the benefit of the commerce of the world." He further states that, in view of the failure of the Anglo-Canadian-American commission to settle the outstanding difficulties between the two governments, Great Britain was at first disinclined to make any gratuitous concession at all, but that finally it resolved to subscribe to Secretary Hay's proposals "as a signal proof of its friendly disposition." He proceeds to analyze the senate amendments and to show that they are inconsistent with the neutral character which has always been sought for the canal. Great Britain, he concludes by saying, is ready to consider in a spirit of comity any reasonable amendment of the original convention, but the neutrality principle is deemed essential, and will not be waived or surrendered.

It is evident that the whole question will have to be restudied. The administration would be entirely willing to agree upon a neutral canal under American control, but the senate may decline to ratify any treaty short of that guaranteeing an all-American canal. Several senators favor the passage of a resolution declaring the Clayton-Bulwer convention abrogated. Such a step would, of course, be regarded as unfriendly and



CHANGING REMEDIES.

—Minneapolis Tribune.

(Copyright by Elmer Chickering, Boston.)

GEORGE VON L. MEYER,
New Ambassador to Italy.

improper by Great Britain, but she would do nothing to prevent us from constructing a canal without reference to her and to Europe's desire for neutrality. The question for Americans to consider is whether abrogation of the old convention without the consent of the other contracting party would be consistent with national honor and good faith, and whether vital national interests really demand the repudiation of the principle upon which the Suez canal is operated to universal satisfaction. The great subject will have ample consideration in the next congress.

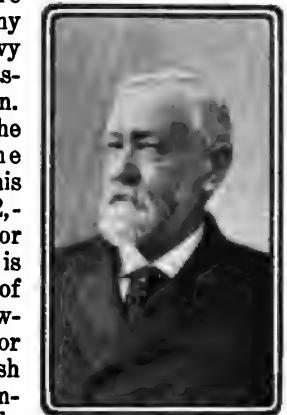


Recent and apparently reliable information indicates that the sale of the Danish West Indies to this country is about to be successfully accomplished. The islands—St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix—belong to the Virgin Island group lying to the east of Porto Rico. They have an area of about one hundred and twenty-five square miles, and a population of the usual West Indian sort, of about thirty-five thousand. The successful termination of negotiations between the United States and Denmark for the transfer of these three specks of the Lesser Antilles brings a long and interesting chapter of our international relations to a close. It was in 1867 that William H. Seward, then secretary of state, signed a treaty with Denmark transferring the islands to the sovereignty of the United States, the price being fixed at \$7,500,000. The negotiations had been conducted at Copenhagen, and were kept secret. Commissions representing the contracting nations were sent to the islands, the leading inhabitants were assembled at the government house, the proclamation of the king was read, announcing the transfer and bidding farewell to his island subjects, and the whole affair would have gone through according to the program had not a merchant who was enjoying a valuable monopoly filed a vigorous protest, and demanded that St. Thomas be made a free port as a condition of the transfer. The Danish commissioners were inclined to defer the ratification of the bargain until they had made an effort to secure the concession from the United States. The negotiations were suspended, and the whole matter was referred to Washington. Secretary Seward was unable to officially recognize the Danish commissioners, who were plainly exceeding their authority in endeavoring to continue the negotiations at Washington, but the matter became public, and when Senator Sumner of Massachusetts arrayed himself against the project, the negotiations

were suspended, in spite of the fact that a large majority of the inhabitants of the island had voted in favor of the transfer.

It was not strange that Denmark felt aggrieved at the failure of the treaty, especially as the price agreed upon was a generous one, and the islands had for many years been a heavy drain upon the treasury at Copenhagen. It is stated that the transfer of the islands will cost this country about 12,000,000 kroner, or \$3,240,000, which is less than one-half of what Secretary Seward agreed to pay for them. The Danish parliamentary committee which recently reported a bill favoring the sale advised

the imposition as a condition that the people of the islands be permitted to vote on the question of the transfer, and that the sale be contingent upon a favorable vote. A St. Thomas newspaper has recently declared that the islanders "do not want to be sold," but the early disposition of the islands to some other power is practically assured, as Denmark is wearied with the financial burden resulting from the possession of these dependencies which are of no particular value to her, and which may be of great strategic value to some other nation. It should be stated that the newspaper which has been shouting "We do not want to be sold," is supported financially by a Dane who enjoys a rich monopoly. It is edited by a colored man.



THE LATE
BENJAMIN HARRISON.



Not only the professed friend of the negro, but all who have given serious thought to the problem of his political and social condition in America, have learned to look for hopeful signs in the annual reports of President Booker T. Washington of the Tuskegee (Alabama) Normal and Industrial Institute. In addition to the record of accessions to the property of the school and the constant extension of its scope within the past year—it now numbers 1,164 students and 88 officers and teachers, giving training in 26 industries—the negro leader gives emphatic expression to his theory of the education suitable for his race at the present juncture.

He thinks his people have not yet reached the point where mere book-learning will meet their needs. The colored man must not pursue the ideal of an academic education to the neglect of the humble opportunities of self-support which lie right about his door. In his plain Anglo-Saxon, "time has been lost and money spent in vain, because too many have not been educated with the idea of fitting them to do well, things that they could get to do. . . . In too many cases where mere literary education alone has been given the negro youth, it has resulted in an exaggerated estimate of his importance in the world and an increase of wants which his education has not fitted him to supply." Continuing, he deals very sensibly with the common question, Should not the negro be encouraged to prepare himself for any station in life that any other race fills?

"I would say, yes; but the surest way for the negro to reach the highest positions is to fill well at the present time what are termed by the world the more humble positions. This will give him a foundation upon which to stand while securing what is called the more exalted positions. The negro has the right to study law, but in the end we shall succeed soonest in producing a number of successful lawyers by preparing first a large number of intelligent, thrifty farmers, mechanics, and housekeepers to support the lawyers. The want of proper direction of the use of the negro's education results in tempting too many to live mainly by their wits, without producing anything that is of real value to the world, or to live merely by politics. The negro has the right to enter politics, but I believe that his surest road to political preferment that will mean anything is to make himself of such supreme service to the community in which he lives that political honors will in time be conferred upon him.

"Almost from the beginning this institution has kept in mind the giving of thorough mental and religious training, and at the same time, along with it, such industrial training as would enable the student to appreciate the dignity of labor and become self-supporting and valuable as a producing factor, keeping in mind the occupations open in the south for employment."

The personality of Emilio Aguinaldo, the Filipino leader made prisoner on March 23, has been much discussed. It is well established that he is not a half-breed, but the son of native Filipinos (Malays), his father occupying an office corresponding to mayor of a town. His education was obtained in Cavite, the Dominican University in Manila, and a Jesuit normal school. He was twenty-five years old when he became mayor of Cavite, and two years later led the Filipino insurrection of 1896, which forced Spain to promise a large indemnity. The exact relations between Aguinaldo and the United States up to the date of armed conflict a little over two years ago will undoubtedly be dispassionately revealed in the course of

time. At the age of thirty-two he is a prisoner of international note whose capture by stratagem makes a military hero of General Funston of the United States Volunteers.



A bulletin recently issued by the Department of Labor contains a statement of the prices of commodities and rates of wages in Manila. The table of prices shows the retail prices of about ninety articles in common use in the homes of workmen, distinction being made between articles used by the whites, by the natives, and by the Chinese. The prices quoted are in gold, and are just half the prices in silver, which is used in the actual transactions. Among other commodities, bread is listed at four cents a pound, coffee not roasted twenty cents a pound, eggs twenty cents a dozen, bananas four cents a dozen, oranges five cents a dozen, turkeys three dollars each, brown sugar seven and one-half cents a pound, tobacco twenty-five cents a pound, potatoes five cents a pound, and European matches one cent a box.

The table of rates of wages shows the wages paid for each occupation in 664 establishments, covering sixty-nine distinct industries. The whole number of employees in these establishments is 22,155—187 whites, 17,317 natives, and 4,651 Chinese. The rate of wages is given in gold. White master bakers work twelve hours a day, and receive forty dollars a month and their meals; Chinese and native workmen are paid from four to nine dollars a month, besides their meals. White barbers are paid a dollar a day, while natives receive half as much. Native master bookbinders are paid one dollar for ten hours' work; ordinary workmen in the same line receive from twelve and one-half to fifty cents a day, including board. Master carpenters are paid a dollar and a half for a day's work. In the printing offices native compositors work eight hours a day for from six to seventeen and one-half dollars a month; white master printers are paid thirty dollars a month.

It is stated that in Manila organization and specialization do not exist to such an extent as in the United States, and in many establishments a workman performs any class of work he may be called upon to do. In general, however, the data are comparable to like data relating to similar occupations in the United States.



According to authoritative announcements, the government of Canada has decided to nationalize the telegraphs and telephones of

the Dominion. The business elements are said to be nearly unanimous in support of this reform. The government counts on an annual surplus of some seven million dollars, and its income is increasing under the unusual prosperity of the country. It has therefore become possible to take the step contemplated for years, but heretofore precluded by lack of available funds. The government already operates some small telegraphic lines, and not unsuccessfully. The telephones, if taken over at the same time as the telegraph, will be placed in the hands of the respective municipalities, to be managed by them. It is hardly necessary to add that the employees of the companies are anxious to become the servants of the state, knowing, as they do, that from the government they would secure better terms and greater consideration.

Canada is only following the example of Great Britain in this respect. The telegraph was nationalized in England about thirty years ago, and while there have been complaints of inefficiency, red tape, and lack of progressive spirit on the part of the Post-Office Department, which controls it, there is no agitation in favor of a return to operation by private companies.

The Maryland legislature, called together in special session for the purpose, has passed a new elections act, radically changing the suffrage laws of the state and disfranchising at least forty thousand citizens. The Republican members of the legislature and the Republican and Independent newspapers have distinctly charged that the object and undisguised motive of the Democratic majority, directed by Ex-Senator Gorman, were to wipe out the Republican majorities of 1896 and 1900, and to transfer the state back into the Democratic column, from which the free silver issue had removed it.

Only illiterates are disfranchised by the new act, but not through a direct educational test. No provision in the law makes illiteracy a disqualification in terms. But heretofore the Maryland official ballot has contained certain symbols and pictorial designations which enabled the illiterate voter to infer the political affiliation of the several candidates. By making his mark in a circle at the top, alongside the party emblem, he could "vote straight" for a party ticket. The new law does away with all emblems and symbols, and requires that the names of the candidates be printed in alpha-

betical order, the party designation to follow the name. It is obvious that only those who can read will be able to vote ballots of this kind, and as there are believed to be about forty or fifty thousand illiterate voters in the state, the effect will be their total disfranchisement, until they acquire the rudiments of "education."

There is some doubt of the constitutionality of this act, but in principle it does not differ from the laws of eastern states which impose an educational tax. It is certain that the majority of those the act is aimed at are colored, but there is no discrimination on the ground of race or color, and no "grandfather clause" in the act to make the intention glaring and manifest.

Unquestionably the act is not as flagrant as that of North Carolina or of Mississippi, but it has been fiercely denounced, nevertheless, because Maryland is really a northern state, and there is no danger there of "black domination," the negroes constituting but one-fifth or so of the population. The propriety of enforcing the penalty prescribed by the fourteenth amendment—the reduction of congressional representation—against states which disfranchise certain classes of voters has again been discussed with some animation, but at the late session congress indicated no disposition to give this constitutional injunction any serious consideration.



EMILIO AGUINALDO,
The Captured Filipino
Leader.

The great billion-dollar steel combination is now an accomplished fact. There was some opposition among the minority stockholders, but the syndicate managers succeeded in overcoming it. On April 1 it was announced that holders of the following percentages of the entire outstanding amounts of the preferred and common stocks of the constituent corporations had accepted the offers made to them respectively: Federal Steel Company, 97 per cent of the preferred and 96 per cent of the common; National Steel Company, 97 and 98; National Tube, 98 and 93; American Steel and Wire, 97 and 92; American Tin Plate, 94 and 99; Ameri-

can Steel Hoop, 97 and 98; American Steel Sheet, 97 and 94. This, in each case, was more than the amount required by the law of New Jersey, and the scheme therefore became operative.

A black and white portrait of Philander C. Knox, an attorney-general of the United States. He is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark suit, a white shirt, and a dark bow tie. He has dark hair and is looking slightly to his right. The portrait is set within a rectangular frame.



PHILANDER C. KNOX,
New Attorney-General of
the United States.

has a vital bearing on the question of the possibility of competition with the trust on the part of the smaller steel concerns that have been excluded and left independent. Professor Jenks and other authorities have asserted that one of the principal and illegitimate sources of trust power is rate discrimination obtained from the railroads. That such discrimination is systematically practised is often denied, but the details are not taken seriously. What opportunities and possibilities in the way of favoritism in rates this identity of ownership or "community of interest" between the railroad managers and the steel corporation at once suggest! How can there be any fair competition under the circumstances, and what chance will the independent companies have either in the home market or abroad?

Whether the combination will effect substantial economies and share them with the consumer the event will show. Meantime no state threatens adverse legislation except Minnesota, which fears that it will not realize the natural advantages of its abundant ore supplies. But the agitation among the legislators of that state will probably come to naught, and, as we observed last month, the trust will be judged by its fruits and practical policy. It is already evident that its treatment of labor will be rational and liberal. It is understood that Mr. Morgan stated to President Shaffer of the

Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers the organization of a permanent joint board of arbitration for the settlement of all questions that may arise between the trust's employees and the management. The numerous branches or lodges of the association have been requested to vote upon the proposition, and it is practically certain to be approved. Mr. Morgan is represented as willing to accord full recognition to responsible, well-organized unions, and as realizing that peace with labor is essential to the success and prosperity of the consolidated industry.

In this connection it should be stated that Mr. Morgan is credited with having avoided a strike in the anthracite coal region. The United Mine Workers demanded recognition, and the operators absolutely refused to extend it, though they voluntarily extended for a year the ten per cent advance in the miners' wages which was granted last October as the result of "political" considerations. Mr. Morgan informally conferred with President Mitchell, Father Phillips (a staunch friend of the miners), and a delegation of business men from the anthracite region, and assured them that, if the United Mine Workers perfected the organization and prevented local strikes and disturbances during the next year, full recognition would be accorded it at the end of that brief probationary period. President Mitchell himself has intimated that "partial recognition" has been secured and that the miners have every reason to be satisfied with the prospects. The coal properties and the coal-carrying roads are now controlled by Mr. Morgan and his associates.



We have discussed in recent numbers several decisions in "labor" cases, which illustrate the difficulty of applying in the United States the principles loosely described as socialistic to municipal and state functions. Two other noteworthy decisions require attention. They were rendered by the highest court of New York. One annulled a law passed some years ago to secure the payment by municipalities and contractors doing public work of the "prevailing rate of wages," a phrase which was understood to mean the rate of wages demanded and generally enforced by organized labor. This was pronounced to be unconstitutional because it violated the home-rule provisions of the organic law. The legislature, the court ruled, has no power to dictate to municipalities what wages they shall pay to labor, or what terms they shall make with contractors. The second of the decisions alluded

to invalidated an act requiring in all municipal work the use of granite dressed in the state, and prohibiting the purchase and use on such work of stone dressed outside New York. In addition to the objection that this act also is an improper interference with local self-government, the court finds that it is a regulation of commerce between the states, which the legislature has no power to make. The citizens of any and all states of the union, it says, have the right to the markets of New York for the sale of their products, so long as the product is the subject of legitimate commerce. State restriction upon the freedom of interstate commerce is void, whether the restriction is direct or indirect, whether it results from interference with individuals or with municipalities.

It is hardly necessary to point out that in Great Britain or any of the British colonies such legislation would be open to no constitutional objection. In this country, and especially at the present time, when there is a pronounced reaction against so-called "labor" legislation, unions can expect no "recognition" from the state, and must depend on the economic and moral power of solid and strong organization. They are, indeed, beginning to realize this, and, in consequence, demanding less and less protection and favor from the national, state, and municipal governments.



A decision of the most far-reaching character, affecting all public service corporations in their relation to municipal authorities and legislative bodies, has recently been rendered by the United States Supreme Court. The question was as to the legal right of a city council to change or reduce by ordinance rates fixed in a previous ordinance granted by itself or its predecessors to a corporation undertaking the supply of a "public utility." Suppose an exclusive franchise is conferred upon a water, gas, or other public service corporation, for a term of years, and the ordinance making this grant provides for a certain rate or charge for the service: may the grantor subsequently order a reduction of such rate or charge, and if so, within what limits? There is a statute in Illinois distinctly authorizing cities, towns, and other corporate bodies to regulate and reduce the rates of water companies, irrespective of previous ordinances, provided the newly-imposed rates are fair and reasonable. The supreme court of the state had sustained the constitutionality of this act in a strong and

lucid decision in the case of a Chicago suburban water company. It had held that, notwithstanding the insertion of a provision in a grant fixing a rate for a term of years, the local authorities might, in a subsequent ordinance, reduce the rate. No contract, according to the Illinois court, is necessary to create an obligation on the part of a public service corporation to supply water at a reasonable rate, for that rests upon it as a duty. The court continued: "A rate or price reasonable and just when fixed may in the future become so unreasonably high that the exaction of such rate or price is but an extortion. The duty of the corporation does not, however, change, but remains the same—that is, to exact only reasonable compensation. . . . Whenever the evil of extortion exists, the power to eradicate it may be successfully invoked." The fundamental principle is that corporations, and especially public service corporations, are created by the state for the good of the community, and no legislature can indefinitely waive the right of control and regulation.

The United States Supreme Court (Justices White, Brewer, and Brown dissenting, however) agrees with this reasoning, and rules that a rate provision is not a contract, and that a grant of an exclusive privilege is subject to revision in the interests of the public. Against an unreasonably low rate or confiscation of profits equity would always afford relief, hence capital is not menaced by this significant decision.



The National Civic Federation, under whose auspices successful conferences have been held on trusts and industrial arbitration, has issued a call for another conference, to be held at Buffalo in May, for the thorough discussion of the difficult question of taxation, which is now pressing for settlement in a number of states, and which, owing to the growth of corporations and new forms of personal property, is becoming more and more complex every year. It is notorious that personal property escapes taxation to a startling degree, and that real estate is compelled to sustain heavy burdens on account of the failure to levy taxes uniformly and equitably on all classes of property. It is also well known that until lately valuable public franchises have been permitted to swell the revenue of private corporations, the communities conferring them realizing little or no benefit from what is recognized to be a public asset. The taxation of banks, trust companies, and insurance companies of

all kinds is also a serious problem, and not a local one. The tax policy of a state often determines the attitude of capital and manufacturing enterprise towards it, and what some states lose others gain. Uniform tax laws are probably impossible, but agreement

upon a few fundamental principles may not be an unreasonable expectation.

From many indications two reforms may be regarded as "coming" and inevitable. One is the heavy taxation of franchises, and the other and more far-reaching one is "local option" in taxation. Governor Odell of New York, an "orthodox" Republican, is a convert to the idea of the complete separation of state from local taxation, and of

HON. EDWARD BARTON, Q.C.,
First Prime Minister of the
Australian Commonwealth.

permitting counties to decide for themselves what property to tax and what to exempt. Bills embodying the same principles have been introduced in the Illinois, Texas, Kansas, and other legislatures. But the greatest step in this direction has been taken by Colorado. The constitution of that state requires the taxation of all kinds of property, but the legislature has adopted an amendment — which is to be referred to the people for acceptance or rejection — providing for "home rule" in the premises. The amendment authorizes any county, on petition of one hundred taxpayers, to vote not oftener than once in four years on the question of exempting personal property and landed improvements from local taxation, and of deriving revenue solely from taxation of land values, of so-called economic rent.

This is clearly an approach to the single tax advocated by the followers of Mr. Henry George. New Zealand has introduced it, and a Colorado legislative commission headed by State Senator Bucklin has studied the operation of the plan in Australasia, and has urged it upon the legislature. It is obvious that home rule in taxation would afford opportunity for wide experimentation, and that many plans now academically discussed would probably be tried here and there.

A few weeks ago an old-age pension act

went into effect in New South Wales, one of the states of the Australian federation. This act is even more liberal than that of New Zealand. It provides for a pension of ten shillings a week to every person of sixty-five, married or single, who has no means of support. The applicant must have lived twenty-five years in one of the Australian colonies, and at least fifteen years of these in New South Wales. The annual cost of the system is estimated at between \$1,000,-000 and \$1,500,000, but this amount will not represent a new addition to the tax burden of the colony, for a great deal is to be saved by doing away with public institutions for aged paupers, now rendered unnecessary.

It is a remarkable fact that this law was passed almost without opposition. No political party, no association, and no prominent newspaper objected to it. The New Zealand example had something to do with this, but it is admitted that all Australia is affected by the new spirit of social and altruistic legislation, so that even the Conservatives there favor or accept measures which in the United States would be violently denounced as paternalistic and dangerous to individual liberty and the rights of property.

Taking the world at large, three governments have now adopted the scheme of old-age pensions. Denmark is the third. Great Britain and France are agitating the subject and regarding it as "within practical politics." The principle behind it is that any man or woman who has led an industrious and honest life and has served society for forty-five or fifty years has earned support and security for his or her old age as a right, not as alms, and that a pension is merely the discharge by society of a debt incurred. In this country no one is advocating old-age pensions for all deserving poor, but it is significant that railroad corporations and other large employers of labor are voluntarily creating pension funds at their own expense for their workmen, in the belief that such provision, by removing fear of destitution in old age, induces greater care, fidelity, and efficiency.



On the 1st of January, this year, the *Morning Herald*, of Sydney, New South Wales, issued a "Commonwealth Number" to commemorate the Australian federation. Among the statistics presented, those relating to education are most interesting:

"All the states of the commonwealth have a state system of education, which is secular and compulsory. Throughout Australia education has been a burning

political question, but every colony has abolished subsidies to denominational schools, Western Australia in 1895 being the last one to do so. The statutory school age of each colony is as follows: New South Wales, over 6 and under 14 years; Victoria, over 6 and under 13; Queensland, over 6 and under 12; South Australia, over 7 and under 13; Western Australia, over 6 and under 14; and Tasmania, over 7 and under 13. Education is free in Queensland, Victoria, and South Australia. In New South Wales, Western Australia, and Tasmania small fees are charged. These, however, are not enforced where the parents cannot afford to pay them. During the year 1899 there was an average attendance of nearly half a million children in the schools of the six colonies that will form the states of the commonwealth. The exact figures were 426,436. The net enrolment was over 600,000. At the end of the year the public schools of Australia numbered 6,666, and there were over 14,000 teachers."

After tracing the development of the typical public school system of New South Wales, the principal features of the law now in force are stated as being:

Non-sectarian, but general religious teaching; all teachers and officers in the public schools are civil servants; in cases of poverty free education is granted; a public school may be established whenever an average attendance of twenty pupils can be secured; in sparsely-settled districts, provisional, half-time, and house-to-house schools may be established; the teaching of English and Australian history is obligatory; parents neglecting to send their children to school may be arrested and fined; secondary education is provided for, and it is possible for bright pupils to win free scholarships, and to attend high schools and the University of Sydney.

The result of this act has been a wonderful development of the school system, as the following statement shows:

"At the end of the year 1899 there were 2,693 schools, containing 2,909 departments and 4,884 teachers. During that year 112 schools were established, comprising 9 public, 57 provisional, 32 half-time, 2 house-to-house, and 12 evening schools. Besides this 35 schools were reopened, 27 provisional and 4 half-time schools were raised to the rank of public schools, and 21 half-time and 1 house-to-house school were raised to the rank of provisional schools, while 13 public and 15 provisional schools were reduced to the rank of provisional schools. It will thus be seen that the provision for education is on a sliding scale with the requirements of the people. It is also to the teacher's interest to keep up the size and standard of his school, for according to the number on the roll and the efficiency of the pupils are his status and salary."

"It is estimated that the mean population of the colony in 1899 was 1,345,000, and the population between the age of 6 and 14 years was 253,212. Of this number 201,014, or 79.4 per cent, attended state schools, and 52,198, or 20.6 per cent, received instruction in private schools or at home, or else remained untaught. It is estimated from the latest private schools returns that the enrolment in those schools was 60,159, of which number 45,294 pupils were between the age of 6 and 14 years. It will thus be seen that of the total statutory school population 97.3 per cent were enrolled at state or private schools, while 27 per cent were taught at home, had left school after satisfying the standards of the act, or remained untaught."

Higher education throughout the Federa-

tion is fostered by numerous secondary schools, and by four universities—Sydney, founded in 1852; Melbourne, 1855; Adelaide, 1874; and Tasmania, 1890. These institutions receive government endowments, and are empowered to grant the same degrees as the British universities, excepting degrees in divinity. In all the colonies great attention is being given to technical education.

 The University of Chicago has a unique distinction in being designated by the Academy of Science of Stockholm as one of the nine great universities of the world which are to serve as a committee to select candidates for the prizes provided under the will of the late Alfred Nobel. The other institutions of the committee are the Universities of Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Rome, Leyden, London, Paris, and Zurich.

Alfred Nobel achieved world-wide renown as an inventor. His specialty was high explosives. He was born in Stockholm in 1833 and died in 1896. He first invented a gasometer, in 1857, and from that date until his death, hardly a year passed without the issuance of a number of patents to him. He took out one hundred and twenty-nine patents in England alone. It is said that Nobel's invention of dynamite marked an era in the history of civilization, in that it brought about the prodigious development of the mining industry of the world. Nobel was, at first, utterly unsuccessful in his attempts to interest New York people in the new explosive. However, the war between France and Germany came along opportunely; Germany used his dynamite with marvelous success, and before Nobel was forty years old, he had the satisfaction of seeing his explosive in general use.

Nobel's will declares that a portion of his estate shall constitute a fund, the interest from which is to be divided annually into five prizes, which are to be distributed to those persons who during the preceding year have done the most for humanity. The prizes are to be awarded: first, to the person who has made the most important discovery or invention in the department of natural philosophy; second, to the person who has made the most important discovery in chemistry; third, to the person who has made the most important discovery in physiology or medicine; fourth, to the person who produces the most excellent literary work in an idealistic direction; fifth, to the person who has worked most and best for the fraternization of the nations, for the abolition

or diminution of standing armies, as, also, for the promotion and propagation of peace. The amount available for the five prizes is to be \$7,500,000. The prizes will amount to about \$40,000 in cash each, while the recipients will also have bestowed upon them a



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

John S. Billings, director of the New York Public Library, in which he offered the city of New York \$5,200,000 for the building of sixty-five branch libraries, on condition that the city furnish sites and provide satisfactory arrangements for the maintenance of the libraries. The offer was so stupendous and so unexpected that it required a few days for the people to catch their breath. New York has been sadly deficient in libraries and similar facilities, as compared to other cities. Boston, with a population of 560,872, supports fifteen branch libraries and reading rooms, and has fourteen delivery stations, and the appropriation for library purposes is \$288,641. Chicago, with 1,698,575 population, has six branch libraries, sixty delivery stations, and appropriates \$263,897. Buffalo has 352,387 population and gives \$145,238 to its libraries every year. While New York (borough of Manhattan and the Bronx), with a population of 2,050,600, appropriates only \$183,935; and for the entire city, with a population of 3,437,202, the total library appropriation is only \$299,663.

The general attitude of New Yorkers toward Mr. Carnegie's proposition is one of cordial approval. The mayor cabled a message of heartiest gratitude, expressive of "a full appreciation of the magnitude" of the gift and "the splendid generosity that prompted it." The legislature has passed a library enabling act permitting the acceptance of the gift. But here and there a discordant note has been heard. To meet the conditions

imposed upon the city, already heavily laden with debt, is not as easy as it would seem. It is pointed out that the cost of the sites will be at least \$1,300,000; the cost of books \$650,000; and the cost of maintenance about \$500,000 annually. It would not take many years for the tax imposed upon the city for this purpose to amount to more than Mr. Carnegie's \$5,200,000. There are not many, however, who take this commercial view, though an impression obtains that there is great glee in Tammany Hall over the prospect of having so large an amount of additional rich spoil to divide among "the faithful."

While Mr. Carnegie scatters his fabulous wealth with a lavish hand, and apparently strews his path with libraries in the most nonchalant sort of a way, yet there is a method in his madness and a deep controlling motive back of his generosity. Some time ago he made this astounding declaration:

"I have often said, and I now repeat, that the day is coming, and already we see its dawn, in which the man who dies possessed of millions of available wealth which was free and in his hands ready to be distributed will die disgraced. Of course, I do not mean that the man in business may not be stricken down with his capital in the business which cannot be withdrawn, for capital is the tool with which he works his wonders and produces more wealth. I refer to the man who dies possessed of millions of securities which are held simply for the interest they produce, that he may add to his hoard of miserable dollars."

Upon his retirement from active business about two months ago—an event which he signalized by a gift of \$1,000,000 for libraries at Braddock, Homestead, and Duquesne, and \$4,000,000 for the endowment of a fund for the benefit of superannuated and disabled employees of the Carnegie Company—he wrote a letter "to the good people of Pittsburgh," which is almost pathetic because it severs ties that began to be woven in his youth and which have grown steadily stronger with the years. In this letter, however, he lays down a principle upon which the men who control and are enriched by our great industries may well ponder. He says:

"The share which I have had in the material development of our city may be considered only the foundation on which the things of the spirit are built, and in taking the proceeds of the material to develop the things of the spiritual world, I feel that I am pursuing the ideal path of life and duty."

Already Mr. Carnegie has presented over one hundred libraries, exclusive of the sixty-five branch libraries he proposes to give New York. These buildings range in cost from \$15,000 structures given to various villages, to the magnificent Institute at Pittsburg,

into which he has put a vast amount of money, and to which additions costing \$3,600,000 are about to be made. The value of this example to the American people, and to the people of the world — for Mr. Carnegie's gifts are not confined to this country — is beyond estimate, and it must ever be a cause of profound satisfaction that one who is to so large an extent a beneficiary of the people has become so conspicuously the people's benefactor.



A book which ought to be of exceptional interest to those who are following the Chautauqua reading course this year is the work of a Cambridge scholar, Mr. G. F. Abbott, who has succeeded in making up a remarkably attractive little volume of "The Songs of Modern Greece." The editor gives us not only a carefully revised Greek text, but offers abundant notes and a literal English version. These lyrics travel from one end of the Greek world to the other in the leaflets of the ballad-mongers and on the lips of Greek boatmen, as perhaps the Homeric poems were passed from island to island in the elder days. Most of these poems have been taken down by the compiler from the living lip, an assertion which is borne out by their sprightliness and freshness. Those who are familiar with the Greek of the classic period or even of the New Testament are likely to be surprised at the close resemblance of the vocabulary with that of the ancients. The endings differ, perhaps, but the meaning is in most cases easily read. The importations of words from the Italian, Arabic, and Turkish are historically interesting.



Edward Capps, author of "Homer to Theocritus" — one of the books which is being studied by the C. L. S. C. this year — has recently been made full professor of Greek in Chicago University. Professor Capps is comparatively a young man, having been graduated from Illinois College in 1887. During the college year 1887–1888 he was an instructor in Latin and Greek in Illinois College. Then he went to Yale, and took his doctor's degree in 1891. During the last year of his postgraduate study he was an instructor of Latin in the university. This work he continued to do for a year after he took his doctor's degree. From 1892 until 1896 he was assistant professor of Greek in Chicago University, and from 1896 until 1900 he was associate professor of Greek in the same university. In 1893 and

1894 Professor Capps was with the American School at Athens. In 1894 he directed — for the American School of Classical Studies at Athens — the excavations of the theater at Eretria, in Eubcea, one of the most interesting of structures. Professor Capps's published writings have been chiefly confined to articles on philological subjects in the special journals of the profession, with an occasional article or review in more popular journals. Many of these articles have been written upon matters connected with problems now receiving wide attention — the ancient Greek theater and the antiquities of the drama. These subjects have attracted special attention within fifteen years, since the excavations in Greece have thrown light on many problems of the theater, and overthrown many erroneous views.



The one national movement having for its purpose interdenominational religious effort has recently issued an address to the ministers and Christian laity of the United States. The address was penned by the Rev. Dr. George T. Purves, successor of the late Dr. John Hall in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, and approved by a committee of leading evangelical ministers. Its features, apart from the truism that Christians ought to be more aggressive, are: that no new machinery is sought to be made; the present organizations are sufficient in number and breadth; churches are to be left to select their own methods, and no common methods are brought forward; man-to-man and woman-to-woman effort is mentioned; and there is a distinctively sectarian note to the extent that it will probably be found best for churches to work along their denominational lines. There is a plea for practicability, and a warning that Christians must, if they are to accomplish anything, themselves live the lives they prescribe for others to live. Claims are made that the committee has received thirty thousand letters from persons desirous of coöoperating with the movement, which movement has already been organized in about forty cities.



PROF. EDWARD CAPPS.

PRIMITIVE INDUSTRIAL CIVILIZATION OF CHINA.

BY GUY MORRISON WALKER.

WE live in a day of fierce competition for industrial and commercial supremacy. The finding of new markets for surplus products is the greatest problem of statecraft. Competing powers have divided almost the entire known world among them; they have established colonies and claimed sovereignty over great stretches of territory for the sole purpose of controlling their markets without the stress of competition. But lack of population and a low individual power of consumption in the existing population have made few of these new territories profitable to the powers that have seized them. Within the

each other while seeking to secure new ports for themselves and to enlarge their own spheres of influence. That the present condition in China cannot be allowed to continue is certain, and, in a measure, the recent uprising which has cost China so much will result in her ultimate benefit. The overrunning of the three great northern provinces of Shantung, Pechili, and Shansi by the punitive expeditions has given millions of Chinese their first opportunity to see many of the things in common use among civilized people, which they will now want for themselves.

The reason that the Chinese market has remained practically closed to the outside world, and that China's population has taken but small part in the world's commerce, is not to be found in the character of the people, for they are natural born traders. They early reached a state of civilization favorable to the development of trade; they were the first people to coin money, to establish banks, and to use bills of exchange; their earliest history, relating to the time of the thirtieth century B. C., shows that even at that early date the rights of property in transit were fully recognized, and that coined



PEKING CROSSING OF THE YELLOW RIVER. SHOWING TOWMEN RESTING.

borders of the Chinese empire lives approximately one-fourth of the entire human race. Granting the low consuming power of the average Chinaman under present conditions, this ancient empire, with its hundreds of millions of people, possesses the greatest latent power of consumption that exists on earth, and its enormous trade that is to be is recognized as the prize of future commerce. The Chinese market is so tremendous in its possibilities, and offers a trade so rich in its promised reward, that all others fade into insignificance when compared with it. It is not, therefore, surprising that the powers have been striving by threats and coercion to bring this last great unexploited market of the world under their

and that they are jealously watching

money and bills of exchange were freely used in carrying on their great commerce. The real reason is found in the utter lack of cheap and rapid means of transportation and communication between the different parts of the empire. The peculiar industrial and economic conditions which prevail in China are due to the present primitive and expensive methods. The province of Honan, lying about six hundred miles inland from the coast, with an area little larger than that of the state of New York, but with a population of over twenty-two million, has a foreign commerce that aggregates only about five hundred thousand dollars per annum. The great imperial province of Szechuen, with an area of two hundred thousand square miles, and a popu-

lation almost equal to that of the whole United States, is practically an unknown world to the foreign trader. Its great population contributes little to and takes scarcely anything from the commerce of the world, because, lying as it does some fifteen hundred miles inland from the coast, above the rapids of the Yang-tse river, almost its sole means of communication with the outside world is through the small boats that shoot the rapids going down, and the returning boatmen who plod their weary way along the river bank to the interior, bearing on their backs such burdens as they are able to carry. Although these men are paid only about eight cents a day for such work, and they board themselves out of that meager wage, this method of transportation is ten or twelve times more expensive than the average charge of American railroads. It is this system, together with the heavy *lukin* or mileage taxes which are levied on all produce carried through the country, that has given to China its peculiar industrial civilization.

Each community has been compelled to raise and produce what it needed, regardless of the fact that such things might be produced or manufactured cheaper and better in another part of the country. In order to prevent famines, it was long ago decreed that grain should not be exported from one province to another. This was done for fear that the people would sell their entire

prohibited from exporting to another province, has raised only what was needed for itself, and with little or no surplus on hand a failure of the crops in any district has uniformly resulted in a local famine. As a consequence the resort to irrigation has become almost universal. The people have not dared to depend on rain for making



TERRACED MOUNTAINSIDES PREPARED FOR IRRIGATION.

their crops, so the favorite places for cultivation have been along the banks of the rivers where plenty of water for that purpose was easily available, or along the mountainsides where mountain springs or streams could be found. These terraced mountainsides are a feature of China; little garden plots, one below the other, are dug out of the sides of the mountains, and each is carefully banked and arranged so that the water from springs or streams can be run from higher to lower levels, fertilizing every little spot in turn until the whole supply is exhausted.

It has been just as impossible to manufacture for export as it has been to raise food products for that purpose, for neither the product of loom nor factory could pay for its transportation to market. Each community has therefore manufactured only what it could itself consume, and Chinese industries have been carried on by the most primitive methods upon a diminutive scale. The great problem in China for centuries has been how to equalize the great supply of labor that has existed in every community with the limited home demand for it. The community has preyed upon itself, and the constantly increasing supply of Chinese labor has met



PLOWING ON THE BANKS OF THE YELLOW RIVER.

crop and then starve themselves; but the result has been that each community, being

a steadily decreasing demand, and wages have been reduced to the lowest possible point at which human existence can be maintained. Chinese opposition to labor-saving machinery is due to the realization of the fact that the hand power of production is



CHINESE ROLLER MILLS.

already practically unlimited, and that any attempt to introduce machinery without finding new markets for its products would but make the condition of Chinese labor worse. It is in their endeavor to utilize this enormous supply of human labor that the Chinese so frequently use men, women, and boys for draught purposes. It is a common thing in many parts of China to see small plows, held by a single handle, drawn by men, women, and domestic animals all hitched together. Much of the transportation is carried on by wheelbarrows which are habitually drawn by one or two men in front, while one man behind holds the handles of the wheelbarrow to guide it. Along the rivers and canals great strings of panting men follow the tow-paths, drawing the heavily laden boats, singing their weird "wind songs" in the belief that the songs will bring a lucky breeze which, catching the sails of the boat, will lighten their burden for a moment or two.

Throughout the Chinese industrial system a constant effort to "make work" will be noticed. For example, grain is harvested with little hand sickles and threshed out by treading or by rolling it on earthen floors; the straw is then forked off and the grain swept up into heaps with little hand brushes; it is winnowed by being tossed into the air by shovelfuls to allow the vagrant winds to blow the chaff away. The mills are sometimes made of huge stone tables over which revolve large stone rollers. In other places two millstones are used, the lower being

anchored to a table, while the upper turns on it, sometimes pulled around by a blindfolded donkey or ox, but more frequently by human hands. Mills which employ stone rollers are habitually operated by human labor, the work usually being done by the older women of the family, those whose failing strength or poor eyesight makes it impossible for them to do the heavier or finer work of the household. When the grain is ground, it is not placed in any fancy bolting machine, but it is poured into an ordinary sieve made to slide in grooves over a box, which a man seated on a stool at one end of the box jerks back and forth until only the bran is left. With all the cheapness of Chinese labor, the wheat flour made in this way costs from three and a half to four cents a pound, and as this means half a day's wage for a laboring man it is entirely beyond the reach of the common people. For their use wheat flour is usually cheapened by being mixed with peas, beans, or kaolaing (red millet). Without considering the difference in quality and fineness, American flour can be exported from our Pacific Coast and sold in China cheaper than the cheapest grade of native wheat flour. The great field that will ultimately be found in China for American mill machinery is easy to see, and if our American millers would take the pains to manufacture a special grade of flour for the Chinese market, cheapening the wheat product by a large adulteration of corn, a much greater market would be found than that which has already been opened up.

In her industries, as in her philosophies and national characteristics, China is a land of peculiar and striking contrasts. The



INTERIOR VIEW OF A FLOUR MILL.

empire is better supplied with coal deposits than any other country of the world, yet coal is but slightly used for fuel. The

reason for this is that the coal which, with the cheap human labor used, costs in many places not more than twenty-five cents per ton at the mouth of the mines, is raised by the cost of transportation to a price of from six to eight dollars per ton after it has been carried a distance of thirty or forty miles. This means a month or a month and a half's wage to the ordinary Chinaman, and at such a price coal is beyond the reach of the poorer people. Few of our people could afford to use coal at the price of one month's wage per ton. The consequence is that the Chinese people are forced to exercise the strictest economy in the use of fuel, and one of the features of Chinese life is the scavenger who scours the city streets and country highways gathering up chips, weeds, cornstalks, wisps of straw, or anything else that will burn.

There can be no doubt that the high cost of coal, and the resultant necessity for economy in the use of fuel, has been in a large measure responsible for the long delay in Chinese industrial development. Though a large part of China lies in the zone of severe winters, yet the Chinese have never solved the problem of building heating stoves. The poorer classes use a small brazier on which a few pieces of charcoal are burned, but this method is frequently followed with deadly results on account of the fumes, and the fire is useless except for warming one's hands. The richer classes have their *kangs* or earthen beds warmed by a fire which burns in a small brick oven outside the house, and from which the smoke and heat pass through brick flues that

gas to escape into the room. These clay stoves crack easily from the heat and rarely last more than one season, yet they cost as much or more than sheet- or cast-iron stoves of a like size in this country. With the



SCAVENGERS GATHERING FUEL.

introduction of railroads and cheap fuel into China, the supplying of fifty million Chinese homes with cheap American stoves is one of the possibilities which lie before our manufacturers. The Chinese understand the casting of iron, but they do not use it in making stoves because under their primitive methods of smelting iron is indeed a precious metal. The production of iron in China is carried on upon the same diminutive scale that marks the other industries. A Chinese blast furnace is scarcely larger than an ordinary steam heater or house furnace, and the metal produced in it is so valuable that the large iron kettles in which all meals are cooked are handed down in families as heirlooms.

The expensiveness of iron in China is shown in many curious ways. The iron kettles are beaten out by hand, and while the rim is left thick to give it stiffness, the bottom is beaten almost as thin as paper; first for the purpose of saving metal, and second in order that as little fuel as possible may be required to make the bottom of the kettle hot enough to cook the food. In many parts of the country workmen find the metal so precious that they cannot own a variety of tools or implements, one or two only being within their means. Should they desire tools of different forms, they seek the village blacksmith or wait until the arrival of one of the traveling blacksmiths who roam about the country, and whose chief business is to beat tools of one kind into other shapes to satisfy the latest needs of their owners. In the changed form the



CHINESE BLAST FURNACE IN OPERATION.

radiate through the earthen bed. The highest development yet reached is a small clay stove for heating stores, which is used without flue or chimney, and so allows the

tools then remain until another need and another blacksmith restore them to the original shapes. A missionary traveling in China stopped at a village inn and asked for a hatchet, but as no such implement could be found, and no other available pieces of iron, the shoes were taken off the mules in the courtyard and beaten by an itinerant blacksmith into a very serviceable instrument. After it had been used, the metal was made over into shoes and the mules were re-shod. This will give some explanation of the reason why American tools are finding such a wide and growing demand throughout the Chinese empire, despite the high prices they bring.

Every one who visits China is of course astonished at its great walled cities. There are in the empire over two thousand of them. Miles

and miles of walls and millions of houses enclosed within them are all built of brick, and every brick has been made by hand. The Chinese are a people living in brick houses, in a land without a brick-making machine, and their brick, made by labor paid but ten cents a day, cost more than machine-made brick in this country, although our machinery is operated by labor paid twenty-five times as much. The results to be accomplished by American brick machines operated by Chinese labor would be hard indeed to estimate.

Chinese distilleries are as diminutive as Chinese blast furnaces. The national drink or common Chinese wine, called *samshui* (three waters), is nothing but rectified spirits or alcohol from forty to sixty per cent strong. In southern China it is usually distilled from rice, but in the north the mash is made from kaolaing, or red millet. It is fermented in small brass kettles, the cost of which is something enormous, for what has been said of the cost of iron applies also to copper and other metals. The mash is cooked in copper kettles about the size of an ordinary barrel, carefully encased in wood to retain the heat, while the condensing apparatus above is so small than an ordinary drug store in this country would be ashamed to use it. It is the manufacture of native products in such small quantities and by such small apparatus that enables foreign products to under-

sell them in the ports and along the coasts.

The chief exports from our country to China are cotton goods and petroleum, the former comprising more than two-thirds and the two more than nine-tenths of our total exports to that country. This fact calls



DRYING BRICK ON BANKS OF A RIVER.

attention to the limitations of trade with China which are imposed by the competition of China's enormous supply of cheap labor. We can only build up a trade with that country in those products in the manufacture of which manual labor plays the smallest part. In those other products in which a large proportion of the cost is the labor used to manufacture them, it has been found impossible to compete with the native productions. The great mass of people in China wear nothing but cotton, both winter and summer, the cost of raw cotton cultivated and



VERMICELLI HANGING UP TO DRY. MILLSTONE IN FOREGROUND.

picked by hand in China, as it is in our own country, being less than it is here; but when

it comes to the manufacture of cotton goods, the Chinese product, carded and spun by hand, and woven in hand-looms, is utterly unable to compete, either in price or in quality, with the machine-made goods of this country. In the effort to cheapen the cost

oils like lard, tallow, and suet, but rely almost entirely upon vegetable oils made from beans, nuts, and seeds; the seeds are crushed in mortars and the oil pressed out in the simplest machines. A large timber has a hole chiselled in it and a block is fitted into the hole; at first the block is pressed down by means of a lever, but afterwards a brace is placed over the block and double wedges placed between them are gradually pounded together until the oil is pressed out and the seed cake left dry. These oils are used, both for cooking and lighting, without being refined, and the crude oils from the cheapest kind of beans cost from thirty to forty cents a gallon, while those made from the smaller seeds and nuts range upward in price from one to two dollars per gallon. As

of cloths much of the work is done in China by women and girls in their homes. It is a common sight, in traveling through the country, to see them spinning cotton into yarn, or winding the silk from cocoons onto spools, earning in this way from two to five cents a day.

The introduction of petroleum for lighting purposes has been easy. It had to compete only with native vegetable oil, made in the most primitive way, and costing, at the cheapest, some four or five times as much as refined petroleum, while not having

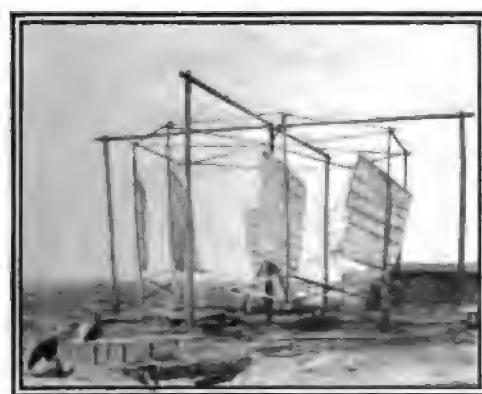
the entire oil product of China is now made in this simple and expensive way, one of the richest and most profitable industries in the world here awaits some enterprising and far-seeing man.

There are some curious instances where machinery seems unable to compete with cheap Chinese labor. One of these is found in the manufacture of lumber. Timber in China is scarce and expensive, for, like all old countries in which large populations have existed for centuries, China is practically treeless; her forests have long since disappeared, but such lumber as the Chinese have is all manufactured by hand. A log is braced up and two men, one standing on top of the log and the other crouched beneath it, saw it into planks with a large frame rip-saw drawn up and down. It would seem that if there was any line in which machinery could displace hand labor it would be in this, but it has been found by trial that the steam sawmill cannot compete with the Chinese hand labor for this purpose. These two men will work in this way, sawing logs into planks for six dollars a month, three dollars a month apiece, for which sum they will work every day in the month, resting neither for Sundays nor holidays.

Next to water and air, a chief necessity of the human race is salt. In China the government has recognized this fact, and seized upon the manufacture of salt as a



COURTYARD OF A CHINESE WAYSIDE INN.



WINDMILL USED FOR IRRIGATION AND PUMPING FROM SALT WELLS.

near the illuminating power. For domestic purposes the Chinese use little of the animal

government monopoly. The great windmills used in irrigation are also used to pump water from the salt wells into drying pans where it is evaporated by the sun. Chinese salt, however, is unrefined, and a Chinese official recently traveling in this country, compared the salt produced in China to American salt by calling the Chinese salt "rotten." He declared that American refined salt could be exported to China and sold there to the government at a figure which would enable the government to realize a greater profit from its salt monopoly than it does now by manufacturing at home.

There are many different lines that might be discussed, but these are enough to show the possibilities and difficulties to be encountered in Chinese trade. These, too, are enough to show the menace which the introduction of cheap Chinese labor to the markets of the world means to the high-priced labor of America. The industrial civilization of a country like China cannot be overturned in a day or a year, but there can be no doubt that the first efforts of the powers which are attempting to divide China, will, if they are allowed to accomplish their purposes, be to build up and establish fac-

tories in their territories for the purpose of utilizing this cheap Chinese labor. As such development will be largely if not entirely under government control, the manufactures so produced will certainly be of those classes which will compete least with home products. Should Germany, for instance, be allowed to accomplish her designs and secure control of the province of Shantung, with its twenty-six million of the sturdiest and best population of China, and there establish mills whose products would compete with the products of our mills, the use of that cheap labor would give her an overwhelming advantage, and the result to us would be disastrous. It will not do for Americans to think that they are unconcerned in the prospective partition of China. The condition in that country calls for the exercise of the highest type of far-seeing statesmanship. From our position in the Philippines we can look over into China, the promised land of the industrial world. The development of her industries and the possession of her markets will ensure our control of the commercial world. The opportunity before us must be seized now, or lost for all time.

SNARES.

The spider spins his web and traps the fly
Whose careless comrades buzz unheeding
 by,
Unmindful that a fellow life-drop ebbs
To be transmuted into further webs.

So, too, the Lust-for-Gold inveigles men,
Sucks out their lives and spreads the snare
 again.

So, too, we heed not while the monster thrives
And spins our blood to webs for other lives.

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

THE DANDELION.

Brave little blossom, in the meadow-land
How like a soldier stanch you take your
 stand;
Bearing your oriflamme through storm and sun
From early spring until the summer's done.
Neighbors may change—the violet give way
To buds which, likewise, soon must have
 their day,
And when these, too, adorn the earth no
 more,
Behold, you greet us at our very door.

Freely the gold within your heart is spent,
Freely your sunshine to the mead is lent,
Freely your face smiles upward to the sky,
While, quite unheeding, hundreds pass you
 by.

And yet I venture, if amid our world
Each year an instant, only, you unfurled,
We all would cry, on seeing you dis-
 played:
"Oh, what a beauteous dainty God hath
 made!"

—Edwin L. Sabin.

HINDU BELIEFS ABOUT THE WORLD AND HEAVENLY BODIES.

BY MARTELLE ELLIOTT.

(Head Mistress, Taylor High School, Poona, India.)

E have recently been taking up astronomy in our upper class — making a study of the planets and constellations. I noticed that Sulochanabai, the converted Brahmin in the class, always recognized the heavenly bodies by names different from those by which we call them. So I began to question her, and, finally, to fully investigate the Hindu system for myself. I found the conceptions of the universe very unique and interesting.

According to Manu, an ancient Hindu writer, Brahma, the first male, was formed in a golden egg, bright as the sun, laid upon the waters. Having continued a year in the egg, Brahma divided it into two parts, and with the two shells he formed the heavens and the earth.

In an ancient writing it is asserted that there are seven island continents, surrounded by seven seas. The central continent, on which we are supposed to dwell, is called Jambudwipa, and in the middle of this is the golden Mount Meru, 756,000 miles high and extending 152,000 miles below the surface, in shape somewhat like the seed-cup of the lotus. Jambudwipa is said to be surrounded by a salt sea. The next island continent is said to be surrounded by a sea of sugar-cane juice; the third by one of wine; the fourth by a sea of ghee, or clarified butter; the fifth by a sea of curds; the sixth by one of milk; the seventh by a sea of fresh water. Beyond is a country of gold, which prevents the waters of the last and outermost sea from flowing off in all directions. Outside this golden country is a circular chain of mountains, and beyond is the land of darkness, encompassed by the shell of the mundane egg.

The depth of the earth, beneath its surface, is said to be something over 600,000 miles. This region is divided into seven parts, resting upon a thousand-headed snake, which bears the whole world as a diadem. When this snake yawns, the earth trembles; that is, earthquakes happen. According to some accounts, this snake stands on the back of a tortoise, which, in turn, is supported by eight elephants. What supports the elephants is not stated.

According to the Hindu system, the earth is the center around which revolve, in regular succession, the sun, the moon, the lunar constellations, planets, etc. First in order the sun revolves; then the moon, the lunar constellations; Budha, or Mercury; Sukra, or Venus; Mangala, or Mars; Brihaspati, or Jupiter; Sani, or Saturn; while far above these is the world of Dhruva, or the Polar Star.

Surya, the sun, was in early times worshiped as a divinity; and in many passages of the Rig-Veda heaven and earth are described as the parents of the gods. Surya is called the son of Dyaus — heaven — and is represented as moving daily across the sky in a golden car, drawn by seven white horses. Perhaps the most holy verse in the Veda is a short prayer to the sun.

According to the Hindu account, there are nine planets — Surya, Chandra, Mangala, Budha, Brihaspati, Sukra, Sani, Rahu, and Ketu. The Sanskrit word for planet means to seize or grasp, from Rahu and Ketu, supposed red and black serpents trying to seize the sun and moon during eclipses.

According to the Puranas, Budha, or Mercury, is the son of Soma, the moon, by the wife of Brihaspati, or Jupiter. Sukra, or Venus, is said to be the son of the Rishi Bhrigu, or one of the teachers of the gods. Again, the moon (Chandra, or Soma) is said to be the son of another Rishi-Rishi Atri. The chariot of the moon has three wheels and is drawn by ten horses of the whiteness of jasmine. The following explanation of the changes of the moon is given in the Puranas: Chandra is said to have married the twenty-seven daughters of Daksha. His favorite among them was Rohini. The other daughters, having complained to their father, he cursed Chandra, who became affected with consumption. The wives of Chandra then interceded with their father, who pronounced that the decay should be only for a time. Hence, the successive wane and increase of the moon. Another account says the sun fills the moon every month with nectar. Thirty-six thousand three hundred and thirty-three gods drink of it during the light fortnight, and the Pitris, or ancestors, during the dark fortnight.

The regent of Mangala, or Mars, is supposed to be Kartikeya, a son of Siva, and god of war. Brihaspati, or Jupiter, is said to have been a Rishi, or teacher of the gods. As regent of the planet he is represented as drawn in a car by eight pale horses.

Sani, or Saturn, was the son of Surya, the sun. He is sometimes represented as clad in a black mantle, with an angry look, and riding a raven. His chariot is said to move slowly, drawn by eight piebald horses.

Rahu rides in a dusky chariot, drawn by eight black horses; Ketu has eight horses of a dark red color. Rahu is supposed to be a great demon, with four arms, and a tail (like that of a dragon) instead of feet. When the gods had obtained Amrita, the water of immortality, by churning the Milk Sea, Rahu stole among them and drank a portion secretly. The Sun and Moon, observing the theft, told Vishnu, who threw his saber at Rahu, severing his head and two arms from his monstrous body. As Rahu had swallowed some of the Amrita, both parts remained alive, and are named Rahu and Ketu, who

every now and then take revenge on the Sun and Moon by swallowing them for a short time, thus causing eclipses.

According to the Puranas, the chariots of the planets are kept in place by aerial cords, fastened to Dhruva, the Polar Star.

Of meteorites, the Koran informs us that they are flames hurled by good angels at evil spirits when they come too near.

To be sure, the writers of the Puranas, who gave such wonderful accounts of the universe, were guided only by their fancy. Observation was thought unimportant and useless. Truth had no charm in their sight. They framed marvelous stories fit only, like fairy tales, for amusement. To them the heavens did not "declare the glory of God," nor "the firmament show His handiwork." And, even today, with the advance of civilization and education, superstition, as regards the heavenly bodies and their movements, controls the people of this land and they fear them more than they ever admire and reverence them or the power that controls them all.

COURTING AND NESTING DAYS.

BY N. HUDSON MOORE.



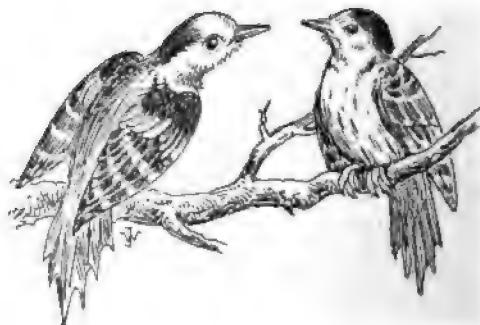
URING the first two weeks of May the bird student can pick up enough crumbs of comfort to give pleasure through the whole year. This is a very large statement, I know, and applies chiefly to those latitudes where the migrations are at their height. It is in May that we may have the privilege of seeing the warblers at their brightest and best. On a day with a bright sun, or after a warm rain, I do not despair of counting twenty or thirty varieties of birds, resident and migrant, before breakfast.

The song of the ruby-crowned kinglet was spoken of last month, but an accompaniment to the song was not mentioned. In the books it says, "the male bird has a concealed red crest," a very misleading statement. You may be watching through your glasses the modest little green bird exploring in a painstaking way every nook and cranny in a tree. Let his mate come near, or some intruder, feathered or otherwise, venture too familiarly, and you will behold a marvel. From the top of his head rises this crest like a little flame.

One eager observer said, "It seemed as if he pressed a button and an electric light

glowed." He will hold this crest erect during the whole time he sings, and then it goes as suddenly as it came. He may erect it without song whenever his mate comes nigh, for during courtship at least he wishes to appear at his gayest. It is curious that this scrap of feathers should be swayed by these two very human emotions, love and hate, which hang out this tiny red badge as their signal.

In direct contrast to this dainty fashion of courtship is that of the sapsucker, or yellow-



SAPSUCKERS.

bellied woodpecker. He sits with his mate on a branch, bill to bill, and they raise and

depress their heads with surprising rapidity, uttering at the same time a series of discordant notes. Their pointed heads give them the look of two gossiping old women in caps.

We may yield to the sapsucker and the kingfisher the palm for making the most disagreeable noises while addressing their mates. They both make devoted husbands. The sapsucker particularly is most assiduous, assisting in boring out the nest, taking his turn in sitting on the eggs and feeding the young. He always stays "near and handy by" in case he should be wanted.

We speak of the song of a bird as if it were an everyday affair. It is the call-note, the homely little chirp or chitter which is really the language of birds. The song is the outpouring of his love, his expression of emotion, and soon stops when there are young in the nest. Some English writers aver that the nightingale stops singing the very day, nay the very hour, the young chip the shell, but our birds do not seem to be so abominably prompt.

Our splendid oriole is known best by his martial "chuck, chuck." Hear him at sunrise as he swings on the elm, bare as yet of leaves, and pours out a burst of melody, the very perfection of a love-song.

The brown thrasher is another marvelous singer whose performance is not worthily dealt with in the books. Last spring there was a pair in the Forest of Arden. On the topmost branch of a tall tree, with tail and wings drooping, the male would seat himself, throw up his head, and sing. For ten minutes you might listen to this vocal cascade, bright, free, and of great variety. He sang with peculiar brilliancy at night, sometimes till nearly nine. On one such occasion, with a new moon in the sky, a cat-bird, prince of mimics, took up the strain from a bush near by and did his best to rival the thrasher. Such a concert amply repaid one for trudging over a freshly plowed field in the dusk. To my mind the thrasher excels the mocking-bird, who always seems to be trying over his notes and judging of effects. The thrasher knows what he wants to do, and does it.

Very different from these brilliant songs are the organ obligatos of the beautiful white-crowned sparrow. These birds have a way of effacing themselves, even though the white on head and throat makes them showy in the open. They have only a few notes, but how rich and serene they are. As one bird after another takes up the strain, you almost feel as if you stood within cathedral

doors. It is not with song only that birds woo their mates. How dexterously a wren will catch a bee and present it in the tenderest manner to his little brown mate. A cedar-bird will politely pass a worm to his lady-love, in fact, it may go down a whole row of the birds before some one is greedy enough to swallow it.



CEDAR-BIRDS.

Not to overlook what is near at hand, observe the gallant manners of the common barnyard cock when he has found a choice morsel. The hens have the first taste, while he looks on voicing his satisfaction, and ready to do battle should another male come that way.

At this season birds develop traits that are quite unexpected. They are as gay as the season, their plumage and song are in perfect beauty. They are the most ardent of lovers, and will strut about displaying their fine feathers, sing their sweetest, and battle with a more favored rival. When they are happily mated and the serious business of nest-building is on foot, what eagerness and intelligence they show. Such countless conversations with regard to site, such care is expended in choice of material, and such wonderful intelligence is shown in the building of the nest.

The beauty of many nests is quite unguessed unless you examine them closely or see one in process of construction. One May morning I chanced upon a red-start weaving her dainty home. She labored incessantly for hours, and as there was a fresh breeze blowing, at great disadvantage. She bound to some twigs a few floating ends of spider's web. Every time she flew away they became hopelessly tangled, and she patiently straightened them out with her bill, using that awkward implement with more dexterity than we could fingers. She apparently gathered all the webs near at hand, and then began to weave in light grass and fiber. Three days later the nest was finished. I saw no assistance given by the mate who stayed in the vicinity, to be sure, spreading his tail and flitting about, and urging her on with his little jerky call-note.

There are not always an equal number of males and females of any one species in a neighborhood. There are always some un-

mated males, as well as some unappropriated spinsters. These are called upon to fill the ranks if accident or boys kill one of a pair.

There is a bachelor robin which has appeared in the same garden for several years. His own kind have rejected him and he ruffles it among the English sparrows who seem quite proud of his acquaintance. They do not resent his robbing them of any choice morsel they may have picked up, but give up without a murmur. There is no peculiarity in his appearance, which sometimes accounts for ungenerous treatment from other birds of the same species, and he lives contentedly all summer with his humble friends. He arrives so early that it does not seem possible that he goes far to the south for his winter resort. The sparrows stay all the year, so in winter he must fend for himself, or perhaps he has other friends in other places.

Wander where you will in May you will find the first half of the month devoted to courtship and song, and the latter full of nesting.

Credit is rarely given to birds for their exquisite cleanliness. No offensive matter is allowed to remain within the nest, to endanger the health of the young, the patient mother working from daylight to dusk, in many cases only cheered on by masculine encouragement manifested in song, rather than in actual assistance.

That the colors of birds' eggs differ, as well as the shapes, we all know. Why should the robin secrete a pigment that produces one of her lovely blue eggs, and the song sparrow content herself with grayish ones speckled with brown? Is it the old story of "protective coloring"?

Not all eggs are oval. Owls lay those which are nearly spherical, and are easily turned by the bird to secure equal warmth. Her eggs cannot roll away, being placed in a hole. On the other hand, some aquatic birds that deposit one or two eggs on a bare rock, lay such elongated ones that a gale of wind causes them to spin around on their axis.

The usual number composing a "clutch" is four or six eggs, with the small ends towards the center so that the set is easier to cover. The time of incubation depends largely on the size of the eggs, those of the humming-bird taking ten days while a hen will take three weeks. As a general thing only the necessary number of eggs are laid; four to six, though these may be replaced if the bird is robbed. Our domestic hen is a well-known example of long continued egg-laying.

Some owls, a species that seems quite irregular in their habits, lay one egg and

hatch it, before laying another. The bird first hatched must "mother" the second egg and keep it warm while the real mother is searching for food.

The amount of labor performed by a pair of birds in keeping a nestful of little ones fed and clean would seem to be severe enough to induce nervous prostration. In many cases this is done twice or thrice in a few weeks. Besides gathering the food, in some cases it is specially prepared for the young, either beaten to a pulp, or, as with doves and flickers, swallowed and softened before being given to the fledglings. Even the dainty humming-bird sips the honey with its long slender bill, and then regurgitates it for the nourishment of the two feathered mites that fill her nest.

MAY NOTES.

In teaching children to study and love nature, one thing that has to be specially guarded against is the wanton destruction of "specimens." It is usually possible to study without taking life, but insects, particularly beetles, do have to be examined at close range. The collecting fever is apt to burn fiercely and go out. One good specimen passed around is often enough for a class, and thus many harmless creatures may be spared to pass their brief life unmolested. I would have the following lines "writ large" and put in every schoolroom:

" Hurt no living thing;
Ladybird, nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetles fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep."

—C. Rossetti.

May seems a month of miracles, such birds, such flowers, such sounds and scents, everything responding to Nature's call. The city parks are beautiful, lilac, wistaria, spiraea, all in full blossom, and the grass golden with the gay sunny dandelion.

One of the most ardent and patient lovers among our birds is the reviled English sparrow. He waltzes about, with trailing wings, trying to attract his brown mate who is actively picking up seeds. If he is too persistent, and she does not fancy him, she knocks him down, pecks him and maltreats him, without a protest on his part.

ENGLISH SPARROW AS A LOVER. When she returns to her meal, up he gets, and tries again. As a lover, he is one of the most amusing little creatures to be found.

To encourage the bird-lover, I add a list of birds seen the first fourteen days of May, 1900, from a second-story window looking into a small thicket of young trees. A trolley line ran within two hundred feet, and the activity of city life went on unceasingly all about: ruby-crowned kinglet, summer yellow-bird, grasshopper sparrow, black-throated blue warbler,



Baltimore oriole, Maryland yellow-throat, white-crowned sparrow, oven-bird, yellow-rumped warbler, Cape May warbler, sapsucker, palm warbler, red-polled warbler, black-throated green warbler, brown thrasher, Blackburnian, bay-breasted, chestnut-sided warblers, red-start, yellow-bellied flycatcher, bluegray gnatcatcher, magnolia, parula, hooded warblers, veery, purple finch, wood-thrush, humming-bird, Nashville warbler, warbling vireo, vesper sparrow, least flycatcher, rose-breasted grosbeak, cedar-birds, catbird, chickadees, Wilson's warbler, and olive-backed thrush,—thirty-eight varieties. The Cape May warbler is rare; he stayed fourteen days, and during the last eight his mate was with him.

I call Rochester the last stop on the air-line before crossing the lake, and believe the birds, those that are going north to breed, rest here an extra time in preparation for the severe trip. All cities and towns similarly situated with reference to the Great Lakes should be similarly blessed.

Who will get a longer list this May?

The Mayflower is sweetening the woods all around us. It is interesting to note that this was the first flower found by the Pilgrim mothers after landing on the bleak New England shore. They named it in honor of the good ship which bore them here.

A PRIVATE INDEX, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

BY REV. HERBERT W. HORWILL, M. A.



NOWLEDGE is power, says the old proverb, but there is perhaps more truth in Edward Thring's paradox that the art of learning is the art of knowing what to forget. Mental discipline is always power, but the accumulation of facts in the memory may, in some circumstances, be only a dead weight. For example, a boy in a Chicago school may have come across a directory of the city of London, and may have learned from it the list of business houses, with their numbers, in Furnival street. What power does that information give him—in Chicago? The man of culture is he who has acquired the habit of judicious selection; who always prefers the best to the second best, and does not exhaust his intellectual vigor in the pursuit of the unprofitable.

But there is one kind of learning that always pays. It is not worth the while of a Chicago boy to learn by heart any part of the London directory, but it is worth his while to know of the existence and purpose of such a book. The sum of human knowledge includes an infinite miscellany of facts that we need not attempt to commit to memory. What is of real service is that we should know where to turn for any one of these facts, if we should happen to have occasion for it. In short, what we need is not so much a memory for the facts as a memory for the places where the facts are to be found.

This index memory is an important part of the equipment of the modern journalist. The gift of brilliant style is no longer sufficient for the man who aims at leading public opinion on questions of the day. Every newspaper office has its library, part of which is usually home-made. When Mr. W. T. Stead was at the *Pall Mall Gazette*, two clerks were kept busy cutting out, pasting into

books, and indexing newspaper scraps that were expected to be some day useful for reference. One of Mr. Stead's most distinguished journalistic pupils, Mr. E. T. Cook, late editor of the *Daily News*, has organized a complete system of the same kind. It has recently been said that "when you went to consult Mr. Cook on any subject, he was always ready in a second to look for and to find the exact information which was required upon it. In volume after volume he had carefully compiled every single bit of information among contemporary events, writings, and speeches which bore, or might bear, on the controversies of the time."

It would be a useless task for the average student to gather together a museum of speeches by members of congress, or of editorial articles in the New York papers. But every now and then, in our reading of dailies and weeklies, we come across something which is too valuable to be allowed to disappear into the waste-paper basket. It may be an anecdote that will give point to a Sunday-school address, or an exposition of a difficult text, or an illuminating criticism of one of our favorite authors. We deceive ourselves if we think we shall remember it from a single perusal of the paper. Five years hence we shall have an impression that we once read something of the kind, but our recollections of it will be blurred, and we shall possibly attribute to Abraham Lincoln an epigram that was really uttered by Henry Ward Beecher.

It may perhaps be helpful to some of my readers if I give an account, in detail, of my own method of dealing with newspapers. I have followed it for about fifteen years, and have often found it of great advantage in my work as a writer and public speaker. The first article in my outfit is a blue pencil, which I carry with me when reading a paper.

and with which I mark a cross against the beginning of any article that seems worth preserving. At some time when I am too wide awake to be idle but not brisk enough for real work, I take a large pair of scissors and dissect my pile of journals. In cutting out each extract, it is important to write upon it the name and date of the paper from which it is taken. Otherwise there is a danger of being unable to respond to any challenge that may be made of the trustworthiness of facts used on the basis of such a quotation. Each extract is then neatly folded, its width being that of the average newspaper column, and its depth a little more than four inches. It is inscribed on the back with its title and the number it is to bear in my index-book. When fifty of these cuttings have accumulated, I pack them together between two pieces of cardboard, around which I fasten an elastic band to keep them in place. On the front cardboard I write the number of the cuttings included in that package, *e.g.*, "2151-2200." The sheaves that I have thus gleaned are then stacked on my shelves, in such a way that I can quickly get at any cutting to which I need to refer. At first I used to store my cuttings in large envelopes, but I found them very liable to get loose and stray out of their proper places. I believe the system I have described to be more practically useful than that of pasting extracts into books. For one thing, many cuttings have valuable matter on both sides; for another, there is sometimes occasion to read an extract in the course of a speech, and no self-respecting audience would allow itself to be addressed by a man who carried a small library about with him. An exception must, however, be made in the case of cuttings which are so short that they would probably be lost if grouped with the rest in bundles. These are best preserved by being pasted into a commonplace book, into which book I also copy short passages from volumes I have borrowed.

I have not yet described the indexing itself, which must, of course, be an essential feature of any system. It would be of little use to accumulate a multitude of cuttings, even though they were numbered, if no record were made of their contents. My own plan is to keep three index-books of quarto size, strongly bound; one for general entries (arranged alphabetically), another for proper names (also arranged alphabetically), and one for theological topics (arranged according to subjects). In these books I enter (1) the

topics of my cuttings, as I make up each package, (2) the entries in my commonplace book, and (3) any important references to books that I have been reading. References to expositions of passages of Scripture are best noted in an interleaved Bible, or in such a copy as the Oxford Press publishes for that purpose, with a margin of the same width as the whole column of letterpress.

A sample extract may show more clearly how my system works. Suppose I am about to write or speak on the subject of Spiritualism. I turn up the subject in my theological index, and I find against the word the following entries:

Palmer 44, 198: Lit. Recoll. 250: Tenn. 272: C. P. 2302, 3197: Sc. 1105-13, 1726, 1860: Burton's Life ii. 136: Exp. 3rd. s. 1.56: Horton O. T. Wom. 135: Stowe 306, 336, 371: Stelligeri 67.

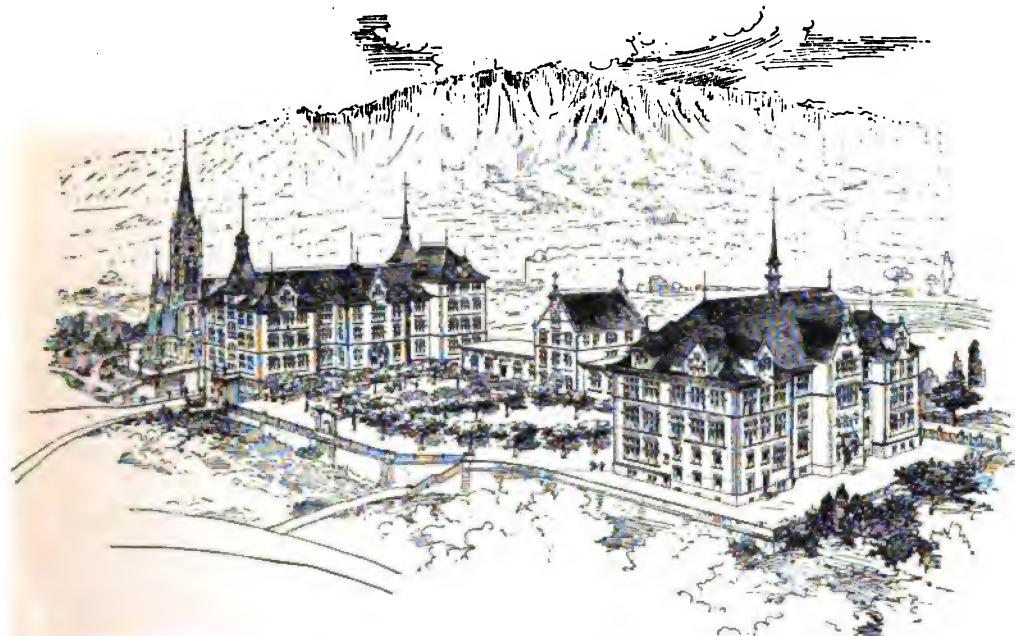
I thus discover that I shall find material on the subject in the biography of Prof. E. H. Palmer, Payn's "Literary Recollections," Tennyson's Poems, the Life of Sir Richard Burton, the first volume of the third series of the *Expositor*, Horton's "Women of the Old Testament," the Autobiography of Mrs. Stowe, and Professor Barrett Wendell's "Stelligeri." I suppose that, if I had trusted to my memory, there is not one of these books—except the last, which I read only a few weeks ago—to which I should have thought of referring for information. In addition, I find that I have two entries on the subject in my commonplace book (indexed as C. P.) and eleven cuttings among my newspaper extracts (Sc. being my abbreviation for "Scraps").

If I happened to possess any book about Spiritualism I should not take the trouble to enter it in the index, as I should not be likely to forget it. I should know, of course, that a valuable article might probably be found in the "Encyclopedia Britannica" and other books of reference in the nearest public library, and that a Poole's Index in the same place would also be of service. The value of a private index is that it supplies references which would not be found in any library finding-list, and that it deals with books which we have already read once, and respecting which the memory can therefore quickly be refreshed.

I have written this account of my own practise, not expecting that it will command itself to everybody who reads this article as "just the thing" to facilitate his work, but rather that it may suggest general principles of method that may be modified to suit individual cases. It may seem at first sight a

great burden to take pains about the preservation of newspaper cuttings and the classification of one's book-reading. The trouble that it involves should be considered, however, as an investment. The benefit of it will be reaped after many days. I have known men whose exceptional strength of memory enabled them during middle age to recall without effort the reading of years

before, but who, when they passed sixty, began to regret that they had not laid out some of their time in preparing aids for a recollection no longer so retentive. To the busy writer or speaker, an index is a kind of literary banking deposit, steadily accumulating interest as he works and sleeps, and beyond reach of the depredations made upon other kinds of capital.



SCHOOL BUILDINGS ON THE BÜHL, ZÜRICH, SWITZERLAND.

HOW CHILDREN ARE EDUCATED IN SWITZERLAND.*

BY PROFESSOR ANDREW BAUMGARTNER.

(Of the Zürich Public Schools.)



ZÜRICH enjoys the credit of having good and cheap schools. A great many of the numerous strangers who come to live at Zürich come because of the vast educational resources to be found here—parents who wish children to get a good liberal education, students who wish to finish higher studies.

Since elementary instruction is made compulsory by law, and since the town, the canton, and the state do so much for the public

* This account of a remarkable public school system in the most democratic country on the globe has been secured by Chancellor Vincent. Prof. Baumgartner has become prominently identified with the spread of the Chautauqua Movement in Switzerland as being eminently fitted to supplement the exceptional means already existing there for the education of the people.—[EDITOR.]

schools, there are very few private schools in Zürich. The same is true of any other town or place in Switzerland, Lausanne and Geneva perhaps excepted. For children between the ages of six and twelve there are only five private schools in Zürich, and there are about as many for pupils above twelve years of age.

Children between the ages of six and fourteen are compelled to attend school. They must attend the Primary School. The obligation is precisely this: all parents are bound to give their children instruction at least equal to that afforded in the public primary schools; but if they choose, they are at liberty to teach their children at home, or they may have them educated in private establishments. Attendance upon the Kin-

dergartens, which have no state endowment, is optional.

At the age of twelve any child may leave the Primary School, and go either to the Secondary School or to the Gymnasium (the classical department of the so-called Cantonal School). Those who enter neither of the schools at twelve have to stay two years longer at the Primary School. During these two years the student enters what is called the Enlarged Primary School. This arrangement is new for the canton of Zürich, the legal steps having been taken recently. The Primary and Secondary Schools are free, and the books, stationery, and so on, are supplied gratuitously by the town.

Children leave the Secondary School at the end of two or three years, in order either to learn a trade or to continue their studies. To do the latter, girls go to the High School for Girls, or to the School of Industrial Arts. Boys have a greater choice of schools—the Commercial School, the Technical or Industrial School (both being departments of the Cantonal School), the Agricultural School,

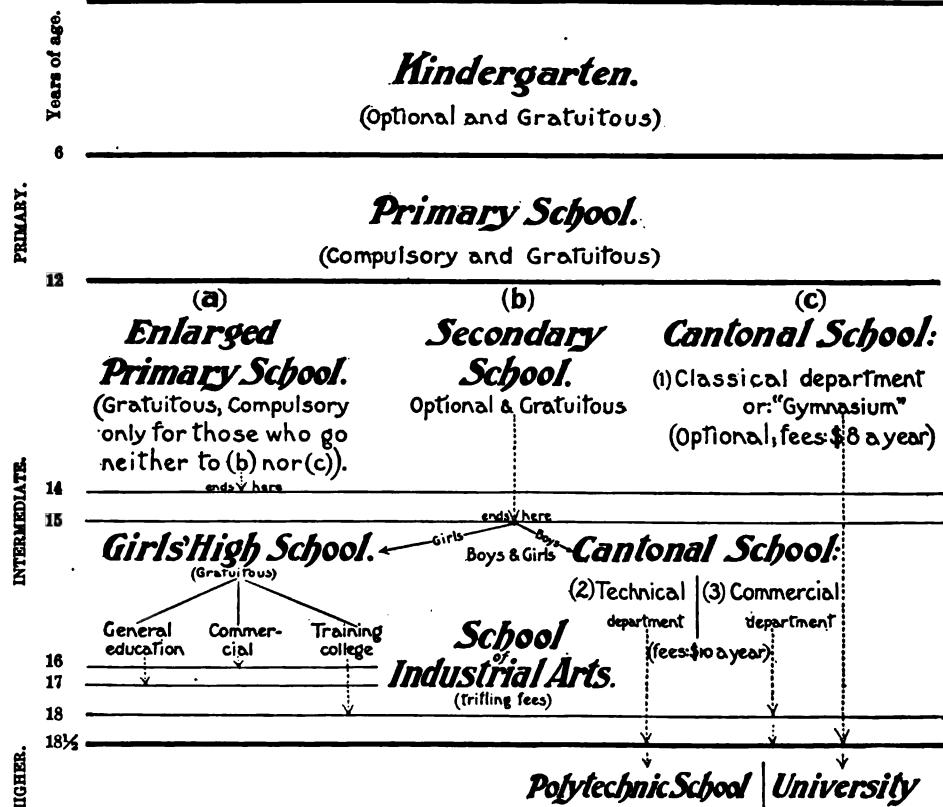
all of which are at Zürich; or the cantonal Training College, which is at Küssnacht, four miles away from Zürich; or the cantonal Technikum, which has its seat at Winterthur.

The Cantonal School has three departments: first, the classical, called Gymnasium, which prepares for the University and the Veterinary School (now part of the University); second, the technical (industrial or realistic), called Industrieschule, which prepares for the Federal Polytechnic; and third, the commercial, which prepares for life, or for further studies at the University.

The University belongs to, and is maintained and managed by the Canton, not by the town of Zürich. The Polytechnic School is federal; that is, maintained and administered by the Confederation. Its various departments are: the schools of Architecture, Engineering, Technical Mechanics, Chemistry, Agriculture, and a school for teachers of mathematics and natural sciences. There are also courses in historical, political and military science.

Girls go through the Primary and Sec-

TABLE ILLUSTRATING THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM IN ZÜRICH.



Other Municipal Public Schools:—Trades and Handicrafts, Silk-weaving, Music, Dressmaking and Cutting-out, Cookery.

ondary School. Those who wish to pursue their studies then enter the High School for Girls (*höhere Töchterschule*), which has three divisions: one for general education, another for a commercial training, a third for the training of female teachers for the Primary School. There are courses to train female teachers for the Kindergarten system, also special Latin courses for those who wish to enter the University, to study medicine, law, etc. At the age of fifteen girls may also attend the School of Industrial Arts.

There are still other public schools maintained and managed by the city, and highly appreciated and much frequented; for instance, the *Gewerbeschule*—(a) School of Trades and Handicrafts, (b) School of Industrial Arts—the schools of Music, of Dressmaking and Cutting-out, of Cookery, of Silk-weaving, and a Mechanics Institution. The only schools in Zürich not belonging to the city are the Cantonal School, the Agricultural School, the Veterinary School, and the University, which are all

Cantonal; the Polytechnic, which is Federal.

Sir Francis O. Adams and C. D. Cunningham truly say in their book on the Swiss Confederation: “The Swiss citizen takes an honest pride in his school and everything connected with it. The schoolhouse in any town or village, from the capital of the canton to the most remote hamlet, is certain to attract the notice of a stranger as one of the most solid and commodious buildings in the place, and no site, however costly, would be looked upon as thrown away by being used for a schoolhouse.” The town of Zürich, with 150,000 inhabitants, has about forty schoolhouses for Primary and Secondary education alone, all of them large edifices (in fact, too large), and many of them really fine buildings. We give, as a specimen, the newest, those on the Bühl, embracing the Primary School, the Secondary School, and the Gymnastic Hall.

Besides all these there are schools for the blind and deaf and dumb, and for children of weak intellect.

APPROPRIATION.

I would make use of life,
Full use, best use! Let come what will,
'Tis life, and life my cup shall fill.
Or sweet or bitter be the draught,
Boots not, but how the cup is quaffed.
What out of aloes or sweet wine
Doth enter in, becometh mine?
From this my God-appointed fate
What good shall I appropriate?
Be such my spirit's inquiry:
God fixed my lot—but left me free!

Out of all stress and strife,
Out of all disappointments, pain,
What deathless profit shall I gain?
If sorrow cometh, shall it slay?
Or shall I bear a song away?
When wave and tide against me lift,
Shall I still cleave my course, or drift?
Soul! nerve thyself to such as these
Deep problems, sacred destinies!
It matters not what fate may give;
The best is thine—to nobly live!

—James Buckham.

The RIVALRY of NATIONS

WORLD POLITICS OF TODAY

By Edwin A. Sturt

Required Reading
for the Chautauqua Literary and
Scientific Circle.

China and the
ancient world.

Summary of Pre-
ceding Chapters.



T the present time the attention of the world is focused upon China almost to the exclusion of other points of interest. The contact of China with the world through commercial intercourse is of immemorial antiquity. Just when in the dawning of civilized life in Asia the Chinese people developed a national existence we do not know, but there are evidences that trade was carried on between the Chinese and the ancient empires of Egypt and Babylonia. China itself is supposed to have been occupied by the race that now inhabits it, about twenty-four or twenty-five centuries before Christ. It was known in the days of the early Roman empire, and it is described by Ptolemy as "a vast and populous country touching on the east the ocean and limits of

[Chapters I.-IV. appeared in the October issue. The first was an introductory discussion of the significance of the present age, the expansion of the nations, the industrial revolution, the growth of democracy, and the world problems resulting from the interplay of these elements. Chapter II. explained the politics of Europe in the middle of the century, as turning upon the ideas of nationality and the revolutionary democracy; with the Eastern question as shaped in the Crimean war. In Chapters III. and IV. the development of England and France, respectively, in the last half century was traced, with especial reference to the rise of English democracy and the growth of republican government in France.

[Chapters V.-VIII. in the November number considered in a similar way the other four great powers of Europe, Germany, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia.

[Chapters IX.-XI. in the December number dealt with the question of the near East. Chapter IX. described the reopening of the Eastern question after 1871, explaining the relations of Russia and Turkey and the status of the Turkish empire and the Balkan and Danubian provinces. Chapter X. discussed the developments from 1871 to the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, the results of the war and the treaty of San Stefano, and Chapter XI. the resettlement of the Eastern question by the Congress of Berlin, the resulting conditions, and the effect upon Russian policy.

[In the January number Chapter XII. discussed the consequences of the Congress of Berlin in the Balkan peninsula; Chapter XIII. considered Egypt as a factor in the Eastern question, and the British control; Chapter XIV. was a general introduction to the subject of Colonial Expansion; and Chapter XV., on "Imperial England," began an examination of the characteristics, methods, and extent of the colonial activity of the different European powers.

[Chapters XVI.-XIX. in the February number continued the study of the expansion of the great nations begun in January, Chapter XVI. being a study of the growth of the British imperial idea in its spirit and manifestations. A chapter on German colonial policy showed the consistency and studied character of German colonial methods, and another dealt with French colonization in its chief aspects. The closing chapter was on Russian expansion.

[In the March number Chapters XX.-XXII. were devoted to a consideration of the advance of civilization in Africa, the scramble for territorial possessions, and the present relations and prospects of the European nations in the Dark Continent. Chapter XXIII. dealt with the entrance of the New World into world politics, the Monroe doctrine and South America. Chapter XXIV. described the growth of the foreign policy of the United States.

[Chapters XXV.-XXVIII. appeared in the April number. The first of these dealt with considerations growing out of the recognition of the United States by itself and others as a world power. Some of its needs, limitations, and responsibilities in this rôle were touched upon. Chapter XXVI. reviewed the great historic movements of nations, with the resulting reconstruction of the map, and considered "the new map of the world." In the following chapter "The Problems of Asia" were taken up, starting from the basis of the four Asiatic empires, Russia and Great Britain, China and Japan. The especial importance of railways in the Asiatic problem was alluded to. Finally, in the fourth of these chapters, Japan, "the new oriental world power," was traced to its present place among the nations.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE STORM CENTER.



THE UNITED STATES
LEGATION, PEKING.

the habitable world and extending west nearly to Imaus and the confines of Bactria. The people are civilized men of mild, just, and frugal temper, eschewing collision with their neighbors and even shy of close intercourse, but not averse to dispose of their own products, of which raw silk is the staple, but which includes also silk stuffs, furs, and iron of remarkable quality."¹ This description, so well corresponding to our knowledge of the modern China, shows that the knowledge of these people in the time of Ptolemy was something more than mere legend.

The overland route through Bactria (a year's journey) was open and used by European traders until shut off by the dominion of the Seljuk Turks in Asia Minor and Syria. Much information has been brought to light in recent years from Chinese accounts in regard to the early trade relations of China with the western people. In the thirteenth century the conquests of the great Mongol chieftain Jenghiz Khan, extended by his even greater grandson Kublai Khan, brought together in one vast empire, China, Corea, Thibet, Tongking, Cochin-China, most of India beyond the Ganges, a part of Persia, Siberia, and the Turkish possessions westward to the Dnieper river in Russia. These Mongol rulers were liberal men, with the ideas of statesmen as well as conquerors. Under them there was freedom of travel in China, as we know from the experiences of the Polos, narrated by Marco Polo, and from other travelers who ventured into this region. Kublai Khan made Peking the capital of his empire. He offered the pope an opportunity to introduce Christianity into the vast Mongol domains, but Innocent III. was too much occupied with European politics to respond to the hospitable call of the large-minded oriental ruler, and the opportunity was turned over to the Grand Lama, the pope of Buddhism.

Under the native Ming dynasty, which began in 1368, a new and more bigoted policy was adopted, which grew still narrower as the celestials learned to suspect European purposes. Nor did this change under the Manchu emperors, who established their power by conquest in 1644, and have maintained their rule over China, Thibet, and Mongolia until the present time.

Modern European intercourse with China began in the seventeenth

The great Mongol empire.

Exclusive policy.

¹ Cited in Yule, "Cathay and the Way Thither."

Modern European intercourse with China.

century, although the Portuguese, forerunners of Europeans in eastern seas, and the Spanish from Manila, traded in China in the sixteenth century. The Dutch followed, a patient and persistent race of traders, who approached the Chinese in a different spirit from other Europeans, although they could at times be brutal and uncompromising. There has always been a failure of the Chinese and European races to understand each other, due to an utter difference in their points of view, and to the rapacity and lack of principle, so often characterizing European methods in the East, which have inspired the Chinese with disgust. The latter have never been able to understand why people having similar dress and customs should be such bitter rivals, and they have shown less respect for Europeans on this account, and have taken advantage of western rivalries as astute orientals have always done.

France and Russia.

The early connection of France with China was through the Jesuit missionaries who made it their business to become thoroughly acquainted with the people, living with them, and adopting their customs and mode of dress. They were thus able to exercise a considerable influence and to obtain much valuable information. Russia has been in contact with China for nearly four centuries; indeed, medieval Russia was embraced among the tributary states of the Mongol empire until it threw off that yoke and pushed eastward by rapid marches across Siberia to the Chinese boundary. The first Chinese treaty was a boundary treaty with Russia made in 1689. Because of their peculiar half-relationship with Asia and their experience as ruled and rulers with Asiatic peoples, the Russians have known better than other European nations how to deal with the Chinese, refusing to humiliate themselves by unworthy and unmeaning ceremonials, and thereby compelling respect and making their position in all negotiations stronger.

England.

England began its intercourse with China in 1635, but did not carry on any active operations until 1664. From the beginning until 1834 the English trade was in the hands of the East India Company. The Portuguese maintained a most determined and stupid opposition to British trade at Canton, but the decline of Macao and the growth and prominence of the rival British port of Hongkong show how unsuccessful their policy was. The first war between China and England arose primarily from the conditions of communication between the two countries. The Chinese government looked upon every outside nation that sought to communicate with it through envoys as acknowledging subjection, and without the Europeans realizing the fact, each of the great powers had put itself in this attitude so far as the Chinese standpoint was concerned. The Chinese believed that the Europeans were dependent upon China for tea, rhubarb, and silks, without which they could not live. This point of view led the Chinese to misunderstand the European commissioners in every case.

Politics and trade separate in China.

Furthermore, the Chinese could not understand the relation between politics and trade. The interference of the diplomatic officials with matters of commerce was something entirely beyond their understanding. When the English sent out a high official as superintendent of trade in China, with powers partly consular and partly diplomatic, the Chinese officials regarded him as a kind of head merchant, and refused him any official recognition. Their own trade was entirely in the hands of the body known as the Hong merchants, whose position and responsibilities were peculiar. They had a monopoly of the European trade, and were expected to conduct all dealings with the European merchants, and were held responsible for the conduct of the Europeans. On account of this responsibility, they paid heavily for the special privileges they enjoyed. The general superintendence of the Chinese trade was in the hands of the senior Hong merchant. The government officials did not expect to be troubled with these affairs in the least. The Chinese looked upon the

English superintendent of trade as they looked upon their own senior Hong merchant, while the English government had commissioned him as its representative to the Chinese government.

The first collision between China and a European power was due to the opium trade. The Chinese government had engaged in a sincere attempt to suppress the opium traffic, which was having an injurious effect on the Chinese people; but it had become a large part of the foreign trade, and opium was imported to the value of millions of dollars from India. With or without the connivance of the Chinese officials, generally with it, this opium was smuggled in without regard to the laws of China. Regular trade was sidetracked by the enormous importance of the opium traffic, and the unwillingness of Great Britain, which was the country most largely interested, to make any effort to prevent its citizens from infringing the Chinese laws, produced strained relations. Punishment for infringements fell upon the Chinese, while the foreigners were the real principals in the illegal practises. The forced surrender of eleven million dollars' worth of opium in English vessels at Canton led to the Opium war, which was closed by the treaty of Nanking. This first Chinese commercial treaty opened the five ports of Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai to British residence and trade according to an understood tariff. By it the island of Hongkong was ceded to England.

This treaty aroused great interest in Europe and America. An embassy, headed by Caleb Cushing, was sent from the United States, and negotiated the first commercial treaty between this country and China in 1844. The French treaty was arranged the same year.

The misunderstandings between the West and the East were not over. In 1856 a Chinese vessel, the lorch *Arrow*, was seized by Chinese officials for alleged piracy. The *Arrow* ran up the English flag, and the owners declared that she was an English boat. Thereupon England's representative in China, Sir John Bowring, made imperative demands upon China for restitution, and an apology to the British government. His demands, though unwarranted by the facts of the case, were all met by China, except that for an apology. This the Chinese officials refused to make, and the complications therefrom arising brought on a new war in the fall of 1856. France joined England in 1857. The war closed in 1858, with the treaty of Tien-Tsin. England and France were to have ministers at the Chinese court, at least on special occasions, and China was to be represented at London and Paris. Christianity was to be tolerated in China. A certain measure of freedom of access to Chinese rivers for English and French merchant vessels, and to the interior of China for English and French subjects, was granted. China was to pay the expenses of the war, and the term "barbarian" was no longer to be applied to Europeans in China. A year later it became necessary to renew the war to secure a ratification of this treaty, which was only obtained when the sacred capital of the Son of Heaven lay at the mercy of the allied armies.

The United States government had watched the proceedings in China with deep interest, and William B. Reed was sent by President Buchanan to follow the course of events, and to mediate, if that should be possible.

The Opium war,
1839 - 1842.



ANSON
BURLINGAME.

War with England
and France.

United States the
friend of China.

In its attitude, this country was supported by Russia. The active efforts of Mr. Reed resulted in a new treaty negotiated on the 18th day of June, 1858. Certain provisions of this treaty are of much interest. The first article states:

"There shall be, as there has always been, peace and friendship between the United States of America and the Ta Tsing empire, and between their people respectively. They shall not insult or oppress each other for any trifling cause, so as to produce an estrangement between them, and if any other nation should act unjustly or oppressively the United States will exert their good offices on being informed of the case to bring about an amicable arrangement of the question, thus showing their friendly feeling."

A wise and just treaty.

The treaty names the ports open to American trade, and continues with evident reference to the past experiences of China:

"But said vessels shall not carry on the clandestine and fraudulent trade at other ports of China, not declared to be legal, or along the coasts thereof, and any vessel under the American flag violating this provision shall with her cargo be subject to confiscation to the Chinese government; and any citizen of the United States who shall trade in any contraband article of merchandise shall be subject to be dealt with by the Chinese government, without being entitled to any countenance or protection from that of the United States; and the United States will take measures to prevent their flag from being abused by the subjects of other nations as a cover for the violation of the laws of the empire."

Under this wise and just treaty, which laid the foundations of the friendly relations that have existed, with hardly a break, between the United States and China, our trade with the Celestial empire has grown to large proportions.

The Burlingame mission.

This auspicious beginning of the intercourse of the United States and China was well followed out. For six years prior to 1869 the United States government was represented in China by Anson Burlingame. When about to retire he was offered by the Chinese government one of the most remarkable missions ever entrusted by a government to an alien. He was accredited with exceptional powers as the head of an embassy to eleven of the leading governments of the world, and accomplished much, before his death at St. Petersburg in 1870, to bring about just and friendly treaty relations between China and the Christian nations. The Burlingame treaty with the United States supplemented the Reed treaty in many important particulars. During his labors as Chinese ambassador, Mr. Burlingame was subjected to severe criticism, but this was due to the old prejudice which had made so much trouble between the western nations and China, and which failed to appreciate the broad, just, and intelligent spirit in which he undertook his difficult task. Even at this time China had not recognized the full equality of other nations by admitting their envoys to personal audience with the emperor, but on the 29th day of June, 1873, the Chinese emperor, under the enlightened influence of Prince Kung and his associates, gave personal audience first to the Japanese ambassador, and then to the ministers of Russia, the United States, Great Britain, France, and Italy, with the German secretary as interpreter. The significance of this audience can only be understood by reference to the history of Chinese intercourse with the world outside. It represented the final breaking down of Chinese isolation, and the recognition of the equality of the great powers of the world, and their capacity to treat with China upon equal terms.

Need of men like Burlingame.

Could the era introduced by Mr. Burlingame have continued longer under the direction of such men as he, the present relations of China with the world outside might be very different. Patiently, temperately, and courageously, men of various nations, like Burlingame, Denby, Martin, Hart, Brandt, and many others in humbler places, have labored toward the goal of a better understanding, only to have their work marred by headstrong and unwise men—diplomats and missionaries—who would make over this ancient nation in a day. The story of the dealings of the United States with China and Japan is for the most part an honorable one, and places this country under a special obligation in the present crisis to live up to its own record.



STORMING OF PORT
ARTHUR BY THE
JAPANESE.

(From The Illustrated
London News of Jan. 19,
1895.)

But upon the period of orderly and hopeful progress thus inaugurated War with Japan. broke the storm of the war with Japan. That country felt the impulse of its rush into the arena in the full panoply of a modern state. It wished to try its strength; to bring China into line with itself and to dominate the far East. The long-disputed protectorate of Corea furnished a pretext for a quarrel. War was declared in July, 1894. Before this the world in general had not dreamed of the disproportionate fighting strength of the great, peaceful, unwieldy Chinese empire and its alert, pugnacious adversary. It was believed that China had a tremendous power of endurance which would prolong the war, perhaps until Japan was exhausted.

Never has an estimate been more suddenly disproved. With blow after blow in rapid succession, by sea and land, Japan swept away every pretension of her adversary, and held China at her mercy. On the 17th of April, 1895, by the treaty of Shimonoseki, China ceded to Japan the islands of Formosa and the Pescadores and the Liao-tung peninsula; agreed to open five new ports, including Peking, to Japanese commerce; conceded to the Japanese people the right to erect manufacturing establishments in China; and agreed to pay a war indemnity of about one hundred and fifty million dollars.

Japan's success and remarkable military efficiency secured for her the The treaty of Tokio. instant respect of the western nations, but also brought upon her the full force of their jealousy. Russia, in particular, would not allow the rise of a dangerous power that might menace her plans in eastern Asia. As had been done in her own case after she had defeated Turkey, Russia now evoked a combination composed of her submissive ally, France, and her well-disposed neighbor, Germany, to check the aspirations of Japan. These three powers, taking advantage of China's necessities to pose as her friends and helpers, insisted upon a revision of the treaty of Shimonoseki. Japan was compelled to yield all territorial accessions on the mainland, while her European opponents took the guardianship of decrepit China, which she had sought, and seized by diplomacy the territories she had won by the valor and skill of her armies. The treaty of Tokio of May 8, 1895, by which this was accomplished, marked an almost revolutionary change in the eastern situation.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHINA SINCE SHIMONOSEKI.

The future of China.

What prophet or son of a prophet will attempt, in the present tangled condition of affairs, to forecast the destiny of China? Far Cathay, the golden East which Marco Polo vaguely revealed to Europe nearly seven centuries ago, has opened its Pandora's box of wonders, beautiful and hideous, and the statesmen of the world are staggered by the problems now presented. That a break-up of the old empire that was built by conquest is an imminent possibility, all candid students of the situation must admit. Whether it can be averted in the interest of general peace, by united action of the world powers, and whether any such result could be more than temporary, are questions upon which there is room for wide difference of opinion; and any answers to them can be little more than guesswork.

Is its break-up inevitable?

Two of the most careful observers who have recently studied the situation on the ground, Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, see little hope of averting the catastrophe, and plead earnestly for sympathetic action by the two great Anglo-Saxon powers, as the nations that stand for the largest liberty and that have most in common in their ideals of civilization. There was, immediately after the war between Japan and China, a possibility of such concerted action as would have checked the ambitious plans of Russia, Germany, and France, and would have given the Anglo-Saxon influence a strong and useful place in the East. The great raid on China might then have been prevented. It is too late, now that this raid is an accomplished fact. The hesitation of the United States—the great failing of democracy in dealing with foreign affairs—stood in the way at that time. The present shifty policy of Great Britain has alienated Japan, at one time very friendly to the idea of common action with the Anglo-Saxon powers. The island empire is now pursuing an opportunist course, the only one left open, since her main reliances in the western world have shown a disinclination to link their interests with hers.

The international farce in China.

Meanwhile, we have had the remarkable picture of armed forces numbering many thousand men marching on the Chinese capital, preceded and followed by the reiterated declaration, "This is not war." And while Russia is strengthening its hold on Manchuria and acquiring valuable connections in the *hinterland* of central China; while Germany is exploiting Shangtung; while France is feeling her way northward from Tongking; while Great Britain is talking of the Yang-tse, with her rivals steadily creeping into the coveted region; while Japan is keeping her eyes on Fukien, we have constant verbal assurances that China is not being partitioned. The whole play would be a farce, if it did not partake so much of the nature of tragedy. It is strange that any one should believe the assertions that are continually made in the face of the facts that belie them.

An impetus given to reform.

The defeat of China at the hands of Japan was a severe blow, and seemed for a while likely to prove a salutary lesson. The young emperor, Kwang Su, always inclined to reform, began to introduce changes which would soon have revolutionized China, and would have done it through the great Chinese engine of conservatism and of progress alike—the elaborate educational system of the country. This had been the stronghold of conservatism; the emperor proceeded to convert it into the chief instrument of progress. The time-honored *memoriter* system of training, which had conserved the ancient traditions, began to give way to scientific education on western models, which the reformers, headed by Kang Yu Wei, Kwang Su's chief adviser, studied as enthusiastically, though not quite so critically and intelligently, as the Japanese had done. This was accompanied by a rapid development of plans for a railway system, and

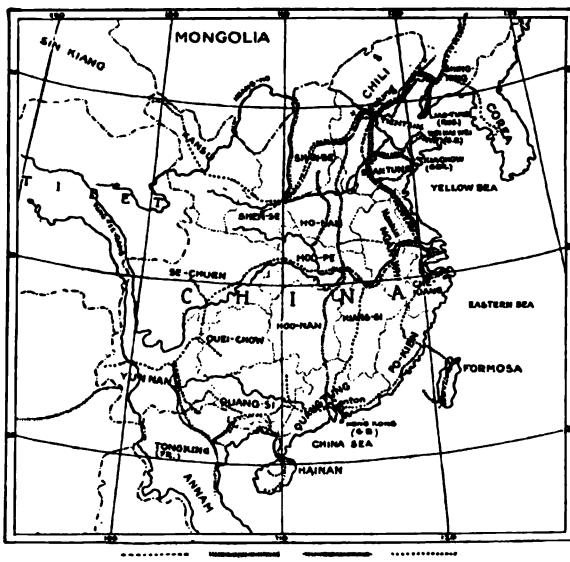
for the much-needed reorganization of the army, the scandalous inefficiency of which was so plainly shown in the war. For a while the march of progress went on apace, and the old fear of the yellow peril, which had worried the western world until China's weakness was made so painfully apparent, had a revival.

When the reform movement struck the official system, however, an element of interested personal opposition was aroused which mere reforms in system had failed to touch. Chinese officialdom was notoriously corrupt. Mandarins who could not live upon their ridiculously small salaries fattened upon wealth extorted from a patient people, and turned in but a small percentage of receipts to the central government, where in turn much was absorbed in personal fees before the imperial treasury was reached. Such a system must have support in high quarters. Its mainstay in the imperial court was the empress dowager, "the terrible woman" who has towered so menacingly in the background of all Chinese affairs of the last few years. With an unscrupulous *entourage* of Manchu princes, generals, and high officials, bent upon maintaining the old order on which they flourished, she was able to bring about one of the palace revolutions, so common in Asiatic history, get into her power the well-meaning emperor, who is a student, rather than a strong executive, turn out the reformers, and begin the work of reaction. A strong and partially justified anti-foreign sentiment

among a great body of the people who were attached to old customs, bound by old superstitions, and actuated by the spirit of the old days of exclusiveness, came to the support of this personal and official opposition to reform, and was fostered by it. Upon soil thus prepared grew the revolt or Boxer rising of 1900, a wild anti-foreign movement closely allied with the reactionary party of the dowager empress and the disgruntled officials of the old régime.

The forcing from Japan of the treaty of Tokio, nominally in the interest of defeated China, was really a signal for the European powers to begin their raid. Since Japan had proved that the dreaded yellow dragon was fangless, why should they not profit by information obtained at no cost to themselves? If they were to furnish credit for discredited old China, should they not receive a *quid pro quo*? The Japanese armies were ordered to move out, and the Russians, initiators and chief beneficiaries of the work of the international relief committee, moved in. So later did Russia's chief partner in this transaction, Germany. With the powerful fortifications of Port Arthur, commanding the Gulf of Pechili and Corea bay, Russia had a strong strategic position, with reference to Japan, China, and Corea. Nor was this to be an isolated station.

Reaction led by the empress dowager.



MAP OF CHINA,
SHOWING THE
HEART OF THE
EMPIRE.

Raid of the western powers.

Russia's masterly management.

Russia carefully maintains her lines of communication at each step of her advance. By an agreement of June, 1895, China borrowed of Russia, through the Russo-Chinese bank of St. Petersburg, four million francs at four per cent, payable in thirty-six years. By the treaty of St. Petersburg, December 26, 1896, the Eastern Chinese Railway Company obtained the right to build through Manchuria a branch of the Siberian railway, to develop mines along the line of the railway, and to carry on other industrial enterprises. The treaty provided that only Chinese and Russians can hold the stock of this company; but the Eastern Chinese Railway Company is understood to be another name for the Russo-Chinese bank, and the provision allowing the tsar to protect the railway with military police, gives a pretext for a practical military occupation of the rich Manchurian province. Further agreements have given Russia concessions for the building of railroads from Moukden in Manchuria to Peking, into the provinces about the capital, and southward to the important commercial center of Hankow on the Yangtse. If the Chinese problem really is one of railways, this last is an invasion of Great Britain's supposed sphere; but the latter's protest was effectual only in causing the transfer of the concession to a French-Belgian syndicate, at the instance of the all-powerful Russo-Chinese bank.



NATIVE CHINESE HOUSEBOAT.

Germany.

The Shantung agreement.

By former activities in China and the developments since the treaty of Tokio, the supposed spheres of influence of the different powers that claim such spheres have been fairly well defined. That of Russia is plainly Manchuria, perhaps also Mongolia, but it can never safely be predicted that Russia will stop at any given boundary. From her railway policy, her intention to be a predominant influence in China is plain; and her course in the recent troubles has been so thoroughly Russian, made up of military severity and diplomatic liberality, that it may be predicted that only a remarkable revolution in conditions will shake the influence she has acquired by so much astuteness. Germany, hitherto acting in harmony with Russia, though lately representing an opposite policy in Chinese affairs, holding actual possession of the port of Kiau-chau and a neutral zone around it, has valuable concessions which give to her practical industrial control of Shantung province, one of the richest in mining resources of any in China. The Chinese-German agreement, as published in the Peking *Official Gazette*, March 6, 1898, contains this section, which explains the German relation to this district:

"If the Chinese government or individual Chinese subjects should at any time have plans for the development of Shantung, for the execution of which foreign capital is required, they shall in the first place apply to the German capitalists for it. Similarly, in the event of machines or other material being required, German capitalists shall in the first instance be applied to. Only when German capitalists or manufacturers have refused their assistance, shall the Chinese be entitled to apply to other nations."

Within this region upon which it holds so tight a grip industrially, Germany proposes to build a circuit system of railways embracing the mining district and connecting Kiau-chau with Tsi-nan on the Yellow

river. Through this connection it will have commercial control of that important river valley. Germany has not acted in the recent troubles with the wise reserve of Russia, and can hardly stand in the most favorable position with relation to any government that may finally be established in China, but, as has been pointed out in a previous chapter,¹ German brutality in dealing with other races usually gives way after a while to the better and more persistent traits of the German character, and so it may be in China.

South of the German sphere we find Great Britain at Shanghai looking longingly up the fertile and rich valley of the Yang-tse, of which she is not nearly so sure now as she was four or five years ago. Again, from Hongkong Great Britain keeps in close commercial touch with the Canton district, from the beginning the most important center of European trade with China. On the extreme southeastern corner of the empire France holds Tongking, after protracted warfare with China, and is reaching back for influence in Yunnan and Szechuen provinces, cutting across the lines of communication between British Burma and the British sphere in China.

It will be seen that these spheres of influence have their bases on the sea, as might be expected, since the interest of the nations in China is essentially commercial. Russia has been working toward the sea, for reasons connected with the historical policy of her expansion. The

Great Britain.

France.

The coast, the rivers, and the *hinterland*.

CHINESE PEASANTS AND THEIR DWELLING.



ment of closed spheres, a contingency always before the minds of the world's statesmen. This influence in the interior is to be secured through an intelligently active consular system and through the development of railways, which are the real key to the situation. Here Great Britain is weak. While her rivals have pursued a systematic, continuous policy, hers has been disconnected and hesitating. The result of a continuance of international competition in China as at present conducted will be very unfavorable to Great Britain, which has lost prestige in the East steadily since the treaties of Shimonoseki and Tokio. The open door, for which Great Britain has always stood, is essential to the preservation of her commercial importance in the far East, and the integrity of the Chinese empire under a reform administration is its best guarantee.

Germany seems at present to occupy an advantageous position in China, but unless she is willing to throw aside her well-considered policy of industrial and commercial expansion, with the minimum of political entanglements, she too must look to the open door and to the reorganization of China for her greatest advantage. The German merchant and manufacturer have proved that they have nothing to fear from fair com-

Germany and the open door.

¹ March, Chapter XXI., "The Scramble for Africa."

petition. That this is recognized by the able statesman, Count von Bülow, who now stands, as imperial chancellor, nearest to the emperor, is shown by his note of July 11, 1900, to the German government. In it he said:

"We must protect our ideal and material interests with our utmost energy. We have no desire for a division of China and do not seek special advantages. The imperial government is convinced that the maintenance of an understanding with the powers is a necessary condition to the restoration of peace and order in China. Its policy will continue this purpose foremost."

Position of the United States.

The immediate circumstances have changed somewhat since Count von Bülow wrote these words, but the great facts that should govern nations remain unchanged. The United States is on record in the note of Secretary Hay of July 3, 1900, in which, after a clear statement of the purpose of this government in the then existing emergency at Peking, he added:

"It is, of course, too early to forecast the means of attaining this last result (the prevention of a spread of disorders to the other provinces and of a recurrence of such disasters), but the policy of the government of the United States is to seek a solution which may bring about permanent safety and peace in China, preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed to the friendly powers by treaty and international law, and safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese empire."

A CHINESE SCHOLAR.



This country can stand on no better platform than that here laid down. The greatest obstacle in the way of the settlement of this world-interesting problem of China is found in the cross purposes in which most of the parties are involved. The jealousies of Europe have been carried by the European powers over into Asia, where Britain and Russia are arrayed against each other in sharpest rivalry, with the other powers balancing their action between these two as interested policy at any given moment seems to dictate. Japan must either antagonize Russia or join with her in a division of the spoils. The hope of China lies in the reform party, headed by men like the exiled Kang Yu Wei, and the great southern viceroy, Chang Chih Tung, but this party is strongly nationalistic and patriotic. Its hope is a reorganized and unified China, and it cannot act with the foreign powers so long as they persist in a policy of aggression and partition. This intelligent and progressive section of the Chinese people must antagonize foreign influence as at present exerted, along with the ignorant retrogressive section, represented by the Boxers. The play of cross purposes is thus complete within and without the empire.

The part the United States may play.

The United States alone of the great powers stands free from all these entanglements, with a clean, consistent, honest record, so far as China is concerned. It alone has given China no reason to doubt the sincerity and friendliness of its intentions in the past. It alone cannot be suspected by the European powers of ulterior motives, so long as it pursues its historic Chinese policy. It thus occupies a unique position among the powers, peculiarly qualifying it to take the leadership in solving China's problem justly and peaceably; letting the European powers understand that it is prepared to maintain every position, knowing that position to be right. This might mean some display of force; it would not mean war. In a strong and just policy in behalf of the integrity of China on

a national basis, the United States would have the support of the reform party in China, of Japan, of Great Britain, and, it is more than likely, of Germany, when that country had taken thought of what would be gained by such a course, as against the risks attending the policy of grab. Enlightened selfishness would come to the aid of such a policy, a noble chapter would be added to the story of United States diplomacy, and the eastern powers, Japan and the newly strengthened China, would be bound by ties of gratitude and interest to this country, to its great probable advantage. This is what might be. The issue unfortunately awaits the clearing of the sorry muddle in Peking and the shifting chances of American politics. The right path for the United States is clear, and the administration has plainly marked it. The nation has men who can carry it out. Will it be done?

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE WORLD SITUATION AS IT APPEARS FROM THE EAST.

It needs only a review of the conditions existing in Asia at this time to show that in that continent the world's international rivalries have been brought to a head, as a consequence of long centuries of progressive development in the mobile West, which now reacts upon the stationary East. For three centuries European influence has been creeping over Asia, with a pace rapidly accelerating during the last fifty years. This influence and the interests that accompany it have gathered more and more about the populous Chinese empire, which stands in a marked degree for that immovable conservative element which the progressive spirit of the world has from the beginning of history refused to tolerate or leave at rest. Progress, movement, is the unavoidable law of life among races as in the simpler biologic evolutions. Thus there has become entangled in the Chinese complications every thread of the warp and woof of international relations, and a clearing house of the world's exchanges has been opened in the ancient capital of the Manchu emperors by the uprising of a Chinese secret society.

The international confluence in Asia.

The interest, therefore, in the management of negotiations by the world powers with China is even deeper and larger than may appear at first glance. The situation is grave almost beyond parallel. The semi-barbarism of far oriental civilization has created a situation unique in history. To the question as to the outcome that is on everyone's lips the most common answer is a 'world war.' Every condition exists in the extent and barbarity of the outrage against the whole family of Christian nations for bringing on a war of the world against China; and after that the division of the spoils would seem likely to bring on a war of the western nations among themselves. Nor has the barbarity of the Chinese been much deeper in tone than that shown by some of the representatives of the Christian powers in their retaliatory measures. The troops of Germany, France, and Russia, and to some extent of other nations, in China have harried the country, robbed and destroyed, and made war on defenseless old men and women, for no apparent purpose but senseless revenge. We have even heard Christian missionaries crying for vengeance, though fortunately they are not numerous nor representative. The military conduct of the foreigners in China has hardly been strengthened by their diplomatic management. The astute Chinese have closely watched the disagreements of the powers, and have taken advantage of them, just as the Turkish government has done for years. The power undoubtedly lies for the present in the mailed hand, but the history of mankind shows that the power of the mailed hand does not determine the great movements of nations; it is only an incident thereto. No force succeeds that tries to overcome the normal movements of the world.

Wider significance of affairs in China.

The mailed hand.

THE CHARTERED
BANK OF INDIA AND
CHINA, SHANGHAI.



Many failures in history prove this. Napoleon's is the most notable instance of marvelously rapid achievement in certain directions, coupled with powerlessness to overcome the greater tendencies of his age.

An opportune time for observation.

Back to nationality and national expansion.

The real world powers.

At this moment when the western nations have reached their *Ultima Thule* and engaged in a wild war-dance or a reckless game of bluff over the possible spoils, it may be well to pass in review the movements of a half century, from the standpoint of the situation presented in the Orient, with a view to inquiring whether they offer any data by which the present and the near future may be judged. Looking back over the events we have had under survey, we find them referable, as was indicated at the outset, to the development of nationality, the great goal of modern politics; and to the resulting tendency toward national expansion. Not the unity of the world, but the unity and consolidation of the nation, with control or influence in as large a part of the world as possible, is the aim of modern peoples. In attaining this end scant regard is shown for lesser peoples or those without a well-developed capacity for political organization. Consolidation into so-called great powers is the order of the day in politics, as it is the order of the day in industrial enterprises. It is a necessity of the world's growth. Order and progress demand it.

The general conditions governing these developments have been pointed out, and their working examined in some detail. The new fact that we seek from this standpoint on the shore of the farthest sea, is the special conditions that are likely to determine the course of each of the great factors in the international problem. Six great powers are recognized in the European concert; but they are not all world powers, for reasons which have been alluded to in a previous chapter.¹ National conditions handicap three of them, and they are likely to be distanced in the work of the world. While there is in France a vigorous and hopeful younger generation, of whom M. Pierre de Coubertin is an admirable representative, having strong hopes for the future of the republic and laboring to realize them, the present condition of France is not such as to warrant assigning to it its old rank among nations. Its future in the affairs of nations depends upon the capacity that it shows for revival and reform when the process of political readjustment is completed.



¹ Chapter XXVI.

Italy is going through a similar process of political readjustment, attended by added difficulties. Its resources are not such that it can be classed with the world powers. It is too dependent upon alliances; and the world power of the twentieth century must be able to compel alliances, not be dependent on them. As a world power it must stand alone. France today is helpless without Russia; Italy without the Triple Alliance, or Great Britain. The impossibility of Austria-Hungary as a world power is apparent from its political construction. Position as a world power under modern conditions rests primarily upon nationality; and a congeries of clashing nationalities like the Dual Monarchy cannot operate effectively outside its own immediate neighborhood. There remain in Europe three powers, Great Britain, Germany, and Russia, which give every evidence of a continuance of vigor and of great expanding energy that stamps them at once as true world powers. To them must be added in Asia, Japan, and in America, the United States. In the spirit, aims, and resources, of these five states as probable arbiters of the world's destiny in the twentieth century, there must be the deepest interest.

Territory and commercial opportunity are the two most effective modern motives of expansion. The desire for territory at the present time has but three sources—the rounding out of a national domain, as illustrated by the growth of the United States from ocean to ocean, and that of Russia across the great plains of northern and central Asia; the need of relief for a crowding population; and the control of regions for commercial exploitation. In the last case territorial ambition becomes subordinate to the second great motive of expansion. Of the five world powers Great Britain is the only one that has stood in conspicuous need of new territory for surplus population. In this respect her needs are now well provided for. The maintenance of the integrity of her Asiatic and African possessions may cause a continuance of that fruitful excuse for trouble with one's neighbors, the search for a scientific boundary; but otherwise Great Britain has no need of added territory, and will be better off to care for what she has. The Japanese islands are in their best portions densely populated, but the wonderful capacity of the Japanese and Chinese people to make the earth yield its utmost, makes the territorial question one not immediately pressing in the island empire. The question may arise, however, in the near future with a cessation of civil wars and a development of peaceful industrial life. The German empire still has room for its people, but some portions of it are crowded, like most of the old world, and, as has been shown, the emigration problem has been much in the minds of German statesmen in the past thirty years.

Motives of expansion,
territory and
trade.

To three of these powers the primary question in world affairs is one of trade. Great Britain, Germany, and the United States are preëminently commercial powers. They are doubtless moved in their world activities by complex motives, but that which is the mainspring of all the rest is the insistent demand of an increasing commerce, the result of a rapidly growing industrial life, which has behind its demands the material interests of the masses who labor. In nations that have already recognized their democratic status and mission a demand with such support is not to be denied. The political machinery of the democratic state responds to the economic needs of the people as the mercury responds to the temperature. Nature and science have equipped these peoples to compete with the world successfully in production, and they are favorably situated for distribution. Great Britain has the integrity of her scattered empire to defend; otherwise their interests are common and may be described as world peace and the open door of trade. They have nothing to gain and much to lose by war; they have a great work to do in peace. In Asia, Germany wishes to build her railroads and to extend her trade. Her rivals will meet her best in a fair field. Applying the principle to China, the integrity of the empire and a fair field for competition is

Three great com-
mercial powers.

World peace and
the open door.

better for all parties than the jealous shutting up of certain districts, with a continuance of European rivalries and constant friction with a large discontented native population. Great Britain has enough of that on her hands in the possession of India and the relations growing out of it.

The United States.

The United States with its vast resources is now a powerful competitor of the older nations in the markets of the world. It occupies a peculiarly advantageous position for world commerce, facing as it does both the East and the West. It needs no territory, only a few stations on the routes of its trade. It needs open markets in the regions where it seeks to extend its trade, and a better commercial understanding with

other nations, through differential tariffs or reciprocal commercial treaties.

These things seem plain, but Russia cannot be included in this category of powers whose primary world interest is commercial. From the beginning of her history Russia, owing to her position, has pursued a course of development apart. National self-preservation, after her experience of the Tatar yoke, compelled what the physical feature of the continent had made so natural, the eastward advance across Asia. The same insistent law made necessary the finding of natural frontiers, the incorporation of the disorganized nomad tribes, and, finally, access to the open sea. Meanwhile this great coun-

try remains but imperfectly developed, not ready like its rivals to take its place in a free world competition. The industrial development of a large and comparatively ignorant population, in order to secure for it the same industrial independence which has been wrought out in the United States, is its next great problem. Russia wants no open door in her domains, once she has secured the necessary materials to go on with her own development. Russia, however, does want peace. The late effort of the tsar to initiate the international peace congress is a striking indication of what Russia, with all her powerful armament, deems good national policy. Will her acquisitions of territory and her push for the southern sea involve her in a struggle with Great Britain, which, for the advantage of both, should be averted? Or will the ambitious spirit of France, helpless to do aught alone, draw her powerful ally into more aggressive action than Russia's best interests warrant? To the second question it is safe to give a negative answer; the first is more doubtful. Will this great empire be satisfied when it has developed a natural territory, or will it in the pride of its own greatness and the oriental love of conquest seek greater expansion? It is in this possibility that the menace of Russia's growth really lies.

**Some questions that
Russia suggests.**

**Japan the world's
puzzle.**



A THIBETAN
FARMHOUSE.

Japan is the puzzle of the world, so far as her national aims and purposes are concerned. In determining the position of this new arrival in the family of nations we have no instrument that is adjusted to the conditions. We do not yet quite understand the temper of the Japanese.

They have shown a wonderful facility in adapting new methods to their own conditions, but politically we have yet to become acquainted with them. Do they desire acquisitions of territory? We know that they wish for control at least in Corea; we know that if China is partitioned, they will expect their share; but we also know that they wish the partition of China to be prevented. Whatever their territorial ambitions may be, they do not at present seem likely to clash with the interests of any power save Russia. That Japan will be a commercial power is certain, and in this regard her interests will be identical with those of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States. The greatest doubt in regard to Japan is as to that unknown quantity, the national spirit, which in so eager, ambitious, and warlike a people may carry far.

Unfortunately the course of human events cannot be definitely charted by such analyses of motives as these. The effect of alliances with minor powers; of popular excitement; of action initiated by some individual involving the gravest international consequences; of irruptions of untamed barbaric races; of the restlessness of smaller and weaker peoples under the heavy pressure of the great powers,—these and other causes incidental to human nature may cause deviations from what seem to be natural courses. We can only judge probable directions by the larger considerations that are likely to control action if not interfered with.

Possible complications.

There is still a possibility for China, though it has become very remote. If partition is averted, and the reform party obtains control in the ancient empire, it may happen that there will arise a strong industrial power that will make itself felt in the world by force of numbers, solidity, and patient labor. The industrial possibilities of the Chinese are well understood. That they will attain a strong political organization seems unlikely.

The aims and purposes of the great rivals are so abstract, so much a matter of judgment that it is not easy to make them clear and real. Their actual resources, their equipment for competition, involve more concrete and ascertainable facts.

A Chinese possibility.



A HALT IN THIBET.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ELEMENTS OF STRENGTH OF THE WORLD POWERS.

The position and relations of the great political forces of the world are so clearly before us, and the possibilities of grand combinations in behalf of peace, or of disastrous clashes, resulting in world-wide war, are so apparent, that the resources of the world powers in peace and war become of the utmost interest and importance. In measuring its power to carry out its will against possible rivals a nation must consider two elements—initial momentum, the efficient force that it can bring to bear with promptness and certainty, and staying power, its probable endurance in case of protracted war or economic rivalry. It must also

Initial momentum and staying power.

carefully measure the strength of its adversaries in the same directions. These two things, the power to do what is necessary quickly and thoroughly, and the capacity for patient endurance and persistence of effort, are the primary elements of strength of the nation in action, in peace or war.

Value of an efficient executive for initial action.

Russia and Germany.

The initial momentum of a state in war depends upon the efficiency of its political organization for prompt and decisive action, upon its army and navy, with all pertaining thereto, and upon the incidental advantages of positions occupied. Industrial competition is not so dependent upon initial momentum at any given time, but the capacity to meet special demands is, in a somewhat similar way, very largely aided by intelligent, scientific government direction, by a thorough and efficient organization of industry for production and distribution, and by favorable geographical situation. The elder Romans recognized the need of prompt and positive leadership in time of war, and suspended the cumbrous machinery of the republic in favor of an autocratic dictatorship, which sometimes overstepped the due bounds that were assigned to it. The Russian autocracy is the most perfect of modern governments from this point of view. A single unlimited ruler, with every resource of a great nation at command, and surrounded by competent, trained advisers, each a specialist in his field, can accomplish almost any task. The German government is organized as to the executive so as to secure high efficiency of action. The war powers of the emperor do not permit him to enter upon offensive war without the consent of the Federal Council, which is likely to be a conservative force, but in case of the necessity for defensive war arising, he can act, as any executive should, with all necessary freedom, and his control of the military resources of the empire when war has once been entered upon is all that can be desired.

Under the British parliamentary system the government, backed by a majority party, is in a position to act promptly, but it is hampered, as has been seen of late, by the bureau system and the exigencies of party organization. Only in case of a great national struggle, in which the heart of the people is unitedly enlisted, so that the government is unreservedly supported in the most positive measures, can real initial

CARRYING BALED TEA TO THE FRONTIER, WESTERN CHINA.



Great Britain and the United States.

efficiency be expected of the British system. Such a self-realization is not likely, with the English people, to come quickly enough to make possible that quick and vigorous stroke which is often half the battle. The same is true to an even greater degree of the United States. Its government was organized for peace, with every safeguard, necessary and unnecessary, against the development of militarism. The result is a military system so burdened with red tape, so dependent upon the legislative branch of the government, and hence so influenced by politics, that its efficiency is seriously impaired. Only before a great crisis are these conditions likely to be changed. The Spanish and South African wars have distinctly shown these conditions in the military administration of the United States and Great Britain. Only the inferior strength



FROM THE CITY
WALL OF PEKING,
SHOWING THE
BRITISH LEGATION.

of their opponents saved both countries from disaster, if Great Britain can be said to have escaped disaster in the long and costly struggle in which she is still engaged. The success of Prussia in the Seven Weeks' war against Austria and in the Franco-Prussian war is a good illustration of the effect of an efficient executive for war purposes. Never was the value of initial momentum better illustrated. The first Napoleon, too, achieved his great successes entirely through the development of this quality. It was when Arthur Wellesley put staying power against the characteristic Napoleonic tactics in the trenches of Torres Vedras that Europe learned how mere swift action might be overcome.

I shall consider later the military and naval resources of the world powers, the largest element, perhaps, of their initial efficiency for war. Advantages of position.

The advantages of position hardly need full discussion, as they have been practically considered in previous chapters. The United States and Great Britain together occupy an exceptionally strong position, holding in unquestioned possession the entire North American and Australian continents, and valuable island and continental territories the world over. Because of the wide extent of their territories and the importance to them of ocean communication the call to both of these nations to be great sea powers, if they would maintain their national strength and vigor, seems to be imperative. Great Britain long ago recognized this. The United States is coming slowly and reluctantly to a realization of a fact long urged by able and far-sighted men. As opponents Great Britain and the United States might strike each other very serious blows. The long line of the Canadian frontier is not an easy one to defend, and Britain's naval power would be able to hammer the Atlantic coast cities to the demoralization of their activities. The United States is, however, impregnable to any attack so far as final results are concerned, as long as its people retain their courage and vigor,—as long, in fact, as the national *morale* is not seriously impaired. It is capable of sustaining itself for an indefinite period, its resources are so great and its territory so well consolidated. Moreover, it is beginning to obtain control of important strategic positions commanding the approaches to the continent. With cables and an adequate navy, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and other stations yet to be acquired in the Caribbean, will be of inestimable advantage as outposts, while the coming isthmian canal would certainly be held at all

Strength of the United States.

IN THE UPPER
GORGES OF THE
YANG-TSE, CHINA,
WHERE GREAT
BRITAIN, FRANCE,
AND RUSSIA MAY
COME INTO
COLLISION.



**Britain's strength
and weakness.**

Russia.

Germany.

hazards by this country in case of war with a foreign power. No nation ever came through so severe an ordeal as the Civil war with its resources so little impaired and with so great an impulse to future development. If this could be, after such bitter internecine strife, it may well be believed that the united nation could defend itself in war against a foreign foe.

Great Britain, if left to meet one of her powerful rivals alone, has a different and more difficult problem. Her widely scattered possessions, while giving her a foothold in every part of the world, and points from which to conduct operations against her enemies, impose upon her heavy responsibilities in the way of defense. A strong alliance, or an invincible navy, would be an absolute necessity to her in any struggle with one of the world powers. Russia, on the other hand, has her vast territory well within control. Her defense, as has been said in an earlier chapter, is along interior lines. Her connections have been carefully studied and scientifically arranged. Nature defends her northern border; only her southern boundary and her precious contact with the sea need to give her care. A moderate naval equipment can do what is necessary in the way of defense, leaving any surplus naval force for offensive action. Meanwhile, from her own territory, within direct railway and telegraphic communication with St. Petersburg and Moscow, she can attack her principal rival in a most vulnerable point. Territorially, the most advantageously placed of the world powers today are Russia and the United States. They occupy the strongest positions for offense, defense, or self-maintenance. Russia's greatest weakness in this respect is the backwardness of her industrial development. Her natural resources are in most respects sufficient for self-support, but the state of her population is not such as to utilize them. This is one of the strongest reasons why peace for a few years is very desirable for Russia. She is rapidly making her position well-nigh impregnable, but the task is not completed.

Germany has far less territory to guard than her great rivals, but on the other hand her lands join those of the rival states east, west, and south, and there are no natural boundaries. As has been shown, her power depends more upon a systematic development of the national resources and prompt support of every national enterprise abroad, than upon the acquisition of extensive territories. Close neighborhood in Europe and Asia gives Germany and Russia reasons for remaining on terms

of friendship. Germany's predominating influence in central and western Europe, the need that Austria-Hungary and Italy have of her powerful friendship, adds to the strength of her position.

But after all, in the long run, the nation with the greatest energy plus the greatest endurance will win in any competition, whether it is carried on by armies of soldiers and fleets of war or by armies of labor and fleets of commerce. The elements that make up the staying power of a nation are less easily analyzed and stated than those that contribute to what I have called the initial momentum. There is first and most important the character of the people, their capacity for doing and enduring. Staying power is not simply the capacity for patient endurance. If this were all it might be conceded at once that the silent, unambitious mass of the Russian peasantry excel all people, except the Chinese. But against this we have the strong, determined, persistent activity of the Teutonic races,—German, English, and American—peoples that have always shown a steady determination and resourcefulness in the face of difficulty, and that spirit which never owns defeat and hence is never defeated. Of the Japanese we know less, but there is that in their history which leads to the belief that while they are so prompt and alert in action, they would show in difficulty and peril much of that quality of patient endurance which belongs in so marked a degree to the Asiatic races. Clearly, from the whole course of their national histories, this most valuable quality has had much to do with bringing the five world powers to their leadership.

But there are other factors besides this of national character that are necessary to make a nation permanently successful in the struggle for successful existence. Territory is one of these. While the situation of the territorial possessions of a nation has much to do with its ability to take the initiative to advantage in the event of the breaking out of conflict with another power, the physiography and natural resources of the national domain, and the industrial development of those resources have much more to do with the ability of the people to carry on armed conflict successfully or to endure the more continuous strain of industrial rivalry. In a study of the comparison thus suggested there is material on which volumes of statistics and observation might be presented, but some light may be thrown on this subject by a brief consideration of the relative resources of the world powers in certain important directions.

There are three products of the earth upon which, to an extent that is almost startling, under modern conditions, the fortunes of nations turn. They are coal, gold, and iron. Coal turns the wheels of industry and commerce, and furnishes the motive force of the great naval engines of modern warfare. Gold, because of its many valuable qualities, is the indispensable basis of the monetary systems of the world. Iron in its various forms enters into every material part of life. To cut off the supply of these would paralyze the world until science had found substitutes for them. The possession of them in large quantities and the power to make them available constitute important elements of national strength.

The coal fields of the world are estimated to contain an area of 471,800 square miles. Of this an area of 200,000 square miles is credited to China and Japan, while 194,000 is found in the United States. The balance is distributed as follows: India, 35,000; Russia, 27,000; United Kingdom, 9,000; Germany, 3,600; France, 1,800; other countries, 1,400. Two facts are strikingly shown by these figures. One is the advantage of the United States among the world powers; the other is the importance which vast and rich coal fields give to China in the eyes of the European powers whose coal supply is gradually failing them. The year 1899 saw the United States jump to the front as the heaviest coal producer of the world and also enter the market as an exporter, selling to Japan, Italy, Great Britain, Germany, and Russia. That the United States should sell coal to Great Britain seems indeed like carrying

Need of staying power and its basis.

Active, not passive, endurance wins.

Physiography, natural resources, and industrial development.

Coal, gold, and iron.

The world's coal supply.

coals to Newcastle. The reason is that in England the mines have been so heavily worked that operations now have to be carried on at such depths that the coal cannot be taken out and delivered at British ports like Malta at prices low enough to compete with those offered by the American exporter. The actual production of coal in eight of the largest producing countries in 1899 was, in metric tons:

United States	228,717,579	France	32,779,965
United Kingdom	223,606,668	Belgium	21,917,740
Germany	135,824,427	Russia	13,000,000
Austria-Hungary	36,000,000	Japan	6,650,000

Increasing demand
and diminishing
supply.

The coal problem today, as it affects international affairs, is found in a steadily increasing demand by every progressive nation, and a limited and rapidly diminishing supply. The United States alone need have no anxiety in this respect for some generations. Meanwhile, in China are enormous deposits of coal, both anthracite and bituminous, unexploited, and not likely to be by the Chinese unless there is a radical change in their ideas and methods. The effect of these facts upon the European attitude toward China may be readily seen. Access to an adequate coal supply is to some of them, notably Russia and Germany, a matter of self-preservation.



REVIEW QUESTIONS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

- How did China become a great Mongol empire?
- What policy was adopted by the Ming dynasty, and when?
- When did the Manchu dynasty come into power?
- What has been the nature of modern European intercourse with China?
- What early connection had France and Russia with China?
- How did the Chinese point of view make a misunderstanding with England very easy?
- What was the cause of the Opium war?
- What treaties resulted from this war?
- What caused the war of 1857, and what resulted from it?
- Describe the treaty of 1858 between the United States and China.
- What was the Burlingame mission?
- What were the causes and results of the war between Japan and China?
- What was the treaty of Tokio?

CHAPTER XXX.

- What international conditions are apparent today in China?
- What attempts at reform were made in China after her defeat by Japan?
- Why did a reaction set in?
- How has Russia profited by China's difficulties?
- Describe Germany's present position in China.
- Describe that of England and of France.
- What difficulties surround the Chinese reform party?
- How can the United States help to solve the Chinese problem?

CHAPTER XXXI.

- How has history shown that "the mailed hand" is not always all-powerful?
- Why are the destinies of the world today apparently in the hands of five great nations?
- What motives induce nations to seek territory?
- How serious is the question of over-population in each of the following countries: England, Germany, and Japan?
- Why is it best for them that China should not be divided?
- How is Russia's situation different from theirs?
- What questions does Russia's position suggest?
- Why is Japan's future a puzzle?
- What possible complications prevent any clear forecast of the future of any of these states?

CHAPTER XXXII.

- Why are Germany and Russia especially well equipped for leadership in time of war?
- How have Great Britain and the United States shown their weakness in this direction?
- What advantages has the United States from its position?
- What has Russia?
- Why is Great Britain's position more precarious?
- What conditions make Germany's position strong?
- How does the character of the people affect a country's destiny?
- How are the different nations affected by the world's coal supply?



Search Questions.

- Where is Bactria?
- What are the chief rivers of China?
- How do they compare with other great rivers of the world?
- Who was Arthur Wellesley?
- What was the struggle of Torres Vedras?



XX. CHINA.

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THE STORM CENTER.

China and the ancient world.

The great Mongol empire.

The exclusive policy.

Modern intercourse with China.

France and Russia.

England.

Politics and trade separate in China.

The Opium war.

Commercial treaties.

War with England and France.

Friendly attitude of the United States.

The work of Anson Burlingame.

The war with Japan.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHINA SINCE SHIMONOSEKI.

The future of China.

The reform movement.

Reaction led by the empress dowager.

Raid of the western powers after the treaty of Tokio.

The spheres of influence.

Coast, rivers, and *hinterland*.

The position of the United States.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WORLD SITUATION AS IT APPEARS FROM THE EAST.

The international confluence in Asia.

Wider significance of Chinese affairs.

An opportune time for observation.

The real world powers —

Britain, Germany, Russia, the United States, Japan.

Three preëminently commercial —

Britain, Germany, United States.

World peace and the open door.

The aims of Russia.

Japan, the world's puzzle.

Possible complication.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ELEMENTS OF STRENGTH OF THE WORLD POWERS.

Initial momentum and staying power.

For initial action an efficient executive, army and navy, and advantageous positions.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The executive in the world powers.

Advantages of position.

Strength of the United States.

Great Britain, Russia, and Germany.

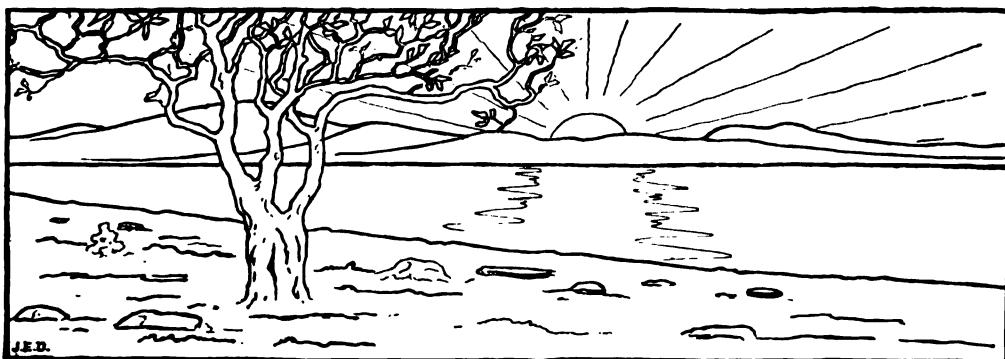
Staying power and its basis.

National character.

National territory, its physiography, resources, and their development.

Coal, gold, and iron.

The coal supply of the world.



A READING JOURNEY in the ORIENT

Summary of Preceding Chapters.

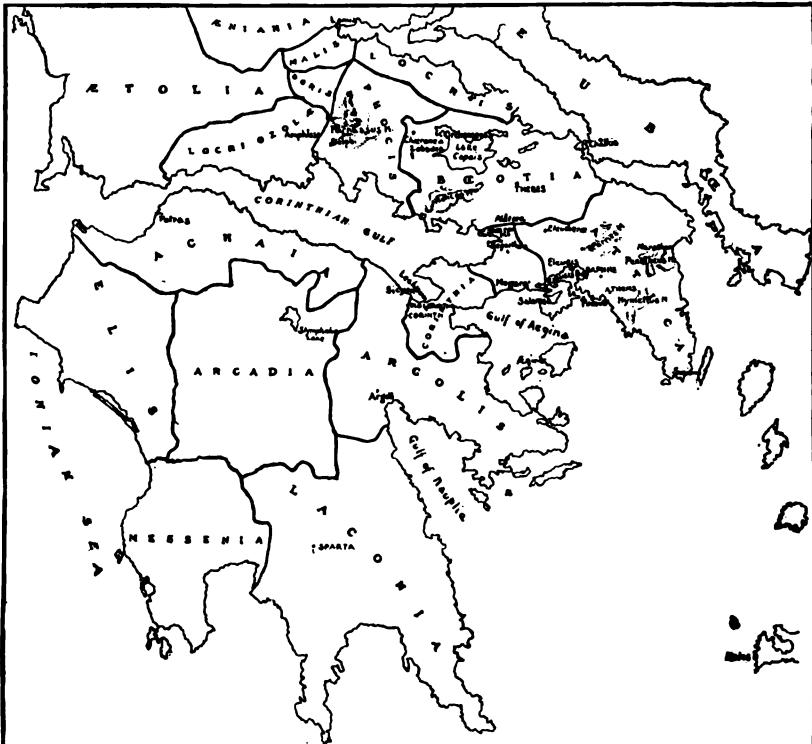
[The voyage from New York to Gibraltar, scenes in Tangier and Algiers, and the arrival at Alexandria were described in the October issue. In November, Alexandria, the trip to Upper Egypt, and scenes along the Nile were the subjects considered. In December, "Down the Nile to Cairo" was the topic. "Modern Palestine and Syria—from Port Said to Beirut" constituted the region visited in January. In February Asia Minor was visited. "Constantinople" was the subject in March. In April the Greek Islands were visited in "A Cruise in the Aegean."]

VIII. ATTICA, BŒOTIA, AND CORINTH.

BY RUFUS B. RICHARDSON.

(Director of the American School at Athens.)

THE ideal way of approaching Athens is by the Sacred Way from Eleusis over the Pass of Daphne. One's first view of Athens is then that so much praised, but not overpraised, by Chateaubriand, and certainly the best view that one can get of Athens from a little distance. But all visitors do approach Athens either by rail from Patras or through Piræus. Although the former approach



MAP.

is the usual one, the latter is much more impressive. It is true that the superb scenery across the Corinthian gulf, comprehending Parnassus and its still higher western neighbors and double-peaked Helicon, might make one prefer the less impressive approach to Athens itself. But I can never lose the impression made upon me when eight years ago I sailed along past

Egina and Salamis, and saw, beyond Piræus and the band of olive-trees, the Acropolis of Athens, set like a jewel in the brown plain which was bounded on the left by the massive and partly wooded Parnes and on the right by the pink ridge of Hymettus, while that most regular of mountains, Pentelicus, with the form of the gently sloping gable of a Greek temple, closed the background. It is a view which has variety and limits. One might venture to say that it has proportion and rhythm, characteristics of the Parthenon. A quarantine of five days at Salamis gave an opportunity to see the sun diffuse, from dawn till twilight, every manner of hue over this scene; and since then I see, and shall as long as I have being, that picture of Athens and the Athenian plain.

After landing at Piræus, rather than take the train one prefers to approach Athens slowly, perhaps reverently, and to drive over the road which follows closely the ancient one between the long walls which in Pericles's time connected the city with its harbor, a clumsy method of making Athens a maritime city — a conservative measure, one may call it, which prevailed over the radical proposal of Themistocles to abandon Athens altogether after the Persians had destroyed it, and build only at Piræus. A person is fortunate if he can find any stones which he can identify with these walls. But he thinks little of walls when the Acropolis is drawing him on. If the charm is for a moment abated, one notices that one is having a very dusty ride, unless it is winter. As we approach Athens, we cross the Ilissus; but there is no water in it except in winter, and then only on rare occasions. One such occasion occurred in 1897, when on our Thanksgiving Day it rained all day long with fury. In the night the Ilissus rose to a height of twenty-five feet, causing much loss of life and property in Athens, and then conjointly with the Cephissus sweeping through Piræus, destroying the manufacturing part of that city, and making it an island cut off from communication with Athens for forty-eight hours.

Soon we are in Athens, a modern city of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, with good hotels. Its growth is something wonderful for the Old World. In 1830 it

consisted of only about fifty houses, nestling against the north slope of the Acropolis; while at Piræus, now the second city in the kingdom, there were only a few

fishermen's huts. But fortunate is the traveler to whom this new creation has little significance; over whose mind the remembrance of Sophocles and Plato, of Pericles and Phidias, sweep, filling it with thoughts of the things that are not seen but eternal. Thus he "by the vision splendid is on his



ATHENS — MONUMENT OF LYSICRATES.



MODERN ATHENS
— NATIONAL LIBRARY.

way attended," as he turns to the visible and tangible,— the monuments of ancient Athens.

Not a few, preferring a trace of Paul to the monuments of Pericles, will seek, at least in passing, the bare hill of Areopagus as the spot where Paul stood and spoke, starting from common ground with his Athenian audience, but carrying them up to spiritual heights which Pericles in his oratory never reached. But the creations of Pericles are substantial, and press upon the eye. The whole decoration of the Acropolis is essentially his.

GABLE GROUP FROM
THE OLD ATHENA
TEMPLE OF THE
TIME OF
PISISTRATUS.



Date of temple to
Athena.

GABLE GROUP FROM
THE OLD ATHENA
TEMPLE BEFORE
THE TIME OF
PISISTRATUS.

which encumbered it, in one of these walls all the pieces of the temple with few exceptions were found, and the temple was set up again in its place. The few exceptions included some of the best pieces of the sculptured frieze, which, as they were used as a revetment of the wall, had been seen and gathered in by Lord Elgin. On the restored temple sad-looking terra cotta imitations take the place of these. The building, though now as good as new, is in danger of being totally destroyed by the giving way of the bastion. A not very strong earthquake would doom it to a second death from which there could be no resurrection.

In the second place, this temple has just afforded an instance of the triumph of excavations. When it was first set up its restorer, Ross, assigned it to about 465 B. C., and considered it a sort of trophy of Cimon's victory on the Eurymedon, the finishing blow in the Persian war. This date was accepted by other high authorities in art on the score of the subject and style of the sculptures. But afterward there came a sort of fashion to push its date farther and farther down, until it was talked of as belonging to about the time of the Peloponnesian war. Style in sculpture was treated by experts like a nose of wax,

a procedure which did little credit to the guild. It was also claimed by experts in architecture that the joining of the Propylaea and the Nike bastion showed that the latter was built later. Professor Dörpfeld, however, always refused his assent to this weight of authority. And now within two years, in the excavations on the north slope of the Acropolis by



Before entering by the Propylaea, which though curtailed by priests and by the Peloponnesian war excited the admiration and envy of other Greek cities, one casts an admiring gaze upon the little temple of Athena Nike, perched on a high bastion to the right. Interest attaches to this temple for two reasons apart from its exquisite beauty. In the first place, because it rose from the dead. It was seen and described by Spon and Wheler, who visited Athens in 1675; travelers who came a century later, not finding it, doubted their veracity. When, however, King Otto, on coming to the throne, undertook the beautifying of the Acropolis, and made it his first task to clear the Propylaea of the medieval walls



THE MOUND OF MARATHON.

Pan's grotto, there was found an inscription of 450 B. C. which records a vote to build a temple of Athena Nike. The extremists on both sides are shown to be wrong. But one thing is sure, the temple was there before the Propylaea were begun, and was the cause of the curtailment of the latter.

It would be out of place here to attempt a description of the Parthenon. What gives it its indisputable claim to be the crown of all architectural achievements is its exquisite proportion and molding. It is true that it could be hidden in one corner of the great temple of Karnak, or be noted as an exquisite chapel; but the most enthusiastic Egyptologist readily concedes that even the admired hypostyle hall of Seti and Rameses is slop-work compared with it. Its sculpture, which once made an additional glory, can no longer count as such, since what escaped destruction in the great explosion of 1687 and the disastrous attempt of Morosini to carry off the west gable group, found its way, luckily or unluckily, into the British Museum by the energy of Lord Elgin, who is blessed or cursed by lovers of art, according to their prejudices. There is, however, one exception, viz.: the band of the frieze which extends across the west end of the cella, the rest of the once continuous band being for the most part safely housed in the British Museum. What remains Elgin could not pull out without tearing down the upper part of the west end of the building. To be sure, he did not stick at prying out metopes when it involved smashing the architecture in which they were imbedded, and actually carried off a column and one of the caryatids from the Erechtheum; but the portion of the frieze under consideration could not be removed with his resources. And now a scaffold erected over all the west end of the Parthenon with a view to repairing certain weaknesses that were made apparent by recent earthquakes, has made it possible, for the first time since this frieze was put in place, to see it on a level with the eye. Through all the centuries of its existence it had to be viewed either at some distance, in which case it was cut up by the intervening columns into little sections, or from a point inside the columns, where one was so nearly under it that an artistic appreciation of it was hardly possible. It seems an absolute waste of so much beauty. This part now on the temple, though a minor part of the whole frieze, which represented the great Panathenaic procession and culminated on the other end with an

The Parthenon.

Repairing the structure.



ELEUSIS — ROMAN
PROPYLÆA ON RIGHT
HAND PAGE. CAVE
OF PLUTO IN THE
CENTER.

assembly of the great gods, is, now that it can be properly seen, in itself an ample vindication of the fame of Phidias, the inspirer of all the sculpture of the Parthenon.

It is to be hoped that the repairs now going on will be effectual. But a building that is deprived of its roof and that has received a terrific strain in all its joints by a mighty explosion, is in a poor condition to resist the very rainy winters and the occasional frosts of Greece. Unless something more radical than what is now being done is attempted, the tooth of time may destroy the Parthenon in fewer years than it has stood practically intact since the explosion. Till then we can still say:

“Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone.”

The Erechtheum.

The Erechtheum, best known by its caryatid porch, is also worthy of admiration for its complicated structure, combining three temples on different levels into one, and for the fact that it is, of all buildings of Athens, most profusely decorated with bands of carved ornamentation, its great north porch and door being especially praised.

Up to 1886 one had no idea of any older building on the Acropolis than those already mentioned, except that it was clear that the Parthenon was built upon a substructure laid for a building with different proportions. But between 1886 and 1890 the whole Acropolis was cleared down to bed-rock, except under the Parthenon itself. These excavations not only made an indescribably important addition to our stock of sculpture of times before the Persian war, but also revealed, between the Parthenon and the Erechtheum, the foundation walls, with a perfectly clear ground plan, of the one great temple which, up to the destruction by the Persians, dominated the Acropolis. Along with much of the architecture were found two sets of gable groups, one grotesque, belonging to the temple as it was before the time of Pisistratus, and another belonging to the same temple after it had been enlarged and surrounded with a colonnade by Pisistratus, who delighted to honor Athena. It was a large and beautiful temple, painted in gay colors, upon which the Persian fury fell.

The fine monuments which lie in the modern city are scattered about. The one which attracts most attention is the great temple of Olympian

Discoveries on the Acropolis.



Zeus, built on the site of an ancient temple reared by Pyrrha and Deucalion after the flood. Pisistratus started it and Hadrian completed it. It was a much larger temple than the Parthenon, about the size of the temple of Artemis at Ephesus. Only sixteen of the more than a hundred columns now stand.

The so-called Theseum is hardly a ruin, except in so far as it lacks its ancient roof. It owes its preservation to its being early converted into a Christian church. The fact that it is the best preserved of all Greek temples has left little for archaeologists to discuss. The question of the name of the temple, however, has caused, and is still causing, considerable shedding of ink. The one point on which all the contestants agree is that it is not the Theseum. Recently Professor Sauer of Giessen has published a large volume on this temple, in which he attempts the restoration of the lost gable groups from certain cuttings in the cornice, in which the figures were bedded.

The sole survivor of a series of choragic monuments, celebrating victories gained in competitions with choruses, is the monument of Lysicrates, a contemporary of Demosthenes. The frieze represents Dionysus and his attendant satyrs transforming into dolphins a lot of pirates who attacked him. Curiously enough all the numerous illustrations which reproduced this frieze, beginning with Stuart, who probably accidentally transposed two of his sheets, down to 1892, gave some of the figures in a false order. In that year Mr. De Cou, a member of the American School, noticed the error and made the correction. The prevailing error had given the figures a much less symmetrical arrangement.

The visitor will content himself with a view, in passing, of the finer buildings of modern Athens. They are concentrated for the most part around the university and are formed on classic models. But he must visit the National Museum, full of objects which any museum in Europe might like to possess. With a liberality noteworthy in a poor country, the admission is at all times free.

It is sometimes distressing to see innocent strangers in large parties led about Athens by *soi-disant* guides, blind guides who lead straight to the ditch. I have seen such a guide point to a narrow flight of steps beside the Nike

The Theseum.

Modern buildings
in Athens.

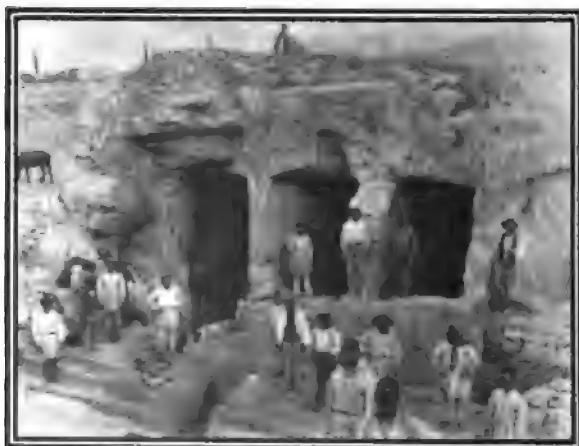
THEBES—THE
SPRING OF ARES
AND THE DRAGON'S
CAVE IN THE
FOREGROUND.



temple as the work of Pericles, whereas it actually belongs to the time of Pittakis, 1832 A. D. Any intelligent tourist might wonder how Pericles and Phidias had time to spend on such steps. I heard another such guide in the orchestra of the theater of Dionysus, so interesting in structure and so full of associations, saying, "You see that all these seats are of the best Pentelic marble," while his hearers were looking straight into the great cavae of seats of Piræus stone. He then went on to say in a grand voice, "It was said to be one of the grandest of panorama to see the three hundred *nacionale* maidens dancing in this orchestra." Where he got his "three hundred *nacionale* maidens" is a puzzle. Parties must often go away from Athens somewhat in the frame of mind of Herodotus when the Egyptian priests had been guying him.

There are three single-day excursions from Athens which one can hardly afford to forego. The drive of thirteen miles to Eleusis over the Sacred Way is charming, affording, by the monastery of Daphne where one begins to descend, an especially fine view of the bay of Eleusis, with the brown mountains of Salamis and Megara for a background. At Eleusis, which, after some inadequate attempts by foreigners, has been thoroughly excavated by the Greek Archæological Society since 1882, very little of the ancient monuments remains upright. But the ground plans of the many buildings are clear and interesting, particularly so the Great Hall of the Mysteries, the center of the sacred

CORINTH—GLAUCE
PARTLY EXCAVATED.





CORINTH — PIRENE.

precinct. The latest shape was given to it in Roman times, but it is possible to trace four older structures on the same ground. Three are ascribed to Pericles, Cimon, and Pisistratus, and the last and oldest it is the fashion to call Pelasgian, a convenient name to cover ignorance. Perhaps this is the very building which Demeter, according to the Homeric Hymn, ordered the people of Eleusis to make for her sacred mysteries. Eleusis was the religious head of the Athenian state, as Athens was the civil head. About two-thirds of a month each year all Athens gave up to the celebration of the mysteries. Great as is the obscurity which hangs over the doctrine inculcated by the mysteries, it is clear from the best poets, as Sophocles and Pindar, that the initiated were inspired with hopes of a life beyond the grave which made life on earth richer and nobler. Perhaps this doctrine was introduced from Egypt, where from the very earliest times this hope was uttered with no uncertain sound. Excavations show that Eleusis is old enough to have touched Egypt as far back as the eighteenth dynasty.

Monuments at Eleusis.

The excursion to Marathon is more fatiguing, involving a drive of twenty-five miles each way. Up to 1890 it was impossible to say in just what part of the plain the battle took place. The great mound near the seashore, the ordinary lunching place of tourists,

SUNIUM — TEMPLE OF POSEIDON.



had been declared by Dr. Schliemann, on the strength of some inadequate excavations, to be prehistoric. But in 1890 Mr. Stais, a Greek ephor of antiquities, with the happy thought that the whole plain had been raised

CORINTH — STAIR-CASE LEADING INTO THE AGORA.
(Pirene joins on the left, and the newly discovered fountain is on the extreme right.)



The Mound at Marathon.

by alluvial deposit, dug about four feet deeper, and found the bones of the Athenians who fell in the battle, with no end of pottery of the time about them. As the burial would be likely to take place where the heroes fell, the mound is thought to fix the center of the Athenian line when the battle was opened with losses. Further than this we cannot go, because Herodotus, our chief authority on the battle, was more interested in telling yarns than in describing the movements of the armies. Marathon is a place for musing. One conjures back the intrepid Athenians, "who first dared to look on men wearing the Median dress," vainly waiting for news from Sparta and encouraged by the arrival of the little band from Plataea. Next comes the attack at a run across a wide interval; then the last scene of the panorama,

"The flying Mede, his broken, shaftless bow,
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear."

CORINTH — THE NEWLY DISCOVERED FOUNTAIN IN THE AGORA.

One feels history here. Marathon was not a decisive battle. The Persians, when they had suppressed the revolt in Egypt, came again, overran the whole country, and destroyed Athens. But it is safe to say that had there been no Marathon there would have been no Salamis, and no Plataea.

The excursion to Sunium is made by rail as far as Laurium, where were the great silver mines of the Athenians, and thence by carriage. One has time between the trains to drive out and back. The temple stands



on the southeastern headland of Attica, and affords a fine view out among the islands of the Ægean as far as Melos. Conversely, it was a landmark of sailors, seen afar off. One always felt a little incongruity in this temple belonging to Athena. Let Athena be supreme on her own rock, but this surely is the place for Poseidon, the sailors' god. And lo! Mr. Stais, in excavating this temple and its surroundings thoroughly, a little over a year ago, found an inscription which proves beyond a doubt that this is a temple of Poseidon after all, and has been misnamed for centuries, largely on the strength of a passage in Pausanias which seemed to call it the temple of Athena. Archæology is making wonderful strides in these days, and its stepping-stones are inscriptions.

Discovery at Sunium.

In looking northward from Eleusis one sees a low chain of mountains, rising to heights of four thousand six hundred feet at its eastern and western ends, in Parnes and Cithæron. The longing to see what is beyond grows until one compasses one's desire. Beyond is Boeotia, and it is but a day's drive from Athens to Thebes. Greece is not a land of magnificent distances. "Infinite riches in a little room" describes it. On this journey, just before crossing the top of the ridge, one passes Eleutheræ, the frontier fortress of Attica, with walls and towers almost perfect on one of its long sides, the finest fortress in Attica. From the top of the pass appear Parnassus on the left and the mountains of Eubœa on the right. As you go down into Boeotia, Plateæa lies about four miles to the left of the road, well up on the north flank of Cithæron. Thebes itself is hidden from view by low hills.

The best way, however, to see Boeotia is by bicycle. In that way one gets over the pass in time to accomplish, with considerable pains, it is true, the detour to Plateæa, and to get on to Thebes the same day. One winter day I started from Eleusis at eight o'clock. At noon I was in Thebes. The view from the top of the pass had detained me awhile, for it included not only Parnassus and Disphys, both snow-clad down to the base, each one more beautiful than the other, as the Germans would say, but also far-distant Olympus, clear-cut against the northern sky. The day was absolutely perfect. I have stood on the same spot perhaps ten times, and never before, nor since, have I had the view of Olympus.

Through Boeotia on a bicycle.

But there was no mistake about it. The weather was so fine that I did not turn back from Thebes as I had intended, but kept on to Lebadea, and the next day to Lamia. The third day, clearer still, if possible, I climbed the Furka Pass on the road toward Pharsala, and again saw Olympus with the same clear-cut profile, only sixty miles nearer. Then I turned around and rode to Amphissa the same day, subsequently visiting Delphi to see the excavations of the French School. This circling Parnassus and getting it from every point of view was very fine. From Lamia, on the Ulalic gulf, to Amphissa, close to the Corinthian gulf, is not much more than half a day with a wheel — although it involves a long



PHRYGIAN CAPTIVE
FROM THE PRO-
PYLÆA AT CORINTH.

climb,— and the view in either direction is full of charm. How one likes to go in Greece from sea to sea!

A trip on foot.

But, after all, the good old fashion of walking brings a peculiar exhilaration in Greece; and more than once have I tramped over Bœotia with members of our school. In fact, Bœotia is a region that I find it hard to keep away from. The last time we tramped there was two years ago, when five of us spent nine days on the trip, and touched all the points of interest, taking a carriage two days, a steamer a whole day, and a train part of a day, and paying out for the whole journey fifty-five

drachmas (\$6.60) apiece. Most fellow-countrymen of ours who will see the same things take a dragoman and pay from seventy to ninety dollars for it. How can so great a difference be explained? By the simple fact that these Americans, not knowing the language, have to take a dragoman to take care of them; and the dragoman is always an expensive luxury. We, of course, have to rough it somewhat; and I recall the solemn alliteration that one of our men used to utter in Bœotia in 1890, "I tell you, fellows, in this business what a man saves in his



CORINTH—THEATER,
WITH ACRO-CORINTH
IN THE BACK-
GROUND.

pocket he takes out of his pelt." But in the parts of Greece where one most needs a dragoman the comfort thereby secured is not commensurate with the added expense. You cannot get luxury by it. Even the dragoman's resources have limits, and he rarely takes parties, for example, into the wild and lonely northern Arcadia, where with a little willingness to rough it one may have a very good time. I once made there, with two good companions, a tour of seven days in the saddle, starting out from Argos, taking a look at the Corinthian gulf at Megaspelion, swinging around back to Argos again, climbing several mountains, and visiting the Fall of the Styx and Lake Stymphalus by the way, at an expense of somewhat less than ten drachmas (about \$1.20) a day, of which six went to pay for the horses. It must be conceded that there was a sameness about our fare, which was always chicken, bread, and grapes for luncheon and dinner, and little or nothing for breakfast; and yet, since the chickens were always good and the grapes exquisite, we felt well fed. Sleeping was cheap, for we slept on floors, except one night, when we got beds—worse luck to them!

On the Bœotian tramp we slept four nights on the floor, because there was nothing else to do, and the other four nights in fairly good beds at

hotels, in Thebes, Lebadea, and Chalkis. We took an unusual route, making use of the train from Athens to Megara. We afterward tramped in a northwesterly direction until we reached the northern arm of the Corinthian gulf, which here stretches far in toward the east. Then following the shore as closely as we could, at night we reached *Ægosthena*, the frontier town of Megara toward Bœotia. We arrived late because we had yielded to the temptation to pitch off boulders into the sea from the high crags which we had to climb in order to get on. As a compensation we got our first view of the ruins of *Ægosthena* by the light of the full moon, which cast an added glory over them. If there are more impressive ruins in Greece than these I do not know them. But nobody ever goes to see them. Most people would prefer to take a reading journey there rather than go as we did. For on this occasion we had no meat of any kind after our hard day's work, but only bread and cheese and black coffee, the regular peasants' fare, and slept in a room paved with cobblestones, glad to have any shelter at all. Our host said that if we had sent him word beforehand he would have had a turkey for us, and I do not doubt him, for in the outlying parts of Greece hospitality knows no bounds but absolute inability. The next morning, after a good winter sea-bath, and a second view of the ruins, we strengthened ourselves with more bread and cheese; and with the aid of a donkey to carry our packs, climbed over Cithæron. From the top we saw all Bœotia stretched out before us, so that we could practically read our week's program. Only the beautiful valley of the Muses lay hidden among the spurs of Helicon, to the left. At our feet lay Platæa.

Ruins of *Ægosthena*.

I have approached Platæa from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west; and never without an impulse to take off my hat and bow to the ground before the single city in Greece — unfortunately small — which was always found in the path of duty and of honor, even when it was at a frightful cost. This consideration it is which makes its remaining walls venerable and almost sacred. How fitting it was that the great battle which kept Greece, and so also Europe, from being Asianized should have been fought under its walls! Platæa thus became the birthplace of Hellenic aspirations. For centuries, to be sure, the Greeks had felt a sort of brotherhood when they met at Olympia to run and leap and wrestle with one another, with the rest of the world shut out; but now for the first time came a vision of what united Greece might accomplish against a great foreign enemy. Alas! that after "Old Platæa's day" it so soon became and remained only a vision.

I have usually approached Thebes as the sun was setting, and sometimes in the evening twilight. It is a fitting time, for what attracts us to Thebes lies in the twilight. Oedipus and his fratricidal sons, Antigone, sweet and noble, a flower swept away by the blast, these are the persons who occupy our thoughts in Thebes. "*Sie sind ewig weil sie sind*" (They are eternal because they are), more real than even Epaminondas and Pindar, though the former, taking into account his character and his powers, was the greatest of all the Greek men of affairs, combining the excellences of Aristides and Themistocles; while the latter's flights of lyric song are the wonder of the world.

Chæronea, forty miles north of Thebes, was the tomb of that Pan-Hellenic spirit which had its birth at Platæa. Here Thebes, won by the fiery zeal of Demosthenes, stood shoulder to shoulder with her traditional enemy, Athens, against the Macedonians, as if to make us forget that she was on the side of the Persians at Platæa. The stone lion erected over the fallen Thebans is the principal monument of Chæronea. This broken lion awaits restoration, and the small rock-cut theater hard by, where Plutarch must often have sat, awaits excavation of its lower parts. A little to the east of Chæronea lies Orchomenus, once the rival of Thebes, and in Mycenæan times the principal power in Bœotia. It

Thebes.

Last battle against Persia.

Lake Copais.

boasts a bee-hive tomb, excavated by Dr. Schliemann, constructed of marble, and so, of course, admired by Pausanias, under the name of the Treasury of Minyas, more than the so-called "Treasury of Athens" at Mycenæ. He declares that it is "surpassed by no monument in Greece or elsewhere." The imposing citadel of classical times is worth climbing, not only for the study of the walls but also for the view which it gives of the mountains which enclose Boeotia. When I first climbed it in 1890 it looked out upon Lake Copais, which has since been drained, giving back one of the most fertile tracts in Greece. Its existence in modern times was due to carelessness that allowed the ancient drainage canals which ran under the mountains to be stopped up. The ancient Minyæ, who held the Orchomenus of Homer, had a perfect drainage system, and the plain, thus kept fertile, gave the city its significance.

Boeotia, with all its rich soil and its sturdy men, never played, except during the brief period when Epaminondas was at the helm, the important part to which its resources seemed to invite it. This is because there was no concentration under one leadership except then. Athens and Sparta early molded the surrounding places into the states Attica and Laconia. But Thebes, in Boeotia, remained *primus inter pares*, and its attempts to consolidate Boeotia into a state only aroused hatred. Thus it came about that Boeotian armies did not cross their borders to the woe of other states of Greece, but others came to Boeotia to fight, and so it came to have that most expressive epithet, "the orchestra of Ares." It was perhaps a land of high living and plain thinking, where Copais eels ranked higher than ideas; but the wits who were so proud of having been nurtured in the dry air of Attica, and the Spartans themselves, more than once found the Boeotians more than a match for them in battle.

Thessaly and the Vale of Tempe.

To the north of Boeotia lies Thessaly, with two of the most picturesque objects in Greece, the Vale of Tempe, and the Meteora cloisters. As Thessaly has a good network of railroads, the traveler can hardly afford to let these go. Off to the west lies a region, picturesque and full of ruins, but as neglected now as it was in antiquity, Ætolia and Acarnania. Travelers who miss this northwestern corner of Greece, easily accessible by rail and ferry from Patras, lose more than they suppose. But aside from Mesolonghi and Agrinum there are no decent lodging places there.

Corinth and its history.

There is one place which American visitors will now never pass by without a careful examination, because the American School of Classical Studies at Athens has, by its excavations there since 1896, made it in a sense American territory; famous, populous, wealthy Corinth, with its melancholy history. Long before Athens became a power in Greece, Corinth had founded three of the greatest colonies ever founded by any Greek city, Syracuse, Corcyra, and Ambracia. Later, when it was getting crowded out of the markets of the world by Athens, it pushed sluggish Sparta into the Peloponnesian war, which accomplished the ruin of Athens, but did not much help Corinth. At the end of the long years of war between the Greek cities, Corinth found herself at last at the head of the Achæan League, playing for the first time a leading rôle in Greek affairs. In an evil day it threw down the gauntlet to Rome. Mummius made an example of it and leveled it to the ground, filling Rome with booty. A century later Julius Cæsar refounded it, under the official name of *Colonia Laus Julia*, but its current name was still Corinth. This city at once became the first in Greece. It was honored by the presence of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, who lived here for a year and a half, and formed a church, to which he was devotedly attached. He pours out more of his personality and more of his great heart in the two letters to them than in all his other letters. It was not without emotion that I read upon a finely molded marble block which once formed the lintel of a door, and was dug up in our excavations at a depth of about ten feet below the surface of the soil, the words, "Synagogue of the

Hebrews." Under this very lintel St. Paul probably passed and repassed when, before turning to the Greeks, he was still "persuading the Jews."

When we began work at Corinth in 1896 the only landmark of the ancient city was the well-known ruin of an archaic temple on a slight elevation overlooking the wretched village known as Old Corinth. Pausanias had left a very clear though brief description of the city as it stood about 170 A. D. On the basis of this description there had been much discussion of the topography of Corinth, and many plans had been published. In all of them, unfortunately, the wrong name had been given to the old temple, and they are worthless.

Our first object was to establish some fixed point in the description of Pausanias, preferably the agora, i.e., the great public square, because he states that most of the important monuments of the city were in or near the agora. It was a rather bold undertaking, considering that Corinth covered an area greater than any other Greek city. But we were successful. In the eighteenth of twenty-one trial trenches that we dug, in a promising curve at the lower edge of the upper of the two terraces on which the city lay, we found the theater. It lay under about fifteen feet of earth; and we contented ourselves with digging six branches of trench No. 18, to secure a good plan of it.

Excavating the city.

With the simple *discovery* of the theater the topography of Corinth at least drew near to a solution, inasmuch as we now knew within certain limits where to look for the agora, because Pausanias puts it much to the east of the theater. Meanwhile, much farther east, in trench No. 3, running across the valley just east of the temple ruin, we had found encouragement to believe that we were at that point in or near the agora, in the discovery of a broad pavement with building walls on each side of it. It was a hopeful beginning.

After the Greek war with Turkey in 1897 we took up the work again Progress of the work.

in 1898. Proceeding up the valley at right angles to trench No. 3, we followed the broad pavement until it came to the foot of a broad marble staircase. But in the meantime we had got access through a well, about a hundred yards away, to a series of six chambers with a covering of natural rock, and with a stream of water flowing along back of them. The earth covered their front, and had pressed into the chambers themselves, half filling them; but we at once recognized that we had to do with Pirene, the famous fountain of Corinth, because Pausanias described Pirene as a series of cave-like chambers, through which the water flowed into an open basin. We now regarded everything else as secondary, and made a deep cutting for our track, straight for Pirene. The process of getting the Greek government to buy for us the extra strip of land needed was too slow, and we bought the land at the owner's price. Before the close of the campaign we had the greater part of the façade cleared. As the earth lay thirty feet deep, it was no quick and easy task. But the reward was commensurate with the labor. Experts pronounced it the finest example extant of a Greek fountain house. The two-story structure is, to be sure, Roman, and hides a much simpler structure of Greek times, consisting only of the low chambers with modestly ornamented fronts and backs. The two-story front is, however, that which Pausanias saw and described. When he saw it, it had a revetment of marble, traces of which are seen in the holes cut in the limestone blocks of the façade, and in cartloads of marble chips, on one of which appeared the word "Pirene." In Byzantine times there was thrown out in front of this façade a colonnade, two columns of which still remain *in situ*.

Progress of the work.

Discovering the fountain house.

To have excavated Pirene, both on account of its impressiveness and on account of its great fame (Corinth is constantly alluded to in the poets as "the city of Pirene"), was success enough for one campaign. But to us Pirene had an even greater value as completely settling the

topography of Corinth. From the description of Pausanias it was clear that the agora was close at hand. How very near we did not then know. Pausanias mentions a street leading northward from the agora toward Lechæum, the harbor of Corinth on the Corinthian gulf, as passing Pirene immediately after leaving the agora. It was easy to put one and one together. We had Pirene, and we had a broad paved street passing it, extending clear through the city (as we had proved by tapping it at three different places) in the direction of Lechæum. We had, then, but to follow this street backwards to pass into the agora; and when we once found ourselves there we could locate within narrow limits every monument mentioned by Pausanias, who follows various streets radiating from the agora. Thus the work of the following year was blocked out for us.

Roman triumphal arch.

The next year, 1899, with the comfortable feeling that the tentative stage was passed, we followed our leading-string, and proceeded up the marble staircase; and lo! an advance of some fifteen feet brought us to the broken buttresses of the Propylæa, a sort of Roman triumphal arch, through which, as Pausanias said, this street passed out of the agora. When we had cleared a considerable area in this we found that it even touched Pirene, although it was at a level so much higher than it that one had to go some distance down the staircase to reach the entrance to it.

Without uncovering all the agora we could immediately gather in our topographical results. We could line up the monuments on the street leading westward from the agora all the more readily because we already had the theater, pretty well out on this street. One of the most interesting results of this lining up was that the venerable old temple ruin was seen to stand just to the right of a straight line drawn from the agora to the theater, and very near to the agora end; and consequently it had to "own up" that it was the temple of Apollo, "the first monument on your right as you go out of the agora on the street leading toward Sicyon." This was the name which I had provisionally given it on the bright and glorious summer evening three years before, when we had struck deep down in trench No. 18 a few steps, which unmistakably formed the staircase of a theater.

Temple of Apollo.

Between the temple of Apollo and the theater, Pausanias mentions a group of monuments consisting of the odeon, the tomb of Medea's children, and the fountain Glauce. To make our topographical chain stronger we wished to find one of these. Nearly in the prescribed line lay a cube of rock which looked like the leavings of the quarrying for the material of the Apollo temple. There were two chambers cut in it, now nearly filled up with earth. As we commenced clearing these out, we suspected that we had to do either with the tomb or the fountain, we could not tell which. Soon we became convinced that it was the fountain; we could not for a long time furnish the absolute proof, but at last at the very outermost and back corner of a third ruined chamber we found the rock-cut channel through which water was delivered into the chambers from the direction of Acro-Corinth, the source of all the water of the region. We now had a line of three monuments in that direction. The Apollo temple which we now thoroughly excavated was by the discovery of Glauce held still more firmly as such. To the north also, a great brick ruin in the middle of the village was identified as the Baths of Euryclies. This we partially excavated.

Remains of Roman sculpture.

In 1900, instead of pushing out farther in any direction, we worked in the agora itself, where to the west of the Propylæa we found a great quantity of sculpture of the Roman period, most of it belonging to colossal bearing figures analogous to the caryatids. One figure, apparently a Phrygian captive, was entire, others nearly so. It seems probable that these colossal figures belong to the decoration of the Propylæa.

The other chief result of the season's work was the discovery of a fountain enclosed by a series of metopes and triglyphs, taken apparently

from temples destroyed by Mummius. The painted patterns upon these are so fresh that they furnish, perhaps, the best example which exists of Greek painted architecture. The fountain itself is enclosed in a trapezoidal room the stone pavement of which is some seven feet below the bottom of the triglyphs. Through the west wall the water was delivered through two bronze lion's head spouts, found intact. On the pavement are the round holes for the pitchers. This is the only case of an ancient Greek fountain preserved entire and unchanged. It is also the only monument, so far discovered, that survived intact the cruel destruction of Mummius.

An ancient Greek fountain.

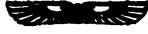
This fountain lies at the foot of the hill on which stands the temple of Apollo; and this year we shall move in that direction. M. Kabbadias, the Greek ephor-general of antiquities, has said, "God only knows what new surprises await us when the Americans move up that hill." On account of pressure of other duties we work only from two to three months each year in the spring. Perhaps we may have great things to announce, and perhaps we may meet disappointment. It is like fishing. But our work has received tangible testimony to its success in the erection of a substantial museum at Old Corinth, and in the careful protecting of the old fountain with an iron grating. We are justifying the motto carved over the fireplace of our school library,

"VIRUM MONUMENTA PRIORUM."



1. What are the advantages of the two ways of approaching Athens? 2. What two historic streams still belong to the city? 3. What part of it is associated with St. Paul? 4. What interesting recent history belongs to the little temple of Athena Nike? 5. What part of the famous Parthenon frieze still remains in place? 6. What discoveries upon the Acropolis were made between 1886 and 1890? 7. What especially famous monuments still remain in the city itself? 8. What traces of ancient Eleusis are still to be found? 9. What interesting discovery was made at Marathon? 10. What at Sunium? 11. What splendid scenery rewards the traveler to Boeotia? 12. What associations have Platea, Thebes and Charonea? 13. For what is Orchomenus famous? 14. Why do the excavations at Corinth promise especially interesting results? 15. What discoveries were made up to the time of the recent Greek war? 16. Describe the finding of Pirene. 17. Describe the other discoveries.

Review Questions.



1. What was the Areopagus? 2. When was the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty? 3. What historic struggle took place at Amphissa? 4. What was the mythological origin of the fountain of Pirene? 5. What was the story of Medea's children?

Search Questions.



The literature for a study of Greece is very large. One may make a selection of the following important books: Baedeker's *Greece*. English edition, 1894. This has great value in the topography, history, and art of Greece. *The Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens*. Harrison and Verrall. (Macmillan & Company, 1890.) *Athens and the Demes of Athens*. W. M. Leake. Two vols. Nearly three-quarters of a century old but still valuable. *Travels in Northern Greece*. Vol. II. for Boeotia. *Rambles and Studies in Greece*. J. P. Mahaffy. (Macmillan & Company, 1878.) Popular and racy. The old and well-known histories of Grote and Curtius have in some points been rendered antiquated by modern discovery and research. But the following work has kept pace with these advances: *History of Greece*. Four vols. (Macmillan & Company.) For information about excavations one must go to the organs of the different national archaeological schools in Athens published during the last twenty years. Those published in English are: *Journal of Hellenic Studies*. *American Journal of Archaeology*. Some attempts have been made to gather up the results of these excavations in Percy Gardner's *New Chapters in Greek History*. (Putnam's.) *Excursions in Greece*. C. Diehl. (Westermann & Company, New York, 1893.) *The Gods in Greece*. Louis Dyer. (Macmillan, 1891.)

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CRITICAL STUDIES IN FRENCH LITERATURE.*

VII. BALZAC'S "EUGÉNIE GRANDET."

BY WILLIAM P. TRENT, M. A., LL. D.

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N the nearly fifty-one years that have elapsed since Balzac's death—a space of time almost equal to his comparatively short life—his fame has perhaps grown more steadily and extensively than that of any other modern writer. He is now quite generally acknowledged to be the greatest of French novelists, and many of his admirers contend that his name, preëminent in the annals of fiction, is securely enrolled among the small number of the world's supreme writers. We need not discuss this claim here, but we may act on the assumption that a representative novel of an author for whom such a claim has been made by competent critics is well worthy of our careful study.

Representative character of "Eugénie Grandet."

It is not difficult to select such a representative novel for our purpose, in spite of the fact that Balzac's unfinished "Human Comedy," which was intended to cover every phase of life, is a work of great magnitude. It is quite difficult, if not impossible, to determine what is his greatest novel—whether "La Cousine Bette," or "Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes," or "Père Goriot," or "Eugénie Grandet," or "La Peau de Chagrin," or, perhaps, one or two others. It is equally impossible to determine whether any one of his greatest books is greater than the greatest novel—whatever that may be—of such a novelist, say, as Thackeray. But it is quite plain that, however much more Balzac was—and he was much more—he is generally looked upon as the founder of that school of novelists known as realists, and that as a realist he never wrote anything more memorable than "Eugénie Grandet." This story is also the best known of his works except "Père Goriot," and it has the advantage of containing little or nothing that contravenes Anglo-Saxon ideas of propriety. It is, therefore, admirably adapted for study by readers who approach for the first time its great author.

Its place in the "Comedy."

"Eugénie Grandet" was published in 1834. It was one of the first stories in a series entitled "Scenes of Provincial Life," which forms an important portion of the great "Comedy." As I have said elsewhere, Balzac gave the world in this series an essentially new form of fiction by unfolding "with matchless realism the interesting dramas enacted in provincial towns and districts where the passions and foibles of men and women can develop practically unchecked."

Its setting.

The scene of the novel is laid in the town of Saumur, and, as is usual with him, Balzac begins with an elaborate description of the place, especially of its houses and shops. His great success in setting such exteriors before our eyes is generally conceded, but it is often urged with justice that by such descriptions he frequently, in an unfortunate manner, delays the action of his stories. This charge scarcely lies against "Eugénie Grandet," for the somber setting is admirably suited to the picture of narrow provincial life soon to be given us. Before we can grow tired of Saumur, we are brought to the house of M. Grandet, an ex-cooper and former mayor, now the richest man in the region and

* No. 1, "The Song of Roland," appeared in the October CHAUTAUQUAN; No. 2, "Montaigne and Essay Writing in France," in the November CHAUTAUQUAN; No. 3, "Tartuffe: a Typical Comedy of Molière," in the December CHAUTAUQUAN; No. 4, "Lyrists and Lyrics of Old France," in the January CHAUTAUQUAN; No. 5, "Hugo's Ninety-Three," in the February CHAUTAUQUAN; No. 6, "The Short Story in France," in March; No. 7, "Alexandre Dumas and the Three Musketeers," in April.

destined to become, before we finish the volume, our ideal of all that a father should not be, and of all in the way of evil that an unscrupulous miser-capitalist may represent.

The sight of Grandet's house suggests a sketch of his history, which Balzac proceeds to give with the exactitude of a biographer. We seem to be reading of a real man, and we get that sense of the veritable which Balzac, seemingly more than any other novelist, imparts to his typical work. The sources of Grandet's fortune are revealed to us, we are told what sort of a man he is, we are prepared to pity his submissive wife and innocent daughter, and are given to understand that intrigues for the hand of this unfortunate heiress will form the ground-work of the plot of the story. Then follows an elaborate description of the old house which we shall not often leave — nor will it leave us — and of Grandet's devoted maid-servant, Big Nanon, who plays a very important part in the book and is one of the best lower-class characters Balzac or any other novelist has given to the world. The faithfulness of this old woman is almost enough of itself to prove that her creator had a noble heart and was not the thoroughgoing pessimist he is often assumed to have been.

Thus far we have had description only — about twenty-five pages of it — but what description! At last something happens. One evening, about the middle of November, in the year 1819, Nanon lights the fire for the first time. Any event that involves consumption is of great importance in the Grandet household. But this is a day of special importance to our heroine Eugénie. It is not only her birthday on which her father regularly presents her with a rare gold coin, the preservation of which he duly looks out for — it is also a day for the gathering of the rival hosts of the Cruchotins and the Grassinistes, who are equally interested in the preservation of all that she and her father have. Each party has a suitor whom we need not describe here, for this paper is written with the purpose of sending readers to Balzac, not of giving the erroneous impression that any of his books can be thoroughly synopsized.

Outline of the story.

Let us suppose now that the rival clans have gathered and that with the subdued Mme. Grandet and the fluttered Eugénie they have sat down to a game of cards, the old cooper grimly watching them and reading their innermost selfish thoughts. Suddenly an unexpected knock is heard and after much commotion — for visitors, much less guests, are rare in the Grandet establishment — a new personage is introduced, Charles Grandet, the miser's nephew, only son of his brother, a reputedly wealthy merchant of Paris. Charles is a spoiled Parisian dandy, and his introduction into the dingy drawing-room filled with equally dingy provincials affords our novelist an opportunity for some very effective description. The provincials scent in him a prospective suitor, but the miser, who busies himself with a letter brought by Charles from his father, has quite other thoughts. The letter announces that the Parisian Grandet is a bankrupt who is about to commit suicide and who commands his son to his brother's protection.

How ironical such protection is, soon appears to us. Eugénie, who has never before seen such a model of youthful elegance as her cousin and who unconsciously falls in love with him at first sight, has to take money out of her own pocket in order to replace the tallow candle in his bedroom with a wax one. The next day she braves the miser's displeasure by furnishing Charles with an extra amount of sugar and other trifles; and from an unsophisticated girl she becomes a reflecting woman who begins to judge her father. The plot thickens, but we must forbear to describe minutely one of the most powerful and pathetic dramas ever enacted within the four walls of a house. Let it suffice us to know that although Grandet speedily packs Charles off to the Indies to make his fortune, he cannot prevent the two young people from plighting their troth, nor can he regain his own ascendancy over his daughter who hands over to Charles

Eugénie in love
with her cousin.

Eugénie

the gold she has hoarded under her father's supervision. The discovery of this unparalleled act of disobedience and of sacrilege—for money is his only god and he regards money given to a creature of fashion like Charles as simply squandered—almost maddens the old miser, although he has himself formed a scheme for keeping his brother's affairs out of the court of bankruptcy. That scheme, however, was to redound to his own credit and was to cost him nothing.

He punishes Eugénie by confining her to her chamber, but he cannot break her spirit, although he does succeed by his cruelty and indifference in killing his wife, who has defended her daughter as well as she could. Then he reconciles himself with Eugénie—the heiress of her mother—whom he persuades to sign away her inheritance to him. His gold grows dearer and dearer to him as old age creeps on him, and when he is paralyzed he has himself wheeled across his room to a place near the fire from which he can see the door behind which his treasures are concealed. He teaches Eugénie how to manage the estates that must soon be hers, but he has no conception of how she is suffering from the absence and silence of her lover. The house is deserted save by the Cruchotins who foresee victory, and but for the faithfulness of Nanon and Eugénie, and the pathos of the situation, one would hardly be willing to finish the book.

Death of the miser.

At last death comes to the miser in a scene described with a concision and a vividness remarkable even for Balzac. "When the curé came to administer the sacrament, all the life seemed to have died out of the miser's eyes, but they lit up for the first time for many hours at the sight of the silver crucifix, the candlesticks, and holy water vessel, all of silver; he fixed his gaze on the precious metal, and the lips were twitched for the last time."

Eugénie is left with only one real friend—Nanon, who is happier than her mistress, since her master's death has permitted her to marry a worthy man who has served for her longer than Jacob. Her millions are nothing to a woman who is all heart, and the heiress, who is still the center of intrigues, lives on her love and her hopes long deferred. But even her hopes finally fail her, for a cruel letter from Charles announces his return with a fortune, and his approaching marriage with the daughter of a noble house. Eugénie bears the blow in a way worthy of any heroine of fiction or of life. She herself pays the remaining creditors of Charles's father and thus smoothes his way for his alliance with the aristocracy. Then she does what an English or an American woman would hardly have done—she contracts a nominal marriage with the President de Bonfons, the candidate of the Cruchotins. This step should not, however, be counted against her and Balzac, as it has been by some critics, for marriage is not to the French what it is to us, and Eugénie's wealth entailed more responsibilities than a lone woman could at that time well bear. But marriage does not relieve her even of responsibilities, for her husband soon dies and she is left with her sorrow and her wealth and her saving piety. There have been greater heroines than Eugénie Grandet—women who have done nobler things, but it would be hard to find in literature a heroine that suffers more. To some of us hers is as pathetic a figure as was ever conceived by the creative imagination.

Special features of the story.

It is almost needless after this long description of the story to lay stress upon its special features. It is sufficient to say that in "*Eugénie Grandet*" Balzac showed himself, as he rarely did, to be practically a faultless artist and very little less than a great poet. There are no better descriptions, no more vivid scenes to be found elsewhere in the "Comedy." No reader is likely to forget Grandet's advice to Charles when the latter was looking around for more sugar: "Put in some more milk if your coffee is too strong." Nor will the departure of Charles, or the rage of Grandet with Eugénie, or the last sufferings of Mme. Grandet, or the miser's death, or Eugénie's breaking open Charles's letter soon

fade from one's memory. As for the characters, they illustrate perfectly what M. Brunetière finds to be Balzac's distinguishing trait—"his gift to make living." They live as only the characters of the greatest writers do. It is true, as has been urged, that Balzac never created a character summing up national traits—for example, a Don Quixote. But his power of characterization was more varied probably than that of any other writer, and it was as inevitable. Still this is one of those critical controversies that can never be settled, and it will be best to leave it to one side as well as to forbear replying to small objections that have been raised against this or that point in a book which for two generations has been held a masterpiece by countless readers in every civilized country.

As we have already said, "*Eugénie Grandet*" belongs to Balzac's "Scenes of Provincial Life," but while the narrowness of life in Saumur is well set before us, it is clear that the dominant notes of the story are the suffering of Eugénie and her mother, and the egotism of Grandet. Thus the book might logically have been placed in another series, the "Scenes of Private Life." The novel that probably stands nearest to it in the "Comedy" in point of subject-matter is, however, one included in what Balzac called his "Philosophical Studies." This is "*La Recherche de l'Absolu*" ("The Quest of the Absolute"), in which the hero is a Flemish gentleman who sacrifices his fortune and his wife and children to the pursuit of his philosophic mania. Balthazar Claës is a much nobler man than Grandet, but the old miser is the more strikingly drawn character, while Eugénie is more pathetic than Margaret, the admirable Flemish maiden. Still, readers of "*Eugénie Grandet*" will do well to read the other story, which is more of a romance. Readers interested in the character of Grandet may also like to learn what Balzac could do with a somewhat different but perhaps even more powerful type of money-lover; if so they may be recommended to read the novelette entitled "*Gobseck*." They will also find a provincial miser well sketched in "*Un Ménage de Garçon*" ("A Bachelor's Establishment"). If on the other hand they are more interested in Balzac's handling of pathetic situations, they may follow up "*Eugénie Grandet*" with the Dickens-like story "*Pierrette*," which recounts the sufferings of a poor orphan, or they may read the record of the trials of a persecuted parish priest given in "*Le Curé de Tours*"—a masterpiece of the first order. Finally, and without attempting to exhaust the list of fine novels that await those whom a reading of "*Eugénie Grandet*" may inspire with a desire to know more of Balzac's work, persons who are interested in the novelist's management of provincial intrigues, to which he lends as great an interest as though his stage were an empire instead of a small town, may be recommended to read "*La Vieille Fille*" ("The Old Maid"), in which another rich heiress is striven for, and "*Ursule Mirouët*," in which there is a struggle for an inheritance. All the novels mentioned in this paragraph, save "*Un Ménage de Gargon*," are comparatively unamenable to the charge so often brought against French fiction, of not being morally clean.

It would be useless, in conclusion, to attempt to cite the opinions passed by leading critics upon the great novel we are discussing. Some have preferred it even to "*Père Goriot*," a story which is perhaps more poignantly pathetic but is also more romantic. Others have confessed that they did not greatly care for it. Balzac himself thought highly of it, but, as often happens, he cooled toward it when the public began to say that this or that new book was not so good as "*Eugénie Grandet*." He actually wrote of it later as the story with which the public had assassinated so many good things of his. But while such comparisons are often exasperating, it is quite clear that the public was in the main right in its preference for "*Eugénie Grandet*," and doubtless Balzac knew it in his heart. It has nearly every element of a great work of fiction. Admirable description, vivid narration, strength of characterization,

Collateral stories.

Opinions of
"Eugénie Grandet."

intense human interest — these are undeniable merits possessed by it. Its poignant pathos, which is undiminished by the admixture of anything sensational or even romantic, is another and perhaps its crowning merit. Like a great poetic tragedy it purges the emotions. It is hard to see how any one can read it without resolving to be more on his guard against the love of money and the love of self. It is, of course, a very sad book, and some people do not like sad books. Such persons should not read "Eugénie Grandet," but on the same principle they ought not to read "Othello" — which by the way a very scholarly and sensitive friend of mine will not read in his class-room — or many another masterpiece of literature. For my own part I can only say that I have read "Eugénie Grandet" over and over until I know it better than I do any other novel; and that each time I read it I marvel the more at its wonderful power.



Bibliography.

For further study of Balzac, readers may be referred to "A Memoir of H. de Balzac" by Katharine Prescott Wormeley; to Frederic Wedmore's "Life of Honoré de Balzac" in the "Great Writers" series; and to Dr. B. W. Wells's "A Century of French Fiction." Single essays by George Moore, H. T. Peck, Henry James, and Leslie Stephen may also be consulted. In French the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul has done noteworthy bibliographical and biographical work upon Balzac, but perhaps the best source of information for the general reader is Taine's very remarkable essay in his "Nouveaux Essais de Critique et d'Histoire" — which has set the tone of most modern criticism. Brunetiére's treatment of Balzac in his recent history of French literature is also of distinct importance. For further views of the present writer readers may consult the article on Balzac in Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature" and the introductions in the edition of Balzac's works recently published by T. Y. Crowell & Co.



Review Questions.

1. Of what series of stories by Balzac does "Eugénie Grandet" form a part?
2. Give the setting of the story, the character of the town and of the ex-mayor.
3. What is the outline of the story?
4. How is Balzac's genius shown in the way in which he has told the story?
5. Why has this great story exerted such a powerful influence?

THE INNER LIFE OF SOCRATES.

■ ■ BY HAROLD N. FOWLER. ■ ■

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MONG the many interesting persons who appeared upon the scene of Athenian life in the fifth century B. C. none is more interesting than Socrates, nor is there one whose influence upon the thought of later times has been so great. This influence is not due to his writings, for Socrates was not the writer of any book or treatise, nor to his great public acts, for he never held an office more important than that of senator, but to his personal character, his mental acumen, and his high ideals, which so impressed some of his younger contemporaries as to change, through their teachings and writings, the direction of Greek philosophical speculation and the current of Greek thought. It would be interesting to know what immediate surroundings, what family circumstances, what teachers helped to mold the intellect of this remarkable man, but our information is sadly defective.

Influence of personal character.

Early life and education.

Socrates was born at Athens in 469 B. C. His father, Sophroniscus, was a sculptor, but not an artist of great reputation, and his mother Phænarete, was a midwife. It was a poor family, in which husband and wife had to exert themselves to earn a living. Whether Socrates had brothers or sisters is unknown. As the son of an Athenian citizen he

* This is the eighth CHAUTAUQUAN study of the Inner Life of Historic Figures in France and Greece. Fénelon, by Charles M. Stuart, appeared in October; Pascal, by Nathaniel Luccock, appeared in November; Madame Guyon, by Jesse L. Hurlbut, appeared in December; Corot, by Adelia A. Field Johnston, appeared in January; The Chevalier Bayard, by Vincent Van Marter Beede, appeared in February; Odysseus, by Harold N. Fowler, appeared in March; Aeschylus, by Harold N. Fowler, appeared in April.

was doubtless educated in gymnastics and music, but it is not probable that his education in these branches was long continued or conducted by the most expensive masters. He is said to have learned his father's trade, but to have given it up early in life. His marriage does not appear to have taken place until he was at least middle aged, for at the time of his death, when he was seventy years old, his eldest son is spoken of as a mere youth, and his two younger sons as children. His wife, Xanthippe, seems to have been a woman of somewhat narrow intellect and perhaps of imperfectly controlled emotions, but she does not seem to deserve her reputation as a termagant. At any rate, her influence upon Socrates did not begin to be exerted until his youth was long past.

The special influences of home life and immediate surroundings to which Socrates was subjected in his youth are, then, very imperfectly known. His more general surroundings, the conditions of material, mental, and moral life at Athens in his day, are, however, not less important. When Socrates was born the danger of Persian invasion was already past, but the war against Persia was still continued. Athens was already acknowledged as the great maritime power of Greece. In his boyhood the power of Athens grew, and the Delian Confederacy gradually changed into the Athenian empire. When he was still under forty years of age the Peloponnesian war broke out, to last until a few years before his death. The period of his life in which he would naturally be most influenced by his surroundings in the city coincides, therefore, with the time of the power of Pericles, the most brilliant period of Athenian history. Every young Athenian, no matter how poor, could share in his country's political greatness, could gaze upon the splendid monuments with which the policy of Pericles adorned the Acropolis and other parts of the city, could converse with the artists, tradespeople, poets, and sophists who came from all parts of the Greek world to add to the glory of imperial Athens. That Socrates took advantage of all opportunities we cannot doubt.

Among these opportunities the most important to a young man of active and speculative mind was that of listening to and conversing with the sophists, the men who made it their profession to teach wisdom. The kind of wisdom taught varied with the teacher. It might be simply rhetoric, the art of expressing oneself so as to have the most effect upon the audience, it might include rules or precepts for the conduct of public affairs or private business, or it might include speculations as to the origin and government of the universe, the real nature of phenomena, or the relation of mankind to the gods. In general, the sophists appear to have been honest men, who taught what they believed to be useful, and received for their teaching whatever their reputation enabled them to demand and their customers could pay. Some of the men who came to Athens in the time of Socrates were, like Anaxagoras, original thinkers of real power, while others were content with borrowed theories or vague generalities, but nearly all desired to give their hearers knowledge which would be of use to them in their daily life. Intercourse with such men cannot have failed to have some influence upon Socrates, and though his poverty doubtless prevented his attendance as a regular pupil upon their lectures, he could at least hear their public discourses, could talk with them in the street or market place, and could learn their doctrines at second hand from their regular pupils.

Our chief sources of information about Socrates are the works of two of his pupils, Plato and Xenophon, two men of very different mental qualities. Xenophon, the leader of the ten thousand Greeks in their retreat from Babylonia to Greece, was a practical person, not without high ideals, nor altogether lacking in imagination, but eminently prosaic. He loved and admired Socrates for his piety, self-restraint, courage, and rectitude, but had little appreciation of the intellectual greatness of the man or of the ethical scope of his teachings. Plato, on the other hand,

Times in which he lived.

Association with sophists.

Sources of our information.

was a philosopher by nature, a born dramatist, and a poet of most brilliant and delicate imagination, who clothed his thoughts in what is perhaps the most perfect prose ever written. In his dialogues Socrates is the chief speaker, but the utterances attributed to him are the expressions of Plato's own thoughts. In many instances Plato's thoughts originated in the mind of his master, but Plato was himself one of the most original thinkers ever known, so that it is not always easy to tell whether a thought or doctrine attributed by Plato to Socrates really belongs to one or the other. So if we were to accept the likeness of Socrates drawn for us by Xenophon, we should lose many of his finer and grander features, while the portrait drawn by Plato's master hand contains many a line and many a delicate shade of expression embodying the artist's nature rather than that of his subject. It is only by a combination of what we learn from these two sources that we can gain a just conception of the character of Socrates as shown in his teaching and daily life.

A seeker after truth.

Socrates himself disclaimed the title of teacher, saying that he did not give instruction, but only sought the truth in company with those who chose to join him. And it is evident that he did not give any regular instruction as the sophists did. He went about the city, questioning those who would answer him, replying to his questioners with other questions, talking with one person or with a large number, in public places or in private houses, sometimes by appointment or special invitation, but oftener whenever he happened to meet anyone who was willing to talk with him. For these talks he received no payment, as the sophists did for their lectures, and this was in his own opinion an important difference between himself and them. They claimed that they had something valuable to teach, and therefore they asked payment for their teaching. He claimed to know nothing, and could therefore demand no payment. Socrates differed in method from the professed teachers of his day, but still more in the content of his teaching. Philosophical speculation had up to that time been chiefly concerned with the explanation of natural phenomena and the problems of creation, whereas the teaching of Socrates was chiefly ethical. As Xenophon says:

Ethical teachings.

"He did not talk about the nature of all things, as most of the others do, seeking to discover how the world, as the sophists call it, came into being and by what necessities each of the heavenly bodies is formed, but he even showed that those who ponder upon such matters are foolish. And first he asked them whether they thought they knew human affairs well enough already, that they proceeded to ponder upon such things, or whether they thought they were doing right in letting human affairs go and pondering upon what pertains to the gods. And he wondered that it was not evident to them that it is impossible for men to find out these things. . . . But he himself always talked about things that concern men, trying to find out what piety is, what impiety, what beauty, what ugliness, what justice, what injustice, what self-restraint, what madness, what courage, what cowardice, what a state, what a statesman, what the rule of men, what he who is fit to rule men, and about other things the knowledge of which he thought made people noble and good, while those who did not know them might rightly be called slavish."

The mission of Socrates.

About such matters Socrates conversed with young and old, rich and poor, wise and foolish. There can be no doubt that he regarded this as his duty. For this he gave up his trade as a sculptor, and condemned himself to lifelong poverty, believing that he was appointed by God to turn men away from the investigation of things they could not know to the study of themselves and their own souls. Chærephon once asked the oracle at Delphi if anyone was wiser than Socrates, and received the answer that there was no one. When Socrates heard this, he felt that it was his duty to find out what the god meant; for he was conscious of his own ignorance and therefore suspected some hidden meaning in the oracle. Accordingly he went to sophists, politicians, artisans, and others, men who had reputations for wisdom in various directions and degrees, and he found, according to Plato's account of what he said in his defense before the court, that all these were as ignorant as he, except that the artisans really did possess some practical knowledge of their trades, and

that all were afflicted with one kind of ignorance from which he was free. Each of them thought he knew many things he did not know, was ignorant, that is, of his own ignorance. This story sounds as if Socrates had been turned to the investigation of his fellow citizens and of the human mind in general only by the command of the oracle at Delphi; but this can hardly be what Plato wishes us to understand, for Chærephon could hardly have asked the oracle such a question if Socrates had not already distinguished himself. It is clear that Socrates must have turned to philosophy before the command of the god came to him in the form of an oracle, but it is equally certain that he considered philosophical investigation his divinely appointed duty. The oracle gave additional energy to his investigation by pointing out a definite question or object of search.

The story of the oracle shows that Socrates was not emancipated from the beliefs of his time. He accepted the religion of the state as his own, believing that every citizen should accept the state religion. Besides, he thought that speculation on religious matters was comparatively useless. Still, he was able to support his belief in the gods by argument. He saw how all things in this world appear to be rationally managed, and from this he concluded that there must be a reason or mind to manage them. This mind is not identified by him with Zeus or any other one of the popular gods, but neither is it very clearly distinguished from those gods. It seems rather as if Socrates had believed in a sort of comprehensive divine power and also in individual gods, each with his own attributes and qualities. He took part in sacred festivals, he prayed and sacrificed to individual gods, and his last words, according to Plato, were, "We owe a cock to Asclepius. Pay it, and do not neglect it." He prayed to the gods and spoke of the gods as many, yet at other times he spoke of God as one. "He believed," says Xenophon, "that the gods care for men not in the way in which most people believe; for they think the gods know some things and are ignorant of others; but Socrates thought that the gods know everything, the things that are said and those that are done and those that are planned in silence, and that they are present everywhere and give signs to men about all human affairs." And he revered an oath by the gods even at the risk of his life. "For once, when he was in the senate and had taken the senators' oath containing the clause that he would act in accordance with the laws, when he had been made presiding officer in the assembly and the people wished, contrary to the laws, to put to death by one vote all the nine generals, Thrasyllus and Erasonides and their colleagues, he refused to put the question, though the people were angry with him, and many powerful men threatened him." There is no doubt that Socrates accepted the belief of the people and believed "in the gods in whom the city" believed, in spite of the fact that he was condemned to death on a charge of impiety; but his worship was a worship "in spirit and in truth," which recognized the unity of divinity in the persons of many gods, the dependence of the human upon the divine, and the duty to act according to divine will.

A peculiar feature of the religion of Socrates was his belief in what he called a *daimonion*, a spiritual monitor or divine voice which guided his action. According to Plato's account, this monitor never urged Socrates to do anything, but stopped him when he was about to do anything wrong. Xenophon seems to be unacquainted with any such limitation of its action. This monitor has sometimes been identified with conscience, but conscience troubles us after wrong-doing, whereas the monitor of Socrates confined itself to advice concerning future action. It would be better to regard it as a series of intuitions based upon a highly developed moral sense, but Socrates believed that it was a special manifestation of divine interest in himself. From his earliest youth he had obeyed this divine monitor, which kept him from entering upon public life, but never hindered his philosophical investigations in obedience to the oracle.

Religious belief.

Accepted belief of
the people.His spiritual
monitor.

Led a holy life.

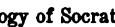
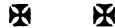
Thus Socrates lived under the special care and guidance of deity. And his life was that of a holy man, though without asceticism. He never failed in piety toward the city's gods, he did his duty when in the senate with entire fearlessness and probity, when the thirty tyrants ordered him to go to Salamis and arrest one of his fellow citizens illegally, he disobeyed openly and went home, leaving the arrest to be made by others who feared death more than wrong-doing. As a soldier he was absolutely without fear, and endured every hardship without flinching. In his daily life he was frugal, not because he desired to deny himself, but because he believed that by frugality and self-restraint one gains in endurance and efficiency. He was, however, a genial companion at a feast, not forcing his frugality upon his companions.

Obedience to higher authority.

When the state assigned him a post as a soldier, Socrates considered it his duty to remain at his post unmoved by fear of death or anything else, and the same spirit of steadfast obedience to the higher authority governed his action when he was called upon as senator or as private citizen to do anything contrary to the laws. His duty toward the gods appeared to him in a similar light. The gods, he said, are our masters, to whom we owe obedience. Therefore, when he was convinced that the gods wished him to spend his life in the pursuit of knowledge, nothing could turn him from obedience to their command. Knowledge he regarded as the source of goodness, for he was convinced that no one ever does wrong knowingly, but only because he does not know the right. And the right is always advantageous. It is even better to suffer injustice than to act unjustly. In this life the righteous man is, he thought, rewarded by the improvement of his own character, and in the next world he will have the happiness of intercourse with the good men of past time. For Socrates believed in a future life, though he was unable to prove its existence by reason. When the time came for him to die he looked forward to his end without fear, confident that in the life to come he would be free from the encumbrance of the body and could satisfy his longing for truth by the contemplation of the eternal verities. Even if his belief in a future life should prove to be unfounded, he had, as it seemed to him, no reason to fear death, for in that case death would be as it were a deep and dreamless sleep.

The soul more than the body.

In the Homeric poems the body is spoken of as the real man, but for Socrates the body was an encumbrance which was to be cared for only that it might hinder the freedom of the soul as little as possible. This change of attitude marks the greatest advance in Greek religious thought. The way had no doubt been prepared for this by previous philosophers, but Socrates is the first to make the soul the one great object of human solicitude. Perhaps no better ending for this sketch of his thoughts and beliefs can be found than the prayer which Plato ascribes to him in the "Phædrus": "Beloved Pan and all ye other gods of this place, grant to me to be beautiful in the inward soul; and may my outward possessions be in harmony with those within. And may I regard the wise man as rich. But as for wealth of gold, may I have so much as no one could bear or carry except the man of self-restraint."



Bibliography.

Plato's works, especially the "Apology of Socrates," the "Phædo," and the "Crito": Xenophon's "Memorabilia" and "Apology of Socrates": Zeller, "Socrates and the Socratic School," Chapters III. and IV.



Review Questions.

1. What were the chief influences in the early life and education of Socrates?
2. What historical events took place in his lifetime?
3. How was Socrates influenced by the sophists?
4. Why are our ideas of Socrates's character necessarily incomplete?
5. How did his teachings differ from those of the sophists?
6. How was he influenced by the Delphic oracle?
7. How far was his religious belief that of the people about him?
8. What was his belief in his spiritual monitor?
9. How did his principles influence his life?
10. What great advance was made in his time in the doctrine of the future life?



COUNSELORS OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

JESSE L. HURLBUT, D. D.

REV. W. P. KANE.

LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D. D.

BISHOP HENRY W. WARREN, D. D.

JAMES H. CARLISLE, LL. D.

J. M. GIBSON, D. D.

MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, Executive Secretary.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

—Wordsworth.

These are the days when the "madness of the spring" enters into our blood, and an inexpressible longing for the sea or the woods or the mountains seizes upon us. If we are poets, we write poetry, but as this means of relief is denied to most of us, our one resource—and it is by no means a meager one—is to cultivate the friendship of those who can express our feelings for us. Now is the time to enter into a new sympathy with Wordsworth and Sidney Lanier, with Maurice Thompson and Henry Van Dyke. Do you know John Burroughs's "Wake Robin"? Then be sure you have a copy within reach, and browse through it in your odd moments. "No day without a line" is a good motto just now. Keep a few books by these nature lovers close at hand, and let them reveal their thoughts to you in their own friendly fashion.

other important class-duty, namely, to drop a line to the Class Secretary, Mrs. M. W. Jamieson of Warren, Pennsylvania, and tell her of your interest and your plans, and to send your mite for the class banner. Any one who has ever been the secretary of any organization knows that results are achieved only by a great outlay of time and labor. Do not wait for the secretary to write to you three times before you drop a line to her to assure her of your sympathy and interest in the class welfare. If you cannot send your contribution just yet, tell her so, but let her hear from you by the next mail after you read this paragraph. Even if you cannot be at Chautauqua, you have no idea how strong an interest your classmates who gather there will feel in you. Let them know that you are doing your share to uphold the dignity of the Twentieth Century Class.



THE DECAENNIAL OF THE CLASS OF 1891.

The following communication to the members of the Class of 1891 speaks for itself. It is ten years since the class graduated, and necessarily many of its members cannot now be reached. But there are many doubtless who are still interested in their *alma mater*, and who will be glad to know more of class plans. Will not every member of the C. L. S. C. of whatever class who reads this notice, be a committee of one to bring it to the attention of the Class of 1891? Even if you do not know any of the class, the chances are that there are several in your community, for they graduated more than three thousand strong. Please, therefore, write a little paragraph for your local paper, mentioning that the class is to hold its decennial rally this summer, and that THE CHAUTAUQUAN for May gives important information.

IMPORTANT TO THE CLASS OF 1901.

During the month of May a special and important communication will be sent to all members of the Class of 1901. This will be headed "Report Blank," and will give full particulars regarding graduation, a list of Recognition days at the various assemblies, a blank for making final reports, details regarding seals, and all matters in which the graduate is vitally interested. The blank will not be mailed before the last of May, but any member of the Class of 1901 who fails to receive it by June 1 should notify the Cleveland Office. While you are waiting for this blank, do not fail to attend to that

tion. Few editors will refuse to print such an announcement if they understand its interest to the community. Let us all lend a hand to '91.

Class of 1891—

Will the Class of '91 please come to order? No other class can have the distinction of a decennial the first year of the twentieth century, and each "Olympian" should be interested in making the affair a success. Let every member who can, be present and take part in the ceremonies, and all who cannot be present, please send any communication of interest to the class poet, historian, secretary, or treasurer.

Poet, Miss F. B. Best, New York City.

Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Westcott, Holley, New York.

Historian and Secretary, M. A. Daniels, Box 255, Chautauqua, New York.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

From the earliest years of the C. L. S. C. its work has had the sympathy and coöperation of cultivated men and women who took up the course either because of their desire to have a personal understanding of its plan or to encourage others. Many such people have written of the pleasure which the work became for its own sake.

We are reminded of this by the recent action of the West Virginia legislature authorizing a statue of the late governor Francis H. Pierpont (of Virginia) for the capitol at Washington. Governor Pierpont was deeply interested in Chautauqua, and organized one of the earliest circles formed in West Virginia. This circle met in his home for a number of years. His daughter, in writing of his connection with the C. L. S. C., says: "He read almost all the Chautauqua books until within a few years, and I have many of the older ones with notes in his own handwriting on the edges. Although a college graduate, he found great pleasure in reviving his old studies."

A TRAVELING FACULTY.

One of the Chautauqua dreams which we have faith to believe will ere long be realized is that of a "traveling faculty." When that happy day comes, Chautauqua will have at her command a corps of enthusiastic men and women who will go out as teachers, so inspiring and guiding the reading circles that a discouraged Chautauquan will be an impossibility, and the Chautauqua "ideal" will be fully realized in hundreds of communities where it now languishes for want of leaders. The following recent report from Baltimore is significant as showing the splen-

did possibilities of this Chautauqua dream which must yet come true:

The Strawbridge Circle of Baltimore had planned a review of "The French Revolution" about the first part of the year, but the Travel Club and the Greek studies claimed so much time that this idea was abandoned. Toward the last of March one of the members happened to see in a local paper that Dr. Shaler Mathews would deliver an address at a ministers' meeting the following day. The town was at once scoured from one end to the other, and Dr. Mathews was discovered at last, and he promised to attend the meeting of the circle the next day. So it was that the review of "The French Revolution" was conducted by the author himself, and in newspaper vernacular, the circle prides itself on having made quite a "scoop" on its esteemed contemporaries, as Dr. Mathews said this was the first circle meeting he had ever attended. The special subject assigned to him for his talk was "Modern Methods of Studying History," and in this connection he said that the historical student of today is not content to take his material at second hand, but insists on consulting original sources, if possible doing this on the very spot where the history itself was made. He then gave a most interesting account of his experiences in Paris, while gathering new material for his work. He explained how the inexorable hand of the landscape engineer in Paris had removed all but a very few traces of the Revolution, in the work of making Paris the most beautiful city in the world. He then described some of the gruesome mementoes that still remain, among others a tomb where the bones of ten or twelve of the proudest monarchs of the Old Régime were tumbled together in a space hardly large enough for one body, while, by the irony of fate, Louis XVI., who had been the only one to see the downfall of the kingdom in life, was honored with a tomb all to himself in death.

At the close of his talk Dr. Mathews allowed himself to be "quizzed" by the circle, and a number of extremely interesting points were thus brought out. Altogether the meeting was voted a red-letter day in the history of the circle.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND CHAUTAUQUA.

One of the most hopeful signs in the field of American education within the past few years has been the marked growth of the public library movement. Mr. Carnegie's splendid gifts meet a ready response everywhere, and help to create the demand which they also supply. Though possibly quite unknown to Mr. Carnegie, the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has undoubtedly been his most efficient ally in creating a public taste for good literature. The homes in which Chautauqua has placed carefully selected libraries during the past twenty-three years can be numbered by hundreds of thousands, and these libraries represent not merely a collection of books placed on shelves for future reference, but books studied and discussed in the family and in the reading circle. Moreover, these Chautauqua books have in thousands of cases become traveling libraries. They have been loaned to readers



RESIDENCE AND OFFICE OF THE TOWN CLERK OF CHARLOTTE, VERMONT. THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, AN INTERIOR VIEW OF WHICH IS GIVEN, IS IN THE LEFT WING OF THE BUILDING.

who have found even a Chautauqua home library beyond their means. Naturally the influence of this home education has had its effect upon the community. People who have been encouraged to own books and to follow out lines of collateral reading are eager for a public library. The immense influence of Chautauqua in this respect can never be adequately estimated, but many illustrations of it can be given, and a special study of this phase of Chautauqua work is being made. In the circle news for this month will be found some very suggestive reports. The photograph of the library at Charlotte, Vermont, shows a public library in its beginnings; that of Bradford one in a further state of evolution. These reports are most significant. The Chautauqua ideal through "the broad outlook" which the reading course offers, means such a measure of culture in every home that the public library becomes a necessity even in the smallest communities. And it means also such faith in the best that is in us that the true Chautauquan from the nature of things becomes a philanthropist. He gives his thought and time and energy to giving his own town better educational facilities, and often the little public library cherished affectionately by the citizens of a village community represents a higher appreciation of literature and a more generous public spirit than that in a town which has not sacrificed so much for the public weal.

A "MAN-OF-WAR" CIRCLE.

Some months ago THE CHAUTAUQUAN published a photograph of the United States gunboat *Nashville*, the present home of a C. L. S. C. graduate of the Class of 1900.

Now comes news of a new circle formed at Bermuda under the leadership of Lieutenant Rogers of H. M. S. *Terror*, the Royal Navy. Lieutenant Rogers first heard of Chautauqua in North Devon, England, and his tenacity in following up an idea shows that the circle have a leader who is likely to see them through the course. He writes: "THE CHAUTAUQUANS are delightful reading, and are very helpful." We shall anticipate further reports of this most promising circle which has the good wishes of its classmates of 1904 and of the circles generally.

A NEW CIRCLE IN INDIA.

The circle at Chautauqua, New York, have a corresponding member in British India, a native of that country who came almost by accident to Chautauqua in the summer of '99 and remained there throughout the following winter. She has now returned to her home in the Punjab, and evidently has the missionary spirit. We quote from her letter written to the circle at Chautauqua:

"I wish you and the other members of the circle a happy New Year and much pleasure and prosperity in the present century. I am glad to say I have found one person who will join our circle. He is in Lahore, and is studying for his Lahore B. A. examination, — Mr. Yalal. He and I will get one set of books and read them by turns."

"I often think of the circle and remember the pleasant time I spent with you all last winter. I hope the members of the circle will sometimes think of the two members far away in this distant land. I have been so busy settling down after the long journey. We had a calm passage from Canada to England, and a very delightful voyage from Marseilles to Bombay. I was delighted to see my country and my people, but it grieves me much to see how very, very ignorant the majority of our people are, and what little I can do for them."

"When I was reading 'A Reading Journey Through France' I never dreamed that I should be coming through

France and would also see the Exposition. Since I wrote this another person wants to join the circle, so we shall be three now. The name of the third member is Mr. Qadir Khan."



PREPARATION FOR FOREIGN TRAVEL.

Chautauqua has a growing field of usefulness in meeting the wants of travelers by providing clearly defined courses of reading related to a given route. "The Reading Journey Through France," published in THE CHAUTAUQUAN a year ago, was printed in pamphlet form last summer, and has been in great demand by clubs and individual students. "The Reading Journey in the Orient," which has excited great interest this year, will also be published separately. The following letter from an Ohio teacher shows the appreciation in which these courses are held: "I am planning to spend my summer vacation of three months in England. Have you anything on England or the British Isles similar to the 'Reading Journey Through France,'—something that gives routes, centers, etc.? I have of course been studying painting, architecture, etc., but now I want something like that French Journey." The despatch of Miss Susan Hale's Chautauqua study pamphlet, "A Reading Journey Through England," brought the following reply, "A thousand thanks. Just what I wanted."



Chautauqua students will feel a special interest in the announcement that Professor Sterrett of Amherst College has accepted a call to Cornell University. He is to fill the chair of Greek recently occupied by Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, now president of the University of California. Professor Sterrett possesses scholarly gifts of the highest order and also a very happy faculty of making his scholarship available to the general public. His article on "Glimpses of Asia Minor" in the February CHAUTAUQUAN was a revelation to most of us of the rich associations and present-day attractions of that famous province.



THE ODYSSEY ON THE MODERN STAGE.

It is announced in *Literature* (London) that Mr. Stephen Phillips, the author of "Paola and Francesca," has undertaken to dramatize Homer's "Odyssey" for the stage, and

that the new play will be produced by Mr. Beerbohm Tree in London next September. A contemporary in commenting upon the idea, says: "The 'Odyssey' has sometimes been called the earliest of novels. Therefore, in a day when novels have scarcely come forth from the press before the 'dramatic rights' are disposed of, it seems fitting that this long-deferred privilege of dramatization should be accorded Homer's ancient 'historical romance.'" Every lover of the old Homeric poem will wonder how in its new dress it will adjust itself to our ideas of what the living "Odyssey" should be. Will it



PUBLIC LIBRARY AT BRADFORD, VERMONT.

help to bring back to us "the glory that was Greece," or is imagination such a vital part of the splendid old epic that it will suffer under the light of common day? Whatever the result, our Chautauqua studies will give us a keen interest in this twentieth-century Homeric play, and in these days of the decline of the classics any influence which turns us back for a time to the fountain-head of literary culture must be regarded as a happy circumstance.



THE AMERICAN SCHOOL AT ATHENS.

Our readers have a rare privilege this month in hearing the story of the excavations of Old Corinth by the excavator himself, Professor Richardson, Director of the American School at Athens. It may be of interest to note here a few facts about this now famous school, as its work is often imperfectly understood. For fifty years the French government has supported a school at Athens for the study of Greek antiquities, and for conducting excavations. The German School has a history of more than

twenty-five years, but the American and British Schools date from a later period. The American School was first opened in October, 1882, under the direction of Professor Goodwin of Harvard, with a library of four hundred volumes, and eight students. Different American universities contributed the money necessary to defray the expenses, but the immediate success of the enterprise and its possibilities for greater usefulness made evident the need of endowment. In 1884 the Greek government gave a plot of land adjoining that of the British School, and an effort was made in America to raise the necessary \$25,000 for a building. Boston promptly responded with \$19,000, and New York contributed the remainder. Architects gave their services, manufacturing houses contributed flooring, doors, mantels, an iron staircase, etc., and on March 12, 1887, the corner-stone of the school was laid, the Greek minister of foreign affairs being in attendance as the representative of his government.

The earlier system of annual directors chosen from different universities was felt to be a disadvantage, and the term was at length extended to five years, while the presence each year of the representative of some university was secured by an annual professorship. The school has conducted important excavations upon different sites, and now the work at Corinth promises

A member of the Class of 1904 is making good use of the Book Lovers' Library to secure some of the supplementary books bearing upon the regular course. She writes: "I cannot express the pleasure I have received from the Chautauqua course and supplementary reading. It has been a revelation to me that subjects which I once thought dry can be so interesting."

CHAUTAUQUA EXTENSION.

Among the plans carried out for the exten-



THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS.

sion of work of Chautauqua during the present year has been the use of a stereopticon lecture upon the Chautauqua movement. The lecture presents views of Chautauqua itself, showing the nature of the summer life there and the relation of the reading circle to the Assembly, and also a large number of pictures illustrating the countries studied in the C. L. S. C. course for the current year. Several sets of slides were prepared, and these have been used most effectively by lecturers in various parts of the country. Mr. Cattern of the Chautauqua Bureau of Extension recently made a trip with the lecture through Kentucky, Tennessee, and West Virginia, visiting circles and presenting C. L. S. C. work in other places where no circles exist. The enthusiastic reception everywhere given to this presentation of the work of Chautauqua was a new revelation of the possibilities of the C. L. S. C. Expressions of appreciation of the present course and of the efforts made by the management to adapt the work to the varied needs of the people, were very marked. The field which is waiting for Chautauqua's traveling faculty was never more evident than now. There is a wider field of usefulness for Chautauqua in the future than it has yet known.

One of these sets of stereopticon views has been doing good work up in the mountains of North Carolina under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ransier. For several



LINTEL OF JEWISH SYNAGOGUE AT CORINTH.

great results. The accompanying pictures show the lintel of the synagogue referred to in Professor Richardson's article, also the American and British Schools. The highest building is the American School.

weeks during the winter they gave the lecture twice a week at different places. The illustration shows them about to start on a tour with their Shetland pony team. Twenty-two of these little thoroughbreds constitute their "family," and as the pony farm is many miles distant from the various points visited, a day's journey over the mountains is a characteristic feature of the tour. Mrs. Ransier describes some of their experiences as follows:

To get in practise, we gave the views first in our own home to the servants and their families. They not only enjoyed but appreciated them. The next night we gave the views in a schoolhouse about five miles out in the mountains known as "The Gap." It is a typical mountain "meeting-house," the winding road leading to it having about thirty or forty "winds" or scallops in three miles. Mountains both near and distant, charming little valleys below, glorious skies above, combine with changing atmospheric effects in producing new landscapes at every turn. The people in the mountains proved very interested audiences, giving the attention that the Phæacians must have given to the recital of the wonderful places, sights, and adventures seen by Odysseus. Varied as our experiences have been, there are yet people here who are meeting Chautauqua plans and work as something they can enjoy and have been anticipating. So, as Chautauqua has entered these mountains, we believe it will remain.

The pleasant way in which Chautauqua opens up new avenues of interest is illustrated by this letter, dated January 31, from a Kentucky member of the Class of 1903:

"You can imagine the delight I experienced as an enthusiastic Chautauquan when I tell you that last night, so soon after finishing my 'Reading Journey Through Egypt, Palestine and Syria,' I had the pleasure of entertaining a last year's traveler to these countries. How I took advantage of this opportunity to secure a word of mouth description of these interesting regions! I regret so much that I forgot to ask him about the lepers, and also which to him was the more awe-inspiring, that wonderful work of nature, the Rock of Gibraltar, or that wonderful work of man, the Great Pyramid."

A BIRD CAFÉ.

The practical results of last year's bird study are being felt in many circles as the spring days bring the birds back to us again. The "Gleaners" of Norwalk, Ohio, report: "We still continue our study of birds, and out of it has grown practical benefit to our feathered neighbors, in that they are better protected and more effort is made to provide for their wants. As one example, in my yard a large lilac bush has been transformed into a bird café, and from its branches are sus-

pended soup bones, suet, meat, open-work bags of crumbs, seeds, etc. Among the regular visitors and patrons of the café are titmice, blue jays, downy woodpeckers, chickadees, sparrows, nuthatches, etc., which afford a great amount of enjoyment to the proprietor of the café."

In this connection attention is called to the "Game of American Birds," the price



LECTURERS TOURING WITH SHETLAND PONY TEAM.

of which is sixty cents. The game can be ordered through the Chautauqua Office. We copy one of the cards below, which will give an idea of the character of the game:

AMERICAN GOLDFINCH.

Family Fringillidae.

Arrives in May.

Departs in September.

What winsome beauty, dressed in yellow and black with trimmings of white, has a canary-like song?

What merry, gregarious rovers do not mate until so late in the summer that their compactly-built, cottage-like nest is not disturbed by the cowbird's plebeian egg?

What confiding bird in golden livery with distinct markings is known by many titles? His food is chiefly the seeds of the thistle, sunflower, dandelion, and rank, wild grasses.

What bird sings with his mate sweet nesting-time melodies? His babies rest on soft thistle-down. In the autumn he changes his coat and then resembles his mate.

Nest—On horizontal branches; of lichens, moss, and vegetable down.

Eggs—Five, bluish white, spotted with purplish gray.

"The study of nature has yielded a new conception of the nature of the divine will expressed through law, of the divine design interpreted by the order and progress of the phenomena of the physical universe, of the marvelous beauty of the divine mind which Tennyson was thinking of when, looking long and steadfastly into the depths of a slow moving stream, he cried out in awe and wonder, 'What an imagination God has!' Men are saner, healthier, wiser, since they began to find God in nature and to receive the facts of nature as a divine revelation. The soul has looked away from herself and out into the marvelous universe, and learned from a new teacher the wonder, the beauty, and the greatness of her life." —Hamilton W. Mabie.

"SHALL AND WILL."

Probably no one feature of our daily speech causes more perplexity to the average person who wishes to speak correctly than the use of "shall" and "will." The absurdity of the Frenchman's remark, "I will drown and nobody shall help me," is quite evident to us all, yet some of our own slips with these same words often make us say what we really do not mean.

Professor Edward Rowland Sill of the University of California once wrote a very happy article on the use of will and shall, addressed to "My dear fellow being." In the form of a friendly chat he told his fellow beings something of the history of these two words, and we select from this letter some parts which readers of the Round Table may find helpful in clearing up their difficulties:

I was reading a story of yours the other day in a certain magazine, and was struck by a little mistake in grammar that you contrived to repeat a good many times. . . . It is about the improper use, yea, the inveterate snarling up and inextricable entanglement of the uses of *shall* and *will*, *should* and *would*. "Oh," you say, "is that all! Why, everybody makes mistakes in them." No, in fact, not everybody. You will find that our best writers never use these little auxiliaries improperly. Indeed, it is the absolutely perfect discrimination between such words that gives one charm to their style.

Know, then, that *shall* and *will* were two Anglo-Saxon verbs. These were not auxiliary verbs, but genuine independent verbs; "*ic wille*," meaning "I wish" or "*I determine*," and "*ic sceal*," meaning "*I owe*" or "*I ought*." In the Anglo-Saxon version



MOUNTAIN ROAD IN NORTH CAROLINA.

of the Parable of the Unjust Steward the question "*How much owest thou?*" is rendered "*Hū micel sceall thu?*" These two verbs, *to shall* and *to will*, naturally came to be used very often with the infinitive mood (i. e., the noun form) of other verbs, this infinitive being the object of the mental act of *shalling* and *willing* (owing or wishing). For example, "*ic wille leornian Englie*" meant "*I will to learn* (or, *I will the learning of*) *English*." Just so with *shall*; "*I ought the learning of English*."

You see, therefore, the fundamental distinction between these two words. Shalling involves the idea of influence or pressure or obligation, from without; willing, the idea of self-determination, from within. . . . You perceive now the absurdity of the Hibernicism, "I will be obliged to refuse your request;" for this means, "I wish, or will, to be obliged to refuse it." What we desire to express is our being under the outside pressure of circumstances; so we say, properly, "I shall be obliged."

You can see how, since willing to do an act, and feeling a pressure to do an act, are both likely to result in the future doing of it, there would come about a habit of expressing mere future expectation by these combinations. And it soon came to be felt as an instinct of courtesy, in expressing a future act, to speak humbly in the first person, as if about to do it because of outside pressure,— "I shall do it," while the second and third persons are politely represented as doing it of their own free will,— "you will," or "he will," do it. For instance, "I shall pay my just debts" is as if one said, "not that it's any virtue in me, but I must;" while "you will pay your just debts," implies that of course you wish to, and would, whether compelled or not.

So much for expressing mere futurity; but of course where determination is to be expressed, the case is just reversed. Here the first person says, "I will" and the second and third are represented as dominated by this outside determination, "you shall do it," "he shall do it."

Let us apply the above bit of history of our two words in the following examples. Let each one work out the sentences for himself and bring them to the circle meeting where they may be compared and discussed. We give first a summary of the two forms in which these words are used:

To Express Futurity:	To Express Determination:		
I shall	We shall	I will	We will
Thou wilt	You will	Thou shalt	You shall
He will	They will	He shall	They shall

If I don't hear from you, — I telephone?
I — attend to it without fail.
I — be very grateful for a prompt reply.
He — do it whether or no.
We — be happy to have you go with us.
We — like the place, I am sure.
— you go, if he does not come?
They — be sent for at once.
We — fail if something does not happen.
— I go if things are favorable?

"READ LECTURES."

Some years ago the C. L. S. C. instituted a plan of "Read Lectures." Several excellent courses of lectures were prepared by capable men, and these lectures were put into mimeograph form, and loaned to circles and clubs. One of the series was by Professor Owen Seaman, a graduate of Cambridge, England, on "Greek Social Life." This series has been given very widely, and has proved a very excellent means of arousing interest in Greek topics and also of forming a basis for club work. The plan adopted by

the office is to furnish the lectures with tickets and syllabi. The club or circle giving the course sells course tickets at fifty cents each, and divides the gross receipts with the Chautauqua Office, returning the lectures and unused syllabi. A club in Charleston, South Carolina, has recently given this course to an audience of more than forty people, and reports that the course proved most interesting. Their share of the receipts was more than ten dollars. A C. L. S. C. graduate circle in Vineland, New Jersey, has been giving another of the series, on Browning, this winter with excellent success. Aside from the pleasure of the course and the stimulating influence upon the community, this plan offers an opportunity to circles who want to help along their class building or banner or start a library fund.

The interest felt by graduates in the new garnet seal courses for this year is expressed by a graduate of '89: "I am so delighted with numbers two and three in the special

course, 'A Reading Journey in the Orient,' that I now wish memoranda for number four."

A graduate of the Class of '98 sojourning in Europe has been studying one of the C. L. S. C. special courses on the Bible. She writes:

" You will find enclosed the memoranda filled out for the 'One Year Course,' that I commenced about two years ago, and have just completed in Germany; the other part also has been accomplished during my travels: part in America, Bermuda, France, and England. I have found it much more interesting since my Palestine trip last spring. The whole course I have found to be very interesting, even with the effort it has cost. But I am fully convinced that without a system and a form of an obligation, I should not have accomplished so much within a stated time. I hope to complete the full four years' Bible course this coming year, and trust I shall be fully compensated for all my efforts. I have felt so much the benefit of the regular C. L. S. C. course of study I completed in '98 during my travels, and recommend it whenever I can. Two young ladies graduated in 1900 through the use of my books and are so pleased over their efforts. I hope to keep the books in circulation. Another is using them now."

OUTLINE OF READING AND PROGRAMS.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God."

"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."

"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.

BRYANT DAY—November, second Sunday.

MILTON DAY—December 9.

COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.

LANIER DAY—February 3.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.

LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.

SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.

ADDISON DAY—May 1.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.

INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Sunday after first Tuesday.

ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.

RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

APRIL 29—MAY 6—

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: Critical Studies in French Literature, Alexandre Dumas and "The Three Musketeers." The Inner Life of Eschylus.

Required Books: Grecian History. Chap. 16. Homer to Theocritus. Chap. 14. The Human Nature Club. Chaps. 11 and 12.

MAY 6—13—

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: The Rivalry of Nations. Chaps. 29 and 30.

Required Books: Grecian History. Chap. 17. Homer to Theocritus. Chap. 13.

MAY 13—20—

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: The Rivalry of Nations. Chaps. 31 and 32.

Required Books: Grecian History, concluded. Homer to Theocritus. Chap. 15.

MAY 20—27—

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: A Reading Journey in the Orient.

Required Book: The Human Nature Club. Chaps. 13 and 14.

MAY 27—JUNE 3—

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: Critical Studies in French Literature, Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet." The Inner Life of Socrates.

Required Book: The Human Nature Club. Chaps. 15, 16, and 17.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

The Greek War for Independence is alluded to very briefly in our history, and circles will do well to familiarize themselves with its details, especially the noteworthy episodes of Mesolonghi and Navarino. A full list of references will be found under "The Travel Club" for this month.

APRIL 29 - MAY 6 —

1. Roll-call: Answered by paragraphs from Highways and Byways.
2. A Study of "The Three Musketeers": Three papers on, 1. The plot, its historical features. 2. Dumas's character drawing. 3. His power of description. As many of the circle as possible should try to read this famous story, so that the papers may be discussed. The papers should be illustrated where possible with selections from the book.
3. Reading: Selections from "Crete and the Cretan Question" in the April CHAUTAUQUAN.
4. Character Studies: Epaminondas. (Study him in much the same manner as was adopted for Pericles.) Socrates. (Study him as a reformer. What type in our own day does he most nearly resemble?)
5. Reading: Selection from cover of C. L. S. C. membership book.
6. Discussion: "The Human Nature Club." Chapters XI. and XII., using the review questions as a basis.

MAY 6-13 —

1. Roll-call: Answered by quotations concerning nature from Burroughs or Wordsworth.
2. Map Review of Chapter XVII., "Grecian History."
3. Character Studies: Philip of Macedon; Demosthenes. (See THE CHAUTAUQUAN, Vol. IX., page 445. Compare him with great orators of our time: Webster, Gladstone.)
4. Quiz on Rivalry of Nations.
5. Reading: Selection from "Primitive Industrial Civilization of China" (page 126 of this magazine).
6. Reading: Burlingame as an Orator. J. G. Blaine. (*Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1870.)
7. Discussion: The relation of foreign missions to the Boxer rebellion. (See current magazines.)

MAY 13-20 —

1. Roll-call: Answered by reports from Highways and Byways.
2. Reading: Selection from closing stanzas of Shelley's "Hellas."
3. Paper: Byron and the Greek War for Independence. (See Life of Byron by John Nichol or others. Also Mesolonghi, page 199 of this magazine.)
4. Readings: The Death of Daphnis. (See "Homer to Theocritus.") Also "Theocritus" by C. H. Langhorne (in Stedman's "Victorian Anthology.") The Battle of Navarino. (See page 199 of this magazine.)
5. Brief reports from individuals representing Russia,

Germany, Great Britain, the United States, France, and Japan, telling what each country wants in China, and why she wants it. These reports should be given in the first person.

6. Debate: Resolved, That the integrity of China should be preserved. (See articles and editorials in current journals.)

MAY 20-27 —

1. Roll-call: Answered by brief descriptions of famous places in Greece, selected from books of travel or from Baedeker. (See "Rambles and Studies in Greece," Mahaffy. "Greek Art on Greek Soil," Hoppin; "Excursions in Greece," Diehl; "Greek Vignettes," Harrison, etc.)
2. Paper: Tanagra and Its Figurines. (See "Excursions in Greece," Diehl; and selections on page 200 of this magazine.)
3. Reading: A Great Discovery of Greek Statues. (See *The Independent*, February 28, 1901; or selection from same article in *The Literary Digest*, March 16, 1901.)
4. Papers: The American School at Athens. (See *The Nation*, July 29, 1897, article by J. R. S. Sterrett; also THE CHAUTAUQUAN, January and February, 1893.) The French, British, and German Schools. (See *The Nation*, July 1, 22, and August 26, 1897.)
5. Book Review: "Like Another Helen," George Horton.
6. Reading: Selection from "Educational Use of Hypnotism." Quackenbos. (*Harper's Magazine*, July, 1900.)
7. Discussion: Chapters XIII. and XIV. in "The Human Nature Club," each member being assigned a question in advance.

MAY 27-JUNE 3 —

1. Paper: Honoré Balzac. (See bibliography.)
2. Reports on "Eugénie Grandet": Each chapter of the novel should be assigned to a different member. A summary of the book should then be given chapter by chapter, no one report occupying more than eight minutes. The report should tell the story, and include, if feasible, a brief selection from the chapter illustrating some of the author's qualities of style as noted by Professor Trent.
3. Quiz and discussion of Chapters XV. and XVI. in "The Human Nature Club."
4. Roll-call: The several incidents related in Chapter XVII. should be assigned to different members, who should give the incident and explain the psychological reason for it.



THE TRAVEL CLUB.

The struggle at Mesolonghi and other features of the Greek War of Independence will be found described in Larned's "History for Ready Reference," selected in part from "Decisive Battles Since Waterloo," by T. W. Knox. Fyffe's "History of Modern Europe," Vol. II., devotes a chapter to the revolution. The biographies of Byron give accounts of his connection with the war. Finlay's "History of Greece" is a recognized authority, but is a large work and only to be found in especially well equipped libraries. Volumes VI. and VII. discuss the revolution and later events.

First Week —

1. Roll-call: Answered by descriptions of the chief public buildings and objects of interest in mod-

ern Athens. (See Baedeker's "Greece." "Modern Athens," Scribner's Magazine, January, 1901. Articles in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for

May and June, 1893, by W. E. Waters. Also Poole's Index.)

2. Papers: The Temple of Wingless Victory. The Erechtheum. The Theater of Dionysus. The Street of Tombs. (See Baedeker. "Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens," Harrison and Verrall. "Rambles and Studies in Greece," Mahaffy.)
3. Readings: Travelers' descriptions of the Parthenon. (See Poole's Index and all available books of travel on Greece.)
4. Papers: The Parthenon as a center of religion, and a work of art. (See "Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens," and Baedeker's "Greece.") Recent discoveries on the Acropolis. (See Gardner's "New Chapters in Greek History." Diehl's "Excursions in Greece.")
5. Reading: The Parthenon by Moonlight. R. W. Gilder. (See "In Palestine.")
6. Book Review: "Like Another Helen," George Horton.

Second Week —

1. Roll-call: Answered by reports on Demeter and on the Greek view of life after death as illustrated in the myths of Pluto, Proserpine, Orpheus, and Eurydice; also the Inner Life of Odysseus, of Æschylus, and of Socrates. (See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for March, April, and May, 1901. Also Gayley's "Classic Myths.")
2. Reading: Hymn to Demeter. (Translated by George Chapman.)
3. Paper: Eleusis and the Mysteries. (See "The Gods in Greece," Dyer. "New Chapters in Greek History," Gardner. "Excursions in Greece," Diehl. Also Holm's "History of Greece.")
4. Papers: The Battle of Marathon; Selections from travelers' descriptions of Marathon and Sunium.

("Rambles and Studies in Greece," Mahaffy.)

5. Reading: Pheidippides. Robert Browning.

Third Week —

1. Roll-call: Answered by reports on Eleutherae, Parnassus, Helicon, Pharsala, Amphiessa, Ægothena, Charonea, Orchomenus and Mesolonghi. (See Baedeker and Smith's Classical Dictionary.)
2. Papers: Platæa in History; Thebes and its Associations. (See histories of Greece and "Homer to Theocritus.")
3. Reading: Selections from travelers' experiences in northern Greece.
4. Paper: The Work of the French School at Delphi. (See *The Nation*, July 1, 1897.)
5. Reading: Tanagra and its Figurines. (See Diehl's "Excursions in Greece." Also page 200 of this magazine.)

Fourth Week —

1. Roll-call: Reports on mythological associations of Corinth, the fountain of Pirene, Medea, Glauce, etc. (See Baedeker for list.)
2. Papers: Corinth in history; Biblical associations of Corinth; Corinth in literature.
3. Readings: Selection from Byron's "Childe Harold;" and from chapter on Corinth, in Mahaffy's "Rambles and Studies in Greece."
4. Papers: The French, German, American, and British Schools at Athens. (See *The Nation* for July 1, 22, and 29, and August 26, 1897. The schools are taken up in succession in four articles. See also "The Semi-Centennial of the French School," R. B. Richardson, *The Independent*, June 23, 1898; also THE CHAUTAUQUAN, Vol. XVI., pages 387, 575.)
5. Reading: "A Great Discovery of Greek Statues." (See *The Independent*, February 28, 1901; or selection from same article in *The Literary Digest*, March 16, 1901.)

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "GRECIAN HISTORY."

CHAPTER XVII. THE DECLINE AND FALL.

1. What kinship had the Macedonians with the Greeks? 2. What opportunity had Philip to find out the weakness of Greece? 3. In what did that weakness consist? 4. How did Philip strengthen his position? 5. What was the condition of the Athenian democracy at this time? 6. What was the Social war, and how did Philip make use of it? 7. What quarrel over Delphi arose among the cities? 8. How did this again give Philip the advantage? 9. Why was not Athens aroused by the warning of Demosthenes? 10. What fate overtook the Olynthian league, and why? 11. How was Athens compelled to submit to a humiliating treaty with Philip? 12. How was Phocis finally subdued and the Sacred war closed? 13. How were the Athenians roused to attempt one more effort for free-

dom? 14. How did Byzantium meet the assaults of Philip? 15. What was the cause of trouble with Amphiessa? 16. How did this lead to the final struggle at Charonea?

GREECE SINCE THE CONQUEST BY PHILIP.

1. How was Greek civilization extended under Alexander the Great? 2. When did Greece become a Roman province, and under what circumstances? 3. How did Greece finally become separated from Rome? 4. What nationalities gained a foothold in Greece after the decline of Constantinople? 5. What influences made the war of Greek Independence successful? 6. What foreign princes then attempted to rule Greece? 7. What have been the results of the unfortunate war of 1896-7?

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "HOMER TO THEOCRITUS."

CHAPTER XIII. THE ORATORS. DEMOSTHENES.

1. How did the Greeks value the power of speech? Illustrate from historic examples. 2. Why did oratory become an art to be studied carefully? 3. Describe the two classes of teachers of oratory. 4. What was the work of the professional speech-writer? 5. How far was this craft developed in the case of Antiphon? 6. What personal interest have we in Andocides? 7.

Why is Lysias especially famous among Attic prose writers? 8. Give an account of the career and influence of Isocrates. 9. Of Æschines. 10. For what reason and by what means did Demosthenes become an orator? 11. Mention some of his earlier speeches which show his close relation to public interests. 12. Describe his efforts to defeat Philip of Macedon. 13. Describe the circumstances relating to the oration "On

the Crown." 14. Show how the orators of the earlier time had prepared the way for Demosthenes.

CHAPTER XIV. THEOCRITUS AND HIS AGE.

- How was the literary leadership of Athens recognized throughout the fourth century, B. C.?
- How did the loss of political liberty affect the creative spirit of the Greeks?
- How was Greek influence widely

diffused at this time? 4. For what kind of audience was the Alexandrine literature written? 5. What new forms did the epigram take? 6. Describe the work of the great library of Alexandria. 7. What is meant by bucolic poetry? 8. Why did this branch of poetry come to perfection in Sicily? 9. What is known of the life of Theocritus? 10. Upon what story is the most famous poem of Theocritus founded?

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "THE HUMAN NATURE CLUB."

CHAPTER XIII. SUGGESTION. XIV. IMITATION.

- What does the forgetfulness of a person who has been hypnotized show?
- Why do people do absurd things in the hypnotic state?
- How is the hypnotic state like that of sleep?
- What instances show remarkably acute sense perceptions in the hypnotic state?
- Show how in ordinary life we are often extremely susceptible to suggestion.
- Show how the manner of suggestion in ordinary life differs from that used with hypnotized people.
- Give illustrations showing that suggestion plays a very important part in many phases of our life.
- How is suggestion used effectively in medical science?
- What has it to do with mental healing and Christian science?
- What mental process may explain our tendency to imitate others?
- How is this affected by our admiration or dislike for people?

CHAPTER XV. MENTAL TRAINING.

- To what mental processes do our expressions "memory," "attention," and "reason" refer?
- Does special training in any one line necessarily increase our ability in some other direction? Give illustration.
- Describe one kind of special accomplishments which may also have general value.
- How can special

training give a man ideas which will apply in other situations? 5. How does this training affect our dealings with seemingly different things which really contain the same elements? 6. How does this apply to things which are similar?

CHAPTER XVI. HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT.

- Upon what three kinds of influences does the mental life of every human being depend?
- Which of these three is perhaps the most important, and why?
- Which of these is probably responsible both for a man's general ability and for his special mental gifts?
- Why do children of the same parents differ so radically?
- What most important characteristics of human nature are the results of education after birth?
- How may the mother's physical health as well as her character affect the child?
- Give some of the reasons why we cannot say that parents can alter the germ inheritance of their children.
- What three views are held by students of criminal life?
- Why are criminal acts often performed by people who have not a criminal make-up?
- What does the history of the Juke family seem to show?
- What facts have been noted in the study of juvenile offenders?
- What are some of the mental characteristics of average criminals?

NOTES ON THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE AND ON TANAGRA.

THE SIEGE OF MESOLONGHI.

Mesolonghi. This insignificant town which took its rise in a settlement of fishermen last century, was the center and chief arsenal of Western Hellas in the Greek War of Liberation, and was heroically defended against the Turks by Mavrokordatos in 1822, and by Marco Bozzaris in 1823. After the latter siege its fortifications were restored and strengthened, with the zealous cooperation of Lord Byron, who transferred his residence from Cephalonia to Mesolonghi in January, 1824, but succumbed in the following April to a fever heightened if not produced by his exertions. A third siege was begun by Kloutagi and Ibrahim Pasha on April 27, and carried on for a whole year. At length, under the compulsion of famine, the garrison determined to make an effort to cut their way through the enemy. The desperate attempt was made at midnight on April 22, 1826, when three thousand soldiers and six thousand unarmed persons, including women and children, threw themselves on the Turkish lines. Only thirteen hundred men and two hundred women, with a few children, succeeded in this effort; the rest were driven back to the town by volleys of grape-shot, and mercilessly cut down by the pursuing Turks. The Greeks set fire to many of the powder magazines, and blew up friends and foes alike. With the capture of Mesolonghi the whole of West Hellas was again in the hands of the Porte. In 1828 the Turkish garrison surrendered without resistance. Outside the east gate, near the large military hospital, is the grave of the bold and noble Marco

Bozzaris, who fell in a sortie in August, 1823. Another tomb contains the heart of Lord Byron, whose body was conveyed to England. A monument to the poet was erected here in 1881, but the house in which he lived stands no longer. — *Baedeker's "Greece."*

THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

Pylos or Navarino is now locally known as Neokastro. The admirably sheltered bay of Pylos seems as though intended to play an important part in the history of the Greeks. . . . The name Navarino, which has but recently passed out of use, was derived from some Navarrese mercenaries, who settled here in 1381. The Turks captured the port in 1498, and it remained in their hands until the establishment of Greek independence, except in 1644-48 and 1686-1715, when it was held by the Venetians, and 1770, when the Russians occupied it. In 1821 the Greeks made themselves masters of the town, but in 1825 they were forced to retire before Ibrahim Pasha, who landed here with a strong Egyptian-Turkish fleet, and devastated Messenia with the utmost ferocity. The eventful occurrence of October 20, 1827, which ended the Greek War of Liberation, is well known. Admiral Codrington, in command of the united English, French, and Russian fleet of observation, had demanded the immediate evacuation of the entire Morea by Ibrahim Pasha, and the withdrawal of the Turkish fleet. On these demands being refused, Codrington entered the harbor with twenty-six men-of-war and twelve hundred and seventy

cannon, and annihilated the greater part of the Turkish fleet in barely two hours. Of the eighty-two Turkish ships with about two thousand guns, only twenty-nine remained afloat. The Turks lost about six thousand men; the Allies had one hundred and seventy-two killed and four hundred and seventy wounded.—*Baedeker's "Greece."*

THE FAMOUS FIGURINES OF TANAGRA.

If from the heights of Parnes we turn our eyes towards the north, we see at its foot a very long and fairly broad depression running to the east towards the straits of Eubcea; it is the valley of the Vourienis, the Asopus of the ancients, a stream which possesses this peculiarity amongst others, that its channel only runs dry for a very small part of the year. In the center of this valley, at the confluence of the Vourienis and one of its affluents, lie the scanty remains of the ancient city of Tanagra, quite close to the modern village of Skimatari. . . . Life there, it seems, was easy and agreeable, the wine good, the people courteous, hospitable and charitable, the cock-fights famous throughout Greece; so that altogether Tanagra was an earthly paradise. In addition to this its women were beautiful, “the most comely and graceful in all Greece,” says an ancient writer, “from their shape, their bearing, and the rhythm of their movements.” . . . For a long time the peasants of the neighboring villages, when tilling their ground, had come across ancient tombs full of vases or statuettes; the name Skimatari (village of figurines) no doubt arose from this, but the objects themselves, found in small numbers, passed through so many hands before they reached a final resting-place that all precise indications of their origin were lost. It was not until 1870 that the explorations were pushed on more actively. A Greek from Corfu, Giorgios Anyphantis, better known under his nickname of Barba-Jorghi (old George), was just at this time engaged in secretly exploring the burial-place of Thespiae; he heard a report of the discoveries which had been accidentally made at Tanagra, and established himself in the village, where, thanks to the experience he had had in work of this kind, he soon made the most splendid discoveries. Until his arrival the tombs explored had belonged almost exclusively to a very early period, and their contents were not very valuable; he was fortunate enough to find tombs of a later date, more richly provided, and containing objects which fetched a much higher price, so that in a short time he made a very handsome profit. Encouraged by his example, the peasants of the village left their farms and also began to excavate, so that the windows of the Athenian dealers in antiquities soon contained a large number of exceedingly lovely terra-cotta figurines. The prodigious success which these figures met with in Europe, and the rapid increase in price which followed in consequence, brought sudden riches to the people of Skimatari, and redoubled their zeal. All the land of the village was dug up and turned over in every direction, and as the Greek government made no effort to organize regular excavations, and the Archæological Society of Athens did not condescend to take any interest in these delightful discoveries, the burial-ground of Tanagra was literally plundered by ignorant men whose chief anxiety was to make some lucrative finds. When at last the authorities betook themselves that the excavations were unauthorized, and the Archæological Society realized that the finest statuettes had been taken out of the country, it was too late. . . . The great anxiety of the ancients was to give their dead a strong and inviolable retreat in order to ensure their repose, and at the same time to protect from desecration the objects of value often in the tomb. It was for this purpose that they

endeavored to make the walls of the tomb indestructible and to close it as completely as possible, either by filling the grave with a thick layer of earth or by covering it with heavy slabs of stone forming a kind of lid. At the bottom of the grave the corpse was laid, with the head turned to the east or to the north—in this matter there was no unvarying rule—and all around it, mixed up with the bones and earth in the tomb, were objects of all kinds, buried with the corpse and forming its funeral equipment. There were objects which the dead had used in daily life,—strigils and mirrors, boxes for paints and perfumes, ornaments and children’s toys; there were vessels, too, designed to hold their food and drink, dishes of earthenware and bronze, cups and platters, bottles and lamps; there were also coins, and lastly figurines of terra-cotta. . . .

Amongst the objects laid in the grave these statuettes of terra-cotta form by far the most interesting class. They constitute a little world by themselves of infinite variety, in which we find every style, every fashion, and every period; figurines of men and women, statuettes of divinities and spirits, as well as grotesque and indecent ones; jointed figures like puppets, and hollow figures with a stone inside like rattles; animals of every kind, statuettes of every degree of merit, rudimentary or exquisite, coarse or finished, all differing from one another according to their circumstances and their date. . . .

“The Tanagra statuettes vary considerably in size: the largest are as much as fifteen inches in height, while the smallest only measure between two and three inches; but the greater number reach a height of about eight inches when seated, or from five to seven when kneeling, and of eight to ten when standing. The appearance of all, however, is the same, and they are all made in the same way.” . . .

During the twenty years, in fact, that we have been acquainted with these Tanagra figurines, the question has often been put, What do these graceful and dainty little figures represent, with their piquant air, their gait now rapid and agile, now indolent and languishing, and their exquisitely graceful attire? And upon this difficult question there is discord in the camp of the archæologists. On the one hand, M. Heuzey, a champion of delicate taste, undoubted learning and marvellous ingenuity, endeavors to show, with astonishing fertility of argument and remarkable skill, that these figurines so delicate and *spirituelles* have a religious and symbolical sense, and that under their mundane appearance are concealed the great and mysterious divinities of the lower world. On the other hand, a whole school of archæologists, adopting a simpler and more ordinary explanation, seek for representations of daily life in these graceful statuettes, and will see nothing in them but genre subjects. . . .

Another and not less difficult question arises if we inquire for what reason figurines were placed in the tombs, and in order to reach a solution it may be worth while briefly to recall the conceptions which the Greeks entertained of the life beyond the grave. For them, as for all the other people of antiquity, life did not come to an abrupt close at death, but in the tomb where the body was imprisoned an obscure existence was maintained with all the needs and pleasures and desires of humanity. Even at a later time, when the Greeks pictured to themselves all the souls of the dead assembled in Hades, a subterranean region vaster than the tomb, their only conception of this future life was as a repetition of life on earth. It was therefore the duty of the living to supply food to the dead, who continued to exist within the tomb; and this is the reason why wine and cakes and milk were placed upon the grave, and also why, on certain anniversaries, funeral

banquets were celebrated there, at which the shade of the dead man was present though invisible. It was also the duty of the living to see that in the solitude of the tomb the departed were surrounded by the objects they had cared for on earth, and therefore arms, gymnastic appliances, mirrors, needles, boxes of paints, and cases of perfumes were buried with them. They must not only be provided with necessaries, but with superfluities as well, they must take their friends and companions down with them into the other world in order to recommence their round of pleasures there; for this reason their horses and dogs were buried with them, and in early ages slaves and captive women were often sacrificed upon the grave, that they might go down into Hades to wait upon the departed, or to enliven his loneliness. In later times when manners became less barbarous, these cruel customs disappeared, and bloodless sacrifices, prayers and music offered at the grave took the place of these sanguinary rites; but still the idea remained that the solitude of the dead man must be enlivened, and the melancholy of

his shade dispelled. To cheer the departed in the depths of the tomb, and to protect him against the dangers of that mysterious journey, was the twofold desire by which the piety of the survivors was inspired. It was for this purpose that the Egyptians placed statuettes in the tomb, to answer the summons of the departed, to aid him in the cultivation of the celestial fields, to form a devoted escort around him, and to secure him immortality. The Assyrians, from a similar motive, placed in the graves figurines designed to avert the hostility of the chthonic powers, and this too is the object of the sepulchral idols found in ancient burial-grounds at Rhodes, which represented the guardian divinities of the tomb and afforded escort and society for the departed. This is also undoubtedly the reason why the cemeteries of Tanagra and of Myrina are full of terra-cotta statuettes; but this question is still keenly disputed according as we look to one or the other of these two dominant ideas—the wish to protect the dead, and the wish to provide them with company in the grave.—“Excursions in Greece.” Diehl.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS.

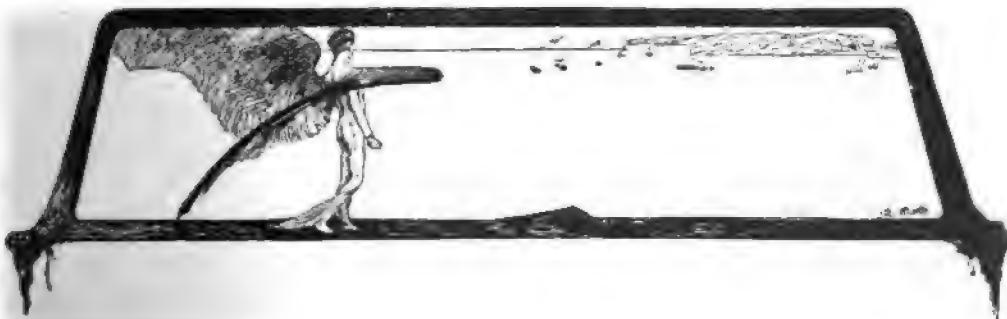
“THE RIVALRY OF NATIONS.”—APRIL.

1. Australasia, \$79,321,600; Africa, \$73,229,100; United States, \$71,053,400. 2. The total area of Siberia is 5,000,000 square miles; population, from five million to six million, half of which represents semi-nomadic tribes. 3. The length of the Trans-Siberian railway is 4,950 miles. 4. The island of Hong-kong was ceded to England in perpetuity in 1843. It is a British crown colony, administered by a governor with an executive and a legislative council. 5. The Merovingian dynasty was founded in 486 by the Merovingians, a Salian Frankish tribe, under Clovis; Charlemagne established the Carlovingian dynasty in 768. 6. Confucius, a celebrated Chinese philosopher, was born about 550 B. C. He was descended from an illustrious but impoverished family. He held various public offices, but devoted the last years of his life to the completion of his literary undertakings and to teaching. After his death his followers venerated his memory, and his teachings were accepted as almost divine. 7. The area of Japan (exclusive of the territory recently acquired by treaty from China) is 147,655 square miles; population (1893), 41,089,940. 8. Commodore M. C. Perry was a brother of Oliver H. Perry.

“A READING JOURNEY IN THE ORIENT.”—APRIL.

1. Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis (in Cyprus), Chios, Argos, and Athens contended for the honor of being Homer's birthplace. Of these, the best evidence connects him with Smyrna. 2. (This question was

given incorrectly in the April issue. It should have read, “What is the story of Dædalus?”) Dædalus was a famous Athenian artificer, who built the labyrinth as a home for the Minotaur by order of Minos, king of Crete. Dædalus afterward lost favor with Minos, and was imprisoned by him. Seeing no other way of escape, he made out of feathered wings for his son Icarus and himself, which he fastened on with wax. Then poising themselves in the air, they flew away. Icarus, however, in spite of his father's warnings, soared too near the sun, and its heat softened the waxy fastenings of his wings. Off they came, and the boy fell into the sea, which is named Icarian for him. Dædalus finally arrived in Sicily, where he built a temple to Apollo, and hung up his wings as an offering to the god. But Minos learned of his hiding-place, and followed him to Sicily with a large fleet, and Dædalus would surely have perished, had not one of the daughters of Cocalus disposed of Minos by scalding him to death while he was bathing. 3. The faithful swineherd of Ulysses, a character in the Odyssey. When Ulysses came home from the Trojan war in the guise of a beggar, Eumeus received him kindly and afterwards helped Ulysses and Telemachus in their battle with the suitors of Penelope. 4. A holy picture or mosaic—especially one representing Christ, the Virgin, or some saint or martyr—often richly adorned with jewels and commonly regarded as miraculous either in origin or in power. 5. The Odyssey, Book III. 6. Acts, xvi.: 11. “Therefore loosing from Troas, we came with a straight course to Samothracia, and the next day to Neapolis.”



TOPICS of the HOUR with CURRENT EVENTS PROGRAMS.

VIII. THE SEARCH FOR THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLES.

BY GILBERT H. GROSVENOR.

(Managing Editor, *National Geographic Magazine*.)

Abruzzi, Duke of. "Farthest North Eclipsed." (*National Geographic Magazine*, October, 1900.) A brief account of the expedition, led by the Italian prince, that gained the record for the farthest north. Andrée. "Letters from the Andrée Party." (*McClure's*, March, 1898.) Gives graphic description of the inception and completion of Andrée's bold plans for gaining the North Pole in a balloon.

Cook, F. A. Surgeon and anthropologist of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition. "Through the First Antarctic Night." (New York, Doubleday & McClure, 1900, \$3.) The popular record of the explorations of the south polar expedition of 1898-99, the first expedition to pass a winter within the Antarctic Circle. The appendix contains a summary of the scientific results. Chapters of the book appeared in *McClure's*, November, 1899 ("The Belgian Antarctic Expedition"), and *Scribner's*, December, 1899 ("Possibilities of Antarctic Exploration").

Fricke, Karl. "The Antarctic Regions." (New York, Macmillan Co., 1900, \$2. Translation.) A history of discovery in the far south from Cook, Wilkes, and Ross to the present time, with admirable chapters on the conformation of the surface and the geological structure, the climate, fauna and flora, etc., of south polar regions.

Greely, Gen. A. W. "Handbook of Arctic Discoveries." (Boston, Roberts Bros., 1896, \$1.) A compact history of arctic exploration, with an exhaustive bibliography. "Three Years of Arctic Service." (New York, Scribners, 1894, new edition.) The story of the famous Greely expedition of 1881-84. Tells of the heroic explorations and terrible sufferings of the party, and gives a vivid portrayal of the perils of the search for the pole. "Race for the North Pole." (*Munsey*, June, 1899.) A discussion of the different routes projected for gaining the North Pole. General Greely advocates striking from Greenland rather than from Franz Josef Land. "Scope and Value of Arctic Explorations." (*National Geographic Magazine*, January, 1896.)

Jackson, F. G. "A Thousand Days in the Arctics." (New York, Harpers, 1899.) Especially interesting as the narrative of the man whose chance meeting with Nansen in Franz Josef Land saved the latter from destruction.

Markham, C. R. "Antarctic Exploration and its Importance." (*Forum*, February, 1898.) A statement of the necessity for south polar exploration by the leading authority on the subject, the president of the Royal Geographical Society.

Meyer, E. T. "The Ermak Icebreaking Ship." (*THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, June, 1899.) A description of a type of vessel that may prove an important factor in gaining the poles.

Nansen, Fridtjof. "Farthest North." (New York, Harpers, 1898, one volume edition.) Dr. Nansen is the originator of the plan of reaching the North Pole

by letting the ship be frozen in the ice, and then drifting with the ice to or near the pole. He is also the inventor of a type of vessel, which, instead of resisting ice-pressure, is lifted upon the ice by the pressure. This book gives the record of his explorations during 1893-1896 on the *Fram*, when he gained "farthest north." "Future Arctic Exploration." (*McClure's*, February, 1898.) Nansen believes that a vessel, like the *Fram*, a floating observatory, entering the ice from Bering Strait between 160-170 degrees west longitude would be carried across the sea much to the north of the *Fram's* route, and possibly across the pole itself.

Peary, R. E. "Northward over the Great Ice." (New York, Frederick A. Stokes Co., 2 vols., 1898.) A complete record of Peary's arctic work up to 1898. Deals more especially with Greenland, which Peary was the first to prove an island. "Outlines of My Arctic Campaign." (*McClure's*, March, 1899.) Presents the plans of the campaign which Peary has been waging since the summer of 1898. Peary is now passing his third consecutive winter in the arctics, and is determined not to return till he has gained the pole.

Wellman, Walter. "Quest of the North Pole." (*Review of Reviews*, February, 1898.) The author advocates approaching the pole by sledding across Franz Josef Land, and then making "A Dash for the Pole" from the most northern land. "The Wellman Expedition." (*National Geographic Magazine*, December, 1899). Narrates the experiences of the expedition led by Wellman in accordance with the above plan, 1898-1899. "Where is Andrée?" (*McClure's*, March, 1898.) Conjectures as to the fate of Andrée.

CURRENT EVENTS PROGRAMS.

Number One —

1. Reading: From "Three Years of Arctic Service," Greely (listed above).
2. Oration: Arctic Heroes.
3. Paper: (1) The Use of Stimulants in Polar Expeditions. (2) What Polar Expeditions have contributed to Science.
4. Debate: Resolved, That polar explorations do not pay.

Number Two —

1. Reading: (1) From "A Thousand Days in the Arctics," by Jackson (listed above). (2) From Nansen's "Farthest North" (listed above).
2. Oration: When the North Pole shall have been Discovered.
3. Paper: (1) The Necessity of South Polar Exploration. (2) Why continue the search for the North Pole?
4. Debate: Resolved, That Nansen's "drift" plan is the most tenable theory of arctic exploration which has been advanced.

HOW CHAUTAUQUA CIRCLES HAVE PROMOTED PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Our circle pages this month are devoted entirely to reports showing how the circles have helped to establish or to foster public libraries in their towns or villages. There are many unwritten chapters in this part of the history of the C. L. S. C., and we hope in the future to present much interesting history of past achievements side by side with that which the circles are accomplishing today. The following reports, show in how many different ways the circles have had an influence upon the library movement. In addition to these reports, other interesting facts have come to our notice: the circle at Jarrettsville, Maryland, explain their remarkably excellent library, for so small a town, by the school law of Maryland, which requires a county to give ten dollars for a school library whenever the school itself shall raise ten dollars. The Chautauquans and others of Jarrettsville have made the most of this opportunity, and by entertainments of various kinds have secured many appropriations of ten dollars from the county funds. At Havana, Illinois, the law provided for the maintenance of a public library, but it was a committee from the Chautauqua circle that reminded the town officials of the fact, and brought about public agitation and additional funds. Mr. Carnegie has promised a building, and the library which was opened two years ago in a room in the town hall will soon have a home of its own.

At Ridgefarm, Illinois, the circle have made a brave beginning in library work by collecting some sixty excellent books which have been put into circulation, though this library has not yet even a reading room. At Cazenovia, New York, the public library is housed in a former residence the use of which is given by a public-spirited citizen, Mr. Hubbard. The library is sustained by private subscriptions and entertainments. The "Art Class" conducted by Miss Dows, and engaged in the study of Chautauqua courses for some fifteen years past, has recently given two entertainments in aid of the library funds—one a "mummy tea" in honor of an Egyptian mummy presented to the library, and the other an exhibition of needlework, the result of the two undertakings being a donation of one hundred and thirty dollars' worth of books.

SUMMERVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Timrod Circle has celebrated its fourth and best year by extending its work and carrying its influence beyond the limits of the Chautauqua class. The great

lack in our town was a circulating library. There had been in previous years several attempts to supply this need, but all efforts had failed, leaving as a total result only two hundred books and a large amount of discouragement. The first of these the Timrod Circle seized upon—the last it would not consider—and went to work to see what twenty-three Chautauquans could do towards raising popular interest and the necessary funds.

Subscriptions at one dollar a year and the never-failing bazaar did wonders towards accomplishing both of these ends, and soon we were ordering new books and arranging the rooms we had rented for our library. Here we met with assistance from outside our circle. One generous friend promised us the magazines for each month, and made us valuable contributions in the way of furniture. Others helped with the furnishings, and many donated books.

After constant but successful work, we opened our library early in January with an afternoon tea, and many subscribers collected to approve our enterprise and drink to its success.

Since that time we have met only with encouragement. Every week new subscribers are added to our roll, and "The Timrod Library" is becoming of greater public interest. Lately we have received an evidence of this interest in a contribution from a few young men of Summerville. They gave an entertainment for the benefit of the library, at which they raised an amount sufficient to purchase a set of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." This we appreciate doubly as it is the first donation of money that we have received.

Other members of the C. L. S. C. may be interested in hearing how we manage the library. It is controlled entirely by the members of the Timrod Circle, but any one may become a subscriber by paying the annual fee. The library is open three times a week, and for three hours at a time. On each occasion two members of the circle are in charge. We take turns in acting as librarians, and all of us find it a genuine pleasure. The rules governing the borrowing of books, etc., are the same as those maintained in other libraries, and they are as rigidly enforced as in any large public library.

We do not feel that we have yet attained our goal. We hope the day is near at hand when we may employ a regular librarian, and open the library every day; and to some of the more optimistic even a new library building is not beyond the pale of ambition. But all of this we are content to let come by degrees, granting that the degrees are marked by work as well as by time, and in the meanwhile we shall feel that we have met with additional success if our efforts inspire a similar exertion in other branches of the C. L. S. C.

CHARLOTTE, VERMONT.

Two views of the library at Charlotte, Vermont, will be found in this number of the C. L. S. C. Round Table, and for these, as well as for the entertaining account of the library enterprise, we are indebted to the secretary of the C. L. S. C., Miss Emma Leavenworth. The circle has a membership of eleven, three of whom are graduates, and we are glad to know that their secretary, who is a member of the class of 1901, expects to represent them at Chautauqua this summer:

In the summer of 1899 some of the young women of our community conceived the idea of giving a play, the proceeds of which should be used to start a public library. A play entitled "Breezy Point" was selected, and the parts assigned to thirteen of our number. Having no hall for entertainments, we were able to procure the use of the Methodist Episcopal church, which is not used for religious services. From the time we commenced rehearsing great interest was manifested in the play and its object. Four of the parts were taken by members of the C. L. S. C. We presented the play in August, as we have many campers and visitors during the summer months on the shore of our beautiful Lake Champlain. "Breezy Point" was so much of a success that we were asked to repeat it, which we did. We also gave it in one of the adjoining towns, and cleared about one hundred dollars. A resident of Chicago who has spent several summers here interested herself in our plans and gave us twenty-five dollars. Our town clerk, whose daughter was one of the players, kindly consented to let us put shelves in his office for our books. His office being in his own home, his daughter acts as librarian free of charge.

The thirteen young women who gave the play formed themselves into the "Breezy Point Library Association." During the winter of 1899-1900 we gave "Old Maids' Convention," and last summer had a library social, and another play, "A Fighting Chance." So we have added to our number of books until, with some donations, we have three hundred volumes. We are told that our choice of books has been excellent, and the library is well patronized and thoroughly appreciated.

I would say that this has been done in a country town of fourteen hundred inhabitants, with no village of any size. I wish this might encourage some one similarly situated to "go and do likewise."

EMMA LEAVENWORTH.

BRADFORD, VERMONT.

That the public library of Bradford, Vermont, is a credit to the enterprising citizens who made it a possibility is evident both from the excellent report furnished by Mrs. M. L. Tebbets and from the photograph which we reproduce in the Round Table. The president of the circle, Mrs. Prichard, says of the enterprise: "While the Chautauqua Circle were not the original promoters of the public library (the Socratic Circle was formed in 1880), it soon came under their supervision, and was very efficiently managed by them for several years. The interest was increased, the desire for a better class of reading stimulated, and the best books selected — among them the books for the required Chautauqua readings. I feel more and more that the Chautauqua readings make us more efficient in the home, in the church, and in society, and I wish by my influence to pass it on."

The town of Bradford, Vermont, has a flourishing public library of about three thousand volumes and a handsome, commodious library building. The building was the gift of the late John L. Woods of Cleveland, Ohio, and was dedicated to "sound learning and popular education," July 4, 1895. Mr. Woods was born in an ~~as~~ and has many relatives living in

Bradford. In the words of the dedicatory address, "This gift was suggested and its usefulness made possible by the library work begun and carried on by the unselfish and unaided efforts of the women of Bradford." This beginning was made in 1874 by two enterprising public-spirited women who obtained subscriptions of one dollar each from sixty-three women for the purchase of books for a library. These subscribers adopted regulations for their library association, continuing to raise money by subscriptions, entertainments, and lectures, when, in 1879, through the efforts of Mrs. Roswell Farnham, one of the earliest Chautauqua students and a very enthusiastic member of the Socratic C. L. S. C., it received a gift of one thousand dollars from D. H. Piersons of Chicago, a native of Bradford, to be invested and the income spent in the purchase of books. The next year they adopted a constitution and by-laws which provided for the necessary officers. A liberal share of the offices has been bestowed upon members of the Chautauqua Circle, and for seven or eight years the management of the library was in their hands.

CELINA, OHIO.

As will be seen from the following report, the Celina library is due to the enterprise of the Shakespeare Club and not of a Chautauqua circle, but as the president of the circle is a graduate of the C. L. S. C. Class of 1900, and had been a Chautauquan two years before the club under her leadership agitated the question of a library, we may properly include the report as one which shows one aspect of Chautauqua's share in promoting the library movement:

During the summer of 1898 Mr. E. M. Ashley of Denver, Colorado, wrote the president of the Shakespeare Club of Celina that he would donate us his forty volumes of Bancroft's histories if we would take these for a nucleus around which to gather a public library. When the summer vacation had ended and our regular meetings began, the president presented the matter, and all joined enthusiastically in the project. We first interested the public in our work by holding a library reception and discussing ways and means for what then seemed a great undertaking, and we found we had many sympathizers. But we had no definite plan for raising money, until a representative of the Interstate Lecture Bureau of Cincinnati met with the club one evening and suggested our giving a lecture course. We hesitated and considered, but finally our pledge and signatures were given for two hundred dollars, and we were to have five attractions. We made a thorough canvass of the town and sold the season tickets for one dollar. We also cleared twenty dollars by our advertising covers, in which we placed the circulars each time for distribution through the town.

This winter was filled with many trying and exciting as well as pleasant experiences. Our opera house was then being remodeled, and we had to hold the first three numbers in the court house, and therefore had no revenue from reserved seats. It was novel to see fifteen of the young women of the community posting lithographs, selling tickets at the window, and ushering the audience to their seats, as we did all our own work. But our only really unpleasant experience was with a drayman who damaged a piano for us, disobeyed orders, and then entered suit against us because we refused to pay his exorbitant price for moving the piano. This

was, however, agreeably settled on his part, and we avoided him in the future. At the close of the course we cleared sixty dollars and were very well satisfied, as this had been the best financial success of any course ever given in Celina.

We then gave a book social and received a number of books and a snug little sum of money; this we followed by an ice cream supper in the summer. When fall came, the History Club gave us thirty-five dollars' worth of beautiful and valuable books; and with our money on hand we were able to purchase bookcases and to secure books to the number of seven hundred volumes, including those that were donated by friends and congressmen.

Our greatest difficulty was in securing a room, but we were finally given the use of the township room in the city building, with the understanding that any one in the township could enjoy the privileges of the library; and on October 27, 1899, we opened the "Shakespeare Public Library." The library is open once a week and two of the club members act as librarians each Saturday. We charge one dollar a year for the use of the books, and are adding new volumes continually. We now have over a thousand, and will soon add a large number.

Last winter, 1899-1900, we gave a second lecture course, and continued our work in the same way as the former year, that year realizing one hundred dollars and paying two hundred and fifty for our attractions. At the close of our club year we gave a reception for the benefit of the library fund, and were again encouraged by the large attendance and liberal offerings of those present.

This winter, 1900-01, is our third year, and we are assured of one hundred and sixty dollars profit after paying three hundred and sixty dollars for our course. Each year we have been able to secure better attractions, and those of the past winter especially have met with the hearty approval of the public.

Last fall we were given by Mrs. O. A. Paul a beautiful bookcase containing two hundred and thirty volumes, among them books that could not be replaced for large amounts.

Our enrolment of members is increasing weekly, and many of those who at first considered it a passing fancy have now added their names to our list of subscribers. The work in its various departments has become a pleasure to the club members, now twenty in number, and we are encouraged to think Celina will soon be in possession of a free library and reading room open at all times to the public.

GRACE L. RILEY,
C. L. S. C., 1900.

WAPPING, CONNECTICUT.

The Hawthorne Chautauqua Circle in the little hamlet of Wapping, town of South Windsor, Connecticut, is not without its influence. The graduates of the classes of '96 and '98 formed themselves into a Society of the Hall in the Grove, and were reinforced later by other graduates.

The president of Hawthorne Circle, Henry W. Sadd, a progressive man, true to the object of the society, conceived the idea of a permanent public library. Favoring this idea was an offer from the state to appropriate annually one hundred dollars to each town that would raise a like sum for the purpose of establishing a free library.

A meeting of the citizens of South Windsor was called to consider the matter. The timorous saw obstacles and bugbears; the hopeful saw necessities and advantages. When the subject, duly announced, was presented at a regularly called town meeting it was laid on the table. But nothing could daunt our worthy presi-

dent, who, with kindred spirits, persistently brought up the subject at subsequent town meetings. At the fourth meeting it was voted down, but at the fifth meeting without a dissenting voice the town voted to appropriate one hundred dollars annually, provided both sections of the town could be benefited. Consequently two branches are established under the care of a board of directors. The library was first opened January 24, 1899. The books now number one thousand volumes.

Each section of the town hires a room where its books are kept, and at each a librarian without salary gives certain hours two days in the week when books can be drawn. During the year ending September 1, 1900, the number of books drawn was 3,829. We believe this result is largely due to the influence of Chautauqua.

WALTER R. GREEN, for the Circle.

TYLER, TEXAS.

Mrs. Potter's delightfully graphic account of library affairs in Tyler, Texas, shows how an enterprise can be made to succeed when once it takes full possession of its promoters. Evidently the Tyler library is classed among the "Lares" and "Penates" of the four federated clubs, and, like other household gods, receives their devotion early and late. We note with peculiar interest that the oldest club of the four was a Chautauqua circle organized in 1886 and following Chautauqua courses for twelve years. Even now in its excursions into other fields, it continues to report to its *alma mater* and to invite suggestions, and was represented at Chautauqua last summer.

We have had in Tyler for about twelve years a town federation of women's literary clubs. This union existed simply for the purpose of bringing the clubs together once or twice a year in a social way. During the year 1898, when there were five federated clubs averaging twelve members each, we entertained the state federation. Gaining renewed inspiration from this meeting, we decided at the annual May meeting of our town federation that we would begin a town library, however small; that this would be our *one* work. Consequently, as our dues were one dollar each and already paid in, the menu committee served tea and wafers and the money usually spent on a delicious lunch was voted to our infant project. Still this was only about sixty dollars. You well know that women's clubs move slowly, so it was not until the first of April, 1899, that the library was really established. By giving a book social, we found we had on hand \$133 and 225 books to start with. We purchased home-made shelves of the Y. M. C. A. for \$2.75 and set up our collection in the ground floor office of a young lawyer, who agreed in a public-spirited fashion to act as librarian for five dollars a month, promising to attend to patrons two afternoons in the week. In April, 1900, one year, we had realized by entertainments \$800.23. The sale of tickets and fines brought the amount up to \$900; the books had increased to 550.

After the first seven months our librarian's good nature was so imposed upon at all hours that we raised his salary to ten dollars. We propose to raise it to fifteen dollars on April 1, 1901, for he has been so efficient and accommodating. From April, 1899, to April, 1900, 4,484 books were checked out. This

shows fourteen books a day going out of our "little hole in the wall."

This year we have not realized quite so much from our entertainments; so far \$500, and only one month left. One large entertainment this month has been abandoned on account of a disastrous fire.

We have now one thousand volumes. About ten tickets a month are sold (one dollar apiece). The books are insured. We have thirty units of the Wernicke book casing, and are so proud of them! We find the young people read about as much as do the older ones. The book most often called for has been "Red Rock." One "new" book has been laid in the stove, and the library board are now reading some others to see if they are only fit for kindling purposes. We have been compelled to buy the better class of novels largely; still we have gotten some good histories and classics to be used as collateral study in our clubs. Since we have as yet no reading room, reference books are dead on our shelves, and we have only those that have been given us.

We have a library board composed of two members from each federated club, elected by the club. There are now four clubs in the federation,—the "Quid Nuncs," "The First Literary Club" (for twelve years a Chautauqua circle and the oldest club in the town), the "Sherwood" (musical and literary), and the "Bachelor Maids." Six individuals of the "Athenian Club" are federated with us, but not the entire club.

We have had all sorts of entertainments. First we rented chairs, and then sublet them at the weekly baseball matches,—ten cents a chair in addition to gate fee. One member was appointed to do the renting each week and turn over the funds. About \$5 a week was secured during the summer of 1899 in this way. Twenty dollars were received from an endless chain; \$25 from a masked ball to which invitations were issued at fifty cents each. "A Milk Maids' Convention," a burlesque of women's clubs, given at the opera house brought us \$200; an afternoon tea \$10; a chafing dish party \$30; William J. Bryan's lecture \$222; a reading by Miss McCamish \$56.

We draw lots as to the months the different clubs may have: each club striving to give two entertainments a year. The "Sherwood" and "Bachelor Maids" are now getting up together an entertainment of music, living pictures, and gymnastic drills.

Our little catalogue for the first year, 500 copies, was paid for by the advertising given by the business men. We have a white population of 5,000 and a negro population of 2,500 in Tyler. Our town is so deeply in debt that we can hope for nothing from it. Without any prospects of phenomenal good fortune, we are full of hope, and have never been discouraged.

COLUMBUS, INDIANA.

Some seven or eight years ago the common council of the city of Columbus, Indiana, adopted an ordinance levying a tax of about one thousand dollars per annum to be used to found and support a public library, this fund to accumulate from year to year, no time limit being specified, said fund being in the hands of the city school board as trustees. By the spring of 1899 this fund amounted to something over five thousand dollars, and the opening of a library began to be discussed. Strange as it may seem, there was some powerful opposition to the library, some people contending that we should wait until our fund amounted to twelve or fifteen thousand dollars, others that the city council should appropriate the funds to be used in building a city park or some other public institution. Of course the people of literary inclination put forth

* efforts for a public library, and with their

petitions, resolutions, and untiring efforts succeeded in winning the day. In the van of the workers was the Winona Reading Circle (now the Winona Chautauqua Circle). Members of the circle attended a meeting of the school board, and made their influence felt in behalf of the library. As the agitation took place in the summer when the circle was disbanded, no action was taken as a circle, but through the influence of its members, the Orinoco Literary Society, a very strong organization, was induced to pass resolutions commanding the public library plan. These were sent to the school board, published in the papers, and followed by similar resolutions from other literary societies. The library was opened to the public in August, 1899, and today we have one of the best selected and conducted libraries in the state of Indiana. No doubt there are many larger ones, but I have no fear in saying that there is none that gives more profit and pleasure or is better patronized than the one at Columbus. We are adding books each year to the amount of one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars, while the benefits are being felt in the growing interest in literature, education, and culture. It is a godsend to the people who are unable to purchase books or own a library.

WALTER V. WALTMAN,
Secretary Winona Chautauqua Circle.

ANDOVER, NEW YORK.

The president of the Hawthorne C. L. S. C., Mrs. A. B. Richardson, contributes the following account of the establishing of a library at Andover, New York. To appreciate the value of this work it must be borne in mind that the population of village and township combined is only a little over two thousand. The results achieved are due to hard work and persistent devotion. Our correspondent adds, "The women have learned to do all the work involved so as to do away with the services of a paid librarian and save that amount of money for the library; but the result has been very satisfactory."

A coöperative library association was organized at Andover, New York, in the spring of 1896. A deep interest was shown at first, but as no books were added the following year, and only a few of the magazines were renewed, the people seemed to lose all interest in drawing from the library. Consequently a notice was published in the local paper calling for a meeting of the members of the association. At this meeting a resolution was unanimously adopted that "the books, etc., be given to the Lucy Stone Club and the Hawthorne Club (C. L. S. C.), with the understanding that if the plan for a free library does not succeed, the books, etc., be given to the school."

In November, 1898, a joint meeting of the clubs was called, and the members listened to a plan used very successfully by an adjoining town in starting a free library. With the gift of the coöperative library as a nucleus, the women at once made a thorough canvass of the town, resulting in the gift of books, magazines, and money, as well as the use of a building (conditionally), fuel, heat, and lights for two years. From time to time entertainments were given, and the money added to the library fund. It was not until September, 1899, that the state inspector of libraries visited the town and took an inventory of library stock. He

(Continued on page 210.)

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL AND HYGIENIC INFLUENCE OF THE BICYCLE.

(FROM A LECTURE DELIVERED AT CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.)



There are confidently affirmed to be between ten and eleven millions of wheels in use in the United States. The army uses them, and the armies of other civilized nations use them. They are employed in Africa to distribute tracts, and one who goes to Jerusalem will see Arabs, Jews, and Gentiles riding upon them.

Man has made great use of wheels. They are referred to in the sacred Scriptures symbolically; and there are "wheels within wheels" that have become the symbol of machinations — political and ecclesiastical. But the wheel, of which you may speak with an emphasis and the definite article, is unquestionably the bicycle.

The bicycle is the product of psychology. It was thought out by a man before he made it. All its machinery is an application of mental operations to the established laws of physics, and to be utilized it must be mastered and guided by a mind. I am well aware that there are monkeys exhibited that ride bicycles; but they are taught by minds. No monkey ever spontaneously mastered the bicycle. A human being explained it, as far as the monkey intellect could comprehend it, and when that failed patiently moved his arms and legs until the monkey availed himself of his hereditary power of balancing.

As respects methods of steering there are three: A man can steer by working one pedal stronger than the other; he can steer by the handle bars; and he can steer by swaying the body. Now all this proceeds, so far as an adult is concerned — for I shall have to distinguish between adults and children — from psychological operations. This appears when we consider the influence of self-consciousness in the presence of others, in attempting to mount. I am ashamed when I think of those in whose presence I could not mount. Even the man that picked up rags in the street, the newsboy, the Italian bootblack, could so abash me, in the early stages of my apprenticeship to this machine, that it was impossible for me to get on. Is not that psychological? My body cannot be abashed, it is my mental and moral state. But after I had progressed to a certain point, I went out riding with some young girls. They were, perhaps, between fourteen and sixteen. I had then learned to mount on level ground, but when fatigued could not easily accomplish it. We rode what was a long distance for me, but not for them, in a hilly region, and I was obliged to dismount a number of times. Now, if I were alone in my fatigued state, I could not mount; but if either of those girls came back to see what was the matter with me, and why I did not keep up, I instantly mounted and

rode off in fine style. Here you see psychology operating through pride in a reverse direction. I found this to be the case on four subsequent occasions, when I called the girls back for no other purpose than to be obliged to maintain my dignity in their presence.

Here let me point out why it is so difficult to learn to mount. It is the paralysis of fear lest a person should take a fall. It would not be so bad if a man fell on the ground. Mother Earth, when I have fallen, has generally received me very tenderly. But many persons are terribly afraid of their clothes becoming entangled when they fall. The person is paralyzed, and it is a fact that a paralyzed person can do nothing. When you are afraid you cannot mount, you *cannot* mount; and if you are afraid you do not know your speech or your music, you cannot deliver your speech or execute your music. That is psychology.

How is the fact that beginners run into things to be explained, except upon psychological grounds? The beginner is possessed with that thing and his body is not trained to make an involuntary effort to get away from it. It has made such an impression upon his mind that it has taken control of his sub-conscious movements. He cannot help himself. He goes straight toward that thing by a psychological operation.

The first principle of learning to ride a bicycle, as applied to adults, is that everything must be done by mental operation. But why do children learn so easily? Because they are not at all afraid. They do not stop to consider a bump, or that it will hurt them if they fall. But with regard to adults it is different — everything must proceed psychologically. There is a great difference between a bicycle and a horse. You cannot teach a bicycle anything, and you cannot accustom it to anything; you cannot punish it, and you cannot coax it.

Perfection is attained when the bicycle responds to the slightest wish. Then the wheel is an interpreter of a man's mind. If he is abstracted, irritable, or weary, the wheel acts in unison. One rides into liberty on a bicycle — as an orator talks himself, or a soldier fights himself, into liberty. A number of times when I was too languid to begin a walk, I have mounted the wheel and gone out. It was tiresome until I had ridden half a mile, but afterward it became so easy that before I knew it I had gone far enough to make a ten or twelve mile ride before reaching home. So much for the psychology of the bicycle.

In hygiene there are, as in all sciences, certain first principles. Exercise is beneficial, hurtful, or indifferent. Everything may be carried to excess. Any exercise that symmetrically or alternately employs the whole body — unless carried to great excess, or affect-

ing some organic weakness or displacement—will be followed only by healthful fatigue and symmetrical development. When, however, it does not exercise the whole body symmetrically, if carried to even light excess it may distort or produce disease. Hence it is, that some trades make the men that follow them round-shouldered. They cannot avoid it. Some kinds of business make men narrow chested, and others develop one part at the expense of the other. That famous rower, Hanlon, had most powerful arms but comparatively feeble legs. All exercises are dangerous in proportion as they develop one part of the body at the expense of another.

Exercise on the bicycle in the open air must be beneficial when exercise is desirable. The burden of proof is on him who denies it. He has to show, either that the person has otherwise too much exercise, or as much exercise as he should have; or that he has some displacement, or peculiarity of organization, or acute or chronic malady, that makes the bicycle unsuited to him, or makes it unhealthful if he attempts to use it, although another exercise might benefit him.

There is no physiological reason why women who are well and strong should not ride the bicycle. All those physicians who say otherwise are contradicted by the wisest physicians on both sides of the Atlantic. Both the *British Medical Weekly* and the *Lancet* have argued at great length, that if there be any physiological reason why either sex should not ride the bicycle, it is not the case with women; and they all agree that no bicycle riding, under any circumstances, can be worse for women than the old-fashioned, arbitrary, side-saddle arrangement. The founder of the Danville Sanitarium would not allow any of his patients to ride horseback, unless they would ride the way the bicyclist now rides, without distinction of sex. The well have only need to do two things when they ride: to sit erect, otherwise they will get contracted chest; also such bicyclist should take care, on non-bicycling days in the winter, to exercise the arms and back. Any great professional will tell you that the strength of his arms and back assist him in riding.

Now some cautions to sedentary persons. Be careful not to overdo. Beware of hills. Never ride a hill, or walk a hill, that you cannot ride or walk with your mouth shut. That is a pretty safe rule, but not a perfect one. Before I was in full training for the wheel, I rode some high hills with my mouth shut and for weeks I had indications that I had overdone.

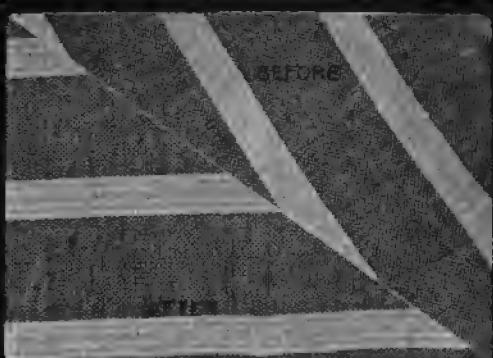
Most evils result from absurdities, such as parents allowing their children to ride too much, or beginners to ride as much as persons who have been riding for a year, even if they are not half as strong as they are. No one should ever attempt to regulate his speed by that of another. It is a matter of temperament and a matter of judgment. To obtain the best results, a man should ride his own wheel and have it more or less suited to himself. There are many questions about

weight; but if you undertake to push a wheel up a hill you will see that it takes comparatively no effort at all, and I do not believe it makes much difference whether a wheel weighs eighteen pounds or twenty-six pounds. One of the very best methods of exercise is to ride your wheel on an all-day journey, and push it up every hill. That gives you relief and a new exercise of muscles. I should feel perfectly competent to ride fifty miles tomorrow, provided I did that; but should I sit on the wheel all the time, I should do as much as I ought to do in twenty miles on an ordinary road. As to a cyclometer, a person who uses that, and is a slave to it, becomes absolutely hypnotized by it, like those simpletons who cannot see a slot machine twenty times a day without putting in a cent twenty times a day.

They find fault with racers and scorchers for bending down at right angles. I was caught going against the wind one day, when I was beginning, and could not go on level ground, and it suddenly occurred to me, why do these men whose object is to make speed bend down so. I thought perhaps they might do it to prevent the wind pushing them back and stopping them. So I bent down, and was able to go ahead against a wind that was blowing about twelve miles an hour. The scorcher, if he purposes to break records, bends down. As to coasting, the man who will coast on an unknown hill, or an unknown road that he has not more or less familiarity with, takes his life in his hands. The League of American Wheelmen practically says the same thing, for they have put up over the country, in many places, "Don't coast here unless you know the road."

In exercise, accidents of course are always possible, both from external and internal causes. Riding a horse is more or less dangerous, in the ratio of the number of horses and vehicles used in the place where the ride is taken. Even walking is dangerous under certain conditions and in a crowded thoroughfare. It is impossible to entirely eliminate the element of danger from any form of out-door and healthful exercise; but accidents where the rider loses his head, or cannot control his machine, should not be charged to the bicycle. With a good wheel, and a competent and cautious rider, the liability to accident is not great. There is no reason why middle aged men, and even those who have passed middle age, should not take to cycling, keeping in mind of course a frank recognition of the limitations which age imposes. Great speed, long rides, and hill-climbing put a strain upon the constitution and naturally find out the weak places—the parts of the system that are aging faster than others.

The bicycle develops courage, and courage is a moral quality. It develops the power of self-determination which is akin to a moral quality. The bicycle prevents irritability—nine-tenths of the irritability comes from indigestion and want of exercise. It helps to overcome low spirits generally. The bicycle is a great and marvelous machine, and will remain with us while the world lasts.



WHO'S AFRAID

to use PEARLINE for colored wash-fabrics, fine ginghams, etc., after the test-results shown above and below? In this test

We took risk 1440 times

as great as that of an ordinary PEARLINE wash, where the contact period is 20 minutes and the quantity of PEARLINE used only 1-12 of that used in our test

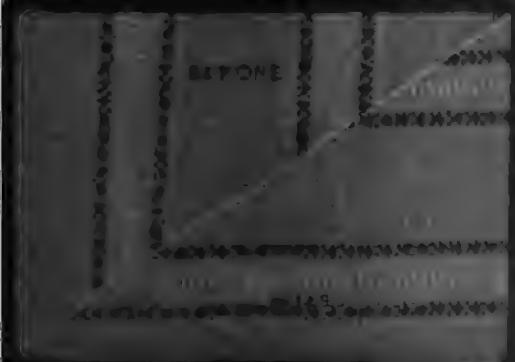
THE TEST

The Pieces marked "after" were cut from the same goods as those marked "before," and were then soaked for 40 hours in a solution of PEARLINE and water, almost hot to begin with and 12 times as strong in PEARLINE as the suds prescribed in PEARLINE directions. Colors were Red, Pink, Green, Yellow and Blue.

THE RESULT

Both pieces of each pattern were photographed side by side. It would take an expert to detect any loss or deterioration of color or fabric. The ever truthful camera would reveal any loss or injury; however, if any doubt remain, try some scraps of goods for yourself. PEARLINE brightens some faded colors.

Test was made on celebrated "Whytlaw's Wash Fabrics."



**HOW CHAUTAUQUA CIRCLES HAVE PROMOTED
PUBLIC LIBRARIES.—(Continued.)**

valued it, and allowed the library one-half the sum from the state, at the same time giving valuable suggestions about organizing. Following this, trustees were elected, a constitution adopted, and a librarian was engaged to catalogue the books. In October, 1899, the "Free Library and Reading-Room" was opened to the public. The library is opened three times a week for loaning books, and on Sunday afternoons and evenings for a reading room, the women giving their services.

At the last election in March two hundred dollars were given by the town. At present the library has 784 books, eight periodicals, and orders for new books at the publishers, and money in the treasury.

ADA S. RICHARDSON,
President of the Hawthorne C. L. S. C.

CANTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

The public library of Canton was opened to the public on New Year's day, 1900, with about one thousand volumes. When subscriptions were asked for, the Chautauqua circle decided that they would like to do something for the library. So a committee was appointed to see the members, and they succeeded in raising fifty dollars. This year they made up their minds that a circle of twenty members ought to pay ten dollars to help support the library. And this is only the second year of the venture. The books are kept in the borough building. We have a cozy room right in the center of the town, and this room is open to the public each Wednesday and Saturday afternoon and evening. The idea of the library and the efforts put forth are due very largely to Rev. W. D. Crockett, pastor of the Presbyterian Church. Last New Year's when the library was just a year old, a reception was held, and each brought a book or money enough to buy one.

The clipping which accompanied the above report by Mrs. C. E. Black, secretary of the Alpha Kappa C. L. S. C., shows that the New Year's reception resulted in the addition of five hundred books. The library is now about to publish a new catalogue, and has set its mark at five hundred more books before the end of the year.

CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE.

Although the library of Cleveland, Tennessee, was not organized by Chautauqua students, yet as the woman's club which is responsible for it has recently become a Chautauqua reading circle, it is fitting that this most stimulating report should find a place in our Round Table. Miss Aiken spent last summer at Chautauqua, and as she says, "came home such an enthusiastic Chautauquan that I acted as organizer of the work here. We are thoroughly delighted with the course, and find it very beneficial."

We are glad to give you a short history of our library movement, in the hope that it may inspire other small communities to "go and do likewise," believing that nothing is impossible to him who hopes and perseveres. Lord Shaftesbury said, "Let no man despair in a good cause. Let him persevere, persevere, PERSEVERE, and God will raise him up friends and helpers."

In 1895 our woman's club was organized under the name of the Magazine Club, the object being mutual help and improvement. For a while this met our demands; but soon a longing for something higher and better took possession of us. We felt that the true end of club life was not a selfish one, but to help others. With this longing came the thought of establishing a public library, and though the realization of the thought seemed a far-away dream, we began to devise ways and means to make it a reality. An article in the *Ladies' Home Journal* on the subject was read at one of our meetings, creating an enthusiasm that has not since abated.

Our first effort to bring the matter before the public was a book reception. This was held in our club rooms; an appropriate literary program was rendered, and light refreshments were served. Each guest was requested to bring a book for the library; and when we found that more than one hundred volumes had been contributed, we were much encouraged to go forward with the work. From that day our library has been no idle dream, but a reality that has been of great benefit to our community.

We have found other ways of adding to our library fund. We have had entertainments both by home and foreign talent. Then by subscription and donation the fund has been increased. Some of our great-hearted citizens, appreciating our efforts in the work, have voluntarily contributed to its support. By these simple means, "here a little and there a little," our library has increased to more than five hundred volumes.

We use the rooms formerly occupied by the Y. M. C. A., having no building of our own. This building, which is well-lighted and comfortable, is rented by the club and is a favorite resort for the book-loving people of our town.

The library is entirely under the supervision of the Woman's Club. A committee with the first vice-president as chairman is appointed to look after its interests. It is the duty of this committee to buy all books, examine books presented, and to see that the library is kept open regularly. These women have the library interests at heart, and to them is due much of its success. We are not yet able to employ a regular librarian, but the members of the club voluntarily give their services, keeping it open from four to eight o'clock every Saturday.

We are in communication with Mr. Carnegie concerning a contribution for our library, and if we can create sufficient interest in the town, we hope soon to have our library on a permanent foundation, with a building all our own.

While our library is small, we feel that our work has not been in vain. The interest in reading the books is very great. Many who have not access to good literature are our constant visitors. It has placed within their reach the best literature, and stimulates them to read only the best.

RUTH AIKEN.

LIVINGSTON, MONTANA.

The Yellowstone Club, one of the oldest in Montana, was organized in 1892 for the study of the Chautauqua Course in Sociology. This course was one of the Chautauqua series of "Read Lectures," and was prepared by Professor Small of the University of Chicago. The following year the club entered the regular C. L. S. C. course, and carried on its work under Chautauqua auspices until 1899. The following interesting account of its public-spirited work for Livingston comes to

van Houten's Cocoa



Refresh the Visitor with Van Houten's Cocoa.

It is the growing custom to offer a chance visitor a cup of Van Houten's Cocoa to drink. And why? Because it is refreshing to the exhausted, soothing to the nervous, stimulating to the tired, strengthening to the weak, and welcome alike to rich and poor, both old and young! It aids conversation by revivifying the flagging energies, tickles the palate by its delicious flavour, and entices by its fragrant aroma. It contains no added matter, such as starch or arrow-root, being cocoa, and nothing but cocoa! Cheap, because a little goes a long way, and rapidly made ready.

Guaranteed non-bilious, the superabundance of natural fat being reduced by Van Houten's Special (patented) process.

Don't forget to order it from the Grocery Store next time!

us through the press too late to secure a personal report from the club itself, which, however, we shall hope to have later. The clipping is taken from the *Butte News*:

Recently the ladies who compose the membership of the club began a new departure in the work they have in hand. They decided that the city of Livingston needed a public library, and it was determined to supply this need by a well-directed effort of the club organization. Accordingly the members contributed what books they could spare from their private libraries, and then made a complete canvass of the city, soliciting books for the library from every citizen who had a collection of books. In this way they were able to complete a good-sized list of interesting books for the library, and will provide the collection of books with suitable quarters, and the services of one of the club

members will be donated as librarian until the city government comes to the aid of the club and shares the burdens of the library project with the enterprising women of the city.

Livingston is in that stage of its growth when its population is hardly large enough to support a free public library and to maintain a librarian upon a salary, so the efforts of the club women will be greatly appreciated. There are a great many men in the city who are employed in the shops of the Northern Pacific Railway, and this portion of the population generally patronizes a library constantly, and will find in the efforts of the club women of the city a great deal of encouragement in the work of improvement which many of them have undertaken. A portion of the city hall has been fitted up for a library, and the rooms will be nicely furnished and will be a pleasant place for studious young people to spend their leisure time.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK.

Who's Who. 1901. An Annual Biographical Dictionary. Fifty-third year of issue. 5 x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Maurice Hewlett. A sketch of his career and some review of his books. With portrait.

The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages. By Henry Osborn Taylor. 5 x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.75.

Selections from the Southern Poets. Selected and edited by William Lander Weber. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. .25.

Chaucer. The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, The Knights Tale, The Nonnes Prestes Tale. Edited by Mark H. Liddell. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7. .60.

The Government of Minnesota. (Handbooks of American Government.) By Frank L. McVey, Ph. D. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. .75.

Elements of the Theory and Practice of Cookery. By Mary E. Williams and Katharine Rolston Fisher. 5 x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$.

School Management and Methods of Instruction. With special reference to elementary schools. By George Collar, B. A., B. Sc., and Charles W. Crook, B. A., B. Sc. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7.

Experimental Psychology. A Manual of Laboratory Practice. By Edward Bradford Titchener. Volume I. 6 x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.60.

Outlines of Educational Doctrine. By John Frederick Herbart. Translated by Alexis F. Lange, Ph. D. Annotated by Charles De Garmo, Ph. D. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.25.

History, Prophecy and the Monuments; or, Israel and the Nations. By James Frederick McCurdy, Ph. D., LL. D. Volume III. Completing the work. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$3.00.

The Child: His Nature and Nurture. (The Temple Primers.) By W. B. Drummond, M. B., C. M., M. R. C. P. E. 4 x 6. .40.

The Common Sense of Commercial Arithmetic. By George Hall. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7. .60.

A History of Rome. For High Schools and Academies. By George Willis Botaford, Ph. D. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8. \$1.10.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON.

The Autobiography of a Journalist. By William James Stillman. In two volumes. Each 6 x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$6.00 a set.

A Soldier of Virginia. By Burton Egbert Stevenson. 5 x 8. \$1.50.

The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews. By Lyman Abbott. 5 x 8. \$2.00.

A Pillar of Salt. By Jeannette Lee. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7. \$1.25.

The Turn of the Road. By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. 5 x 7. \$1.50.

The Woodpeckers. By Fannie Hardy Eckstorm. With Illustrations. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.00.

Greek Sculpture. (Riverside Art Series.) A Collection of sixteen Pictures of Greek marbles with Introduction and Interpretation by Estelle M. Hurll. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$. .40 net.

King's End. By Alice Brown. 5 x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.50.

The Light of the World. By Herbert D. Ward. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.00.

The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell. By Jean N. McIlwraith. 5 x 8. \$1.50.

Dog-Watches at Sea. By Stanton H. King. With Illustrations. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.50.

LAIRD & LEE, CHICAGO.

Edison's Handy Encyclopedia of General Information and Universal Atlas. Compiled by Thomas F. Edison, A. M., assisted by Fred T. Bailey and Charles J. Westinghouse. 4 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. .50.

Wed by Mighty Waves. A Thrilling Romance of Ill-fated Galveston. By Sue Greenleaf. Illustrated. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. .75.

The New Century Standard Letter-Writer. By Alfred B. Chambers, Ph. D. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. .75.

The New Conklin's Handy Manual of Useful Information and World's Atlas. Compiled by Geo. W. Conklin, of the Hamilton University. 4 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. .25.

Lee's American Automobile Annual for 1901. Edited by Alfred B. Chambers, Ph. D. Illustrated. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK.

High School History of the United States. With maps, plans, and illustrations. (History of the United States for Schools, by Alexander Johnston, LL. D.) Revised by Winthrop More Daniels, M. A., and William MacDonald, Ph. D. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8.

The German and Swiss Settlements of Colonial Pennsylvania: A Study of the So-Called Pennsylvania Dutch. By Oscar Kuhns. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The Rise of the Swiss Republic. A History. By W. D. McCrackan, M. A. Second edition, revised and enlarged. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 9 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Selections from the Poetry of Alexander Pope. Edited with an introduction and notes by Edward Bliss Reed, Ph. D. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$.

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\$2,000,000 Insures Your Investment—The Astors' Way of Making Money Made Possible to Small Investors—\$10 Secures \$400 Lot which is Guaranteed to be Worth \$500 Before One Year from Date of Purchase—We Take All Risk—Read Every Word.

THE largest, most reliable, most successful Real Estate Company in the world, Wood, Harmon & Co., of New York City, are so positive that the values of their lots will increase 25 per cent. during the year 1901 that they will guarantee this increase to any investor—in case they cannot show it, they will agree to return all money paid them with 6 per cent. interest. We have one of the grandest opportunities of a lifetime for the small investor to make money—we give as good security as the strongest savings bank and instead of the 4 per cent. interest on deposits we can guarantee over 25 per cent. We thoroughly believe the lot which we now sell for \$400 will in 10 years bring \$4,000, in 20 years from \$20,000 upwards. If you will carefully study this communication you will see our reasons.

The Astors and our wealthiest families have made their money from the increase in value of real estate. You can prove this point if you will take the pains to look it up. New York City property has increased in value more than that of any other place because of its enormous growth in population, and this growth of values and population is still going on. Since the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn, the increased facilities of rapid transit by bridge, trolley, and elevated, the immense tide of increased population has turned Brooklyn-ward. The attention of the public has been called to the great advantages of Brooklyn because it is only in that section that New York can grow—please note that point, as it is the keynote to the situation. The influx of people into Brooklyn is so great as to severely tax Brooklyn Bridge—as a result new bridges are being built (one of which is nearly completed) and tunnels are being dug beneath the East River. Not only is Brooklyn Borough the only section in which New York can grow, but property in old New York City, the same distance from City Hall, would cost 20 to 100 times the money—note that point carefully, it is absolutely true.

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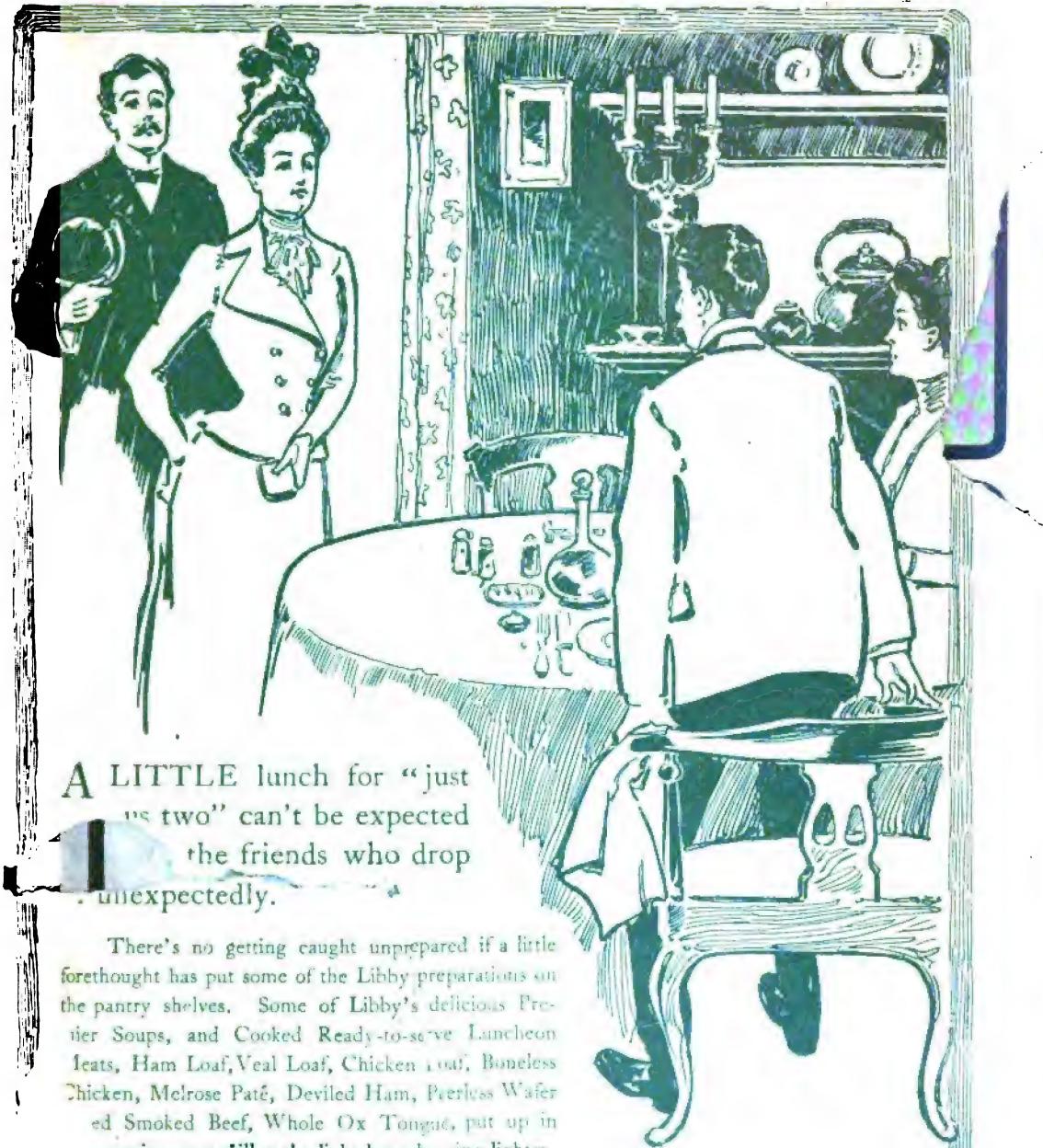
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A Caravan Tour of the Peloponnesus

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CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY:

BUREAU OF PUBLICATION: WILLIAM S. BAILEY, Director.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Entered according to Act of Congress, June, 1901, by CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

Yearly Subscription, \$2.00. Single Copies, 20c.

Entered at Cleveland Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter.



From the painting by G. F. Watts.

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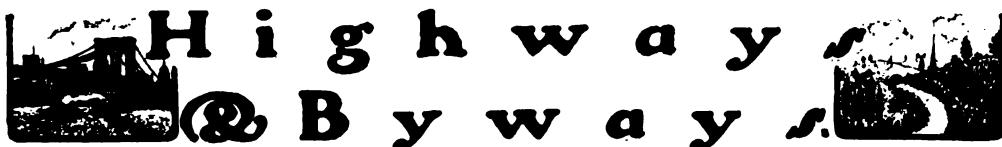
THE CHAUTAUQUAN,

A Monthly Magazine for Self-Education.

VOL. XXXIII.

JUNE, 1901.

No. 3.



THE whole world has been agitated by the semi-political disturbances throughout Russia, — disturbances which originated in student manifestations and gradually spread to factory workmen and other elements. The reports from St. Petersburg and Moscow and the provincial university centers have been meager, conflicting, and confusing, but there is every reason to believe that the troubles were grave in character and significant as a political symptom. Whether many of the students are in sympathy with the revolutionary movement it is not easy for an outsider to determine, but it is certain that most of them are intensely dissatisfied with the rigid restrictions upon their freedom of meeting, discussion, association, and movement. They are watched and distrusted, treated as actual or potential conspirators, and subjected to indignities of all kinds. Above all, they have resented the rule which punished infractions of discipline with service in the army. This rule, indeed, was the primary cause of the recent disturbances.

The late minister of education, Bogolepoff, who was assassinated by one of the revolutionists, was a reactionary and tyrant whom even the moderate Liberals detested. The attempt upon the life of Pobedonostseff, the head of the synod, was prompted by a similar reason, for he is deemed the chief supporter of the harsh, autocratic régime. The tsar is believed to be well-meaning but weak, and in spite of the revolt has expressed kindly sentiments toward the students. Certain ministers, M. de Witte among them, are progressive, and through their influence the obnoxious rule for enforced military service has been suspended for the present. The appointment of General Vannovski, a man of eighty who has had little experience in educational matters, as minister of public instruction, has also been welcomed as a step toward conciliation and reform. The tsar wrote as follows in his rescript to this old

soldier on the occasion of his appointment:

"The experiences of recent years . . . have shown the existence of defects so material in our scholastic system that I think that the time has come to undertake an immediate and thorough revision and improvement. Highly valuing your experience as a statesman, and your enlightenment, I have chosen you to coöperate with me in the work of renovating and reorganizing Russian schools, and, in appointing you to the present specially important office of minister of public instruction, I am firmly convinced that you will unwaveringly endeavor to attain the goal indicated by me, and that you will bring into the work of educating Russian youth your cordial sympathy and sagacity, ripened by wisdom."

This has been construed as a pledge of comprehensive revision of school and university regulations on liberal lines. Vannovski is classed among the Liberals.

The troubles are by no means over. The hundreds of students under arrest for participation in the manifestations have not been released, and their colleagues demand their return to the universities and a general amnesty. The press is not allowed to comment upon these events and questions, but the writers and educated circles are avowedly in hearty accord with the students. A petition signed by the leading authors, educators, economists, and professors of Russia, setting forth the evils of existing conditions and praying for reform, has been presented to the tsar, but the only effect has been the peremptory dissolution of the Authors' Society, an old and distinguished body devoted to the welfare and advancement of the literary profession. Count Tolstoy has also petitioned the tsar.

In spite of the rather unexpected coöperation of workmen with the students, there is no evidence that the movement for a constitutional government has deeply affected the masses of the population. But it is safe to say that most of the cultivated people are thoroughly weary of autocracy, and would welcome some form of representative government. The peasants may not be interested in political freedom, but they have had

some experience in local self-government, and are ready for an extension of their rights and privileges. Many Russian thinkers, including Prince Kropotkin, hold that genuine reform for Russia must come through local autonomy and the establishment of "miniature republics" all over the empire under a nominally absolute central government. The only alternative is what is called "revolution from above"—that is, the voluntary surrender of absolutism and the bestowal of constitutional government by a ruler of advanced ideas and a modern spirit.



EDWIN H. CONGER,
United States Minister to
China, who has returned
to America.

well as by the politicians and the theoretical students of public finance. The South African war had entailed a heavy deficit and the need of increased revenue. It was generally felt that the existing direct taxes could not be made heavier without provoking great dissatisfaction, and that a new departure was necessary. Many had demanded a reversion to customs duties, and had proposed a duty on imported grain, on sugar, and even on manufactured goods, especially in iron and steel industries, menaced by American and German competition. Protection, however, is still unpopular in England, even among the Tories, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the chancellor of the exchequer, is a straightforward opponent of indirect taxation.

When the long-delayed budget statement was finally made in the commons (April 18) it was found to embody a compromise, but without the least hint at protection. Sir Michael estimated a deficit for the present year of about \$275,000,000, and he placed the cost of the South African war (to which he has been opposed) at over \$750,000,000—an amount double the cost of the Crimean war. Since the end of hostilities is not in sight even now, the total cost may reach a billion dollars. Sir Michael asked for authority to borrow \$300,000,000 by means of (a permanent addition to the national to suspend the operations of the d.

With regard to taxation, he proposed, first, that the tax on incomes should be increased by two pence on the pound, thus making it one shilling and two pence, and from this source he expects to realize \$19,000,000. In the second place, he proposed a graduated duty on refined sugar, the tax on sugar polarized at 98 and upward to be four shillings and two pence a hundred-weight. Molasses and glucose are also to be taxed, and from this source a yield of nearly \$26,000,000 is anticipated. Finally, an export duty of a shilling a ton on coal was proposed, notwithstanding the fact that a Tory government abolished this species of taxation forty-five years ago. This tax was to yield only about \$11,000,000 a year, and, according to Sir Michael, could not possibly injure the coal trade, even if it tended to check exports to some extent. There has been considerable apprehension in England over the possible exhaustion of her coal supplies in the not distant future, and Sir Michael evidently counted on this sentiment to furnish support to his proposal.

The budget statement was immediately attacked as the most disastrous ever made to parliament. It offended not only the Liberals, who, in spite of all disclaimers, see therein a step toward a revival of a tariff for revenue with incidental protection, but also the trades affected, the outspoken advocates of duties on grain and manufactured goods, and the friends of "empire" and federation. The last-named expected that the British West Indies, long in distress, would be exempt from the sugar duty, and this exemption was deemed necessary as an appreciation by the mother country of colonial service in the war and a beginning of the imperial customs union favored by Mr. Chamberlain.

The keenest opposition, however, has been excited in the coal trade. The miners fear that many collieries will be closed and that thousands of miners will be thrown out of employment. With the taxpayers, who have to pay the piper after the war dance, the budget is decidedly unpopular, and the government, in the divisions upon it, found its majority (normally about 130) reduced to 40. Indeed, the Salisbury government, returned in a "khaki election" when the war issue was paramount, has been steadily declining, and even its supporters admit that, were another appeal to the country made, the Tories would suffer defeat. The Liberals, however, are not specially desirous of taking office just now, and there will be no change in the near future.

That the credit of the British government has not suffered is indicated by the success of the new issue of consols. The \$300,000,000 has been heavily oversubscribed, the United States offering to take nearly half of the issue. The return on the investment, taking the whole term into account, is less than three per cent, which great corporations with trust funds to care for regard as an attractive opportunity.



We have adverted to productive and distributive coöperation as carried on in Great Britain with remarkable success. In this country, largely owing to the rapidity of industrial development, the efforts of trades unions to obtain recognition, and the growth of trusts, coöperation has not even reached the stage of practical discussion as a "way out" for labor. But it is interesting to know that in France, coöoperative organization is also being widely resorted to, and by agricultural as well as manufacturing producers. John C. Covert, our consul at Lyons, has made a partial report upon the subject, and it is to be hoped that a study in detail will follow.

In 1884 a law was enacted by the French parliament enabling any twenty persons in one trade, or in several similar trades, to combine in a society. Such societies may possess realty for their own use, conduct employment offices, appoint arbitration committees, establish pension funds, and even organize banks. Last year there were in existence 7,089 societies of this kind, divided as follows: Syndicates of employers, 2,157;

syndicates of workmen, 2,685; employers and workmen mixed, 170; agriculturists, 2,067. The purpose of the agricultural syndicates is broader than that of manufacturing associations. The membership of the former had risen from 313,800 in 1895 to 512,794 in 1899. The agricultural syndicates have organized coöperative societies for the advantageous sale of farm produce, for securing cheaper transportation rates, for the purchase of fertilizers, machinery, and implements, for the dissemination of scientific knowledge, for the establishment of mutual banks and insurance, for promoting legislation, etc. Libraries, lecture courses, and arbitration tribunals have been established by these syndicates.

The movement is declared to be very popular in the rural districts, and in a few years every French farmer will be a member of some syndicate. Intensive cultivation is carried farther in France than in any other country, and coöperation is believed to be certain of wider and wider application. The French farmer is thrifty, intelligent, and but slightly interested in national politics. The syndicates, accordingly, devote themselves to economic and social improvement, and ignore the conflicts over purely political questions.



The Commonwealth of Australia—the new federation of self-governing colonies—has held its first general elections, and its first parliament will have assembled and entered upon the discharge of its functions when this reaches the reader's eye. The "paramount issue" in the elections was the question of free trade for the federation *vs.* a protective tariff—or, more strictly, between a high tariff and a moderate rate of duties. The only colony that has a free trade majority is New South Wales, and as the federation needs at the outset a revenue of about \$40,000,000 a year, indirect taxation seems unavoidable.

It is agreed by all parties that in the interest of industry and stability this question must be settled at the first session of the parliament. It seems, however, that the present ministry, headed by Mr. Barton, a strong protectionist, is not assured of a majority in the upper house. The senate contains 36 members, and the free trade element claims a majority of one or two, though if the moderates vote with the protectionists, a tie will result. In the lower house, which has 75 members, 42 are protectionists, 29 free traders, and four—labor representa-



With Carnegie and J. Pierpont Morgan in England at the same time, Johnny Bull proceeds to tack down his island.
—Minneapolis Tribune.

tives — uncertain. While some anticipate a clash between the two houses, which would necessitate an appeal to the electorate, the probability is that a compromise will be effected, and that a tariff for revenue chiefly, with incidental protection, will be adopted after a thorough discussion of the courses open to the young nation.

But what would happen in the event of inability of the two chambers to reach an agreement? As intimated, first a new election would have to be ordered. It is to be borne in mind that the Australian senators, like the representatives, are elected directly by the people, and that the senate derives an authority from this fact such as is possessed by no other upper house in existence. Revenue bills must originate in the house, but the senate may amend them. The constitution provides that if the discord continues after an election definitely turning on a certain issue upon which the houses are at war a joint session shall be held and the measure voted upon and passed by a bare majority of the senators and representatives sitting as one body. This arrangement gives the lower branch a decided advantage, owing to its numerical superiority.

The present Australian ministry is committed to a high tariff, and much will depend on its willingness to make concessions for the sake of a prompt settlement and the relief of trade and commerce from stagnation and disturbing agitation. The cabinet is responsible to the house alone, and can be ousted from office either by an adverse vote in that body or by a defeat at the joint session. There is little doubt that Premier Barton will yield something to the opposition and consent to a moderate tariff as a provisional solution of the federation's first and most difficult problem.



Chicago as a seaport, though it is situated a thousand miles from the sea! A recent business experiment of an enterprising Chicago firm has attracted much comment and wonder. It is sought to determine the practicability of direct shipment of goods produced in the middle west to European ports — Liverpool, Hamburg, Havre, etc. — and the bringing of return cargoes to Chicago. A steamer, the *Northwestern*, was specially built for the purpose, and the same firm has contracted for three other steamers adapted to the peculiar requirements of lake and ocean commerce.

The steamer was loaded down to the full

depth of twenty-one feet at the point of departure, taking a grain cargo to Buffalo. There it must be lightened to twelve feet in order to pass the Welland and other Canadian canals and the shallows of the St. Lawrence river. At Montreal it can be loaded down again with any cargo intended for European markets. These difficulties are, of course, serious drawbacks, and another drawback is the necessity of limiting the ocean voyages to the spring and summer months, as the craft could not ride the waves of the Atlantic in stormy weather. Nevertheless there is believed to be a fair profit in direct commerce between Chicago and Europe.

The *Northwestern* carried out machinery, manufactures, packing-house products, and grain. There is no lack of disposition among Illinois manufacturers and shippers to lend all possible assistance to the enterprise, though in the east it is regarded with some distrust, if not amusement. Chicago is herself so great a marvel, and her achievements are so extraordinary, that her latest ambition may prove more practicable than the ordinary resident of the sea-coast is inclined to believe. It is pointed out, moreover, that her route to the sea may eventually be via the Mississippi. Her \$35,000,000 channel, at first a purely sanitary project, may become a link in a great waterway to the Gulf of Mexico.

In some respects Chicago is backward and unfortunate. The Illinois constitution of



IT WILL COME IN HANDY.

UNCLE SAM — "What have you there, my little man?"
JAPAN — "A new gun after an old model, Uncle."

— *Minneapolis Journal.*

1870, a product of Granger rule, restricts and hampers her development. She needs a modern charter and home rule, while the constitution puts her on the same footing as any city, town, or village by prohibiting all special legislation with regard to revenue, borrowing, taxation, the administration of justice, etc. Efforts to amend the constitution and to give Chicago a free hand are obstructed by the country representatives, and a movement for a convention to revise the organic laws has just been defeated. But while the city is poor, dirty, and dilapidated, her industries, population, and private wealth grow steadily, and private enterprise is far in advance of municipal activity. A "city beautiful" campaign has been started which promises much substantial improvement in the way of cleaner streets, small parks, suppression of the smoke nuisance, and chaotic construction of private dwellings.



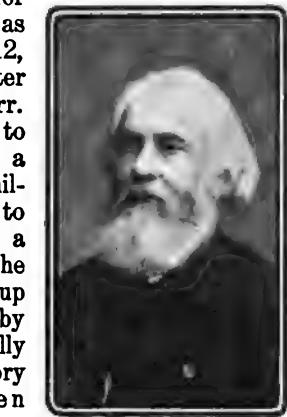
The movement to preserve historic places continues to attract sympathetic attention in various parts of the country, notably in and about New York. Recently the Board of Public Improvements of New York City took steps toward the acquirement of the Jumel mansion at 160th street and Harlem river. This is now the only building in New York identified as Washington's headquarters, all the others having been demolished. The mansion was built in 1750 by Roger Morris, a colonel in the British army, who married Mary Phillipse, the fair young woman whom Washington is said to have wooed and lost. Washington lived in the house from June to October, 1776. The place is of interest also from the fact that under its roof Aaron Burr was married to Madam Jumel.

An effort is being made also to induce New York City to secure Fraunce's Tavern, at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, with the other buildings in the block, to transform the land into a park, and to restore the tavern to its appearance in Revolutionary days. The tavern was built in 1762, and on December 4, 1783, Washington took farewell of his old comrades in arms in its "long room." The place has degenerated into a restaurant and saloon, and as the present owner refuses to sell, the only way to secure the historic site and to preserve it as an educational and patriotic feature is for the city to acquire title to it by means of condemnation proceedings.

During the last session of the New York legislature a bill was introduced appropriat-

ing \$50,000 for the purchase of the Hamilton Grange, the home of Alexander Hamilton, on 143rd street, New York City. A petition signed by five hundred prominent men was sent to the legislature in behalf of the bill. This house was built in 1802, and was occupied by Hamilton for only a short time, as he died on July 12, 1804, the day after his duel with Burr. It is proposed to make the Grange a repository of Hamilton relics and to maintain it as a museum. Near the Grange is the group of trees planted by Hamilton, originally thirteen, in memory of the thirteen colonies. Only ten are now standing, and of these only three are living.

The Palisades—on the west bank of the Hudson—which were in danger of ultimate demolition at the hands of the stone blasters who have been doing their work of vandalism for some years—are to be preserved and beautified. The legislatures of New Jersey and New York have made appropriations for the purchase of the property and for its transformation into a park. The legislature of New York did another good thing in passing a law broadening the scope of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, permitting it to acquire historic objects, or memorable or picturesque places, not only in the state of New York but anywhere in the United States. Having secured a national character this society is sure to become a strong and influential agency for preserving to posterity many places and objects of historic importance and value. This society surely deserves the active sympathy of all patriotic citizens throughout the country.



SIR WILLIAM HUGGINS,
Awarded the Draper medal
by National Academy of
Science at Washington.

In a decision recently rendered by the United States Supreme Court in a case of considerable importance from the standpoint of constitutional theory, some intelligent writers discern an indication that the great "colonial" cases involving the constitution-and-flag question, will be decided against the government, and in accordance with the doc-

trine that the new possessions are integral parts of the United States, and not "property" or "foreign territory" to which the rule of uniformity in taxation does not apply.

The war revenue law contains a provision taxing domestic and export bills of lading.



MANUEL ALVAREZ CALDERON,
Envoy Extraordinary and
Minister Plenipotentiary
from Peru to the
United States.

things exported. The supreme court said in the concluding paragraph: "We are of opinion that a stamp tax on a foreign bill of lading is in substance and effect equivalent to a tax on the articles included in that bill of lading, and therefore a tax or duty on exports and in conflict with the constitutional prohibition." Referring to the contention of counsel that, if a tax on foreign bills of lading is invalid, tonnage taxes and stamp duties on ships' manifests must also fail, the opinion remarks that, even if this result should follow, it would furnish no reason for not recognizing the obvious and true construction of the constitutional restriction.

No fewer than four of the justices dissented from this ruling, and Justice Harlan declared it to be contrary to precedent, for the court, according to him, has always distinguished between a tax on things and a tax on the instruments or evidences of the transfer of things. There is little doubt that this statement is correct, and that the decision is a remarkable instance of broad construction, evincing a determination to enforce not merely the letter, but also the spirit of the constitution.

The same doctrine, if applied to the Porto Rican and Philippine tariff cases, would dictate the conclusion that a tax on goods

exported from the states or territories to the new possessions was an export tax, and, as such, unconstitutional. That is, it is an export tax if the dependencies are to be treated as "foreign territory" for the purpose of taxation. If they are not foreign territory, but parts of "the United States," then there can be no tariff wall between them and the states and organized territories. While prediction and inference are hazardous, it is by no means unreasonable to conclude that the decision under review fore-shadows the vindication of the position of the eminent attorneys who attacked the Porto Rican and Philippine tariffs as repugnant to the constitutional requirement of uniform duties and excises throughout the territory subject to the sovereignty and jurisdiction of the United States.



Whatever differences of opinion there may be regarding the economic and social effects of so-called trusts or huge combinations of industrial enterprises, it is generally admitted that inflation, over-capitalization, or "stock-watering," is detrimental and inconsistent with the alleged justification of combination, namely, "economy." But can over-capitalization be prevented by the courts? Curiously enough, the most sweeping answer in the affirmative has been made by the highest appellate tribunal of New Jersey—the state regarded as the mecca and home of trusts and questionable corporations.

The New York law provides that no stock shall be issued for less than its par value, and in that state the valuation placed upon property by directors is liable to be reviewed and overruled by the courts. In Maine, trusts have been held liable for stock issued in payment of overvalued property absorbed by a corporation. Under the New Jersey laws, an issue of stock by a corporation for property purchased or absorbed imposes upon the directors the duty to ascertain the real value of the property. The judgment of the directors, while entitled to weight, is not conclusive, and may be reviewed by a court of equity at the instance of dissenting or protesting stockholders. But if the stock has been issued, the judgment of the directors becomes conclusive, and only proofs of actual fraud in the transaction can be made the ground of judicial interference.

Such is the interpretation put upon the law by the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals. The court, in a case brought by certain stockholders of the American Smelting and Refining Company to prevent the

purchase of a plant at an excessive valuation, sustained an injunction issued in a lower court, and ordered a judicial inquiry into the value of the property sought to be absorbed. The directors were not accused of dishonesty. This, the opinion declared, was not at all necessary. It said:

" Their honest judgment, if reached without examination into the elements of value, or if used in part upon an estimate of matters which really are not property, or if plainly warped by self-interest, may lead to violation of the statutory rule as surely as would corrupt motive. The original issue of corporate stock is a special function in the exercise of which the legislature has fixed the standard to be observed, and it is the duty of the courts, so far as their jurisdiction extends, to see that this standard is not violated either intentionally or unintentionally."

Many attorneys expressed surprise and apprehension over this radical ruling. But it cannot injure honest corporations that aim at economy and good management rather than at stock jobbing and speculation. Unfortunately, however, only stockholders can prevent inflation and the capitalization of possible and doubtful profits. If no complaint is made by a stockholder, the public has no way of procuring judicial scrutiny and intervention. This points to a serious defect in the law. Why should not the attorney-general of the state have the power to invoke the aid of the courts in enforcing the corporation law and restraining stock-watering and inflation?



In our February number an account was given of the "peace and arbitration" conference held at Chicago under the auspices of the National Civic Federation. That conference appointed a committee of twelve to promote the cause of industrial conciliation and arbitration. That body has in turn appointed a large national committee to take charge of the work and organize in various localities smaller bodies, to gather information on trade agreements now in force, and to elaborate a general plan of action. Many men of prominence have accepted membership, and three great classes are represented — the employers, the employed, and the "general public," which is the silent third party in every dispute between capital and labor. The public is represented by Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Henry C. Potter of New York, President Seth Low of Columbia University, and Secretary R. M. Earley of the Civic Federation. The representatives of capital and organized labor are these:

Adolphus C. Bartlett, vice-president Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., Chicago; S. R. Callaway, president New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company,

New York City; Chauncey H. Castle, president Stove Founders' National Defense Association (Comstock-Castle Stove Company), Quincy, Ill.; W. J. Chalmers, National Metal Trades Association (Fraser & Chalmers Company), Chicago; E. E. Clark, grand chief conductor, Order of Railway Conductors, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Frank P. Sargent, grand master Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Peoria, Ill.; William H.

Sawyer, secretary National Association of Builders, Boston, Mass.; T. J. Shaffer, president Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, Pittsburg, Pa.; H. J. Steinbiss, secretary and treasurer National Building Trades Council, St. Louis, Mo.; Henry White, general secretary United Garment Workers of America, New York City; James H. Bowman, president International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union, Chicago; D. A. Hayes, president Glass Bottle Blowers' Association of the United States and Canada, Philadelphia, Pa.; Martin Fox, president Iron Molders' Union of America, Cincinnati; G. Watson French, vice-president Republic Iron & Steel Co., Chicago; James M. Lynch, president International Typographical Union, Indianapolis, Ind.; John Mitchell, president United Mine Workers of America, Indianapolis, Ind.; James O'Connell, president International Association of Machinists, Washington; Samuel Gompers, president American Federation of Labor, Washington; D. R. Hanna, chairman Dock Managers' Association (M. A. Hanna & Co.), Cleveland; Henry W. Hoyt, president National Founders' Association (vice-president Gates Iron Works), Chicago; E. T. Jeffery, president Denver & Rio Grande Railway Company, Denver; Herman Justi, commissioner Illinois Coal Operators' Association, Chicago; E. D. Kenna, vice-president Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway system, Chicago; Daniel J. Keefe, president International Longshoremen's Association, Chicago.

Much good is expected from this influential and capable committee. The principal idea is to prevent strikes and lockouts by conferences and voluntary agreements as well as, when necessary, by recourse to impartial arbitration. The difficulty heretofore has been that the "captains of industry" have had little faith in labor organizations and have refused to recognize them. State boards of arbitration have proved of slight benefit, but in several great industries annual meetings and schedules have had excellent results, and it is hoped that this method will steadily gain favor among manufacturers and merchants.



A question of great importance now under discussion in several states is the utility of capital punishment. The recent lynchings



SIR JOHN STAINER,

The late musical composer.

in Colorado and Kansas have been attributed by some superficial writers and public men to the absence of capital punishment in those states. Colorado has abolished that extreme penalty by law, while in Kansas its application depends entirely upon the discretion of the governor, and it has been abandoned in practise owing to the unwillingness of the chief executives to sign death warrants. As a matter of fact, "lynch law" exists in states that have preserved and enforced capital punishment, and there is absolutely no relation between mob rule and violence, and the employment of the death penalty. The governors of the five states which have done away with capital punishment are quite emphatic on this point. Their experience, and that of the commonwealths they represent, must be regarded as possessing high value as evidence. They gave their opinions to a Chicago newspaper in response to a direct question. The governor of Rhode Island stated that there was nothing in the record of crime in that community to indicate the desirability of restoring the death penalty, and that no one regrets its abolition. The governors of Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Colorado expressed similar opinions, one or two of them testifying that the tendency under the humane system is to diminish mob violence rather than to increase it.

This evidence should be duly considered by those states which, like Massachusetts, are now considering the proposition to do away with capital punishment. The scientific criminologists are practically agreed that the death penalty is a relic of barbarism, and a disgrace to modern civilization and jurisprudence, but the practical man resists this conclusion. It is therefore interesting to find that an official who has been public prosecutor for twenty-two years, Mr. Knowlton, the attorney-general of Massachusetts, unqualifiedly endorses the scientific view, and declares the death penalty to be unnecessary as a safeguard. He adds that nearly all those who have had much experience with criminals and penal institutions share his belief that punishment by death neither prevents nor diminishes the crime of murder, and that therefore society, having outgrown the stake, the rack, and the whipping-post, should abandon the gallows and the electric chair as similar relics of barbarism.



The subject of marriage and divorce has received no little attention of late, owing to some legislation in two or three states and

to two supreme court decisions declaring divorces granted in South Dakota and Pennsylvania to citizens of other states null and void. These decisions have been misinterpreted in some quarters, and sweeping conclusions have been drawn from them. Closer examination shows that no radical principle is laid down by the federal court, and that the evil of "easy divorces" is not to be cured by the courts. The constitution requires that "full faith and credit shall be given in each state to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other state," and hence a decree of divorce granted by a court *having jurisdiction of the parties* must be recognized as valid throughout the union. The question of jurisdiction depends upon the laws of the particular state in which the judgment in any case is asked and rendered. There are no *national* divorce laws, and appeals against divorce decrees to the federal supreme court must be decided with reference to the law of the state which granted them.

In one of the two cases decided by the supreme court the following situation was found, in the language of the opinion:

"The law of North Dakota required a domicile in good faith of the libelant for ninety days as a prerequisite to jurisdiction of a case of divorce. The facts in evidence warranted and indeed required the finding



THE INTERNATIONAL JUGGLER.

THE WAITING POWERS — "He seems to be able to keep it up forever." —*Kladderadatsch.*

that the husband had no *bona fide* domicile in the state of North Dakota when he obtained a divorce there, and it is not pretended that the wife had an independent domicile in North Dakota or was ever in that state. The court of that state, therefore, had no jurisdiction."

This language clearly shows that the divorce was void simply and solely because the law of the state in which it was granted was not followed by the petitioner, the libelant, whose domicile there was not *bona fide*, but a device to lay the foundation for a suit against his wife. The states are not under any obligation to give faith and credit to a judicial proceeding in a case where no jurisdiction has been acquired.

In the second case, a decree obtained by a New York citizen in Pennsylvania was held to be invalid. The Pennsylvania law distinctly provides that the libelant must have had *bona fide* residence in the state for one year. This condition was wanting, and the supreme court annulled the decree on the ground of "no jurisdiction" in the Pennsylvania courts. There is no jurisdiction without legal residence as defined by state law, and where the evidence shows that the state law in relation to divorce has been complied with, even if the law be unreasonable and revolting to the moral sentiment of the country at large, the divorces granted under it are entitled to "full faith and credit."

Once more the fact is emphasized that only national or uniform marriage and divorce legislation can do away with the abuses of inter-state migration for periods just sufficient to enable people to dissolve marital ties.

Since 1872 Bible lessons recommended by the International Sunday School Lesson Committee have been uniform. At a recent meeting of the committee, at which the lessons for 1903 were approved, the suggestion was adopted of having different lessons, covering one year, for children six years of age and under, and still another series, to be known as the senior, covering two years. A new organization has been formed, called the Sunday-School Editorial Association, composed of editors of Sunday-school periodicals and writers of lesson helps. Under this association a conference is to be held during June to formulate criticisms of Sunday-school lesson schemes, and if possible to put a stop to objections which have been made almost continuously since uniformity in such schemes was undertaken.

Not before during the pontificate of Leo XIII. has the Roman Catholic College of

Cardinals been so full as now. Its traditional number is seventy, although there is nothing but tradition to hinder a pope making as many cardinals as he pleases. The present number is sixty-six. Never before during any pontificate of recent centuries was the Italian strength so great. In his last allocution Leo XIII. again referred to his position as the prisoner of Rome, and pleaded once more for temporal power; something that only a brief sojourn in Rome and in Italy is enough to show he will not soon get, if Italian public opinion does not change or is not overpowered. The former apostolic delegate to this country, Cardinal Martinelli, was duly invested with the biretta in the cathedral at Baltimore on May 8.



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SEBASTIAN MARTINELLI,
Former Papal Delegate to
the United States. Now
a Cardinal.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society concludes three-quarters of a century of activity with a celebration to be held in Boston in June. When the society began work, a pioneer in Home effort, there were 1,200 Congregational churches, and their membership was about 150,000. Fully seventy per cent of the 4,000 churches started since 1826 owe their existence to this society, which has seen the church of the Puritan fathers stretch across the country from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate. Above forty states have organized associations, working with the parent society, besides associations in many of them conducted by women. Recently two new fields have been occupied. They are Alaska and Cuba. The Diamond Jubilee will bring to Boston an unusual array of great men and women, who will assist in the Congregational rejoicings.

Church missionary societies are not feeling the effects of the good times to any extent. Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist societies are scarcely any ahead of last year; the Episcopal is several thousand dollars behind, and the Congregational Home, which made a special effort because of its celebration of

the close of seventy-five years of history, held in Boston at the middle of May, got a Jubilee Fund of only moderate proportions. At the same time enormous sums of money are going into charities and into all sorts of religious projects. Charity, outside of churches, usually runs \$60,000,000 a year. Estimates are that it will run \$100,000,000 this year. The trouble with the missionary societies seems to be that they are a dead level of aspiration—an old story, so to speak, and the public is, as always, taking more kindly to new things. The societies have suffered somewhat from their attempt, a quite general although not concerted one, to stop contributions to special objects, and increase gifts to a general fund that can be administered by experts who presumably make up their executive boards. Givers ought to have sufficient grace to stand this strain, but they do not seem to have it.



The increasing emigration of Greeks to the United States in late years has attracted considerable attention. Newspapers reported that in a single month of this year 2,000 young Greeks sailed for this country, owing chiefly to agricultural depression in Greece. The number of Greeks now living here is estimated at 30,000. Chicago is said to have the largest Greek colony.



Probably no man in this country has toiled more faithfully and successfully for the amelioration of the harsh conditions of tenement house life than Jacob A. Riis, who, though a newspaper reporter, is a sociologist and philanthropist of the highest type. The story of his life, which will shortly appear under the title "The Making of an American," is a remarkable recital of hardships, of indomitable courage, of contagious optimism, of generous devotion to the needs of humanity, and of the achievement of what is practically a revolution in social, domestic, and sanitary conditions among the foreign tenement house population of New York.

Considering the work done by Mr. Riis for the betterment of conditions among the foreign population of New York's east side it was particularly appropriate that the King's Daughters should call their new settlement house on Henry street "The Jacob A. Riis House." The work of these devoted women on the East Side had its inspiration ten years ago in Mr. Riis, who had for years been in the habit of distributing flowers from his garden on Long Island among the poor children of that section of the city. When the

gracious work outgrew him he turned it over to the King's Daughters, and it has grown in ten years into a settlement. This settlement is an important factor in transforming the thought and life of hosts of men, women, and children, who, like Mr. Riis himself, have come from foreign shores.



Opposition of an interesting character has broken out against the establishment of sixty-five libraries in New York as provided by Mr. Carnegie's recent gift to that city of \$5,200,000. Under the present library law the city spends \$300,000 a year for the support of the Brooklyn Public Library and other affiliated libraries. Among these latter is the Cathedral Library of the Roman Catholic Church, which is partly supported by bequests made with the condition that it shall remain under the control of the Cathedral, and of course, is wholly under Roman Catholic ecclesiastical supervision.

A few weeks ago Archbishop Corrigan delivered an address in New York in which he declared that the carrying out of Mr. Carnegie's plan will be at the expense of the Cathedral Library, and that in common with the other affiliated libraries it will lose its autonomy. He claimed also that "there is a lamentable dearth of books giving our point of view on burning questions of the day" in the public libraries, and he thought it only fair that the Roman Catholics of New York should have "three or four distributing centers" from the sixty-five for which Mr. Carnegie's gift provides. This raises an interesting question as to whether a public



AGGY—"I'll promise to keep the hornets off if you'll make it worth my while." —*Minneapolis Tribune.*

library should have any particular religious body in view in the selection and distribution of its books. While it is probably true, as Archbishop Corrigan states, that the Roman Catholics number about one-half of the city's population, yet there is quite as much reason and justice in a demand for special and exclusive distributing centers for the Hebrews, who form a considerable portion of New York's population, as for the Roman Catholics.



For Memorial Day last year coast towns of California instituted a unique and beautiful form of paying tribute to the sailor-soldiers, whose unknown graves are in the sea. The schools took active interest, and bands of children marched to bluff or wharf or water's edge and cast their flowers on the face of the ocean, their voices blending in patriotic song with the murmur of the waves. The idea met with acknowledgment from the White House, and with sincere approval by Admiral Sampson, Admiral Schley, Secretary Long, and other naval officials.



A little more than a year ago the American Ornithologists' Union named a special committee to devise means to keep sea birds out of the hands of milliners. An appeal for funds brought in enough money to secure competent wardens for the protection of all the colonies still left on the Atlantic coast from Cape Charles, Virginia, to Maine. A new federal law now makes it a punishable offense to export from a state any birds or animals unlawfully killed therein, or to receive such birds or animals in any other state. This law, which is being properly enforced by the Department of Agriculture, is prompting common carriers to refuse to transport birds and animals. Finally, the American Ornithologists' Union is meeting

with success in its attempts to persuade state legislatures to enact satisfactory bird laws.

This excellent record of deeds done has encouraged the union to make a second urgent appeal for funds. Money given will be used to extend the work to the South Atlantic and Gulf coasts, where there is even greater need of bird protection than in the north. Mr. William Dutcher, of 525 Manhattan avenue, New York City, is treasurer of the fund. The practical reasons for preserving sea birds are that they are beautiful, and that they are economically valuable, being incalculably serviceable as scavengers and as guides to fishermen and mariners.



With the close of the study courses which have been appearing in this magazine for the current nine months, it is interesting to recall the fact that members of the faculties of seventeen leading institutions of learning have been numbered among CHAUTAUQUAN contributors. To enumerate:

Adelphi,	Wm. C. Lawton.
Allegheny,	W. A. Elliott.
Amherst,	Edwin A. Grosvenor.
American School of Classical Studies at Athens,	Rufus B. Richardson.
Brown,	J. Irving Manatt.
Case School,	Walter T. Peirce.
Cornell,	J. R. Sitlington Sterrett.
Columbia,	Wm. P. Trent.
Garrett Biblical Institute,	Charles M. Stuart.
Harvard,	T. N. Carver.
McCormack Theological Seminary,	George L. Robinson.
Oberlin	Adelia A. Field Johnston.
Princeton,	John Finley.
Tufts,	Edwin A. Start.
University of the South,	Benjamin W. Wells.
University of Virginia,	James A. Harrison.
Western Reserve,	Pres. Chas. F. Thwing.
	F. M. Warren,
	H. N. Fowler,
	J. W. Perrin.



The author of "The Human Nature Club," the fourth "Required Book" in the C. L. S. C. course this year, is Dr. Edward L. Thorndike, instructor in genetic psychology at the Teachers College, Columbia University, New York. Dr. Thorndike graduated from Wesleyan University in 1895, spent the two following years at Harvard University, was university fellow in psychology at Columbia University in 1897-98, and received the degree of Ph.D. in psychology from Columbia University in 1898. He has published various researches in the field of animal psychology and educational psychology, and is assistant editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, and lecturer on psychology at the Woods Hole Marine Biological Laboratory.



DINING WITH THE PRESIDENT.

— Cleveland Plain Dealer.

INTEROCEANIC WATERWAYS.

BY GEORGE B. WALDRON.

LESS than forty miles of land divides the world's two biggest oceans in the western hemisphere; yet, after four hundred years of discovery, settlement, and development, the barrier remains as stubborn as ever. Ships that ply between our eastern and western shores must make the journey of half a hemisphere around stormy Cape Horn, or take the longer course through the Suez canal. In the meantime, our nation has taken first rank in wealth, trade, and power among the world's forces.

The easy western water route to the Indies, sought by Columbus, is yet to be laid open. Balboa, as he stood on the mountain heights overlooking the Pacific, thought that he was on the brink of the discovery. Hendrik Hudson, a century later, sailed up the river that bears his name, and believed that the secret was his. But the time-lock for the opening of the Pacific treasure-house was not set for the fifteenth century, nor even for the nineteenth. May it not be set for the new century?

The proposal to pierce the isthmus was made as early as 1520 by Angel Saavedra. After Cortez had marched his army into Old Mexico, and after he stood in the halls of the Montezumas, he, too, thought to open an easier way to the Pacific. He ordered a survey of the route across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Then for three centuries the project slumbered, until in 1814 the Spanish

Cortes ordered the viceroy of New Spain to undertake the cutting of the same isthmus. But the wars of Spanish-American independence intervened, and Spain, shorn of her sovereignty in these colonies, lost also her opportunity to connect the oceans.

Three routes in general have been proposed for canals from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The first is across the Isthmus of Darien at its narrowest point—the famous Panama route. Another takes advantage of the mighty inland lake of Nicaragua and its tributary rivers. The third is through Mexican territory, across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The Tehuantepec route is not at present a live issue. Twenty years ago it was revived by the daring proposition of James B. Eads, the famous American engineer, whose jetties on the Mississippi yet stand as a monument to his genius. Mr. Eads's proposition was to build a railroad across the isthmus from ocean to ocean over which the largest vessels could be bodily transported. This plan is not wholly a dream, for just such ship railroads, on a smaller scale, are already in operation.

Mr. Eads's road was to run from Salina Cruz, on the Pacific, almost due north 154 miles to Barra, on the Gulf of Mexico, the maximum height above the sea level being 755 feet. It was to be composed of four parallel tracks. The ship, resting on a cradle placed in position while it floated in the harbor, would be drawn along the track

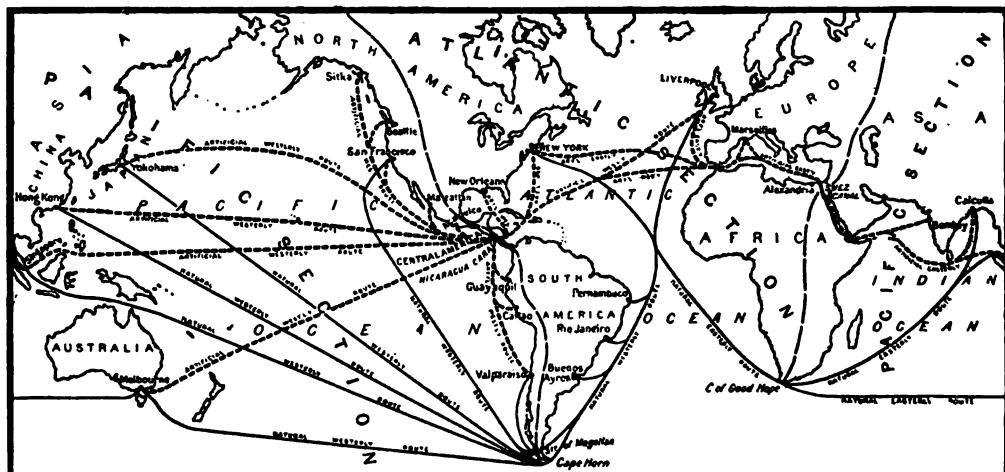


CHART SHOWING NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL ROUTES OF CANAL TRADE.

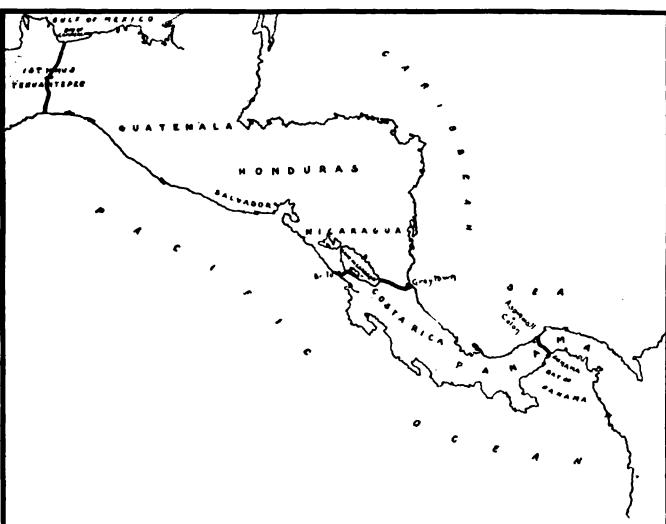
(Reproduced, by permission, from "The Nicaragua Canal and the Monroe Doctrine," by L. M. Keasbey, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

by four engines, each on its own track. Eads estimated the cost of such a ship railroad at less than nineteen million dollars. The Mexican government granted him a concession for fourteen years, from May 6, 1881, and the entire strength of his genius was devoted to the perfecting of the details of his plans. He labored for eight years, when death cut short his work, and the project has never been revived. It is interesting to note, however, that the Mexican government has since run a railroad of the ordinary type over nearly this same route. This road was poorly built and badly equipped; so a few months ago it was turned over to Pearson & Co. of London, a famous contracting firm which is spending immense sums on the road and terminal harbors.

When gold was discovered in California in 1849, one of the first problems raised was that of quick transportation to the Pacific coast. Again the interoceanic canal question became a popular issue. But even at that early day the railroad had demonstrated its peculiar fitness as a pioneer. A route for a railroad was laid across the Isthmus of Darien, and American capital poured in to build the road. Dangers from climate, forest, and precipice needed to be overcome. It was said that a Chinaman was buried with the laying of every tie. American pluck triumphed, and in 1855, for the first time in history, trains were running from ocean to ocean.

But the canal project would not down. It was a favorite topic of the magazine. It often came before learned bodies. In 1875 it was brought up for formal discussion before the Congrès des Sciences Géographiques at Paris. Exploration followed, and in 1878 the Colombian government granted the "Civil International Interoceanic Canal Society" the exclusive privilege of building the canal through Colombian territory. The eyes of France naturally turned toward M. de Lesseps. To him belonged the glory of cutting apart the eastern continents with the Suez canal. What more appropriate than that he should round out his career with a similar achievement in the western hemisphere?

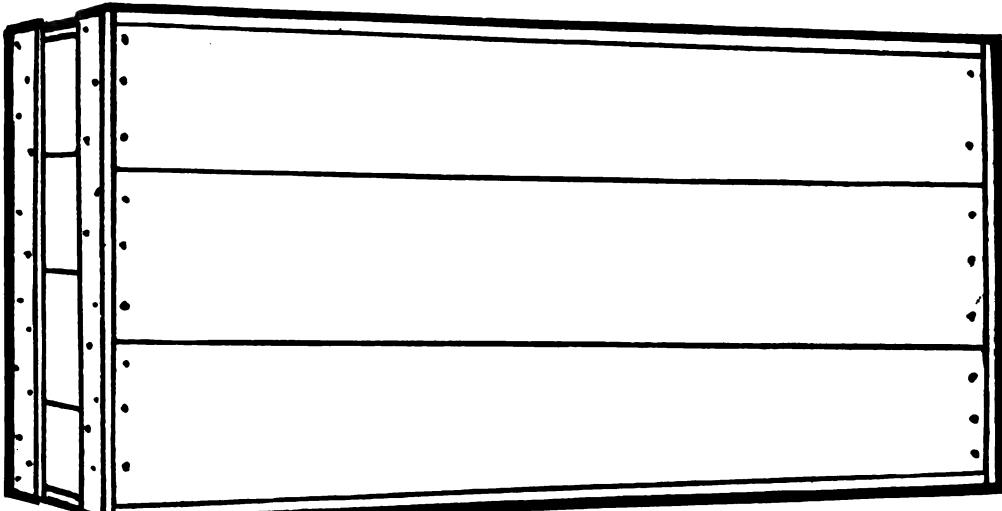
De Lesseps himself visited Panama. Congresses were called, and the wisest men of France consulted. De Lesseps came to the conclusion that six hundred million francs (\$116,000,000) would suffice to build the canal, and the "Company of the Interoceanic Canal of Panama" was formed in 1880 to do the work. De Lesseps called for subscriptions of 590,000,000 francs capital stock. So potent was the magic of his name, so fully did France believe in the success of the enterprise, that the entire amount was subscribed twice over. More than a hundred thousand people, of whom sixteen thousand were women, put their hard-earned francs



MAP SHOWING THE PANAMA, NICARAGUA AND TEHUANTEPEC ROUTES.

into De Lesseps's hands. The first ground was broken in 1881, and for six years thereafter the work was prosecuted to the satisfaction of the hundred thousand stockholders.

The first plans of De Lesseps were for a sea-level canal across the isthmus. But the expense of digging was found far too high, and M. Eiffel, a noted engineer, was called in to design a series of locks. This was the first cloud on the horizon of the confiding stockholders. If their idol could be mistaken in one essential point might he not be in others? In March, 1889, the blow fell. Work was stopped on the canal for lack of funds. Six hundred million francs had been swallowed up, and the canal was yet far from completed. When the books were opened to public scrutiny, little more than half the funds could be accounted for in work actually done on the canal. The awful scandal that followed is a matter of recent history. With De Lesseps fell not only those immediatel-



Atlantic and Gulf Ports, \$1,939,000,000.



Pacific Ports, \$132,000,000.

EXPORT AND IMPORT TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1900 ON THE TWO OCEANS.

(These drawings of two boxes of goods represent, on the basis of linear measurement only, the difference between trade on the Atlantic and on the Pacific.)

connected with the company, but officers of the French government and members of the Chamber of Deputies. Not until six years ago was the work again resumed, and then under different auspices.

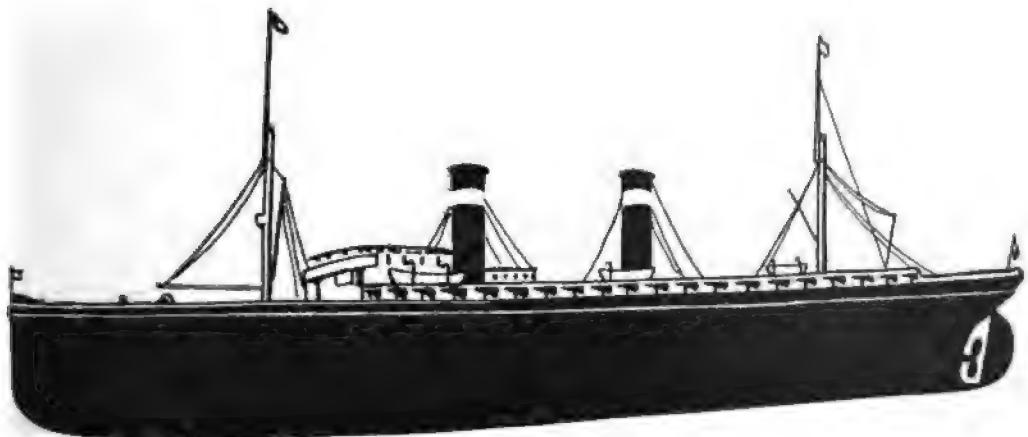
The Nicaragua canal project has been practically American from the first. An American company sent Col. O. M. Childs to make a reconnaissance in 1850. Later the United States government took up the work, and a party was despatched under Commander Lull, U. S. N., in 1872, to examine the Childs route. In 1880 and 1885, A. G. Menocal of the United States Navy, who was with Commander Lull, headed other government expeditions. The Maritime Canal Company was organized in 1889, and obtained a concession for ten years from the Nicaraguan government. Extensive surveys were undertaken and the company was ready to begin excavation when the panic of 1893 compelled the suspension of operations. Since that time the chief endeavors seem to have been to interest the government in the project. In March, 1899, congress authorized a commission of army, naval, and civilian experts to make a thorough investigation of all the routes across the isthmus, and appropriated a million dollars for their expenses.

Without going into details, some comparisons of the rival Panama and Nicaraguan routes are in order. From ocean to ocean the Panama route is $46\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the Nicara-

74. But the Nicaraguan canal would

encounter 42 miles of clear navigation through Nicaragua lake, thus materially diminishing the apparent inequality of length. It is also proposed to extend the lake level east and west by high dams so as to make that section about 149 miles out of the total of 174. The highest Panama level above the sea is 98 feet, corresponding with 110 feet as the maximum of the other route. The elevation in each canal would be made with three locks on the Atlantic side and a corresponding number on the Pacific side. The estimated time for passing through the Nicaragua canal is thirty hours, against only twelve hours by the shorter Panama route, a serious handicap for the northern rival.

The Panama canal, notwithstanding the enormous waste of capital, has had millions of dollars expended upon it for actual excavation. The work even now is being prosecuted with vigor, and from three thousand to four thousand men are employed upon it. Yet it is estimated that from fifty-five to one hundred and fifty million dollars more must be expended before its completion. And even then there are those who question whether the upper canal will have sufficient water to admit of navigation at all seasons of the year. The Nicaragua canal is practically yet to be begun. Enormous dams must be built and provisions made for a rainfall that often reaches three hundred inches a year, six to eight times the average fall in the North Atlantic States. There is also



THIRTY YEARS OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

1870 — 437,000 Tons.

(These drawings represent the increased tonnage, on the basis of linear measurement only.)

the handicap of poor harbors at the terminals. The Greytown harbor, particularly, will require many millions to make it safe for shipping. The estimate of the present Isthmian Canal Commission is \$200,000,000 for a canal thirty-five feet deep, with a bottom width of one hundred and fifty feet.

Granted the solving of the engineering and financial problems, and granted a completed canal from ocean to ocean, what would be accomplished for the world's commerce? Naturally we turn for suggestion toward the canal that serves a like purpose for the eastern hemisphere. After ten years of building, a monument to the genius of De Lesseps and his associates, the Suez canal was ready for traffic November 17, 1869. It is 99 miles long, with a minimum channel depth of 26 feet. For 77 miles its width is 327 feet, narrowed to 196 feet for the remaining 22 miles. It furnishes a waterway from ocean to ocean without lock or other obstructions, save only those due to shallowness and comparative narrowness of channel. Twenty hours are required to make the journey, little enough when one considers the much longer time required to make the journey by the Cape of Good Hope. The original cost was about \$80,000,000 and some \$30,000,000 more has been spent from the revenues in making enlargements and improvements. The face value of the capital and bonds now outstanding is \$90,000,000. About \$9,000,000 a year is distributed in profits, and the stock is quoted at four times its face value. And this in only thirty years. Disraeli did one of the best things in his career when in 1875 he acquired a

controlling interest in the canal for the British government. The traffic by way of the Cape of Good Hope in 1869, the year the canal was opened, was three and a half million tons. Curiously enough, with all the advantages the canal offers, that traffic today more than holds its own, amounting to three and three-quarter million tons. But note the growth in the Suez traffic. During 1870, the first full year after the opening of the waterway, 486 vessels passed through, and their net capacity was 437,000 tons. Now, more than 3,500 ships make the passage, with a net capacity of about 10,000,000 tons. The traffic has multiplied nearly twenty-five fold in thirty years. Ten years ago 77 per cent, or more than three-quarters of the tonnage, was British. Even today 68 per cent of the traffic is in British ships.

Enthusiastic advocates of the American canal see an equally brilliant future for their project. They claim that the canal will be self-supporting from the first, and that shortly it will pay large returns upon its cost. But they seem to overlook some offsetting facts. The Suez canal is practically without railroad competition, whereas the railroad has come first in America. Eight transcontinental routes are already in operation on this continent, and several more are being rapidly pushed to completion. Where speed is the prime requisite, the railroads easily outclass the swiftest steamers. Even on lower grade goods the railroads are able to offer rates astonishingly low.

Then, too, the Suez canal itself will be an important rival. European trade with the Orient will scarcely leave its present route

through the Suez for the longer one through the Americas. Even New York will be no nearer Manila than it is now by the Suez. The old Panama Canal Company, which could never be accused of claiming less for its imagination would warrant, estimated a traffic of 10,000,000 tons before the close of 1900. At \$1.70 a ton (the present Suez rate) the gross receipts would be \$17,000,000. Even with \$3,000,000 expenses, this would have left \$14,000,000 to distribute to the stockholders, or over twelve per cent on the original 600,000,000 francs stock. More conservative estimates put the tonnage at from 3,000,000 to 7,000,000 tons for the first few years after the completion of the canal, making it doubtful if much would be left for distribution to the stockholders at the beginning. From this latter point of view it is little wonder that American capitalists have hesitated at putting private means into the enterprise, and that the government is so strongly urged to take up the work.

The American people do not need to be reminded of the notable journey of the battleship *Oregon*. It emphasizes the wide separation of the two halves of our coast line. New York and San Francisco are nearly fifteen thousand miles apart by the shortest water route, that around Cape Horn. Cut the isthmus, and 10,000 miles would be saved. New Orleans, our chief city of the gulf, is equally far removed, fifteen thousand miles from San Francisco by Cape Horn, of which eleven thousand miles would be saved by going through the isthmus. England, by the use of the Suez canal, has the advantage over New York City by about 2,700 miles for China, Japan, and Australia. The new canal would bring New York only a thousand miles farther than Liverpool from Hongkong and Central China. It would bring New York nearer to North China, Korea, and Japan by 1,200 to 1,900 miles, nearer to the western coast of South America by 2,700 miles, nearer Melbourne by 1,300 miles, and over 3,000 miles nearer New Zealand. New Orleans and gulf ports would have an advantage still better than New York for these points by from 700 to 1,000 miles.

The chief advantages of an isthmian canal are, therefore, American. For traffic between the eastern and western parts of our country, between the Atlantic and Pacific ports of South America, and between the

Atlantic and the South Pacific, the beginning.

savings would be extreme. Europe would need the shorter route for American Pacific points, and would find it helpful in North China and Japan. But the United States, of all countries, would derive the largest advantage than the utmost stretch of gains. We are rapidly coming out of the elementary stage of foreign trade wherein our exports were chiefly raw materials. Our exports of manufactured articles have grown from only \$40,000,000 in 1860, to \$432,000,000 in 1900, a gain of more than tenfold, or three times as rapid as the increase in export of raw materials. In general, the world's international trade is the exchange of manufactured goods of the older countries for the raw materials of the newer, or else the exchange of specialized manufactured articles between the older countries. Raw materials, as a rule, do not exchange against raw materials. This accounts for the smallness of the trade between the Pacific ports of North and South America. Both are in the raw material stage, and both need the manufactures of the east. We sent nearly \$94,000,000 worth of goods to South America last year, but only \$11,000,000 of this to the Pacific countries. Think what the change must be when the canal gives us the practical monopoly of those markets! Eastern South America is almost as near to Europe as to New York. But western South America, with the canal, is our own peculiar territory.

Japan needs our southern cotton. The isthmian canal would bring New Orleans six thousand miles nearer that expanding market. California would no longer send her wheat around the Horn, but would have a European market nearer by eight thousand miles. Much of her fruit would also be forwarded by the same route. The state of Washington has 175,000,000,000 feet of yellow and red fir yet uncut. Oregon has 25,000 square miles of timber land, and the canal would place these forests 10,000 miles nearer the Atlantic. The manufacturers of the Atlantic and gulf states would have a water route that would bring them 10,000 miles nearer China, Japan, and the Pacific islands. Much of this trade would continue to go across the continent by rail. But the more bulky goods must find a cheap water route.

The advantages of the American canal are not to be measured by the savings now possible. Clear-headed prophets are looking forward through the new century for vast commercial operations of which the present aggregate, wonderful as it is, is but the beginning. If this country can multiply its

trade fifteen-fold in a hundred years, what will the end of another century disclose? The new canal is to be built, not for a decade, nor even for a century, but is to be a perpetual waterway between the world's two mightiest oceans.

In the westward course of empire the Pacific has become the new theater in the struggle for the world's commercial supremacy. Today less than a tenth of the world's commerce is carried upon its waters. When China awakens, even as has Japan, when the Philippines begin to develop a tithe of their hidden wealth under the fostering influences of American leadership, when the Austral-

asian confederacy shall have conquered the Southwestern Continent, when our own empire beyond the Rocky mountains shall have attained some measure of its coming greatness, who can estimate the number of freighted ships that shall then traverse the Pacific? And this nation, which led the way in the first steps of the New World development, shall continue to hold the chief place in the succeeding stages. "Oceans do not divide continents, they connect them." A continent today divides the two oceans. The severing of that land barrier, which would complete the equatorial water belt around the world, would accomplish its full share in working out the results.

GREEK WOMEN IN MODERN LITERATURE AND ART.

BY H. A. HARING.

GREEK history and literature have fundamentally influenced and shaped subsequent life and thought. Greek art, in current opinion, far surpasses in conception and execution all other art the world has produced. One is, therefore, not surprised to find that much modern literature and art is based on Greek ideals. Aside from direct influences which may be traced, literature and art abound in references and allusions to Greek life, thought, and heroes—whether mythical or historical. Although women played comparatively an insignificant part in Greek civilization, it is by no means an insignificant place which the women of Greece fill in modern literature and art.

That Greek women were beautiful, and that their beauty was highly appreciated, there can be no doubt.

Inasmuch as the Greek mind loved symmetry, form and beauty of person, especially

when combined with strength and activity, made a powerful appeal to the senses. Greek art was accordingly based on similar principles. The Greek woman was much in the open air, always finding active employment, never allowing time to become a burden. Her strength and freshness of body produced a sweetness of temper and soundness of mind which serve as a charming background for literary or artistic treatment. Not a vicious woman appears in either "Iliad" or "Odyssey." "Hellas," the later name for Greece itself, was originally applied to one section of the country as an epithet for "land of the beautiful women," beautiful both in physical and personal elements.

Alcestis, the loving wife who with generous self-devotion professed herself for the restored health of Admetus, becomes the theme of Milton's sonnet on his "Deceased Wife." Robert



From the painting by H. Treubendorff.

ARIADNE.



From the painting by Briton Rivière.

CIRCE AND THE FRIENDS OF ULYSSES.

Browning attempted in his "Balaustion's Adventure" to make a paraphrase of the "Alcestis" of Euripides, but while he maintains the classical spirit, in execution this is one of the sweetest original poems of modern times. William Morris has written a poem on "The Love of Alcestis," Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans on "The Death Song of Alcestis," W. S. Landor on "Hercules, Pluto, Admetus, and Alcestis," while F. T. Palgrave and W. M. W. Call have poems on "Alcestis."

Forlorn Ariadne appears repeatedly in literature, either as the tragic center of the Theseus incident or in the phase of her goddess-existence after her marriage to Bacchus. Mrs. Browning has written a "Paraphrase on Nonnus (Bacchus and Ariadne)," and of other poems there are a number, of which we may mention Frederick Tennyson's "Ariadne" in "Daphne and Other Poems," R. S. Ross's "Ariadne in Naxos," and Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ariadne's Farewell." Titian, Tintoretto, and Tschendorff each have given us a painting of the maiden, the former two entitling theirs "Bacchus and Ariadne." Owned privately in Elmira, New York, is a "Bacchus and Ariadne," with a seaport scene, in the foreground of which is the maid, her attention arrested by Bacchus, who is appearing cautiously from behind a tree.

This last painting has also been called "Ulysses and Nausicaa." The theme is said to be taken from the story of Ulysses being awakened by the princess and her maidens playing at ball, he in turn surprising

them, as told by Homer. It will be seen that either of these two titles is a possible one. Mr. E. J. Poynter painted "Nausicaa and Her Maidens" for Lord Wharncliffe, portraying the ball game on the green near the seashore, the story which immediately precedes the wakening of Ulysses. Mr. Poynter's painting of this subject is one of a series of four productions executed for Lord Wharncliffe, each illustrating a story of Greek women. The other three are taken from the Venus myths. They are "Venus and Esculapius," "Psyche," and "Atalanta's Race," wherein the wise Hippomenes won the race, and his bride, by tempting her



From the painting by Titian.

SLEEPING VENUS.

to stoop for the golden apples that he dropped while running.

Circe, the sorceress, has been painted by Dossi, Rivière, and Guercino, each picturing her with her wand, vase, book of cabalistic

characters, and her swine. In one of them, called "Circe and the Companions of Ulysses," she is calmly contemplating the pigs wallowing before her in vain attempts to reach her platform. Shakespeare often mentions Circe and her charms; Matthew Arnold has written of her in his "The Strayed Reveller," D. G. Rosetti in "The Wine of Circe," and J. G. Saxe in "The Spell of Circe."

In his translation of Theocritus, Andrew Lang tells of "Helen of Troy" at length and in a most interesting manner; W. S. Landor has given us "Menelaus and Helen"; and G. P. Lathrop in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1873, has a beautiful poem on "Helen at the Loom," presenting the ever attractive picture of Greek life, however wealthy, in which woman bears an active, and not a passive, share. "Helen of Troy" forms also the subject of a very well-known painting by Sir Frederick Leighton; "Paris and Helen" is treated by Louis David, famous for his paintings of Napoleon; and Rubens has given the world "The Judgment of Paris." In crayon we have also Rosetti's "Helen." Both Guido and Gazzoli have painted "Paris and Helen," centering their interest in the stealing by Paris. These two are much copied as panels or covers on boxes which are intended for wedding gifts. "Penelope," faithful wife of Ulysses, was one of the last of G. F. Marchal's paintings before he became blind, ranking also among his best. Other artists have used for subject the weaving and undoing of the robe, never finished, for her father-in-law, Laertes. We have also poems on "Penelope" by E. C. Stedman, R. Buchanan, and W. S. Landor.

Orpheus, son of Apollo and Calliope, was the most famous of musicians. Not only mortals, but even wild beasts, were softened by his charms. By them was won Eurydice, whom he married, shortly to lose her by the bite of a serpent. To recover her from death, Orpheus, with his lyre, visited Hades, singing a petition for the return of his wife.

Max Müller gives an interesting explanation of the loss of Eurydice as a myth to describe the "flush of dawn who has been stung by the serpent of night" and thus compelled to go into the lower regions of darkness ("Chips from a German Workshop," Vol. II., Chap. XVI.) Curtin's "Myths and Folk-lore of Ireland" gives an Irish tale called "The Three Daughters of King O'Hara," in which are reversed the

relations of Orpheus and Eurydice. In poetry, Eurydice, either with or without Orpheus, is variously presented. Wordsworth in "The Power of Music," Browning in "Eurydice and Orpheus," William Morris in "Orpheus and the Sirens," Lowell in "Eurydice," E. W. Gosse in "The Waking of Eurydice," R. Buchanan in "Orpheus the Musician," and J. G. Saxe in "Travesty of Orpheus and Eurydice," all tell this sweet



From the painting by Robert Beyschlag.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

and sad story. In art the best-known paintings are those by George F. Watts, Sir F. Leighton, Robert Beyschlag, and E. Burne-Jones. Burne-Jones gives "The Story of Orpheus" in a series of ten paintings. One of the most beautiful expressions of the Orpheus myth in Greek art is the famous relief in the Naples museum which shows Hermes, the guide of departed spirits, gently drawing Eurydice away from her husband in order that he might conduct her to Hades.

Niobe, mother of seven sons and seven daughters, boasted of their superiority so

vauntingly as to arouse the anger of the gods. One after another they were struck down by death, in one day, and as an object-lesson the mother was changed to stone as she wept. Yet tears continued to flow, making her a mass of rock whence flows an ever-trickling stream. Niobe was a favorite subject with ancient sculptors, but does not

As such a conception, all literature is filled with references to her. In many poems her praise is sung: of them we may speak of B. W. Proctor's "The Worship of Dian," E. W. Gosse's "The Praise of Artemis," Wordsworth's "To Lycoris," and Lewis Morris's "Artemis," in "The Epic of Hades." Although in modern art the results are inferior to ancient, one of Titian's canvases, "Diana and Actaeon," sold some time since for twelve thousand dollars. In this, Diana and her nymphs are surprised by Actaeon in the wood. Hans Makart's "Diana's Hunting Party," owned privately in Irvington, New York, has attracted a great deal of attention in America.

In the "Iliad," Diana passes as the mother of Venus, but more commonly the story is that Venus "rose from the foam of the sea," and is therefore known as "Aphrodite," *the foam-born*. A grand chorus to Aphrodite will be found in Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon." In his "Epic of Hades," already referred to, Morris tells of "Aphrodite"; and in "The New Symbols," by Thos. G. Hake, is a poem called "The Birth of Venus." Titian's "Sleeping Venus" is possibly the most famous modern painting of the subject, although he has five others that are well known; Bouguereau's "Birth of Venus," and Veronese's "Venus with Satyr and Cupid" are also famous.



From the painting by Sir Frederick Leighton.

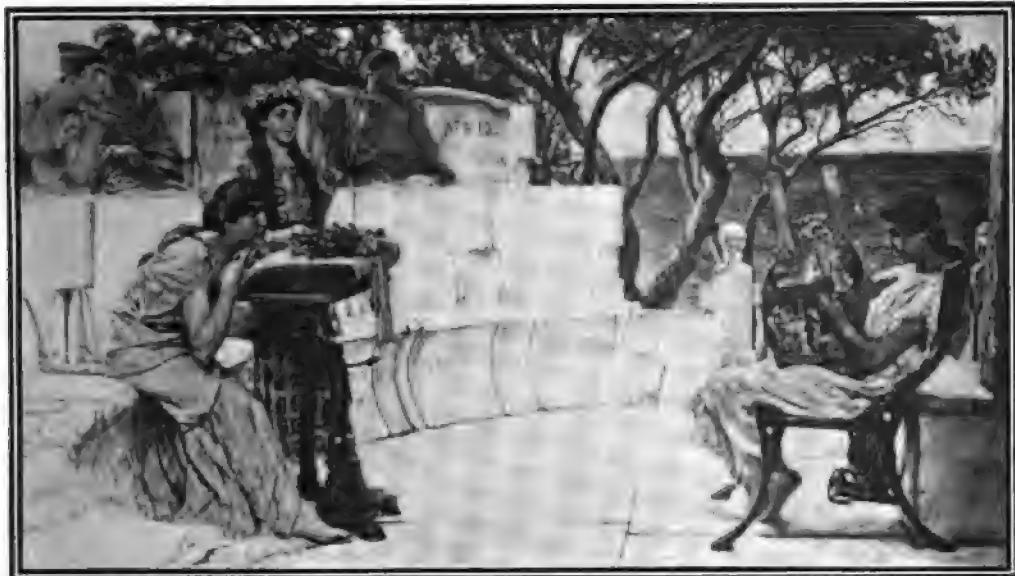
HELEN OF TROY.

appear worthily in modern art. Lewis Morris in his "Songs Unsung" has a poem, "Niobe on Sipylus"; W. S. Landor and Frederick Tennyson also have poems on "Niobe."

No more popular study in ancient art is found than Diana, the virgin goddess, ideal of maidenly grace and vigor. The huntress, who was at the same time guardian of wild beasts, accompanied by her nymphs and hind, was in the mind of the peasant the sunlight that blessed meadows and fields.

In sculpture Thorwaldsen's "Venus with the Apple," and "Venus and Cupid," are known the world over.

One American artist has used this character for a painting, owned in Boston, in which Venus stands on a shell while being drawn over the sea by doves. Some idea of the great number of attempts to portray Venus may be gathered from the statement that of "Venus Anadyomene" (the birth of Venus, as she rises from the sea) there are fourteen good paintings, not



From the painting by L. Alma-Tadema.

SAPPHO.

to refer to many worthless representations. Of Venus and Adonis we have paintings by Van Dyck, Guercino, Titian, three by Rubens (of which one sold for thirty-six thousand dollars) and some eighteen other masters. Thirty-four men have painted "Venus and Cupid." It is therefore clear that all phases of the life of this goddess and the numberless myths connected with her have furnished artists with subjects.

The greatest of Greek women, as a writer, was the poet Sappho. Of her writings only fragments remain, but they establish her

failing to receive a return of affection, she threw herself from a promontory into the sea, moved by the superstition that all who took this "lover's leap" would, if not destroyed, be cured of their love. The story is told in verse by Charles Kingsley in "Sappho," by Buchanan in "Sappho on the Leucadian Rock," by Frederick Tennyson in "Kleïs, or the Return," and also in Lyly's amusing prose drama called "Sappho and Phao."

Numberless are the paintings, one of them being especially interesting to Americans for the reason that it is from the brush of Alma-Tadema, and is owned in Baltimore. In this, Sappho on a portico listens to Alceæus, who is seated before her with his lyre.

It is interesting to contrast the various representations of these old myths as they have found expression in painting or sculpture. The Greek relief of Orpheus, as already described, represents a material Hermes about to lead Eurydice back to Hades, though she is still to all appearance a mortal and fitted for the life of the upper world. But in the beautiful painting by Watts, shown in the frontispiece, the same supreme moment in the life of Orpheus is differently portrayed. In this case we are made to feel the mysterious spiritual force of the underworld as Orpheus, turning to grasp his prize, finds her no longer a mortal but an ethereal, shadowy form vanishing from his sight even while he looks upon her.



From a relief by Bertel Thorvaldsen.

VENUS AND CUPID.

claim to eminent poetical genius. Passionately in love with a youth named Phaon, and

INTERNATIONAL JUBILEE OF THE Y. M. C. A.

BY E. M. CAMP.

NEW things in the religious world, not new doctrinal but new economic and methodical things, have to run the gauntlet of far more criticism and scrutiny that are generally tempered with far less charity, than do new things in the worlds of education, politics, or business. The clergyman who made the address at the laying of the corner-stone of the first cathedral to be built in the United States, pitched his address in the minor key, and concluded when he had given half a dozen proofs that a cathedral did no great harm. Some laymen who are trying to plant churches in new parts of New York City find seventy-five per cent of their difficulties and obstacles to come from ministers in their own religious body. Young people's organizations within the churches, which have revolutionized methods of church work, abolished the over-heated revival, substituted personal influence, Christian comradeship, and educational growth, resulting in this present year in what is proving the largest accessions to the churches in two decades, have been kept in existence only by leaders in them devoting a very considerable part of their time and energies to the task of showing why they ought to be permitted to exist.



CHARLES FERMAUD.

General Secretary of the World
Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Associations in the United States and Canada are outgrowths of the London society of the same name founded



RICHARD C. MORSE.

General Secretary International
Committee of North America.

is not needful to state here the objects or the character of this jubilee. Of course England and the rest of the world will be represented. The Pierpont Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Dodges, and other men with hard business heads and large impressionable hearts, have been giving money liberally of late to Association purposes. True, this is in part due to the fact that modern religious organizations have developed a new occupation. These big gifts, which the newspapers announce,

are the result of personal work by some wonderfully clever men. The International Young Men's Christian Association Com-



SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS.

Founder of the first Y. M.
C. A.

in 1844. The first local organizations were effected in Montreal and Boston in 1851, and the first delegate organization was perfected in Buffalo in 1854. The Association name and idea are English; their adaptation and the major part of their development, American. The subject of perhaps more adverse criticism than any other modern organization, many clergymen still seeming to pride themselves on their hostility, no organization of Christian men has better demonstrated its timeliness, its efficiency, and its capacity to reach and teach that most subtle of all church "problems," the well-fed and well-bred young man.

There is to be held in Boston this month (June 11-16) a Jubilee Convention. Young Men's Christian Associations are half a century old. It

mittee requires for its work something more than \$100,000 a year. An endowment of \$1,000,000 was proposed for its support, but it is understood that only about half that sum will be reported at Boston, presumably because these trained money-raisers regard the other half as a deferred task.

Associations have, as is well known, many divisions of work. There is the effort to reach the young man by interesting him in physical culture. A few years since physical directors were not always Christian men. Now all are. There is the vast student work in this and many lands. Some of it is for undergraduates—young men about whom half the mothers worry, and perhaps the other half ought to, if worrying did any good. Some of it is for more mature students. The problem of foreign missions used to be to get into foreign countries. That was solved by diplomacy. The next problem was to get missionaries. That was solved by education and prayer, a large part of which the Association afforded and inspired. The third is money, and that is solving itself, and its solution will be as clear as former solutions have been. There is the railroad work, to describe which a whole article would be needed. A young man secured appointment as Pullman conductor. At both ends of his route he fared badly for quarters, and at one end, where he was compelled to retain custody of company money, he slept little in an insecure hotel room, all he could afford. Soon he discovered that other conductors belonged to the Association Railroad Branch. He became a member and his condition changed for the better immensely.

Asked if the educational work of the Association had any features in common with Chautauqua work Mr. George B. Hodge, one of the secretaries in charge, replied that it had not. He wishes the Association could have a reading course, and the other Chautauqua educational features. He thinks highly of Chautauqua and of its methods. "We may sometime adopt these methods in part, or seek closer identification with Chautauqua. But our emphasis is upon class work, and we are compelled to confine ourselves to commercial and industrial lines. Young men who are attracted to us want instruction which they can at once turn into profit. Therefore we can find opportunity to teach little history and literature. The quality of our work is being steadily raised by rigid annual examinations."

The army and navy work, growing out of

the late Spanish war, is developing along special lines. There are being provided Association buildings by money furnished through a Woman's Auxiliary, and the aim is to provide all army posts and naval stations with them. A Temperance League exists, and so do many Associations on board men-of-war. There is under construction at the New York Navy-Yard a Sailors' Home, at a cost of \$400,000. It is an Association building specially adapted to the needs and the fancies of Jack ashore.

Figures tell a good deal, and they are worth listening to on half century occasions. In round numbers there are 260,000 members of Associations in the United States and Canada. The property held, clear of encumbrance, is \$20,250,000. In libraries there are 490,000 volumes. Half a million young men annually are attending Bible classes, and two and a half million are attending religious meetings. In the Army and Navy department, Army section alone, 150,000 men a year are attending religious meetings. There are over 600 local Associations classed as being in cities, with a membership exceeding 180,000 in all of them. Using physical apparatus are 75,000 men, and in educational classes are 25,000 students. Every railroad center of importance in the United States and Canada has its Association, and to railroad Association religious meetings more than 250,000 men a year go.

A weak spot in the work is found in the small villages. Here the Association has in part failed. Economic reasons account for it. In cities sufficiently large to command running expenses from income from dues, from restaurant, from educational classes, after public philanthropy has provided a plant, the problem is comparatively simple. But in villages where such support cannot be commanded, and philanthropy must be constantly drawn upon, failure has come almost invariably. The young people's societies in churches, of which the Association was the forerunner, and in a sense helped to make possible, have to some extent brought about these failures. The young men who might have supported Associations have been busy in the churches.

The contention of those who oppose Association work is that it comes in as a substitute for the church. Friends of the Association deny that it does so, and say it is a constituent part of the church of Christ. The former say, present the church, not an Association. The Associations say they do present the church in presenting the Asso-

CONVICTED—THE GOSPEL OF MEDITATION.

ciation, and that they bring young men into actual church membership. Here are some figures, taken from reports made to the International Committee, showing the total attendance at religious services during the year 1900, and the number from that attendance gotten into membership in some evangelical church. The cities were taken at random, and they cover New England, Middle, and Middle Western States:

Cairo, Ill., total attendance, 1,300, into church membership, 2; Canton, 2,783, 4; Chicago (Central), 49,046, 20; Chicago (Hyde Park), 2,291, 6; Chicago (West Side), 4,423, 15; Evansville, Ind., 4,300, 2; Cedar Falls, Iowa, 2,152, 7; Brockton, Mass., 9,195, 4; Cambridge, Mass., 4,900, 4; Malden, Mass., 3,294, 9; Saginaw, Mich., 900, 5; Duluth, Minn., 3,172, 3; Winona, Minn., 4,127, 10; Newark, N. J., 13,154, 24; Brooklyn (one of the suburban branches), 2,338, 12; New York (West Side), 32,723, 17; Rochester, 12,150, 8; Warren, Pa., 7,874, 17; Easton, Pa., 3,733, 5.

Many secretaries do not report numbers uniting with churches, but nothing appeared to show that had they done so the proportion would have been materially changed. Asked

concerning this matter, Mr. D. O. Shelton, International Committee secretary, said:

"The Young Men's Christian Association is an organic part of the church of Christ. It is related to the church as the arm is to the human body. It is a part of and is controlled by members of the church. It is, therefore, an organization not separate from the church, but the church itself, in an economic way at work for young men. Multitudes of men are living proofs of the statement of Bishop Potter that the Association bridges the chasm between vast masses of men and the church of Christ, and creates the means by which they may pass into the church. An almost unlimited number of examples might be cited to show the vast contribution the Association has made to the aggressive forces of the church. The ultimate object of all work carried on in the gymnasiums, libraries, educational classes, social gatherings, Bible classes, and religious meetings of the Association is the building up of a robust Christian manhood. In estimating the value of the Association's work to the churches, it must be borne in mind that it is not only redemptive; it is preventive and educational. Through all its activities, at railroad and college centers, in the army and navy, in cities and towns, and in its enlarging work among boys, runs one absorbing purpose: To cultivate Christian character of granitic strength. In the accomplishment of this high object it has ever sought to lead men to personal faith in Jesus Christ, and to train them for intelligent and effective Christian work in their churches and in their daily contact with their fellow men. It is significant that the warmest advocates of its work, and the most liberal contributors to its support, are the shrewd Christian business men of America who have been identified with its workings."

CONVICTED.

BY EDWIN L. SABIN.

"There is no God!" he, mocking, said. "Behold,
Honor have I, and happiness, and gold.
Abundantly from day to day I live.
What more, I ask you, has your God to give!"
And so he went his way—until that night
Which comes at last, when all our fancied might
From out our clutch like running water slips.
"Oh God!" he prayed, between his bloodless lips.

THE GOSPEL OF MEDITATION.

BY CLIFFORD LANIER.

Thou art considerate, O Solitude!
So truly bland thy welcome is for me
That on thy privacy I must intrude:
Why smilest thou on my poor company, —
Because thy cloisters oft my sweet joys be?
Yea, therein swarming fancies free do brood,
And images do people pleasantly
Arcadian forests. Ah! thy neighborhood
Brings magic balm to heal the ailing soul:
No sordid changer trades within thy court,
Nor sacrifice ungrateful therein brings.
Hushed voices thro thine aisles this message roll:—
"Whate'er is lovely, pure, of good report
And true, ye meek of heart, think on these things!"

BEES.

BY N. HUDSON MOORE.



OST people divide insects into two classes: harmful, those that sting; harmless, those that do not.

Because bees under provocation, as well as sometimes for mere spite, gratify themselves in this way, they come under the ban. Modern science reveals the bee in its structure to be one of the most beautiful and perfect organisms we may study, and one of our most necessary agents.

With the advent of sugar, honey became of less importance, but the bee, and its influence in making the barren plains to blossom, or orchards to wax fruitful, has never lost its great usefulness to man.

Bees belong to the same section of the animal kingdom as spiders, scorpions, centipedes, and insects, the Arthropoda. The insects form the largest division of this branch, and are distinguished as being air-breathing, having a distinct head, thorax, and abdomen; one pair of antennæ, three pairs of legs, and, in an adult state, one or two pairs of wings.

Let us say that insects form about four-fifths of the whole animal kingdom. About a quarter of a million have been named and described, not more than a tenth of those that actually exist. What possibilities still remain for the enterprising naturalist!

The bees belong to the order Hymenoptera or membranous-winged. The members of this order have four membranous wings, of which the hind pair is the smaller. The mouths are formed for biting and sucking, and the abdomen in the females is usually provided with a sting, a piercer or a saw. Roughly speaking, the Hymenoptera is still further divided into borers and stingers, and to the latter class, the *aculeata*, do our friends the bees belong. Bees are short-tongued and long-tongued. To the latter class, *apidae*, belong the honey-bees.

There are thousands of species of bees, and in this country you can study over fifty different kinds of bumblebees; they have the long tongues, but do not always store up honey. The bumbles you may always know by their gorgeous black and yellow fur coats; they are larger, too, than the hive bees, the aristocrats of their race.

Honey-bees were introduced into this country not long after the first settlement,

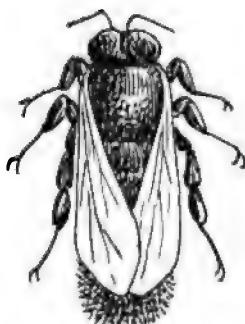
and went westward with the white man. By 1773 the honey-bee had become a permanent resident, and honey and beeswax were regular articles of barter near the coast; it was later before they reached the interior. In Kentucky bees were first noted in 1780, and west of the Mississippi in 1797.

In speaking of the bee it is difficult to know which end to approach first. While the tongue may leave the sweeter memories, the sting is bound to impress us in a more sprightly manner. The prodigality of nature, so often quoted, is nowhere more strikingly exemplified than in the bee, an insect barely an inch long, yet furnished with two implements, the most intricate, delicate, and accurate that can well be imagined.

The tongue is one of those rapidly working members, having such a darting quality that now you see it, and now you don't; so that it is well-nigh impossible to locate its exact position. With the closest scrutiny it becomes evident that the bee does not, like other creatures, house its tongue in its mouth, but neatly folds it back beneath its head. Bumblebees, when disturbed, have a way of threatening with their jaws, while the honey-bee has the more direct method of settling intruders with her sting.

The jaws of the bee are very creditable organs, and can give quite a formidable nip. Catch a bee in a net, and see how viciously it will bite at the meshes, working its jaws sideways instead of up and down. As we said before, the bee's tongue when not in use is neatly folded up and out of harm's way, but it may be let down at will by means of a hinge, and brought forward for action between the jaws.

We call this wonderful implement of the



DRONE.

(Twice life size.)



WORKER.

(Twice life size.)

bee a tongue, but in reality it is more than this, for the whole arrangement consists of two slender filaments, called maxillæ, the under lip, and the actual tongue. If a drop of honey lies near the surface of a flower, the slender, active tongue, darting out from the case formed by the maxillæ, licks it up with the same ease that a dog licks a plate. Should the tube of the flower be elongated, the bee has at command another length of tongue, which is shot out from within, and shuts up like a telescope when no longer wanted.

To appreciate fully this delicate organ you should watch the bee separate it into its component parts, and clean it out. The lengthening process of the proboscis, as the tongue and its allied parts are sometimes called, is accomplished by a series of springs and hinges. In addition to this telescoping power, the tongue is a hairy member, the hairs

lances after the puncture is made, and is pumped out of the poison-sac with great rapidity, the anger of the bee seeming to add venom to the harmless looking fluid. It is harmless only in appearance. It is composed of formic acid and an organic poison, and its virulence can be estimated when it is known that the poison of serpent or rabies may be taken into the stomach without producing death, while bee poison is as vicious there as if received through the blood.

Between the sting at one end and the tongue at the other, lies more complicated machinery, on which we cannot touch. The mechanism of the wings, the simple and perfect arrangement for holding them together, or the legs with their baskets, brushes, and combs, are worthy of separate treatment.

In every hive are three kinds of bees, one queen, a small number of drones — seldom

more than a hundred — and thirty or forty thousand workers. In the spring the tenants of the hive consist of the queen and a small number of workers that have survived the winter. With the spring days the queen begins to lay her eggs, first in the worker and later in the drone cells. The first brood of workers lives about six weeks. There are many vicissitudes to

which one of these bees is subject, the prowling bird, the flower with sticky pollen, or some fatal accident by which its fragile wings are split.

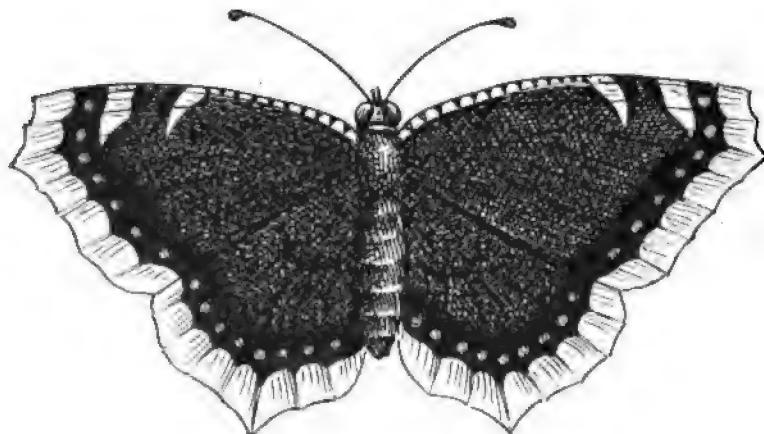
In early summer the workers build queen cells which are large, and are put on the edge of the comb. In them are reared and tended the queen larvæ. There is a marvelous provision for producing a new queen, should the old queen have taken her flight and the new queens be destroyed.

The workers take a worker egg less than three days old, place it in a queen cell, and feed it upon "royal jelly," and it becomes a queen, able to fulfil all her functions. This "royal jelly" is a product secreted by the worker bees in the glands of the head, and is fed to the queen during her whole larval state. The only males in the hive are the few drones. These are killed by the workers if food is scarce, and die anyway at the coming of winter.

arranged in rings, the longest ones toward the center. They assist in lifting in the nectar and in pumping it into the mouth; and from there it goes to the honey-sac.

Now to speak briefly of that other organ, the sting. 'Tis but a trifling thing, yet is capable of doing mischief out of all proportion to its size. It is situate, perhaps it is unnecessary to say, at the extreme end of the bee's abdomen. This abdomen is composed of rings horny in substance and having the telescoping quality that we noted in the tongue. The sting appears like a tiny dagger; but, like the tongue, it is composed of several parts. The outer sheath has a groove, and into this groove two lances,— each barbed with ten stout hook-like projections,— are fitted, and work up and down within it, never getting out of place, no matter how quickly they are darted.

The poison is exuded from the barbs of the



VANESSA ATALANTA, MOURNING CLOAK. (Life size.)

In the early summer the old queen, hearing the "piping" of the young queen, leaves the hive with her brood of workers; the young queen takes her nuptial flight high in air and returns to take command of the hive. The traditions of royalty are curiously observed in the court circles of the hive. When the queen pipes, the other bees lower their heads and remain motionless till the sound stops. If there are any other young queens left in the hive they pipe in reply, their notes sounding defiance and challenge. They sometimes battle to the death for supremacy.

Even now we have not mentioned the marvelous process of building the comb, the forming of the wax, its molding and softening. Every fact connected with bees is full of the greatest interest, and repays the closest study, such prominent naturalists as Sir John Lubbock in England and Monsieur J. H. Fabre in France giving years of patient investigation to these tiny creatures.

The swarming of the bees is another interesting spectacle. A few years ago I saw a swarm hanging from the telegraph wires in the very center of the city. They had not hung there long before a passer-by saw them, borrowed a box, climbed the pole, hived the bees, and walked off with a smile, a whole hive richer than when he started out, for it was early in the season and the swarm was in consequence more valuable.

"A swarm of bees in May Is worth a silver spoon.
Is worth a load of hay. But a swarm in July
A swarm of bees in June Is not worth a fly."

JUNE NOTES.

If you wish to study insects, even in a cursory manner, a very necessary implement is a pair of insect forceps. They can be bought for from sixty-five cents to several dollars, but the cheap ones answer the pur-

A small pocket microscope will reveal many points which would otherwise be hid, and it is invaluable in the study of botany as well, while grasses and ferns must remain closed books without one.

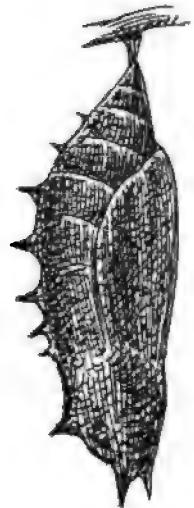
June is the month of all the year for the insect lover or student to revel in specimens. Not only are they to be found all day long, but at dusk in the gardens those fine great hawk moths appear, hovering above the flowers and getting ready to lay their eggs. Among other things the tent caterpillar is very active, spinning its cocoon, and passing into the pupa state. If all should decide in their own minds to destroy half a dozen of these tents, our country roads and our orchards would never assume the burned-over look they sometimes have.

The fire-flies gleam in the hedges this month, and the warm days bring out the cicada. It is the males who make all the noise in this family; the females are voiceless. The butterflies are fluttering over every field, even the swamps yielding up the splendid *Militea phaeton*. Every form of this butterfly is gorgeous, the larva coated in orange and black, and the pupa case of pearly-gray also bears some spots of the characteristic orange.

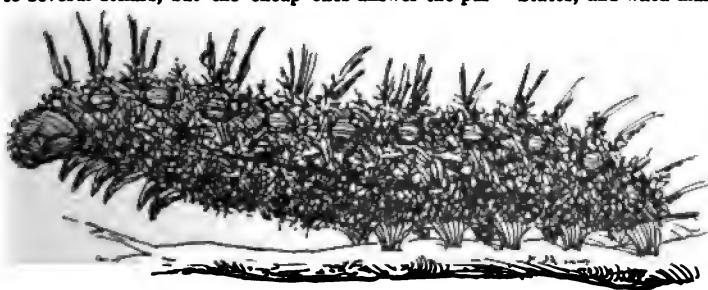
For two or three years past I have reared on some sweet-pea vines the larvae of the *Anoria plerippus* or Monarch butterfly. The larvae are a pretty pale green with black bands, and the chrysalis is very beautiful, also pale green and set about in regular fashion with dots of gold. As one of these hangs from the top of a breeding-cage it looks fit to be a jewel-drop for a lady's ear. The butterfly is a bright reddish color, with border and veins of black, and two rows of white spots on the forewings as well as a group of pale spots toward the front of these same wings. There are many interesting facts about this butterfly. It is a migrant, has crossed the Pacific, is a resident now of the Philippines, is common in England as well as Australia. In the autumn I have seen swarms of them crossing Lake Ontario from Canada to the United States, and when many of them cling to a branch of a

tree they look like so many dead leaves. It is a protected insect, being furnished with a "scent-pouch" which has in it a secretion which makes it distasteful to birds; so it bears to a great extent a charmed life.

Much pleasure may be obtained from studying the changes which will go on under your very eyes. Take home some caterpillars, with leaves of the plant you find them on, and put them in a box — a wooden one by preference — in which three sides are covered by netting. It will not be long before you will find dangling from the roof the chrysalis, and then some morning, lo, every shell will be burst and the cage filled with butterflies. I once saw such a cage filled with mourning cloaks, and as the cover was removed they fluttered out into the sunshine to while away their brief life.

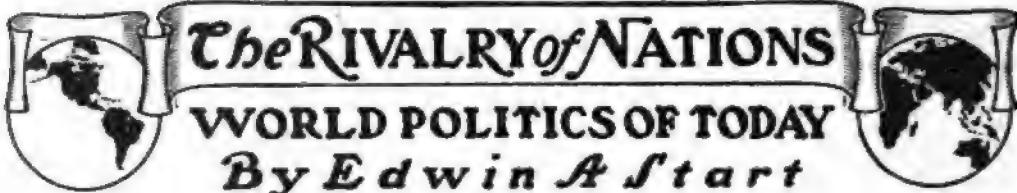


CHRY SALIS VANESSA
ANTIOPA.
(Twice life size.)



LARVA VANESSA ANTIOPA. (Twice life size.)

pose satisfactorily. With a pair of these you can examine anything, bees, wasps, or the most repulsive caterpillar that crawls, not to mention "beetles fat" that develop bursts of speed, or leaping qualities that are often very embarrassing. You can study your specimen at close range, note his every detail and then let him off no worse for his little squeeze.



The RIVALRY of NATIONS

WORLD POLITICS OF TODAY

By Edwin A. Star

Required Reading
for the Chautau-
qua Literary and
Scientific Circle.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RESOURCES IN PEACE AND WAR.



HE leadership of the United States in coal production and deposits is a striking fact, in view of the great importance of coal in modern life; but this fact does not stand alone. Mr. Brooks Adams remarks, in his suggestive discussion of "The Economic Supremacy of America":

"For the first time in human experience a single nation this year leads in the production of the precious metals, copper, iron, and coal; and this year, also, for the first time the world has done its banking to the west and not to the east of the Atlantic. Necessarily,

Summary of Pre-
ceding Chapters.

[Chapters I.-IV. appeared in the October issue. The first was an introductory discussion of the significance of the present age, the expansion of the nations, the industrial revolution, the growth of democracy, and the world problems resulting from the interplay of these elements. Chapter II. explained the politics of Europe in the middle of the century, as turning upon the ideas of nationality and the revolutionary democracy; with the Eastern question as shaped in the Crimean war. In Chapters III. and IV. the development of England and France, respectively, in the last half century was traced, with especial reference to the rise of English democracy and the growth of republican government in France.

[Chapters V.-VIII. in the November number considered in a similar way the other four great powers of Europe, Germany, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia.

[Chapters IX.-XI. in the December number dealt with the question of the near East. Chapter IX. described the reopening of the Eastern question after 1871, explaining the relations of Russia and Turkey and the status of the Turkish empire and the Balkan and Danubian provinces. Chapter X. discussed the developments from 1871 to the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, the results of the war and the treaty of San Stefano, and Chapter XI. the resettlement of the Eastern question by the Congress of Berlin, the resulting conditions, and the effect upon Russian policy.

[In the January number Chapter XII. discussed the consequences of the Congress of Berlin in the Balkan peninsula; Chapter XIII. considered Egypt as a factor in the Eastern question, and the British control; Chapter XIV. was a general introduction to the subject of Colonial Expansion; and Chapter XV., on "Imperial England," began an examination of the characteristics, methods, and extent of the colonial activity of the different European powers.

[Chapters XVI.-XIX. in the February number continued the study of the expansion of the great nations begun in January, Chapter XVI. being a study of the growth of the British imperial idea in its spirit and manifestations. A chapter on German colonial policy showed the consistency and studied character of German colonial methods, and another dealt with French colonization in its chief aspects. The closing chapter was on Russian expansion.

[In the March number Chapters XX.-XXII. were devoted to a consideration of the advance of civilization in Africa, the scramble for territorial possessions, and the present relations and prospects of the European nations in the Dark Continent. Chapter XXIII. dealt with the entrance of the New World into world politics, the Monroe doctrine, and South America. Chapter XXIV. described the growth of the foreign policy of the United States.

[Chapters XXV.-XXVIII. appeared in the April number. The first of these dealt with considerations growing out of the recognition of the United States by itself and others as a world power. Some of its needs, limitations, and responsibilities in this rôle were touched upon. Chapter XXVI. reviewed the great historic movements of nations, with the resulting reconstruction of the map, and considered "the new map of the world." In the following chapter "The Problems of Asia" were taken up, starting from the basis of the four Asiatic empires, Russia and Great Britain, China and Japan. The especial importance of railways in the Asiatic problem was alluded to. Finally, in the fourth of these chapters, Japan, "the new oriental world power," was traced to its present place among the nations.

[In the May number Chapter XXIX. discussed the relations of China with the western world, ending with the Japanese war; Chapter XXX. dealt with the conditions in China since the treaty of Shimonoseki, introducing the problem of the open door; Chapter XXXI. was a review of the world situation from the standpoint of the far East; and Chapter XXXII. reviewed some of the elements of strength of the world powers.]

as America gains in momentum, Europe relatively loses. The precious metals failed her long ago, copper followed, and now iron and coal have reached a price which threatens to hamper competition. Under such circumstances the people of Europe stand at bay, since ruin, more or less complete and immediate, impends over them if they fail to provide themselves with new resources as cheap and abundant as those of America."

In 1899 the United States stood close to Australasia and South Africa Gold. in gold production, second only to Mexico in silver, and easily ahead of all other nations in the united production of gold and silver.¹ Iron and coal are today co-kings in the economic realm, and nothing has been more remarkable in the economic progress of the United States than the rapid advance in iron and steel production. Since 1895 the United States Iron and steel. has held an undisputed leadership, as the following table, giving the world's production of pig iron and steel in metric tons for 1899, will show:

	Pig Iron.	Steel.
United States	13,838,634	10,736,806
Germany	8,029,305	6,290,434
United Kingdom and Canada	9,547,073	4,933,010
France	2,567,388	1,529,182
Russia	2,600,000	1,400,000
Other Countries	3,849,275	2,231,624
 Totals	40,431,675	27,121,056

That is, one-third of the world's iron supply and more than one-third of its steel come from one country, which can compete in every market with its older rivals. The production of copper in long tons in 1899 was: United States, 259,517; Spain and Portugal, 54,220; Japan, 27,560; Chile, 25,000; Germany, 23,460; Australasia, 20,750; Mexico, 19,005; other countries, 38,835.

The statistics of wheat production are equally interesting. One-fifth Wheat. of the world's crop of 2,725,407,000 bushels is produced in the United States, which heads the list with 547,304,000 bushels; followed by Russia (Europe and Asia), 487,234,000; France, 366,079,000; British India, 232,585,000; Germany, 141,369,000; Hungary, 138,060,000; Italy, 137,912,000; all other countries falling far below 100,000,000 bushels. In the raising of cattle, also, the United States leads the world, with Russia and the Argentine Republic as its only rivals. In connection with these facts three things are noticeable. The first is the increasing leadership of the United States in the great staple products that form the material basis of modern civilization. The second is the prominent position of Russia in these statistics in spite of the incomplete development of her resources, foreshadowing much greater progress when the measures now being undertaken by the government of the tsar have borne fruit. The third, which could be more fully shown if space permitted the citation of complete statistics, is that Russia, the United States, and the British empire in its various branches, control these staples of civilization to a striking extent; and to coal, iron, gold, copper, and wheat might be added cotton.

Internal facilities for handling products and for transporting them constitute another element of importance. The railway mileage of the United States is 186,245; Germany, 30,777; Russia, Finland, Trans-Caspia, and Siberia, 30,555; British Empire, 79,625;² France, 25,898; Austria-

Primacy of the
United States,
Russia, and Great
Britain.

Transportation.



¹ The figures for the year were: Gold—United States, \$71,053,400; South Africa, \$73,229,100; Australasia, \$79,321,600; and Russia, the fourth in rank, \$22,167,100. Silver—United States, \$70,806,600; Mexico, \$71,902,500; and Australasia, the third in rank, \$16,403,000. The grand aggregate for the United States, therefore, far exceeds that of any other nation, unless the South African gold production be included in that of the British empire, which would then exceed that of the United States and give the Anglo-Saxon nations almost a monopoly of the monetary basis of the world.

² Made up as follows: United Kingdom, 21,529; India, 21,973; British North America, 16,867; Australasia, 14,490; and the remainder in Africa and smaller colonies, including Egypt.

Hungary, 21,805; all other countries having a mileage each of less than 10,000. In the tonnage of merchant navies Great Britain, with 14,372,000, shows more than all her rivals together. Then comes the United States, 4,864,238, five-sixths of which is engaged in the coasting trade; Germany, 2,720,000; Norway, 1,667,000; France, 1,401,000; and Italy, 1,056,000.

Finance.

An interesting exhibit of the finances of the great powers may be made by showing the national indebtedness, revenue, and expenditure per capita. The subjoined table is based on statistics of 1898 and 1899. All of these countries are on a gold basis except Italy, which rests on paper:

	National Debt.	Revenues.	Expenditures.
Austria-Hungary	\$68.62	\$15.32	\$15.59
France	151.12	17.83	17.81
Germany	60.00	6.95	7.06
Great Britain	76.89	13.12	13.09
Italy	75.43	10.26	10.26
Japan	4.71	2.55	2.50
Russia	35.29	6.12	6.60
United States	28.06	8.15	9.83

Such figures as these are valuable only in connection with others which show the ability of the people to carry their public burdens. In this connection Neymarck's estimate of the negotiable wealth of European countries, made in 1895, is interesting. His figures are; for Great Britain, \$35,000,000,000; Germany, \$18,000,000,000; France, \$15,500,000,000; Russia, \$5,000,000,000; Austria, \$4,500,000,000; Italy, \$3,400,000,000. Similar estimates in regard to the United States are not at hand, but we know there has been a great accumulation of movable wealth in this country. The savings banks alone show deposits amounting to \$2,449,547,885, an average of \$401 to each depositor—a sum more than sufficient to pay the entire national debt. In this respect, of aggregate and average deposits, the United States again leads the world, though the number of depositors is greater in France, the United Kingdom, and Prussia, a fact probably due to the postal savings banks, which create a great number of small depositors.

What these facts
may mean.

By these facts, and many more which might be accumulated around them from a study of government and other statistical publications, the material strength of nations may be measured—their active, aggressive strength in time of peace; their passive strength or staying power in time of war; for by their control of these important resources and their financial ability they can maintain a struggle, even against an enemy whose initial fighting strength might be greater than their own. But this is not all. The most strenuous conflicts of the modern world are those of peace; its greatest battles are fought in the bourse, the halls of legislation, the offices of diplomats and finance ministers; its lines of offense and defense are marked by steel rails rather than by entrenchments; its ways are furrowed in the seas where commerce makes the trail; but from the rude beginnings of society there has been an ultimate appeal to force when individuals and nations can no longer adjust their differences by peaceful means. Hence, for police duty and for the maintenance of national influence, military and naval forces are maintained by all of the powers, and are frequently called into service. While the economic stability of the nations is likely to determine their successes in the world competitions of the immediate future, their strength as combatants is not a negligible factor.

War and peace
powers.

Of the world powers, two—Great Britain and the United States—are organized on a peace basis as to their armies; three, Germany, Russia, and Japan, may be said to stand on a war footing, not in the technical military sense, but as compared with their Anglo-Saxon rivals, who hold war as an incident of national life, not as an integral part of it. The



THE SHIPYARD OF
THE CRAMPS ON A
LAUNCHING DAY.

following table shows the strength of the armies of the great powers in men on a peace and war footing:

	Peace.	War.	Armies of the world.
Austria-Hungary	265,608	1,763,619	
France	579,870	5,002,506	
Germany	691,870	5,600,212	
Great Britain	254,491	612,500	
Italy	211,906	2,045,990	
Japan	125,342	407,963	
Russia	883,146	5,473,900	
United States	100,000	—	

The Japanese army is undergoing a gradual increase, and is to have in 1903 a peace strength of 150,000, and a war effective of 500,000 men. As far as actual numbers are concerned, Japan appears to be a war power no more than Great Britain and the United States; but it must be remembered that Great Britain has widely scattered territories to guard and police, a fact which renders her army at its greatest enrolment very inadequate, from the standpoint of numbers, for a world war. The strain put upon her military resources by the South African struggle shows this. Japan, on the other hand, has all her interests in the far East. In any conflict her probable opponents will have their bases at a great distance from the scene of conflict, while hers will be near at hand and protected by her insular position. Her navy, also, will not have to be scattered in distant seas, but will operate near home. These important facts make Japan's armament, in any crisis likely to occur in the near future, more formidable than the bare figures indicate. Russia is an exception to this statement in regard to Japan's possible foes. Indeed, Russia seems to be an exception to most general statements that can be made regarding the European states in the twentieth century. Russia is able, or will very soon be able, to concentrate promptly her military forces, for offensive or defensive action, at any point along her extended European and Asiatic frontier, and without danger of breaking connections. A realization of these facts has caused a marked abatement of the hostile feeling both in Tokio and in St. Petersburg. In his discussion of the fighting strength of Japan, referring to her foreign policy, M. Leroy-Beaulieu remarks that "in the day of struggle, should it ever occur, she is destined to weigh very heavily in the scale, not only in the question of the far East, but also in the problem which rises behind it—that of supremacy in the Pacific, which will one day be fought out, not between the Whale and the Elephant, but between the elephants of the

Japan and Russia.

Old and New Worlds — that is to say between Russia and the United States.”³

Paper vs. actual military strength.

But the paper strength of an army does not fairly represent the fighting strength of the nation, nor even the actual strength of the army. That depends upon conditions which can only be tested in actual service, and in part upon the moral value of the cause maintained by the combatants. The collapse of the alleged military strength of the Second Empire before the quick onslaught of united Germany is an example of how hollow a mockery a paper army may be. On the other hand, the Anglo-Saxon nations, while regarding large regular armies with distrust, have always shown the ability, in times of crisis, to develop out of volunteer soldiery a great body of troops of remarkable fighting quality, and in spite of much blundering to show the world the vitality that lies in a race of free men. The United States has shown a special facility in enrolling capable and efficient volunteer troops in large numbers whenever they have been called for by a national emergency.

Recently in the

English House of Commons the British army officer who accompanied the United States troops in Cuba during the late war testified, in a most complimentary way, to the soldierly efficiency of the United States volunteers; and Great Britain has in her self-governing colonies the same kind of vigorous, self-reliant freemen to recruit her forces in time of need. Whether the volunteer system will work as well in the future as it has in the past may be open to question. War, like many other things in which the people at large could once share without much special preparation, has become a highly specialized science, and makes severer demands upon a volunteer service than it did in years gone by. It is certainly questionable whether it is safe for a world power to rely entirely for its second line, as does the United States, upon a small body of variously trained and equipped state militia, and upon the enlistment of wholly untrained civilians.

Equipment and supply.

The equipment and supply service of an army are more important than the number of the men. It is the testimony of some of the fairest observers of the operations of the allied forces in China, where for the first time an opportunity has been given to compare the armies of different nations with modern service equipment, that the Japanese, with their ready adaptability, have gleaned what was best from the services of the world, and have learned to handle and supply their forces with the least loss of efficiency. The United States is behind all other nations in this respect. It sends into the field men who are generally acknowledged to be the equals physically—and as fighters—of any soldiers in the world, but it makes them work too hard on the march and in camp, because they are



³ Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, “The Awakening of the East,” translation. American edition, 1900.

not supplied with sufficient trains and servants. The Germans are the best disciplined troops in the world and their fighting quality is well known. The soldiers of Great Britain are of many kinds and races. No men are better than the colonials who have the same strong qualities that characterize the men of the United States. The Russian rank and file are men who can easily undergo hardship, for they have known nothing better, and their racial instinct is for fighting. They go into battle with an almost oriental stolidity and indifference, born of religion and training, and of the conditions of a life which as yet offers few attractions to them.

The problem of comparative military strength is a complicated one which cannot be settled in a chapter, or perhaps anywhere except in a campaign. The same is true in some degree of naval strength, but here the machine plays a larger part, and that has a measurable efficiency, although the comparative utility of different types of vessels is still in dispute among naval experts. The tonnage of the navies of seven leading naval powers, as compiled in the intelligence office of the navy department at Washington, is as follows: Great Britain, 1,824,920; France, 765,519; Russia, 503,528; United States, 413,525; Germany, 410,805; Italy, 318,125; Japan, 264,435. Judged by the type and efficiency of the vessels composing this tonnage, experts rank the United States third in the fighting strength of her naval machinery. The quality of the officers and men who fight the ships of the United States has been tested

Comparative strength of the world's navies.

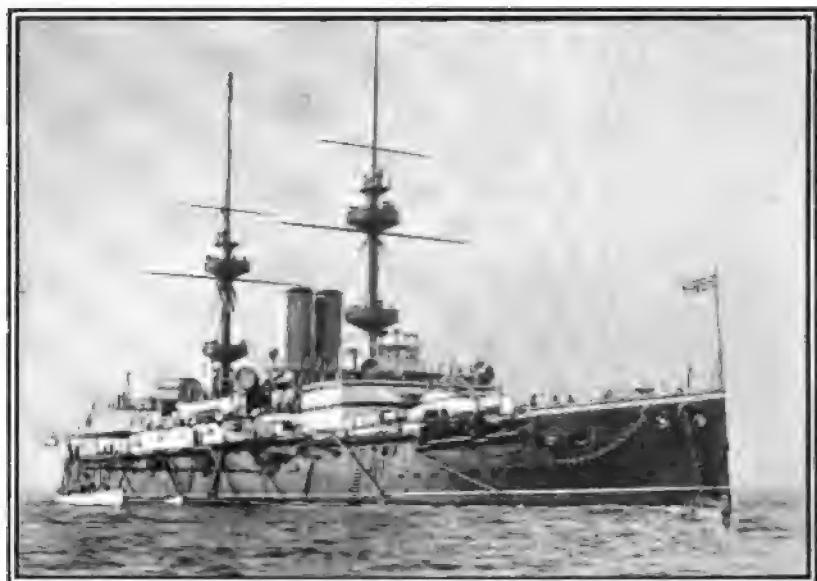
more recently and thoroughly than that of any other power, and a high degree of efficiency has been shown, justifying a confidence in the ability of this navy to give a good account of itself under any circumstances. The working efficiency of the navies of the other sea powers is an unknown quantity,

A MONTANA COPPER MINE.



with the exception of the new Japanese navy which was tried to some extent, but very inconclusively, in the war with China, the first in which modern naval fighting machines were brought into action. For twenty years the great powers have been building ships of approved patterns, and have been arming them with the best modern

THE BRITISH
BATTLE-SHIP
MAJESTIC.



weapons. Whether their officers and men can use them as Dewey and Sampson and their men used their squadrons at Manila and Santiago is one of the questions yet to be answered. In the meantime Great Britain is carrying out a building program in consonance with her policy of maintaining a navy stronger than any two of her rivals can bring against her; Russia is entering upon a comprehensive plan of naval development; Germany is completing the tactical scheme determined upon in 1897 which fixed upon a definite naval strength for the empire to reach as soon as possible and to maintain unchanged; Japan is developing her navy conservatively, but with intelligent regard to her needs as the home power of the far East; and the United States, apparently at last convinced of the need of a strong navy for the security and advancement of a world power, is carrying out a moderate, but positive, program which each year adds to its fleet vessels of the most approved modern types.

The sea powers.

As a naval power Great Britain certainly maintains a war footing. This is made necessary by her enormous commerce and her widely scattered possessions. Again and again England, not over-fortunate in military operations on land, has been saved by her sea power, and history is very likely to repeat itself in this respect if Great Britain should now become involved in a conflict with any of the world powers. There seems to be a grave doubt in the minds of many well-informed Englishmen as to whether the personnel of the British navy is up to its efficiency in times past, when the British sailor had but one rival, the sailor of the United States. The latter has been lately tried and found to have lost nothing of his traditional ability; the British navy has had no real test since the development of modern fighting ships. France maintains its powerful navy chiefly in anticipation of war with Great Britain. Of the possibilities of this splendid equipment in French hands, we know nothing. It may not have any great significance, for the historic ill-fortune of the French in naval warfare seems to indicate that the sea is not their place for operations. The German navy is being developed with German scientific thoroughness, in accordance with a definite scheme. That of Russia, as now in commission, under construction, or projected, is proportioned to the ambitious imperial designs of the tsar's government, which will make it necessary to maintain strong squadrons on four seas. The United States moves somewhat hesitatingly and uncertainly toward what

seems to be its inevitable national destiny—that of a great maritime power on the two chief oceans of the world.

It has been possible in this brief survey to indicate only some salient contributory elements of national strength that may bear upon the complex problems of the world's politics if the use or display of force becomes necessary in settling them. The subject is in itself broad enough for long and detailed study. To such a study the suggestions of this and the preceding chapter may form a preface.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

INDUSTRIAL CHANGES.

The eighteenth century set on foot in the western world great political changes which had their fruition in the nineteenth. The latter was a wonderful industrial century, introducing changes in the conditions of life and of production that are revolutionizing society and will determine the social and political movements of the twentieth century. It seems probable that as the great original contributions of the eighteenth century to civilization were intellectual, and those of the nineteenth were material, those of the twentieth will be ethical, the outcome of the widespread social unrest of the present day in its seeking for better conditions of life. At present material conditions are chiefly occupying attention. The question is one of economics; but there is already evidence of a seeking for something higher, safer, and surer than mere material welfare. This movement, touching first the individual, will also affect those aggregated individualities, the nations.

Meanwhile, the effect upon the nations of the industrial changes and material growth of the present age has been even greater than we sometimes realize. The development of improved machinery and of improved methods of rapid production, stimulated by the desire for an increase of wealth on the part of the producers, has created new standards of living for the masses of the people. The existing markets have been enlarged, and new markets have been created. But the demands of this new trade for cheap and prompt delivery could not have been met with the old methods of transportation. The railway and the steam-propelled vessel came in and at once enlarged, as by the touch of a magician's wand, the scope of trade, making it possible for the energetic producer to enter new and distant markets with his surplus product. The wide extension and increasing complexity of business relations necessitated more prompt and certain means of communication than existed a century ago, and the genius of scientific invention answered the demand with the telegraph, the cable, and the telephone. The active industrial countries have been gridironed with railways; mountain ranges have been tunnelled or otherwise circumvented by modern engineering skill; ocean has been joined to ocean literally by bands of steel. The interest in canals which was strong in the first quarter of the last century and gave way to the passion for railways, has revived within a few years, as the many advantages of water freight carriage have become apparent, and in many countries, especially in Europe, internal communication is facilitated by artificial waterways. Of greater importance to the problems of world politics are the interoceanic canals, providing short pathways for commerce from ocean to ocean, and facilitating rapid naval movements in time of war. Thus the most distant places have been brought into close touch with each other, and the isolation of past ages no longer exists. These changes have directly affected the internal politics and external relations of the nations, quite as much as they have modified conditions of production and of the life of the people. Industrial consolidation

Characteristics of
the centuries.

Material develop-
ment.

Railways and
canals.

brings the population more and more into large towns, and makes human life more and more a part of a machine, changing the environment and outlook of the individual, and making new adjustments necessary. With this daily association of great numbers of people comes a tremendous impulse to the growth of social and political democracy. Furthermore, with the cheapening and multiplication of production and the increase of wealth, people are constantly demanding more of the accessories of life,

and the luxuries of one generation become the necessities of the next. The wide-reaching social significance of these facts is something into which we cannot enter; but their political consequences are a most important part of the world problem we are considering.

The relation of the United States

LOCKS IN THE
GOTHA CANAL AT
BERG, SWEDEN.



The United States
as an illustration.

to the world is perhaps the most plain and striking example of the changes wrought by modern means of communication in the realm of international politics. At the foundation of the union and well into the last century, the government and people of the United States regarded themselves as apart from the Old World, protected from it by broad oceans, and not much concerned in its affairs. In accordance with this theory, the United States advanced with unprecedented rapidity along all the paths of national power, and by increase of its productive capacity, necessitating a broader market, has become the interested associate of other great commercial nations in the exploitation of the world. The strenuous commercial rivalry of the present generation has brought the young republic of the West face to face with the world powers in

the far East, and has forced upon the government problems that were brushed aside as irrelevant by the early statesmen of the republic. Underlaid by cables and crossed with almost the regularity of the tides by many lines of great steamships, the oceans have ceased to be barriers to intercourse. The old isolation is ended, and increasing commercial intercourse forces the nation into political relations with other great powers. The pressure by the western powers upon the distant Orient is partly due to the same drawing together of the continents, which permits no isolation.

The effect of the notable industrial expansion of the last generation is also of the most profound significance in world relations. Machinery

A COMPLETED
SECTION OF THE
PANAMA CANAL.



has increased production until it has outrun even the rapidly increasing demands of the people. The home markets of the great producing nations have not been equal to handling the products of the field, workshop, and factory. It has become necessary to find foreign markets, and all of the great manufacturing countries are seeking those markets by every means which private enterprise, supported by the resources of government, can suggest. The nations are bringing all possible political agencies to bear to maintain the commercial competition of their people with the people of their rivals. Here again the United States furnishes an apt illustration. A little while ago in the United States the whole cry of a considerable majority of the people was for the cultivation and protection of the home market. Today the United States competes successfully in the world's markets in several important lines of manufactured goods and, as has been shown in the preceding chapters, leads in the production of the most valuable natural staples. The home market has become insufficient. A new appeal is made for such a national policy as may secure the people

Effect of industrial expansion.

a strong place in the trade of the world, give the merchants of the United States access to every possible market, increase its merchant marine so that it may become less dependent for its carrying trade upon other powers, and improve the ocean highways to facilitate intercourse with distant lands. Since politics always go with

NORTH RAILWAY STATION, VIENNA.



trade sooner or later, it is thus drawn into the turmoil and complications of world politics. Bismarck, masterful as he was in shaping to his will the politics of Europe, found this inseparableness of politics and trade when he took up the colonial problems raised by the development of German trade. He desired Germany's commercial advantage; he found himself embarked on a colonial movement, which is inevitably political.

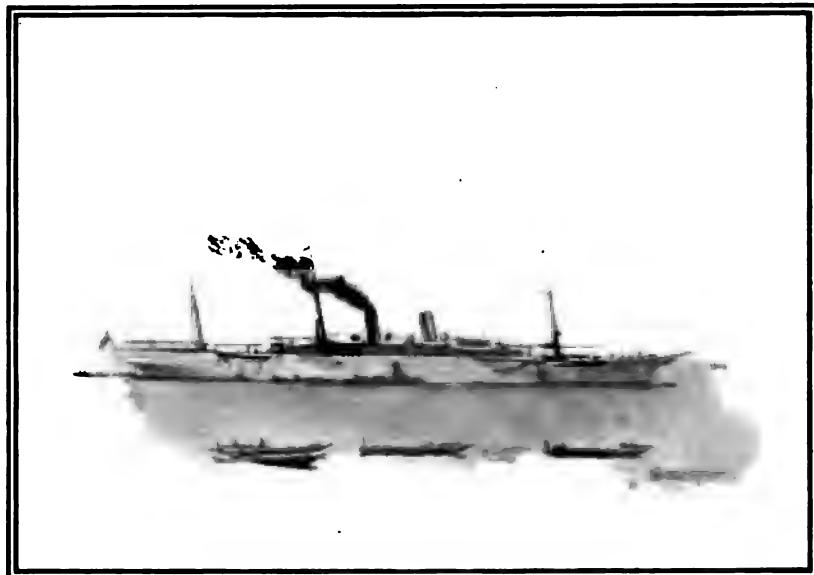
Politics and trade.

Prince Kropotkin, the earnest and devoted Russian reformer, arguing for the need of greater attention to agriculture as a means of preserving individual independence and of checking the overgrowth of modern industrialism, attributes the warfare and international dissensions that engaged the world's attention as the nineteenth century was passing into history, to this sharp competition of the industrial nations for markets for their surplus products. The rapid increase of this surplus, throwing the producing nations into the current of competition, has forced them to find or create new markets, which is done by forcing upon inferior races a civilization that they do not understand in order that they may buy the goods of which they do not feel the need. This reasoning would attribute largely to commercial competition the rivalries of nations in this industrial age; which may not be very far from the truth. The primary motive force in most of the national movements of the present time is to be found in commerce; and the game is played with such passionate eagerness because success is essential to the continuance of the national power and life of the contestants.

Prince Kropotkin's theory.

Mulhall states that the volume of international trade has increased forty-fold since the beginning of the eighteenth century. It quadrupled

A MODERN PACIFIC
LINER — THE
EMPERSS OF INDIA.



The volume of inter-

national trade.

	1850.	1860.	1870.	1880.	1889.
Europe	2,805	4,987	7,661	10,393	11,244
United States	302	662	804	1,500	1,558
Spanish America	341	458	657	779	808
British Colonies	214	502	623	989	1,451
India	146	253	414	526	638
Other Countries	244	390	511	584	726
	4,052	7,252	10,670	14,771	16,425

The preceding table is prepared from Mulhall's "Dictionary of Statistics." The following statement of the world's commerce for 1899, as divided between imports and exports, is from the statistics of the United States Bureau of Foreign Commerce:

	Imports.	Exports.
Europe	\$6,712,530,200	\$5,915,640,200
United States	697,148,489*	1,227,023,302
Spanish America	387,084,900	564,617,300
British Colonies	569,224,500	648,532,800
India	293,845,200	374,163,900
Other Countries	297,864,000	246,140,200
	\$8,957,197,289	\$8,976,117,702

* For fiscal year ending June 30, 1899.

Some comments on
the table.

It will be seen from the above tables that while the aggregate foreign trade of the whole of Europe increased over \$1,384,000,000, that of the United States increased \$366,000,000, or more than twenty-three per cent, the increase being, it may be added, in the export column. The world's increase in aggregate commercial movement for the same period was only about nine per cent. The main point to be noticed in connection with these figures is that the European countries import foodstuffs to a great extent, and they are rapidly increasing the amount of their manufactured products; while the United States, for a long time a large exporter of the agricultural staples, has now made long strides into the arena of commercial competition with the manufacturing countries. These are facts not shown by these condensed tables, but easily to be verified, and of much interest in connection with the figures here given.



A MODERN ATLANTIC LINER — THE KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE.

Now, when it is remembered that the margin of prosperity of hundreds of millions of people is dependent, under modern economic conditions, upon the successful maintenance of this enormous mass of foreign trade which, if thrown back, would swamp the home markets and ruin industries and commerce, and that its maintenance brings into closest rivalry peoples who are not yet far removed from primitive conditions of international and intertribal war, it may be seen how heavily these dull and emotionless figures bear upon great world questions in which passion and pathos have so large a part.

Great Britain, to find room for the excess of a virile and steadily increasing population and for the activity of the commerce which since the age of Elizabeth has been to her so vital an interest, builds new states beyond the seas, and holds in her sovereignty the realms of India. Russia, to free herself from the fetters that nature throws over so much of her domains, to establish her people under more favorable economic conditions, and to secure the freedom of the seas, develops for centuries a patient policy of steady advance in Europe and Asia, regardless of the fears and threats of the world. Germany, that her commerce may flourish, braves the danger of a colonial policy that her ablest statesmen regard with doubt, as a regrettable necessity. The United States, finding even her wide domains and prosperous population, with a carefully protected home market, insufficient for the needs of her growing trade, is drawn, strenuously objecting all the while, into the current of world activities. Thus always at the foundation we find the economic question pushing itself forward as one of the most urgent self-interest in the greatest affairs of mankind.

It is not unimportant, as bearing upon the problems of international relations, that these great industrial nations which dominate the world today and stand in such dangerous rivalry are also each other's best customers. From a purely economic standpoint they cannot afford to quarrel. The United Kingdom has its largest trade with the United States, its own colonies, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Russia, in that order. On the French list, the United Kingdom stands first, the United States fourth, Germany fifth, the order of the two latter being reversed in the export column. Germany finds in Great Britain, Russia, Austria-Hungary, and the United States the four leading factors in its remarkably well-distributed trade. Japan's best customers are the

The economic motor
in national life.

Great industrial
countries good
customers.

United States, Italy, China, and French India, and she buys most heavily from Holland, British India, the United States, China, Germany, and Great Britain. Russia's heaviest dealings, both in imports and exports, are with Germany and the United Kingdom, the United States standing third in the import column. The United States has more than one-third of its total imports from the United Kingdom, and sends in return more than one-half of its exports. In both columns Germany stands second, France third, with the Netherlands and Belgium holding the succeeding places, and other countries credited with comparatively inconsiderable amounts. This bare summary of a body of highly suggestive statistics

indicates the commercial value of friendship between the great industrial countries. Russia is not yet a very valuable customer, and it is the policy of the present financial régime to render her as independent as possible of the rest of the world, the same object which has dominated the fiscal policy of the United States for a century. However, it will probably be true of Russia, as of every great nation that has advanced along the industrial road, that increasing prosperity will make her a better customer, even though she is not dependent. It is this voluntary trade relation, without dependence, that results normally in conscious efforts toward the continuance of friendly relations that may be made mutually profitable. No government better understands, or can more effectively use, the weapon of reciprocal or differential tariffs to secure desired commercial arrangements with other nations.

A RAILWAY TUNNEL
IN SPAIN.



The question of economic independence.

Danger to the Monroe doctrine.

There is no doubt that the changes in communication, transportation, and industry during the nineteenth century have made the Monroe doctrine, and the policy for which it stands, a matter of much greater interest to Europe than it used to be. The problem of the Central and South American states, with their peculiar and unstable politics and their rich resources, tempting the world, is likely to become increasingly difficult; and this difficulty will be increased, so far as the United States is concerned, by the growing jealousy in the Latin-American countries of that American hegemony which the United States has always assumed. Europe, dreading the growing industrial ascendancy of the United States, and more than ever inclined to challenge her guardianship in America since the recent advance into the Orient, may yet form an economic alliance to which Metternich and the first Alexander's Holy Alliance would be the mere bagatelles of outworn policies. M. Leroy-Beaulieu,

the eminent French economist, in an article in the Vienna *Tageblatt* in December, 1900, said of the United States: A European *Zollverein*.

"They are on the point of becoming by far the most important economic factor in the world. They may henceforth be regarded as the first industrial nation and their superiority will become more strikingly evident year by year. Moreover, they will soon have a considerable mercantile marine."

He then argued that Europe must adopt a new policy if the American advance was to be met, proposing an economic alliance, which might become a political alliance, resting primarily on a reform of inter-state customs duties, reducing them considerably by long-term commercial treaties. It is interesting to notice that this was the method that was used by Prussia to draw Germany together, by means at first of the *Zollverein*, and that this idea of a community of European interests is a tenet of the Bismarck school of statecraft, and therefore has distinguished support in Germany as well as in France. Indeed, the recent report of Dr. Vosberg-Rekow of the German central bureau for the preparation of commercial treaties, contains the same suggestion. Rekow holds that the United States is Germany's chief economic opponent, and that a retaliatory customs union is the best safeguard, not only for Germany but for Europe, against the threatening advance of the trans-Atlantic power.

The importance of these economic matters in international affairs is enhanced by the political development of democracy, which has kept equal step with the growth of industry and the increasing intercourse of men, making the unit in the industrial machine more and more nearly the unit in the state.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DEMOCRACY.

From the beginning of recorded history there has been an irrepressible conflict between the one, the few, and the many for supremacy in human societies; and we may suppose without any great effort of imagination that the same conflict reaches back to the beginning of the race, when some individual of superior strength, will, and mental capacity acquired leadership by reason of those qualities. Then a class arose to contest this control and to endeavor, with him or in defiance of him, to direct the mass of the people. Tyranny exercised by the primitive monarchy or aristocracy may very likely have caused a more or less effective reaction by the ruled majority, and in it we should find the beginnings of the upward movement of democracy. Thus we can trace in nearly all societies the elements of the age-long political struggle between monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, a struggle growing ever more intense with the growth of human intelligence. Such a conflict of fundamental political forces not belonging to localities or separate peoples, but characteristic of human society, necessarily had and is having a profound effect upon all political relations of the world. An irrepressible conflict.

In studying this conflict, the first two elements, monarchy and aristocracy, are easily understood. They are the individual and the minority, standing apart with special powers and privileges by virtue of birth, wealth, or strength. For many centuries of history they occupied the stage in the human drama, while the masses, the democracy, played their supernumerary parts in the background with little need of speech. Yet this third contestant is the most important of the three, as well as the most complicated and difficult to understand. The key-note of all history, from the political point of view, is to be found in the growth of democracy. As against aristocracy, the advantage has rested throughout

The contestants.

with autocracy or democracy. No aristocratic government has survived hostile assault, although aristocratic forms are preserved as appendages to governments that have attained the conditions of democracy, as is the case with Great Britain. It is, therefore, worth while to inquire what democracy is, for it is a term much misused and misunderstood, and is made, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins.

**Definition of
democracy.**

If we apply to the dictionary for categorical definitions, we find that socially democracy is "a state of society without class distinctions made or favored by law or custom." Politically it is described as "the political system in which government is directly exercised or controlled by the people collectively;" and as "a commonwealth in which the people as a whole legislate and choose executive and judicial officers." These definitions are good as far as they go, but they signally fail to give any adequate impression of that mighty volcanic force at the base of all society and all government that for ages, sometimes with intelligent forethought, more often blindly, has striven to realize itself. It is an elemental social force, that of all humanity, and is correspondingly complex and difficult to manage and to understand. Any given aristocracy may be easily understood. Its controlling ideas are generally comparatively simple, depending upon its origin. The democracy, on the other hand, is nothing less than all the people, all classes. Nothing but a composite, representing all of its elements, will determine its character at any given time. To know it we must know the psychology of the individual and of the mob, of the masses and of the classes. Mr. Edwin L. Godkin in his trenchant study of "The Real Problems of Democracy," speaks of the tentative way in which all authors touch upon it, much as scientists deal with electricity. It is a "mysterious power of which they as yet know but little, and on the future manifestations of which they cannot pronounce with any confidence."

**Difficulty of self-
realization of
democracy.**

Because of this diversity of its atoms, democracy has had much more difficulty in attaining self-realization through a perfected organization than has monarchy or aristocracy. This accounts for its remaining in the background through so many centuries. Modern democracy, which is as different from the rudimentary democracies of earlier ages as the democracy of the future will be from that of today, has come gradually into being since the Protestant Reformation, because the spirit of that mighty movement gave a new freedom to the minds of men. The real impulse to its rapid growth belongs to the nineteenth century. The principal factor in the growth of democracy is the contact of man with man, the development of ideas through the process of attrition and comparison. This human contact has been promoted to an extraordinary degree by the development of means of communication between all parts of the world. The isolation of men has passed with the isolation of continents and nations. Great cities have multiplied, the country is brought close to their doors, population increases and spreads along the great arteries of travel. Men journey from land to land, learn the secrets of strange civilizations other than their own, and leave also some seeds of new thoughts among the strangers with whom they sojourn. The result is diffusion of ideas with a rapidity unknown in earlier times, and this diffusion extends more and more to all classes of people.

**Beginnings of
nineteenth-century
democracy.**

The revolted colonies of Great Britain, having a longer training in democratic methods of thought and action than other peoples, first put the new democracy into concrete form. Their struggle was in behalf of the English people in England as well, and in 1788 the prime minister of George III., William Pitt, found himself able to say in the House of Commons:

"To assert the inherent right of the Prince of Wales to assume the government is virtually to revive those exploded ideas of the divine and indefeasible authority of princes which have so justly sunk into contempt and almost oblivion. Kings and princes derive

their power from the people, and to the people alone, through the organ of their representatives, does it appertain to decide in cases for which the constitution has made no specific or positive provision."

Close upon this came the French Revolution, carried out with all the extravagances of a people who have not even yet learned the true meaning of democracy or its limitations in practical application. Thus ushered in, the history of the nineteenth century in Europe and in all countries settled by European races has been a chapter in the progress of the democracy toward enfranchisement and power. Even Russia is shaken from time to time with the democratic earthquake that will sooner or later overturn the absolute autocracy as it has all similar governments, when the social fabric has once been permeated with ideas of progress and betterment.

But the French Revolution, with its insistent propagandism based upon the wild theories of doctrinaires, gave an undue weight to an unfortunate view of democracy, that view which elevates the plebiscite to the rank of a divine command, and gives unlimited power to a majority. Mr. W. S. Lilly, in his somewhat savage and partial polemic, "A Century of Revolution," which yet contains much that is true and suggestive, thus describes this tenet, which is very deeply rooted in the minds of most people in the United States and of the sympathizers with democracy abroad :

The apotheosis of the plebiscite.

"The equally familiar thesis that the adult males of any country — that is a majority of them told by head — however low in the scale of humanity, however devoid of the most elementary instincts and aptitudes of freemen, as, for example, in Egypt, are its sole legitimate rulers, is only the practical application of the *Contrat Social*."

This is what democracy has come to in its present application. It is Napoleon instead of Washington, Rousseau instead of Montesquieu, Jackson instead of Jefferson. Lincoln gave the best definition of democracy as applied politically—"a government of the people, by the people, and for the people,"—but at present no true democracy exists, according to a just application of the test. What we have is a government of the people by a larger part of the people, which is but a slight improvement on the aristocratic system of a government of the people by a smaller part of the people.

Insufficiency of modern democracy.

The difficulty is so apparent that it is strange that it has not been more clearly seen. We object to a monarchy or an aristocracy, on the ground that under these systems people are governed without their consent; but under existing democratic systems the minority are governed without their willing consent. They have given a technical submission in advance, but while this prevents or postpones revolutionary resistance, it does not, in a just sense, constitute a continuing share in the government. The minority is disfranchised during its term of minority. The operation of this system shuts out oftentimes from a share in the government the most capable part of the community, in favor of a majority of incapables led by skilful demagogues. It is idle to speak in such a case of the voice of the people. It is not the voice of the people that is heard.

Majority substituted for minority.

The greater part of the evils of modern democracy spring from this condition, and the cause is the crudity of our political machinery. Democracy has not yet been successfully embodied in organization. There must, then, be a new advance before a true political democracy, in which all the people shall be heard, is attained. The end may be reached through cumulative voting and proportional representation, as the advocates of those reforms maintain; but so far as the purposes of the present inquiry are concerned it is perhaps sufficient to say that the nations of the western world are not likely to reach a position of stable equilibrium politically until this historic agitation of the people for self-realization in a true democracy attains its end. The essential idea of democracy is

Reaction of democratic movements on the world.

coöperation, and that is not to be found in numerical divisions and rule by majorities.

The international effect of these movements that seem superficially to be internal and national is to be seen in the reaction of American democracy and of the French Revolution upon the world. Experience shows that democracies of the existing types are quite as prone to enter upon wars as are absolute monarchies. There seems to be even less sense of responsibility in the sovereign power. Democracy is in its inspiration and essence national; that is, the sense of a community of interests and of aims which makes nationality is necessary to create that community of action which results in transforming a monarchic or aristocratic state or government into a democracy. The same widening of understanding and sympathy that produces this movement is likely, when the limit of attainment by national democracies is reached, to bring in an era of yet wider coöperation between the democracies of the world — when they have found that the discussion of their differences with rifle and cannon does not pay. But the attainment of this desirable condition implies as a prerequisite the perfecting of democracy so that it will represent the average sense of the whole people and not merely the average sense of a numerical majority, which may be far below that of the whole people. The true democracy of the future, it may be hoped, will be less liable to be swept along by popular excitement and better balanced, because it will provide for the representation of all classes and will give the representatives of the conservative classes a voice together with those of irresponsible majorities. As has already been pointed out,¹ the natural tendency of democracy is toward national expansion, and this often brings collision with other nations; but there is another tendency of the truest democracy, to address itself to the larger questions of human society in a spirit of brotherhood, that will render this contact of nations, when once our true democracies are developed, extremely beneficent for mankind. Such are the possibilities that optimism may draw from the present confusion. They may not be realized for several generations, but the elements for their accomplishment are present in the world today.

Tendency toward expansion.

The tsar's peace rescript.

Its real intent doubted.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FEDERATION OF THE WORLD.

On the 24th of August, 1898, the world was startled and puzzled by the simultaneous transmission to the governments with which Russia has diplomatic intercourse of the now famous disarmament rescript of Nicolas II. This document opened with the declaration that "The maintenance of general peace and a possible reduction of the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations present themselves in the existing condition of the whole world as the ideal toward which the endeavors of all governments should be directed." The rescript then at some length proposed united action to secure the desirable results indicated.

It is not strange that a document of this character from the most aggressive nation in Europe, a nation with the largest army and at that very time making heavy expenditures for armament, should have been received with mingled feelings of enthusiasm and distrust by friends of peace throughout the world. The distrust has never entirely died away, although the first great step to carry out the tsar's proposals has been taken, and a most important international congress has marked, without



¹ Chapter I. October, 1900.



THE INDIANA LEAVING PHILADELPHIA WITH SUPPLIES FOR FAMINE-STRICKEN RUSSIA.

any flourish of trumpets, a new era in the history of international law.

There has been much misconception as to what the intentions of the tsar really were. To those who have watched the career of the young autocrat, his sincere desire to promote the interests of a higher civilization does not admit of doubt. It is equally certain that he and his exceptionally able ministry are seeking primarily the upbuilding of the Russian nationality, and that no Quixotic dreams of universal brotherhood would be allowed to interfere with that object. The tsar's original plan related especially to the restriction of armaments to prevent the costly competition between the armed European powers. This was distinctly good policy for Russia, which is engaged in carrying out a great plan of development which would be seriously impeded by war, especially at this time, when her extensive system of strategic railways is incomplete and her various strongholds upon the open seas are hardly made good. But the progress of the world has been made most often through enlightened self-interest, and if a really good measure is taken by a powerful government, capable of giving it valuable support, we do not need to inquire too closely as to motive.

After much diplomatic correspondence the conference, made up of delegations from Germany, the United States of America, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, China, Denmark, Spain, France, Great Britain, Greece, Italy, Japan, Luxemburg, Mexico, Netherlands, Persia, Portugal, Roumania, Russia, Servia, Siam, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, Turkey, and Bulgaria, met in the House in the Wood, the summer residence of the Dutch royal family, just outside The Hague. There ten sessions were held, and between these the committees and sub-committees prepared their report. There were three main committees, the first dealing with the limitation of armaments and the humanizing of warfare; the second to consider the extension of the Geneva convention of 1864 to maritime warfare, and a revision of the laws and customs of war; and the third, on good offices, mediation, and international committees of inquiry and arbitration.

The work that was done by the first committee had comparatively little result. It was not found practicable to adopt any disarmament proposition, and upon the question of prohibiting the use of various inventions in warfare a wide difference of opinion developed. The second

Doubt due to misconception.

First and second committees.

committee prepared a treaty similar to the Geneva convention, for the protection of sea hospital services under the red cross flag, this treaty to be open to accession by any of the signatory powers of the Geneva convention. A treaty, with an appended code of laws and customs of war, was also adopted, for acceptance by the signatory powers. These treaties represented marked progress in the humanizing of war, and would alone have justified the holding of the congress.

The third committee and arbitration.

The most important work of the conference, in possible future results, was that done by the third committee for international arbitration. The United States had no interest in the question of limitation of armaments, which was really a matter of interest only to the European powers. When it was determined to send a strong delegation to the congress, it was with the intention of throwing the weight of this country's influence in behalf of the broad principle of international arbitration. Fortunately, the conference was held at the time when the feeling between Great Britain and the United States was particularly cordial, and the influence of the two great English-speaking nations that have done most in actual practise for the arbitration principle was a unit in the conference. The adoption of the plan for a permanent arbitration tribunal was really their achievement.

The "convention for the peaceful adjustment of international differences" has been signed and ratified by all the powers represented at the conference. It provides for voluntary resort to mediation through one or more friendly powers or for resort to a permanent international court of arbitration, with an international bureau at The Hague, which is to be the record office of the court. Each signatory power is to have four members of the court. It was proposed to make arbitration compulsory in all cases, but this proposition was defeated, and it is believed that the court is thus strengthened and dignified, by being made a true high court of appeal, rather than a mere international police court for petty cases. The closing session of the congress was held on Saturday, July 29, 1899. At that time the final act was signed, embodying the various declarations and treaties which had been adopted. The conference then closed, its sessions having been marked by frank and dignified discussion and mutual respect.

The most notable diplomatic congress of the nineteenth century.

No international conference has been conducted more quietly, but the historian of the future will name it as the most important diplomatic congress of the century. The reign of peace and law has in it those elements of practical value that appeal to the highest statesmanship at all times, and we need not depend upon sentiment to bring it in. If an examination of the relations of nations shows anything, it shows that the interests and policies of the great world powers are best served by peace; and if this is true of the great powers it is certainly true of the weaker ones that cannot make successful war. The curious mingling of greed and generosity, of bigotry and liberality, of selfish ambition and broad humanitarianism, in these later days has caused so much conflict that the thought of war has become almost a habit, and the restless spirit of man easily answers the call of one of the primal passions of the race. And it is always easy to see how, through the close interweaving of interests in the modern world, a war may easily spread into a world-wide flame. But every great question that has in it the elements of destruction and conflict has in it likewise the elements of construction and of harmony. Never was this truer than of the international crisis that marks the turning into a new century.

What evidence have we of the approach of world peace? The century that has just closed was full of wars, opening in the storm of the Napoleonic conflicts and closing with the war between the United States and Spain, the struggle for the subjugation of the Philippines, the war in South Africa, and the mad turmoil in China. Is there anything in the character



THE HOUSE IN THE
WOOD, WHERE THE
PEACE CONFERENCE
MET.

of the wars of the century that will throw any light upon this question? Two or three facts in regard to them are very plain and have some significance.

Since the overthrow of Napoleon there have been no wars of conquest. By this I mean there have been no wars plainly carried on with conquest for their primary object. The wars of the nineteenth century may be classed in three categories; wars in behalf of nationality; wars, professedly at least, humanitarian, and police wars. The war with Spain in 1898 is an illustration of both the latter classes. It was entered into by the people of the United States under the impulse of a warm humanity, out of sympathy for the Cuban subjects of Spain who were suffering intolerable oppression. This fact is not altered because politicians and speculators have sought to make capital out of the nation's enterprise. It was also waged on the part of the government of the United States to prevent the constant recurrence of disorders which were a serious hindrance to the welfare of the countries adjacent to Cuba and to the commerce in Cuban waters. The Seven Weeks' war between Prussia and Austria and the Franco-German war are marked examples of wars in behalf of the principle of nationality, the inevitable consequence of obstinate adherence to an artificial state system. The Crimean war is more difficult to classify, but as an attempt to restrain Nicolas I. in his ambitious and disturbing policy it was really one of the wars for nationality. The Civil war in America belongs in the same category. The Russo-Turkish war of 1877 was primarily a war in behalf of humanity, and represents the international police power, whatever ulterior motives the Russian government might have had to spur it on. So we might go through the whole catalogue of conflicts great and small, finding in every case that the motives, either real or avowed, which led to them would place them in one of the three classes mentioned above. To say this is not to claim that all the wars of the nineteenth century have been justifiable, or that the pretended motives have been the real motives, but the fact that the governments even of the great powers, the world powers which possess the strongest armaments, find it necessary to justify the conflicts in which they may engage upon one or another of these grounds in order to prevent the interference of other nations upon one of the same grounds, is a sufficient evidence that the basis of war has changed within a century.

Justifications for
wars.

Practical progress
of arbitration.

The progress made in the application of arbitration to the settlement of international disputes is one of the plainest indications of the advance toward peace. In this direction the two Anglo-Saxon powers have led the way, but among all nations there is a strong and increasing recognition of the value of international arbitration and its advantages over the rough and ready method of settlement by the sword. The peace congress at The Hague in 1898 is the most striking evidence of the progress of this principle. That congress, with all its differences of opinion, with all its shortcomings and its limited accomplishment, stood first and foremost for international arbitration upon a large scale and on the basis of permanence.

National interest in
peace.

But the strongest guarantee of peace among nations must be found in the self-interest of the nations themselves, and here we find that every movement of the nineteenth century and every promise of the twentieth century make for peace. For, in the first place, war is becoming enormously costly. The burden of even a short war between great powers is something before which any thoughtful statesman must shrink. Such a war will only be entered upon when it becomes a matter of necessity from complications which are beyond the control of intelligent statesmanship.

The cost of modern
warfare.

The cost of modern warfare may be measured to a certain extent by the great expenditure involved in the defeat of Spain, a weak and decadent power, by the United States, a strong and wealthy one, and in the enormous outlay which England's unfortunate struggle in South Africa is involving. Compare this with the probable expenditure involved in case of conflict between Russia and Great Britain, a conflict which would almost inevitably involve other powers, that might be waged on three continents and all over the world, that would enlist millions of fighting men, and would bring into operation the most powerful modern navies.

People opposed to
war.

It was very easy in bygone centuries, when the people followed blindly their hereditary rulers and were unaccustomed to think for themselves, to initiate great wars for personal or national aggrandizement, and to involve the nation in them without asking its consent. Furthermore, in these past centuries, up to the nineteenth, fighting was one of the most widespread and honored of trades, and men approved of warfare. But these conditions are now changed. Military service, while it still appeals to the imagination and to the eager adventurous spirit, while it still offers laurels which the ambitious are eager to obtain, has given place with the great mass of mankind to the labors of peaceful industry. It is now held as an irksome burden in most countries. It interferes with the operations of industry which are so essential to our complicated modern life. Against it all free peoples protest, and those who are not free object in ways less plain and open, but no less dangerous to the future of militarism. In the governments of all the world powers except Russia, the people have more or less voice, and they will not tolerate long the burden of wars which do not enlist their active sympathy. That sympathy in the long run cannot be held for unjust causes. Great masses of people may be prejudiced, they may be bigoted, but they are human, and humanity has been learning something in the field of practical ethics in the last nineteen hundred years. The history of the world shows too, that no great mass of people like the Russians can be held long in absolute subjection to a single will or to the rule of an aristocratic class. Sooner or later the contact with the world which is bound to come with railways and industries and commerce and expansion, such as Russia is now developing on so vast a scale, will introduce ideas which will lift the people out of their torpor and make them keen in their own interests, as the people of western Europe have already shown themselves under similar conditions. The development of Russia is preparing thoroughly and rapidly at the present time its own political revolution, which for the welfare of the



THE WOOD AT THE HAGUE.

world as well as Russia, it is to be hoped will come peacefully and quietly.

Now for each of the world powers there is a sphere of expansion possible before they come into collision with each other; that is, they can occupy vacant places on the earth's surface or control or absorb lesser peoples who are not sufficiently well equipped intellectually or materially to hold their place in the world's competition alone, but when that limit is reached the question must arise for each of these powers whether it will go farther at the risk of trespassing on the sphere of a rival power or will stop, maintaining peaceful relations with that rival power. The consequences of the trespass and of a probable conflict have been suggested, and their alternative is an adjustment of international relations by which conflict shall be prevented, the police service of the world maintained, and justice administered between nations as it now is under every well organized government between individuals. The duel and lynch law gave place slowly to organized justice which regards society as above the individual. Is it not conceivable that to a great extent wars between nations may give way to an organized system of justice which will hold the interests of the world at large above those of individual nations?

Relation of expansion to peace.

Tennyson's noble verses have shown themselves good as history. They History and may prove to be prophetic also. The rivalries of a world-wide commerce prophecy. are with us; the thunder of the guns of warring nations dies slowly away; but the federation of the world is not a mere poetic image nor is it an idle dream.

" For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
 Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
 Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
 Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
 Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
 From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
 Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
 With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder storm;
 Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled,
 In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.
 There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
 And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

1. How does America rank with other nations in the production of iron, copper, and coal?
2. How with respect to gold and silver?
3. What three facts appear in a study of these statistics?
4. Why does the Japanese army, though small, compare favorably with those of other powers?
5. How has the Chinese war illustrated the difference in equipment of the world's armies?
6. Sum up present conditions in the case of each one of the world's navies.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1. What were the marked characteristics of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries?
2. Can we reasonably forecast those of the twentieth?
3. How does the United States illustrate the " shrinking of the planet " in the last century?
4. How has the growth of home industries affected world intercourse?
5. What theory does Prince Kropotkin urge as a means of checking modern industrialism?
6. Why is it to the interests of the great nations to remain friendly?
7. In what way is the Monroe doctrine likely to be endangered?

CHAPTER XXXV.

1. What three classes of people in the various nations of the world have in turn struggled for the mastery?
2. What is the real nature of democracy?
3. Why has self-realization been difficult for democracy?
4. Why is modern democratic government insufficient?
5. How are democracies likely to affect each other when brought into international contact?

CHAPTER XXXVI.

1. Why were the tsar's peace propositions received with doubt?
2. What countries were represented at the Peace Congress?
3. What three committees were appointed?
4. What progress was made by the first two committees?
5. What did the committee on arbitration accomplish?
6. What has been the nature of the wars of the world since Napoleon?
7. In what ways do national interests make for peace?
8. What is the relation of expansion to peace?



Search Questions.

1. What does Australasia include?
2. Who is M. Leroy-Beaulieu?
3. Give instances of the " historic ill-fortune " of the French navy.
4. What was the *Contrat Social*?



XXI. RESOURCES OF THE NATIONS AND INDUSTRIAL CHANGES.

Bibliography.

The data for any thorough study of this subject must be gathered from descriptive works, many of which have been referred to in the bibliographies of previous chapters, from year books, especially the " Statesman's Year Book," from consular reports, and other government publications. Mulhall's " Dictionary of Statistics " is useful for reference. Much the same sources are to be looked to for facts relating to industrial development.

On the armies of Europe there is a volume—" Military Europe"—by Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles. Current periodicals furnish much information, valuable and valueless, on this subject. A recent article of great interest is Thomas F. Millard's " Comparison of the Armies in China " (Scribner's, January, 1901.) On the navies of the world, likewise, periodical literature and government reports will be the best sources.

XXII. DEMOCRACY.

The history of the age is largely a history of the development of democracy. Some special studies that are very suggestive are W. J. Brown's " The New Democracy " (Macmillan, 1899); F. H. Giddings's " Democracy and Empire " (Macmillan, 1900); E. L. Godkin's " Problems of Modern Democracy " (Scribner's, 1896); " Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy " (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1898); and W. E. H. Lecky's " Democracy and Liberty " (Longman's, 1896, new ed. 1899).

XXIII. THE FEDERATION OF THE WORLD.

The International Peace Conference had a wise and accurate chronicler in F. W. Holls, secretary of the United States delegation. His book, " The Peace Conference at The Hague, and its bearings on international law and policy " (Macmillan, 1900), will remain a standard book of reference.

XXIV. ADDENDA.

Some recent books of value relating to the subjects discussed in these papers may be noted:

F. W. Fuller's " Egypt and the Hinterland " (Longmans, 1901); Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu's " The Awakening of the East " (English trans. McClure, Phillips & Co., 1900), a very useful contribution to our knowledge of Siberia, Japan, and China.

TOPICAL ANALYSIS.

RESOURCES IN PEACE AND WAR.

- Economic leadership of the United States.
- Gold, iron and steel, wheat.
- Great Britain, Russia, and the United States.
- Transportation and finance.
- Fighting strength.
 - The war and peace powers.
 - Armies of the world.
 - Paper vs. actual strength.
 - Volunteers, equipment, and supply.
 - Comparative naval strength.
 - The sea powers.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

INDUSTRIAL CHANGES.

- Characteristics of the centuries.
- Material development.
 - The United States as an illustration.
 - Effect of industrial expansion.
 - Politics and trade.
 - Prince Kropotkin's theory.
 - The volume of international trade.
 - The economic motor in national life.
 - The industrial countries good customers of each other.
 - A European *Zollverein* against America.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DEMOCRACY.

- An irrepressible conflict of political forces.
- Democracy in definition.
- Difficulty of self-realization of democracy.
- Beginnings of nineteenth-century democracy.
 - A false view of the plebiscite.
 - Insufficiency of modern democracy.
 - Majority substituted for minority.
- Reaction of democratic movements on the world.

CHAPTER XXXV.

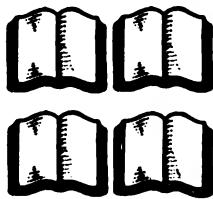
THE FEDERATION OF THE WORLD.

- The tsar's peace rescript.
- Its reception by the world.
- The Peace Conference of 1899.
 - Work of the committees.
 - The most notable diplomatic congress of the century.
- The approach of world peace.
 - Wars of the century.
 - Progress of arbitration.
 - National self-interest makes for peace.
 - Cost of wars.

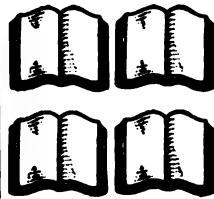
CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE END.





READING JOURNEY in *the ORIENT*



Summary of Preceding Chapters.

[The voyage from New York to Gibraltar, scenes in Tangier and Algiers, and the arrival at Alexandria were described in the October issue. In November, Alexandria, the trip to Upper Egypt, and scenes along the Nile were the subjects considered. In December, "Down the Nile to Cairo" was the topic. "Modern Palestine and Syria — from Port Said to Beirut" constituted the region visited in January. In February Asia Minor was visited. "Constantinople" was the subject in March. In April the Greek Islands were visited in "A Cruise in the Aegean." "Attica, Boeotia, and Corinth" were visited in May.]

IX. A CARAVAN TOUR OF THE PELOPONNESUS.

BY J. IRVING MANATT.

(Professor of Greek in Brown University.)

ON the large-scale maps of the French Survey of the Morea (1829-31), lying open before me, there is traced in red ink a route starting from the Isthmian Stadium and reaching to the Altis at Olympia. The red tracing follows no beaten track, but winds into out-of-the-way places and comes near touching every tip of the plane leaf — to use Strabo's similitude — or of the mulberry leaf, if we prefer the fancy which has been thought to account for the medieval name Morea. Not only so, but after searching out these lands' ends all the way round to the banks of the Alpheos, the red line climbs Erymanthus, dips into the darkling Styx, surmounts Cyllene, and closes its own circuit at Corinth.

It is the track of the American Caravan which traversed pretty much all Greece between Thermopylae and Navarino ten years ago. Without precedent in Greek travel then, that pilgrimage still remains unique; and the plain story of it, adequately told, would eclipse any traveler's tale I know. But the present limits preclude anything more than touch-and-go notes of our thirty days' ride, over ground thirty centuries deep with human history, from the Isthmian Sanctuaries to the Olympic Stadium.

The Caravan, to be sure, set forth from Athens, where its tents were first pitched under the great columns of Olympian Zeus; but the three days' march over the Sacred Way and through the Megarian olive woods and along the Skironian Rocks does not belong to this story. Not until at high noon on the 18th of April, when we cantered into a little dell sprinkled with green wheat and shut in with pine-clad

Course of the journey.

THE GALLERIES IN
THE WALL OF
TIRYNS.





THE CORINTH CANAL.

hills — once the field of the Isthmian Games — could we say with Tyrtæus :
“ To Pelops’ isle far-reaching are we come.”

We’ had taken no thought for the ancient calendar ; but by a happy coincidence we had arrived at the very height of the holy Isthmian month, the season when the old Greeks came thronging here from near and far. Little of human handiwork remains to witness those great days ; but nature and history and song together guard well the olden charm. The smiling sea and the odorous pines and the “ god-built gates of Pelops’ shining isle ” abide as they were before young Theseus halted here to pay off Sinis, the Isthmian pine-bender, in his own coin, and to found the Games ; before the chiefs from Salamis gathered about Poseidon’s altar here to adjudge the prize of valor, every man voting for himself as first choice and for Themistocles as second ; before Pindar and Bacchylides crowned many an Isthmian winner with unfading wreaths of song ; before Socrates trudged hither — first and only time he ever quitted Athens except with the colors — to attend the Festival ; before Alexander came here to be acclaimed pan-Hellenic leader and to begin the conquest of the world ; before Paul walked over from Cenchreæ or Corinth to watch the races and pick up the athletic imagery which was to do good service in a world-conquest more far-reaching and enduring than the Macedonian’s.

The sea-god’s sanctuary has given way to a chapel of St. John, and the Isthmian Games are closed forever. But an Isthmian enterprise, conceived before the earliest historical date assigned to games or sanc-

The Isthmus and
the Games.

The Isthmian canal.



¹ The masters of the caravan, Rev. John Woodworth Craig and Mr. Clarence Seymour Wadsworth, who had organized it in Egypt and proved it well in the tour from Suez to Sinai and back, brought it to Athens in the spring of 1891, and invited me to join them in their tour of Greece. The Egyptian equipage and staff consisted of four luxurious tents with every appointment for comfort and convenience, a stately Syrian-Greek dragoman wearing a Tel-el-Kebir medal, a Cairo chef fit to cater to kings, a turbaned Arab who was a very prince of waiters, and a comical little Italian valet. With the best saddle horses to be procured in the kingdom, and half a dozen Greek muleteers to carry the outfit and stores, the wants of three travelers were certainly well provided for ; and, wherever they chose to pitch their tents, there for the time being was the best hotel in Greece.

MYCENÆ — THE
ROYAL TOMBS INSIDE
THE LIONS' GATE.



subject. "He who attempted to turn Peloponnesus into an island desisted before he had dug through the Isthmus. The beginning of the cutting may still be seen; but it was not carried as far as the rock. So Peloponnesus is still what nature made it—mainland. So hard is it for man to do violence to the works of God." (Pausanias II. 1, 5.) But Periander's dream of an Isthmian canal six centuries before our era and the unconscious prophecy of poets were no idle fancies. Nero (at whom Pausanias is girding) accomplished far more than the second-century traveler gave him credit for. A brilliant scene it must have been when the Roman emperor, after chanting hymns to the sea-gods, with his own hands grasped the golden pickax and broke ground; and a busy scene when "a great multitude of soldiers and prisoners, including apparently 6,000 Jews sent by Vespasian from Judea," fell to work. Though more serious business soon called Nero back to Rome, the work went on; and the French engineer of the new canal found that a cutting had been made from three to thirty meters deep and forty to fifty meters wide, for a distance of two thousand meters on the west and fifteen hundred on the east, or three-fifths of the entire breadth of the Isthmus—involving the removal of five hundred thousand cubic meters of earth and rock, which would employ five or six thousand men three or four months. The construction of the modern canal—which is three and one-half miles long, one hundred feet wide, and

WALL OF TIRYNS.



is spanned by a railway bridge two hundred and thirty feet above the water—occupied General Türr of Garibaldian fame, and his French Company, off and on, for a dozen years (1881–93). Two years after we rode across the ancient Portage, the salt water circuit was complete, and the Peloponnesus was an isle in fact as well as in name. And since then, thanks to this new waterway, I have sailed from Athens to Ithaca and back on halcyon seas without ever a qualm about shipwrecking Malea.

After our first Sunday rest by the old Temple under Acrocorinth—which I need not speak, now that Professor Richardson has made that ground his own—we rode out of old Corinth at nine o'clock Monday morning, and at six in the evening drew rein at the Lions' Gate of Mycenæ. It is less than thirty miles by the road, from the citadel of Sisyphos to the Cyclopean keep of Agamemnon; but there are things by the wayside worth seeing. For the first three hours the present scene suffices — peasants digging in the vineyards or following the slow oxen in the furrow, shepherdesses busy at once with their flocks and their spindles, clear streams lined with plane trees and strung with rustic mills (seven of them by actual count in a stretch of two miles); and then we suddenly come out on a high plateau facing snowy Cyllene and covered with wheat fields, olive groves, and a considerable village (Chiliomodi).

We are in the heart of old Tenea, whose people claimed to be Trojans settled here by Agamemnon, and were devoted to Apollo (the Smynthian, no doubt)—a cult confirmed by the quaint archaic Apollo of Tenea (now at Munich) which was found here. In this secluded upland the Teneans lived apart and prospered—so much so that an oracle declared, “Blessed is Corinth, but I would be a Tenean”—a preference amply vindicated when Mummius left Corinth a desolation and spared and favored Tenea, possibly (as Curtius suggests) out of regard for their kindred Trojan blood!

Thus far our course has lain nearly due south, but now we turn to the west, and an hour's ride brings us to Hagios Basilos, where under the walls of old Kleonai we take our noonday rest. To our right lies another secluded dell, long an unbroken solitude, with three lonely columns to mark the spot where Hellas gathered to the Nemean Games. As at the Isthmus, the ship-canal and the railway have succeeded the sea-god's service and the chariot races, so the snort of the iron horse is heard in the haunt of the Nemean Lion. For that brute of Echidna's breed,

Corinth to Tenea.



THE THEATER OF ARGOS.

Nemea and the Lion's Lair.



NAUPLIA AND
PALAMEDES — FROM
THE SEA.

until "the brawn of mighty Herakles laid him low," was Lord of Tretos (Hesiod, Theogony, 331); and, as we round the little railway station with Nemea writ large across its front, we enter the defile that may have borne that name ever since it was *drilled* (*tretos*) through the rock by the stream that now winds at our feet. Highway and railway hug the deep-worn water-course, as they needs must, but the caverned sides of the gorge offer more than one eligible lion's den; and here, no doubt, the son of Alkmene achieved his first task — which, according to the higher critics, was not a lion-quelling but a bit of engineering to head off the sweeping mountain torrents. Well and good; but the sages go on to tell us that there never were any lions in the Peloponnesus at all.

We had two hours to turn this gratuitous *alibi* over in our minds as we rode through the Tretos, and we might have been debating it to this day; but the stone lions we found guarding the gateway of Mycenæ, as they had been guarding it for thirty centuries and more, made short work of the doctrine. They are real lions wrought in limestone quarried on the spot — no more imported than the palace frescoes; and, in fact, the lion is the most real thing in all Mycenæan art, as no one needs telling who has ever studied the animal as he ramps on their gems and seals and sword blades. *Ergo*, the lion was at home in Greece or Mycenæan art was not.

Lions at home in
Greece.

Mycenæ and the
heroic age.

Mycenæ is no place for the unbeliever. It is the heroic age come down to us in objective reality. Indeed, this triangular rock nine hundred and twelve feet above the sea, entrenched by two deep torrent beds and buttressed by mountains twice and thrice its own height, was a god-built fastness before the Cyclopes came to fence it with their mighty walls. In these walls that laugh at Time, in the magnificent gateway with its guarding lions, and in the Treasury of Atreus (to use the traditional name of the great beehive tomb), we have always had enough to stir the imagination. But could this hill-fort, little larger in area than the Athenian Acropolis, be Homer's "Mycenæ of the wide streets"? Could this naked solitude be the poet's city "rich in gold"? One man had faith to believe even this, and to establish his faith by his works. When Schliemann uncovered the royal graves inside the Lions' Gate, he found their heroic tenants fairly loaded with gold and surrounded with a wealth



CHANNEL AND
TOWN OF POROS.
(ANCIENT KALAMIA.)

of offerings well-nigh exhausting the range of primitive art. When Tsountas, after laying bare the palace and revealing the hidden underground waterway, explored the lower town, he found evidence of suburban village settlements with wide country roads. And today, I repeat, Mycenæ is the heroic age come down to us in objective reality. In our encampment before the Lions' Gate we do not dream—we feel and know it. The mighty fortress, the splendid palace, the tombs stored with gold, all bear witness to a King of Men—call him Agamemnon or what you will—with a Warrior Court, with vassals equal to stupendous tasks, with artists whose handiwork is beyond all modern cunning. “Lord of all Argos,” he may well have been, “and of many isles”—including, we may fancy, that nearest source of ancient gold, Siphnos;—and well may the petty chiefs of Greece have rallied round him as overlord when a common cause demanded common action.

The Plain of Argos is not an imperial domain. Taking Mycenæ as an apex, whence the mountain walls diverge to the base-line formed by the sunny southern sea-front, the triangle measures hardly a

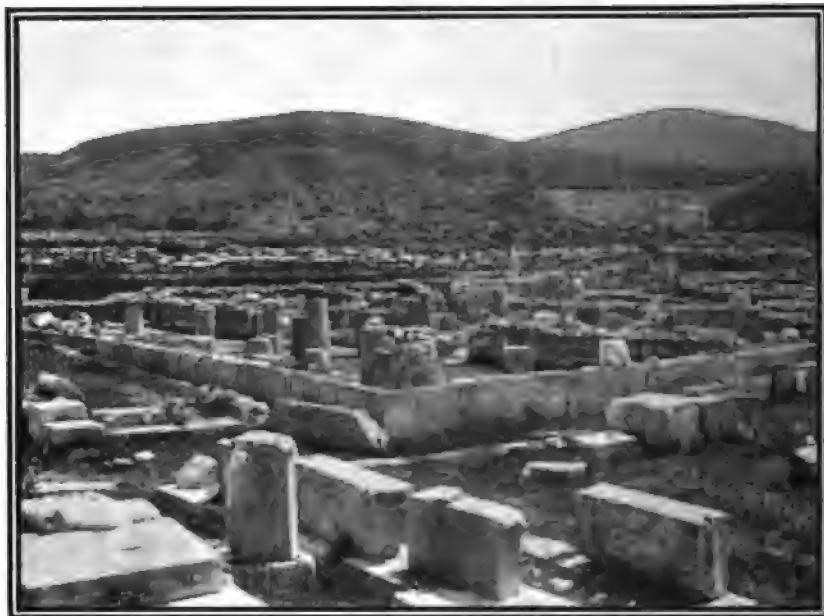
FOUNDATIONS OF
POSEIDON'S TEMPLE
ON KALAMIA —
SCENE OF DEMOS-
THENES'S DEATH.



dozen miles in any dimension; yet within these confines we have four more prehistoric strongholds and a prehistoric sanctuary to survey. It is an hour's ride over rough and stony ground—which gives us a new sense of Cleobis and Biten's filial piety—to the Heræum, from time immemorial

The Argive Plain
and Hera's temple.

GRAND VIEW OF
THE SACRED PRE-
CINCT, AND THE
THEATER OF
EPIDAURUS.



the central shrine of Argos. Tradition tells us how the Achaian chiefs swore fealty to Agamemnon here on the eve of Troy, and the American spade has demonstrated a still higher antiquity; indeed, Dr. Waldstein intimates that he has found evidence on the spot to show that this was the earliest civic, as well as religious, center of Argos, antedating even Tiryns.

Midea.

Three miles south of the Sanctuary, midway between Mycenæ and Nauplia, and about equidistant from Tiryns and Argos, another Cyclopean hill-fort guards the eastern approach to the Plain. It is Midea, storied birthplace of Alkmene.²

Argos, new and old.

From the Heræum we worked our way back over plowed ground to the highroad and then struck into an exhilarating gallop across the plain and the Inachus to Argos, where we pitched our second Argive camp beside the theater. Unlike Mycenæ, Argos is not a desolation, but a busy town of ten thousand souls—very like one big bazaar. For the shops are little more than booths which open by hoisting the whole front and (on street corners) one side as well, so that business is done in full daylight. The cobbler and the smith almost monopolize the market, and everything in sight appears to be hand-made. But if new Argos is vulgar, the castle of Diomed still looms proudly behind it. The Larissa is only half as lofty (nine hundred and fifty feet) as Acrocorinth; but, going straight up from the theater as we did, we found it still harder climbing. It is crowned with walls of every age and order—the work of Danaan, Dorian, Byzantine, Frank, Venetian, and Turk; but its sole occupant appears to be a peasant tending a little patch of barley in the outer keep. Enduring as Larissa itself is the theater hewn out of its southeastern base. Here from seventy tiers of seats cut in the rock twenty thousand people could hear every word spoken and witness every acted scene in the great orchestra (two hundred feet in diameter) beneath them. This I tested by reading the opening scene of the “Agamemnon,”

Castle and theater.

²On my last visit to Argolis, I took a carriage early in the morning at Nauplia and drove to Tiryns, past Midea to the Heræum, and on to Mycenæ—spending two or three hours at the last-named place—and all in time to catch a train at Phichtia and dine in Athens, so thick-sown are these prehistoric landmarks.

THEATER OF
MEGALOPOLIS.

the words recited in the orchestra carrying easily and distinctly to my friends in the upper *diazoma*. Tradition says it was here the poet Pindar breathed his last; and, after that superb glorification of Argos in the Tenth Nemean, the gods could hardly have granted him a happier passing.

On our morning march from Argos we halt only to reconnoiter strong-walled Tiryns, where we are to linger on our return, and ride on into Nauplia and out again through its fine Venetian sea-gate, to pitch our camp at the water's edge under frowning Palamedes. Nauplia is the perpetual counterpart of Argos; Palamedes and Larissa (their respective citadels), facing each other across an interval of only nine miles, attest in their very names an immemorial antiquity, and they were never good neighbors. And now, with hardly half the population of shop-keeping Argos, Nauplia is far the more important place: Byzantine, Frank, and Turk in turn made it their capital, and New Greece followed suit for a time. It was Capodistria's seat of government, until his assassination, and as such it received King Otho, though he speedily removed his court to Athens. It is still a busy seaport, and the medieval fortress crowning Palamedes (seven hundred feet high, and ascended by a rock stairway of eight hundred and fifty-seven steps cut by the Venetians) is now a state prison. Nauplia is an admirable example of a Venetian walled town, though it is a startling transition from the Lions' Gate of Agamemnon to this sea-gate blazoned with the Lion of St. Mark.

We lingered a second day in our charming seaside camp there, and then set out on a six days' ride around the unfrequented land's end of Argolis. The first stage is by a fair carriage road, through olive groves and past more than one Hellenic or prehistoric hill-fort, and brings up at another holy place. Here in a solitary vale shut in by bare gray mountain walls half a mile high, lie the ruins of the great sanctuary to which the invalids of old Greece flocked for health and healing. The place has no springs, no sea-breeze, no invigorating air to invite the valetudinarian; but repose unbroken. Just one shepherd's light on the distant mountainside to twinkle a response to our own camp fire! But then Asklepios was born and suckled (by his goat nurse) on the mountain above us; and the power of that Theophany transcended mortal medicine and made this spot the faith cure of all Greece. So in this round of hills, hidden from the

Nauplia.

Epidaurus—an old
Greek health resort.

SPARTA, WITH
MT. TAYGETOS IN
THE BACKGROUND.



The faith cure of
Greece.

world, rose his sanctuary with all its accessories — the sunny colonnades, the Tholos of the Sacred Snakes, the shrines of kindred deities, the Stadium, the matchless theater almost as perfect today as when Polycleitus built it some three and twenty centuries ago. Musing by moonlight in its sky gallery (now fairly glowing with bright yellow gorse) and contemplating the perfect circle of the orchestra and the marble sittings for twelve thousand spectators, one realizes how well the old priest-doctors catered to their patients. They provided wholesome sports — witness the Stadium; and with the theater in full blast there could be no moping. A day of tragic elevation, seasoned with satyr-farces — what could better purge the spirit and prepare the patient to lie down to healing dreams and wake to find them true? Happily we have here on the spot their old marble case-book (or torn leaves of it) labeled "Cures by Apollo and Asklepios," of which this is a sample: "Case of Alketas of Halika. He was blind and saw a vision: he thought the god approached him and with his fingers opened his eyes so that he could see the trees in the precinct; and when day broke he departed cured." Gardner ("New Chapters of Greek History," pp. 371 ff.) recites a score of these cures, — none more curious than that of Cleo, who, being with child five years, slept in the gods' hall and on leaving it at once gave birth to a son who proceeded to bathe in the spring, and then walked off with his mother!

TEMPLE OF BASSÆ.





SPARTA — AT FULL MARKET.

Between this old sanitarium and the sea we have to traverse a mountain region quite innocent of roads, but abounding in scenes of wild natural beauty. It shows us, too, the highlanders of Greece as they live today and may have lived in any age. Here are two glimpses of that life to tempt an artist or an idyllist. First, a mountain stream canopied with plane trees, in whose branches the nightingales are trilling at noonday; on the stream an old mill, its wheel turned by the waterfall from a flume, and hard by a dairy with a dozen shaggy-coated shepherds delivering the white curds which they have carried hither in flannel blankets slung like balances across their shoulders (just as we see one doing on a prehistoric Cretan seal stone); between mill and dairy the great outdoor oven whence the miller draws smoking hot for our luncheon one of the dozen whole-wheat loaves which were grist in his hopper a few hours ago, while his neighbor carves with an old Revolutionary sword

a great wheel of cheese as his contribution to our feast. Second, mountain-top village (Potami) with a roaring torrent below and the deluge from on high; chief mansion of the place a basement stable with two-room dwelling above, furnished with two wooden blocks in lieu of chairs, a basket of wool and

Glimpses of mountain life.



MESSENE — ARCAEAN GATE.

a distaff, an old gun, and an icon in a corner niche with a little lamp smoking before it, a smouldering fire of roots on the open hearth beside which the young wife and mother spreads a homespun rug with a straw pillow that we may recline at ease and dry our drenched garments. Thus life goes

OLYMPIA RESTORED.
 (From "Olympia" by
 Adolf Boetticher. Pub-
 lished by Julius Springer,
 Berlin, 1883.)



on at Potami; yet that hearth has its domestic joys—a young father fondling his young child, as the young mother welcomes her unusual guests shyly but not without dignity; and though the smoke lays store of soot on the rafters, and the clay floor threatens to give way and to mix men and beasts, there is no denying a certain warmth and cheer.

From this rain-bound encampment it is a two hours' morning march by dizzy bridle-paths to Troizen. The mother-city of Pæstum and Hali-carnassus has shrunk to a petty hamlet (Damala); and the domain of King Pittheus is the property of a retired captain of the Greek navy (Stavros Tsamados), who has the air of a well-dressed jaunty English gentleman. He owns some five thousand acres of this rich, well-watered plain, backed by frowning mountains and fronting on the sea; and his house is built upon the rocks above a pretty stadium which is planted with lime trees, apricots, and figs.

In the lemon groves by the sea we go into camp; and, with the schoolmaster and

other notables from Poros, we cross the strait and make a pilgrimage to a spot forever memorable. It is an hour's climb from Poros, much of it amid wild and charming scenery, to the site of Pos-

Theseus's birthplace.

Calauria and Demosthenes.

NEW PYLOS.
 (NAVARINO.)

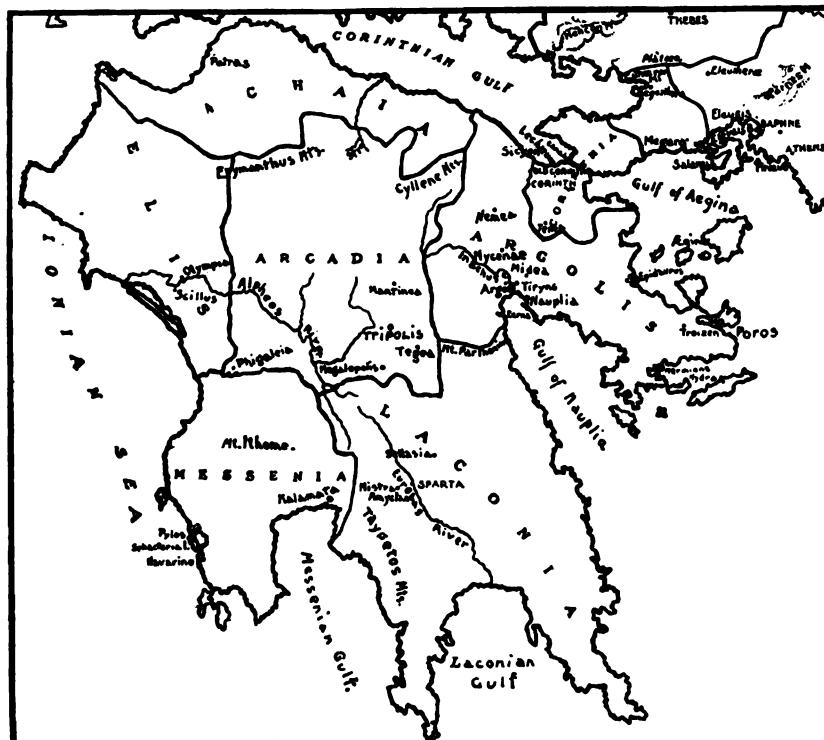


eidon's temple, which was the seat of the Calaurian Amphictyony and the scene of Demosthenes's death. Though Wide had not yet excavated the place, enough of the temple-ruin was above ground to leave no doubt of the spot; and in the pearly afternoon light we could see the Athenian

Acropolis and the Attic mountains which the great orator's eye must have sought fondly and often as he waited his doom here.

Leaving Calauria and Troizen, we enter a region often seen from the sea (for the steamers plying from Piraeus to Nauplia coast around this peninsula), but rarely visited: not even Leake penetrated it. Our way is over Mt. Darditza, descending at a point over against the steep white town of Hydra, and thence following the sea to Hermione. Of this ancient Dyopian city, with its cult of underworld Demeter and its rowing matches in honor of the wonder-working Dionysos of the eighteenth Homeric Hymn — a city which bred Lasos to be the teacher of Pindar — far more remains above ground than at Troizen; and its modern successor, Kastri, is a considerable village. A thorough excavation of the old site should yield rich returns.

Behind Hermione lies another wild mountain district, including the kettle-dale of Didyma with more than one yawning chasm to countenance "A hard road to travel."



MAP OF THE PELOPONNESE.

the legend that it was here Herakles dragged up the hell-hound Cerberus. But no poetic ascent out of Hades could cap our actual tribulations in crossing Mt. Avgó (or Bad-Egg Mountain, to qualify the Greek name as it richly deserves). The climb was bad enough, but nightfall overtook us on the summit; and we had to pick our steps in the dark down that devil's ladder (twenty-six hundred feet), with horses to lead at that. Getting down alive seemed nothing less than a miracle; and, once down, we were as much lost as ever. And when at last we found some shepherd lads to light us three miles farther to our camp, which as usual had been sent ahead, we had been thirteen hours in the saddle, and were quite ready for the hot dinner awaiting us.

Nothing loth, we strike our tents in this wild solitude, to pitch them again, after a day's march, at Tiryns, in the court of the oldest known palace in the Hellenic world. It was only an exchange of solitudes; for, barring one Doric capital and vestiges of a Byzantine church, there is

Strong-walled Tiryns.

nothing to show that the Cyclopean walls of Tiryns had sheltered a single lodger from the time of its desolation long before our era to the arrival of the American Caravan. Even the keeper sleeps without, as did Dr. Schliemann and his men during the excavation; the old agricultural school which Capodistria founded almost under the walls is long deserted; and the sole actual habitation in the neighborhood is the little box that serves as a railway station. Thus we were making history when we rode up the ramp, passed the mighty portal and the inner gate and on through the great Propylæa, the forecourt, and the little Propylæa, and pitched our tents in a curve about the altar in the Court of the Megaron. Tiryns was again a city of the living — under the American flag; and we slept on the spot that had witnessed how many a solemn sacrifice and how many an unholy deed. We are guests for the time of Proitos and his wanton queen who set her cap for virtuous young Bellerophon — an iniquity we have to thank for those “baleful signs scratched in a folded tablet” by the deluded king to be the youth’s death warrant! Now that Evans has turned up the written archives of Knossos, that old Tirynthian letter (the only writing mentioned in Homer) need no longer tax our credulity; nor does Tiryns lose a jot of its prestige in comparison with the Labyrinth-Palace of Minos. These mighty castle walls pierced with galleries and chambers are still unique; and the palace remains the most perfect type of its age and kind. In the great hall with its pillared hearth, in the friezes and frescoes we have recovered, in the wainscoted bathroom floored with one great stone slab of twenty tons’ weight, in the altar-pit of sacrifice we have the actual accessories of many a Homeric picture. But it is not of war-lords setting out for Troy nor of minstrels chanting their glory that we are to think here, for Tiryns had already sunk to be a poor dependency of Diomed at Argos; rather it is of an older time and of Herakles and Iolaos faring forth from these sounding corridors to do the tasks of that cruel coward Eurystheus of Mycenæ.

And, indeed, the first march from Tiryns brings us on the scene of another of the labors. The caravan encamps on a knoll above the Lernæan Marsh once haunted by the Hydra until the Hero of the Lion-Fell with Iolaos’s help cut off her fifty heads and put an end to her pernicious activity. Of course, every wiseacre knows the Hydra was nothing but a many-headed torrent needing to be confined within a single channel and so conducted to the sea. But the marsh remains, and the stream (after flowing twenty miles under the mountains to reappear here) runs a lot of lumber mills which give the place its present name, *Myloi*.

Lerna is our last encampment,

“In Argolis beside the echoing sea”;

Crossing Parthenion.

and we are off for Arcadia. It is an all-day mountain march — this time by a fine road which French engineers have carved and swung up in many a loop at ruinous cost to the country, and which the railway is now closely following. The route is that taken by Pheidippides on his memorable run to Sparta; and it was here on Mt. Parthenion that Pan met him and promised to lend a hand at Marathon. But these new-fangled improvements have driven out the genial goat-shanked god, and if you would hear his piping — sweeter than trill of nightingale — you must seek the yet untrodden backwoods of Arcadia.

Arcadian days.

Our ride into Tripolis was like our ride out of Argos. There in the soft glow of the setting sun we had met the Argives returning from their fields. Now in the late afternoon we meet the rustic Arcadians returning from their city. It was an Easter eve procession — men, women, children, soldiers, priests, shepherds driving home their flocks after parting with many a paschal lamb; here a rude cart swarming with people, in quaint costumes, with happy faces — most of them carrying wax candles of all sizes to be lighted in the village churches tonight;

Guests of Proitos
and his queen.

Lerna and the
Hydra.

there a woman on a donkey, with a basket of young pigs swung on either side; and everywhere the Easter lamb—lambs carried in carts, lambs swung from the saddle, lambs slung on the shoulders or borne in the bosoms of peasants afoot. Thus for mile on mile we work our slow way against the outpouring throng and study the Arcadian type—strong, simple, picturesque, fit offshoot of the old Pelasgian breed. 'Twas an Arcadian picture to be seen best at Easter and forgotten never. And the two days that followed—our camp in the Arcadian capital, with Easter lambs roasting on the spits, and half the population dropping in to afternoon tea; our Easter breakfast with the Arcadian governor, at whose board we feasted on viands unnamable in any language but Arcadia's, and washed them down with true Arcadian toasts; and, crowning all, the solemn liturgy that filled the quaint streets with torch-bearing throngs as they bore their Lord's body to the tomb, and the churches with joyful multitudes as the bells rang out the glad tidings of His resurrection.

Tripolis has no ancient history of its own (founded in the fifteenth century, it was the Moslem capital of the Morea until Kolokotrones sacked it and butchered the whole Turkish population in 1821); but, as the name bears witness, it has succeeded to the estate of three ancient cities,—two of them of the first importance. Some eight miles to the north, after driving over the battlefield where Epaminondas fell in the flush of victory, and traversing a stretch of vineyards dotted with wine presses by the score, we enter a wheat field three miles in circuit and enclosed by a wall (with eight gateways and a hundred towers still clearly defined) which was built some two and twenty centuries ago. This strong-walled wheat field—with its theater, gymnasium, agora, and temples, recently excavated by the French, but without a single inhabitant to frequent them—is all that is left of Mantinea, once among the greatest of Hellenic cities. To the south of Tripolis, a great rich plain with eighteen villages marks the domain of old Tegea; but of the city itself there is left above ground hardly one stone upon another, though remains of the theater exist under the Byzantine church of Palaio-Episkopi, and the German spade has laid bare the foundations of the temple of Athene Alea with some marble heads thought to belong to Skopas's pediment group of the Calydonian Boar Hunt.

From highland Arcadia—the shut-in Switzerland of Greece, root and stock (as Curtius calls it) of all the Peloponnesian mountain ranges—it is a welcome change to "low-lying Lacedæmon"; and the two days' march over her rugged northern barrier, with two days' encampment on the Spartan Acropolis, and then the crossing of her mighty western barrier, proved the greatest course in Greek history we had ever elected. You may thumb your Thucydides and Herodotus, your Grote and Finlay; but it is in the presence and under the spell of Taygetos alone that you shall come to feel what Sparta was. Laconia is just a mighty mountain framework shutting in the narrow Eurotas valley which is barely eighteen miles long by four or five wide. This deep-sunk basin (Homer's "Lacedæmon lying low among the caverned hills") was the happy seat of old Achaian kings until conquered by the Dorian war-lords who turned it into a camp and set up the business of breeding soldiers. They had nothing else to do, and Lycurgus, their lawgiver, took care that they should not have. The Dorian Spartiate owned all this rich bottom land—the soft kernel shut up in a thick hard shell, as Curtius describes it, tilled for them by Helot serfs, while the wild rugged mountain walls were left in the hands of the subjugated Achaians (*Periæci*) who had to wring a wretched living from the rocks. For a foe to get in over these mountain walls could have been no easy task, to say nothing of getting out again; and so for more than six centuries after the Dorian conquest, notwithstanding endless wars, a hostile foot never pressed Spartan soil. Against foreign

New Tripolis—old Mantinea and Tegea.

Over the hills to Sparta.

A lesson in history.

A READING JOURNEY IN THE ORIENT.

arts as well as foreign arms, the Dorian was proof: while Athens welcomed the wide world's culture, Sparta obstinately stuck to her homely ways, and the radical race-difference grew an ever wider breach until the deadly tug came on.

Nowhere do the vicissitudes of history stand out in more striking relief. On our ride down from Sellasia, we had encountered the modern *Periæci* on their annual Easter migration—a motley procession of shepherds with their dogs and flocks moving to their mountain pastures, and, bringing up the rear, women with babies strapped on their backs papoose-fashion, and donkeys loaded with fowls and the young of the flock and all the *impedimenta* for the highland wattle. From these Laconian uplands have come very many of our Greek immigrants; and we may have among us actual descendants of the old-time Helots and *Periæci*.

The living *Periæci*.

Spartan contrasts.

We cross the Eurotas by a fine iron bridge, and pitch our camp above the Roman theater, with the tomb of Leonidas (so called) near by, and outspread before us with its wide streets crossing at right angles brand new Sparta, refounded on the old site in 1834 and now numbering some four thousand souls whom we find among the most genial of Greeks. In contrast with the hard old Dorian discipline, the Gymnasium drilling bright boys in the Athenian classics, four factories with Spartan girls weaving fine silks which might have delighted Helen's eyes, and a rose-water distillery! As we splash through the Eurotas—where the groom's horse gets loose and gives us a long wet chase—and climb the bluff of Therapne to visit the Menelaion (seven hundred and fifty feet above the river), we have most satisfying views of the valley as richly clothed today with wheat and rye and barley as young Telemachus found it. It was the land of fair women to Homer—it may be solely on Helen's account; and at Therapne, on the ruins of the shrine where she and her lawful lord were worshiped after their translation to the Blessed Isles, one recalls how Helen was not only the beauty of her own time but the bestower of beauty in after ages: witness Herodotus's charming Cinderella tale of Demaratus's mother (Book VI., 61). In the plain across the Eurotas stood their old Achaian capital, Amyclæ, whose splendor is attested not only by the Homeric story (read the Fourth and Fifteenth Odyssey), but by those masterpieces of primitive Greek art, the Vaphio Cups, which Tsountas found in a beehive tomb near by. As if to accent the irony of fate, the hamlet adjoining bears the name of *Slavochori*—one of the few names left to tell us of the Slavs who occupied Peloponnesus for three hundred years (from the sixth century on), only to be Hellenized as completely as we Americanize our motley immigrant swarms.

Medieval Mistrá.

From Achaian Amyclæ, Dorian Sparta, or this old *Slav-town*, only an hour's brisk canter through mulberry and olive groves and you are in the middle ages. On a lofty spur of Taygetos perches Mistrá the capital of the Villehardouins during the Frankish régime (A. D. 1205–1262), which transplanted feudalism full grown to the banks of the Eurotas and the Alpheos and replaced the old hill-forts of Peloponnesus with feudal castles—the Morea being cut up into twelve baronies, some of them with a score of underfiefs. These Frankish princes of the Morea did not lack enterprise. One of them, Geoffroy II., emulated Paris in getting himself a bride. A galley carrying the niece of the Byzantine emperor to wed the King of Aragon had anchored in one of his ports, when Geoffroy seized it, married the lady out of hand, and then got the emperor's pardon and the Cyclades thrown in as a wedding present. But feudalism would not graft on the old Greek stock; and the Byzantine returned to rule the land with a dignity second only to that of the emperor, as the ruins of the spacious palace of the Palæologi here at Mistrá attest. Leake thought that Mistrá had succeeded to the name and site of Homer's "dove-haunted Messe," noting that the cavities of

the rocks here still swarmed with pigeons and that the place was a natural fortress with abundance of water. A fortress it certainly was, even without the feudal castle swung up two thousand feet above the plain. The Frank quarried ancient Sparta to build new Mistrá which in turn is now the veriest ghost of a city, perhaps the most picturesque and pathetic ruin of the middle ages, while Sparta is all alive and aglow again.

Quitting Mistrá, we follow the foothills to a place with a bad name—
The Langada Pass.
 Trypi (*hole*), which may have been the Kaiadas or Gehenna of old Sparta, and which was to give some of us a real taste of Tophet another time—but surpassing in pure wild beauty almost any spot in Greece. “A narrow glen carpeted with ferns and overarched with trees” opens into a wilderness musical with mountain brooks. It is the enchanting overture to our hardest day’s work—the clearing of Taygetos. A steep up and down by a trail cut out of the white marble mountain often along dizzy precipices; now dropping into the bed of a torrent, overhung with plane trees and worn through the ages into beautiful marble bowls wherein the pure cold water lies reflecting the blue sky; again over stony heights to the summit of the pass (five thousand feet above the sea, the top of Taygetos being three thousand feet higher still), from which we catch our first glimpse of the Messenian gulf. In descending we missed our way and had to retrace our steps at the cost of two precious hours; and so, overtaken by nightfall, we had our Bad-Egg adventure over again, and more. But, like Undine, we were saved by a brook—the torrent bed is often the only sure road in Greece. Under precipices, round rugged edges of rock, the roaring little torrent led us to the village of Ladà, where in an olive orchard we found our camp and gave thanks. In the morning we continue the mountain march to Kalamata, whose capture by Petro Bey and his Mainotes was the first good blow struck for Greek independence. It is now the chief city of Messenia with ten thousand inhabitants, a good trade in currants and silks, and a railway running beyond Mt. Ithome which is ultimately to connect at Tripolis with the line from Athens. It occupies the site of Phœre, where Nestor’s son and young Telemachus put up on their chariot drive from Pylos to Sparta.

Reversing their course, we are to ride across the Messenian Plain to
The Messenian Plain.
 Pylos. And if Taygetos has taught us how hard it was to get out of Lacedæmon, to say nothing of getting in, this smiling land lights up another problem. As we gather with our own hands her delicious oranges and her honey-sweet figs, and see the plain teeming with corn and wine, we cannot wonder that the Spartan shut up to his narrow mountain-walled valley thought it worth two hundred years of struggle to possess this promised land. Corn, I say, and good honest Indian corn; for on a high upland not far from Nestor’s castle we found a whole village, men and women, planting corn by a method of their own—namely, dropping the seed in the furrow and then plowing it under.

From this new-world scene, we ride down to the sea and pitch our tents at sandy Pylos. Over us rises the steep hold of Gerenian knight Nestor, and at our feet the waves wash a perfect sand beach. Fit place to spend a Sabbath day meditating a scene and recalling a reach of history even grander than the Spartan. The bay of Pylos at whose head we are camped is a noble sheet of water curving round to Navarino at its southern entrance and to Neleian Pylos on the north, while the long precipitous line of Sphacteria lies like a bar between it and the open sea. These three names mark three great epochs in Hellenic history. From this rocky promontory (seven hundred and twenty feet high) of Pylos, then crowned with some such palace as we have seen at Tiryns and fenced with impregnable walls—for Cyclopean masonry still shows under the Venetian castle—the wisest of Agamemnon’s chiefs sailed away to

Homeric Pylos.

Troy. And after the toil and moil are over we find him here again. Some of us have read Shakespeare on the banks of Avon; but for pure felicity let me stretch out on the sandy beach of Pylos and read the Third Odyssey.

Eight centuries, it may be, pass before the next historic scene on this spot. In the midst of the Peloponnesian war the Athenian general Demosthenes seizes Pylos. The Spartans come to dislodge him and are beaten, leaving four hundred of the flower of their chivalry bottled up on this rugged island of Sphacteria. It was the moment of Athens's opportunity, and she lost it because the statesman Pericles was gone and Cleon had closed his tannery to run the state. The tanner took Sphacteria, but the tide of fortune turned, and the war, instead of ending here, was to end at *Ægospotami*. We tramp over the stony isle, which is even smaller than Delos, and drink from the ancient well which served the Spartan garrison. But the well-bucket here today, as in half the wells of Greece, is an American petroleum tin.

Sphacteria.

Navarino and Greek independence.

Twenty-two centuries more pass—ages in which Hellas has no name among the nations—and in this bay with its new name of Navarino is fought the most brilliant two hours' sea-fight in modern history. In October, 1827, the English Admiral Codrington, with the allied squadron, destroys the Egyptian fleet and practically closes the conflict opened at Kalamata six years before. The relative losses—one hundred and seventy-two men on the side of the allies against six thousand Moslems—remind one of Marathon. Navarino is now a pretty town of eighteen hundred people—a bright, cheerful comely folk not unworthy to have sat down at old Nestor's barbecue; and its medieval castle, as at Nauplia, is turned to account as a state prison.

Mt. Ithome.

From sandy Pylos to Mt. Ithome—to find Epaminondas's city, which was five miles and a half in circuit, shrunk to a hamlet of three hundred souls, and Zeus's hilltop temple (half a mile above sea level) superseded by a ruined monastery in the keeping of one greasy monk! Ithome was once the fortress of Greece—twin to Acrocorinth—and cost Sparta more blood and sweat than any other conquest; and the great Theban's Arcadian Gate is still among the marvels of military architecture.

Megalopolis.

Of that other foundation of Epaminondas where our next march brings up, Megalopolis, much less remains and the spot is a solitude. But in the great theater uncovered by the English we have one landmark of the short-lived city quite in keeping with the abnormal character of the whole enterprise. Think of an old Greek theater built in a sand bank!

Temple of Bassæ.

Still before us a far nobler bit of Arcadian antiquity is well worth the long hard march by Karitena (sightliest of all Frankish castles in Greece) to Andritsæna and the three hours' further climb of Mt. Cotilius. For our goal is that crown of all the sanctuaries of solitude, the temple of Bassæ. To these breezy highlands, three thousand seven hundred feet above the sea and more than three hours from their town, the good people of Phigaleia summoned Iktinos (who had already built the Parthenon) to rear here a temple to Apollo the Healer. Certainly, they chose a better site than did the devotees of the Epidaurian Healer, for with their shady oaks and fresh breezes these uplands should be the native haunt of Health; and they builded better than they knew in pitching their tabernacle where no vandal would ever quarry it to build his hovel or feed his lime-kiln. Thus it has weathered the ages, and nearly every pillar of the great peristyle stands under its architrave—far more fortunate in this regard than the Parthenon or any other temple in Greece save the Theseion. In fact, the temple was lost to the outside world's knowledge for ages until a French architect, Bocher, stumbled upon it in 1765. In 1812 Cockerell found buried under the ruins the entire cella-frieze of twenty-three slabs, a composition one hundred feet long, one-half representing Lapiths and Centaurs, the other Greeks and Amazons, in hot

conflict. The sculptures (now in the British Museum) are remarkable for vigor and variety of design combined with clumsiness in execution—"evidently the design of a great genius executed provincially," declared the painter Haydon on their opening in London. There is a haunting charm about the solitary shrines of Greece which many have felt at Sunium and Ægina; but to feel the whole rapture of that charm one must make the pilgrimage to Bassæ.

And now for the home-stretch. By winding woodland paths, over the hills and up the valley—the air laden with piney fragrance, wheat fields rolling in long shadowy waves under heaven's wooing breath—by the happy hunting-grounds of Scillus, where Xenophon spent his last tranquil days—ferrying the Alpheos, still deep and swift enough to cleanse Augean stables—and we ride on across the Kladeos and through the Altis to our camp on the Olympic stadium. Naturally, the only mortal man we find on the spot is a Yankee, and a Greek professor at that.

Through holy Elis.

Earthquakes and landslides and floods were too much for Olympia; and a quarter century ago temples and all lay buried under twenty feet of sand and soil. Then the Germans, under the patronage of their enlightened Crown Prince Frederick—with the veteran Curtius to direct and young Dörpfeld to second—undertook the excavations which have restored to us every feature of the Altis and, most precious of all, the Hermes of Praxiteles, which of itself has drawn and deserves to draw many a visitor to Olympia. It was a happy thought to honor Curtius's jubilee by dedicating his marble portrait in the little museum glorified by this most exquisite gift of old Greece, given back by his hand to the modern world, and to have Dörpfeld say the word of the hour.

Olympia.

When the first game was called here, no man knows—it may have been the chariot race in which Phrygian Pelops won fair Hippodamia and her father's kingdom, and so gave his name to the peninsula; the last games were hardly called till Theodorus closed them by his edict in the final decade of the fourth Christian century. Those old tournaments of mind and muscle—for the Olympian festival was an intellectual exchange as well as a physical demonstration—made holy truce for the time and gave Greece her sole common chronology; and, when the athletes came home with the wild olive wreath, city walls were pulled down to admit them. Their statues were often set up here in the Altis—witness the long roll of them almost filling Pausanias's sixth book. The games developed brawn and brain together, and made for a true national feeling when all political tendency was centrifugal. Princes were proud to enter the lists; and to celebrate the victories won was life work enough for the first lyric poet of the world, the Theban Pindar.

The games.

*εἰ δ' ἄεθλα γαρύν
ἔλδεαι, φίλιν ἡτορ, . . .
μηδ' θλυμπτίας δγῶνα φέρτερον αὐδάσομεν.*

If to tell of prizes
Thou art fain, dear heart,
No nobler games than Olympia's shall we sing.

—Pindar's First Olympian, 3, 4, 6.



1. What great names are associated with the Corinthian Isthmus, and how? 2. Describe the various projects for cutting a canal through the isthmus, and the results. 3. Who were the Teneans? 4. Describe Mycenæ and its citadel. 5. What is the Heraeum? 6. Compare old and new Argos as seen today. 7. What importance has Nauplia? 8. Describe life in ancient Epidaurus. 9. What glimpses of Greek mountain life are pictured? 10. What interesting spots are found in this general region? 11. Why does Tiryns possess special interest? 12. What associations center about Tripolis? 13. Describe the valley of Lacedemon and modern Sparta. 14. How is the history of the middle ages illustrated near here? 15. What three famous events took place on the bay of Pylos? 16. Why is Bassæ one of the most important sites in Greece? 17. What changes has Olympia seen in the last quarter century?

Review Questions.

Search Questions.

1. What is the allusion to "Sinis the Isthmian pine-bender"? 2. Where is "shipwrecking Malea"? 3. What recent events have brought it into prominence? 4. What was the story of Biton and Cleobis? 5. What story is associated with Palamedes? 6. What was the tale of Demaratus's mother? 7. What connection had the painter Haydon with the Elgin marbles?

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CRITICAL STUDIES IN FRENCH LITERATURE.*

IX. GEORGE SAND.

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It is interesting to notice how the name of George Sand invokes at once the name of George Eliot. The association of the two in our minds is quite constant, and the reason for it is clear. Both were women, both became eminent as novelists, and both assumed as part of their pseudonym a man's name, the same name. The resemblance between the two, however, stops with these superficial likenesses. George Sand, a generation older than George Eliot, embodied the leading ideas of her time. A follower of Jean Jacques Rousseau, a continuator of certain conceptions formulated by Madame de Staël, George Sand was a contemporary of Victor Hugo, and, like him and her models, belonged to the imaginative class of writers, a representative of the Romantic School. When George Eliot began her career, romanticism had passed away. Realism and positivism had succeeded to it, and, true to her times, George Eliot became an observer of life and an accountant of facts. So, if we turn from the name and the sex to a comparison of the works of the French and English authors, we scarcely find the least analogy. "Consuelo" in no way suggests "Romola," "Little Fadette" the "Mill on the Floss," nor the "Marquis de Villemer" "Middlemarch." George Sand does not observe, she expresses emotions and ideas. Her foundation of fact is inconsiderable. She is truly romantic.

An imaginative writer.

Childhood of the novelist.

George Sand's maiden name was Lucile Aurore Dupin. She was born in Paris in 1804. But her father dying in 1808, she came under the care

* No. 1, "The Song of Roland," appeared in the October CHAUTAUQUAN; No. 2, "Montaigne and Essay Writing in France," in the November CHAUTAUQUAN; No. 3, "Tartuffe: a Typical Comedy of Molière," in the December CHAUTAUQUAN; No. 4, "Lyrists and Lyrics of Old France," in the January CHAUTAUQUAN; No. 5, "Hugo's Ninety-Three," in the February CHAUTAUQUAN; No. 6, "The Short Story in France," in March; No. 7, "Alexandre Dumas and the Three Musketeers," in April; No. 8, "Balzac's Eugénie Grandet," in May.

of her paternal grandmother who lived at Nohant, near the center of France in the old province of Berry. It was here that the early youth of the future novelist was passed, a dreamy, silent youth broken by periods of activity which were employed in running over the fields and woods that surrounded her country home. Three years in a Parisian convent left but little trace on the young pupil, and at the age of eighteen she was married to Baron Dudevant. The marriage was not a congenial one. The wife could not endure the slow, unimaginative husband, and after an irksome existence of eight years she sought release by an amicable separation. This was in 1831. The same winter she went to Paris with her little daughter, and, settling down in the Latin Quarter, began to attempt a literary career.

She had made a few sketches while in Berry, suggested — it seems almost too strange to believe — by the example of Sir Walter Scott. They amounted to a plan of a novel. They were soon discarded, but not before they had apprised the future author that perhaps a livelihood was easier for her to attain through literature than by any other way. This reflection did not prevent her from trying crayon portraits and water-colors at first. But the productions of her brush did not find a ready market, and the pen was taken up as her only and necessary resource. She was encouraged in her resolve by some of her Parisian acquaintances. She wrote for the *Figaro* newspaper short articles which revealed no particular talent. And her friends, recognizing that she needed a wider scope, urged her toward the novel. She followed their advice, her own inclination prompting as well. She was received as a collaborator by Jules Sandeau, who was at the opening of his career also, and they produced together a long and rambling romance of the insipid variety under the title of "Rose et Blanche" ("Pink and White"). This common effort was signed by but one of the authors with the half pseudonym of Jules Sand. Convinced by this work that she was on the right road, Madame Dudevant separated from her ally, and brought out in 1832 her own novel of "Indiana." It was signed George Sand, a compromise which preserved the advantage gained by the first success. The surname George is a favorite name of the Berry peasantry. In "Little Fadette" Georgeon is the imp of the neighborhood.

Literary beginnings.

Her first novel.

"Indiana" is in theme a distant echo of its author's experience. It is the story of a young woman, unhappily married, who seeks happiness in other love affairs but does not find it. Indirectly it is an argument against marriage, and in favor of ideal relations which are to be found away from the crowded haunts of men. Mixture of fact and fancy as it was, "Indiana" expressed the genuine lament of a soul that had suffered, and this true tone gave it immediate success. The style of the book also was unusually harmonious and fluent. George Sand wrote easily. She always claimed that ideas came to her or were clarified as she wrote, just as Madame de Staël asserted that her own thoughts were quickened or called forth by conversation.

After "Indiana" novel followed novel, with hardly a year's intermission between them. "Lélia," a romance couched in poetical prose and penetrated with religious skepticism; "Leone Leoni," a study of the influence of unreasoning love on a woman's mind; "Mauprat," inspired by the conception that marriage and love are not antagonistic, that marriage should foster true affection and not discourage it; all these and other stories, written during this first decade of her career, turn on the one subject uppermost in the writer's mind. This subject is the relation of woman to man in marriage and the relation of woman to society. But while the discussion turns on what might be called the rights of woman, the novelist is ever true to her main idea that love is everything. All happiness is based on love.

Her numerous works.

George Sand was peculiarly amenable to the influences around her.

Influenced by surroundings.

She responded to the teachings of her own experience or to the views of her associates very much as Madame de Staél had responded to the literary and political environment of the First Empire. These two women, the most famous of French authors since Madame de Sévigné, echo their life and surroundings. And perhaps it is the province of women, in literature at least, to communicate to others, the wider public, the movements they receive as individuals. In George Sand's case we find that the second period of her authorship, extending from around 1840 to the Revolution of 1848, was inspired no longer by the lessons of her own vicissitudes, but by the views of her associates. To her friendship for Chopin and his fellow musicians we owe such a novel as "*Consuelo*," her most successful story in many respects. She describes in it the musical life of Venice, the solitary existence of a Bohemian castle, and a theatrical success at Vienna, in which the historical figure of Haydn appears. A sequel to "*Consuelo*," the "*Countess Rudolstadt*," transfers the scene of action to Berlin, and brings in politics and the ideas of the French Revolution. This and later novels of the period reveal the socialistic doctrines of Lamennais and Pierre Leroux. Most affected by this latest phase of thought is the "*Miller of Angibault*."

Longing for country life.

But already before the disturbances which culminated in the street fights of 1848 and the establishment of a humanitarian republic, George Sand was tiring of these borrowed themes and longing to return to the simple dreams of her early years in the wild nature of Berry. The great sentiments which had agitated her found no fulfilment in practical results. Was it not better to extol the comfort and peace and innocence of country life, far away from the corruption of cities? The first answer to this question was given in the "*Haunted Pool*," written in 1846. The success which attended this idyll confirmed her in her new way, and "*François the Champi*" ("*Foundling*") and "*Little Fadette*" followed shortly after. More ambitious were the novels of the fifties, as the "*Master Ringers*," a story of the eighteenth century she had heard among the twilight tales of Nohant, and the "*Handsome Gentlemen of Bois-Doré*," a historical romance of the third decade of the sixteenth century. It was Walter Scott reviving in her, or possibly the example of Alexandre Dumas inciting rivalry.

Close of her career.

The last stage of our author's career can be fittingly described as the grandparent period. A permanent resident of Nohant since 1851, surrounded by her children and their little ones, the woman of sixty looked back on the years of emancipation passed in the Latin Quarter as the memory of another existence. Peace had come with age; a peace half forgetful, half self-excusing. The notions of woman's proper sphere in the world no longer possessed her mind, nor the more general conception of the liberty, equality, and fraternity of all men. A peasant community even was not now considered the only happy one. But of the ideas which had ruled her former works two still remained, the necessity of love to humanity, and the delight of communing with nature. With these principles retained, with views of the world tempered by wider observation, George Sand takes up her pen for another series of novels, a series which ends only with her death in 1876. So easy was writing to her. Of these latest works the "*Marquis of Villemer*," the story of a poor governess who is loved by her mistress's son and who marries him after many trials, is most typical and the best, for it contains a large amount of landscape portrayal which illustrates its romantic narrative. This period was also the period of counsel and advice. The younger literary aspirants, discouraged by long waiting for coming fortune at Paris, would make a pilgrimage to Nohant to receive comfort and encouragement from the calm and sympathetic woman whose escapades had once been the talk of the Continent.

Her later writings.

The principal charm of George Sand does not lie in the plots of her

Charm of style.

novels. It is in her style and descriptions. In easy flow of language and phrase her sentences have come to be considered almost classical. She liked the stimulus of writing. She could convey her thought by her pen much more definitely than by word of mouth. These qualities of composition came into full play in her descriptions, and especially in her descriptions of nature. The scenery of her beloved Berry was ever before her. In her works she idealized it, and gave it the same charm which she herself found in it. Then the wilder scenery of the more mountainous districts of Auvergne, the neighboring province, was quite as familiar to her. It gave her a model for describing the savage isolation of the hills of Bohemia in "Consuelo." Her description of Italy came also from observation. The notorious visit to Venice with Alfred de Musset in 1834 had fixed that island town in her memory, and Venice appears repeatedly in many of the novels of the first and second periods of her career.

There is still another quality of George Sand which is found only in a restricted number of her works, in her *paysanneries*, as her countrymen call her stories of rusticity. It is the vein of folk-lore which runs through them, the fragments of popular superstition, belief in magic, in hob-goblins, in the will-o'-the-wisp, in sprites. A good share of the material of the peasant tales is taken from this source. And this local tint heightens their attractiveness. The best of these tales, and perhaps the best of George Sand's writings — for she is nearest to her natural manner in the *paysanneries* — is the one which is called after its heroine by the name of "Little Fadette." A young child, orphan of her father and abandoned by her mother, is left to the narrow mercies of an avaricious grandmother, who has the reputation of a witch because she deals in herb medicines. This child, constantly accompanied by a lame brother, and nicknamed the Fadette, watches the geese of her grandparent, and carries on feuds with the other children of the parish. She is growing up undisciplined, displeasing, and ill-favored. In the neighborhood live the twin sons of a well-to-do farmer. With one of them Fadette falls in love. He leaves his home to hire out as a farm hand, and in his comings and goings is befriended often by the witch's granddaughter. She finds for him his twin who has left home in a pout. She saves him from the deadly dance of the will-o'-the-wisp. She acquaints him with the byways of the country which she loves. In return he promises to dance with her on the green after church. Her uncouth attire, however, excites such derision that he is forced to defend her with blows, and she finally withdraws in confusion. But love will show her the way to his heart. With a desire to please him she cares for her person, attends to her dress, improves her manners, and at last, having won his affection by the combined graces of her mind and body, wins over his parents by her good sense and the property her miserly grandmother bequeaths to her. A happy wedding is the natural end of this idyll of peasant existence. The story is a charming one, and its charm is heightened by the many descriptions of the paths and fields and streams of Berry, and the frequent allusions to the popular belief in woodland sprites and the supernatural which is so near to nature and humanity.

Only less attractive is the *paysannerie* which precedes "Little Fadette" by two years, the shorter tale of the "Haunted Pool." It is George Sand's first effort to paint the scenery she so loved and the traits of the rural population of Berry. And because of this priority quite surely the introduction to the story itself is severe and surprising. It does not lead us to the ideas of calmness and peace which were in the author's mind later on. On the contrary, its sentiments are more in harmony with the humanitarian ideas of the novels of the second period, when George Sand echoed the views of such ardent reformers as Lamennais. It is the peasantry in revolt, the peasantry of the fourteenth and again of the

"The Haunted
Pool."

eighteenth century which we expect to see stirring around the Haunted Pool. And when the curtain rises and the author permits us to view the real pastoral we wonder why she found so lugubrious and misleading a prelude necessary to the play. For it is lugubrious in spite of the fine description of the newly-yoked oxen drawing the plow, a description which might well have served as a suggestion to the great artist among French women, Rosa Bonheur, for her masterpiece of the plow oxen of the Nivernais, which was painted about that time, in 1849.

A story of peasant life.

The story of the "Haunted Pool" does not carry out any of the forebodings of its preface. It is a simple, direct tale of the uneducated farming class which forms so large a share of the population of France. It tells of the peasant proprietor, his honest industry and wholesome purpose, and adds a spice of shrewdness and mother-wit to keep the idyll from becoming insipid. Germain, a young widower with three children left to his care, is urged by his father-in-law to marry again. The little ones demand too much attention from their grandmother and aunt. They need constant supervision. The first wife would join her father in insisting on another union, could her voice come back from the spirit land. Yet that union should be based on reason with the requirements of the situation in mind. A young and frivolous person would soon weary of the burden bequeathed to her by her predecessor. Nor should she be too pretty nor too poor. In fact, a widow with a good property would suit the case to a nicety. To these suggestions of worldly wisdom and match-making the melancholy Germain offers but slight resistance. He will follow the desire of his wife's family, and prepares at once for the courtship for which the fathers on either side have already smoothed the way.

Outline of the novel.

The search for a wife.

But a marriage which looks wholly at financial advantage, satisfactory as it is to the old peasant who is only indirectly concerned, does not appeal to the younger one who suffers in the absence of the affection he had once enjoyed. And when he starts on his errand in company with a young girl of the neighborhood, the Guillette's Marie, he allows his overburdened heart to respond to her sympathy. He cannot take his little boy with him, much as they both desire, because to remind the widow Guérin of family care at the outset might prejudice her against the alliance. And Marie, who loves little Pierre, begins to praise him, and Germain already is beginning to trust in her and ask her opinion. As they are discussing the widow and her attitude toward the children, the gray mare which was carrying them both jumps aside and then returns to the road, looking at the bushes. Germain follows the horse's glance, and behold, little Pierre is in the ditch fast asleep. When he awakes he renews his plea to go with his father, and seconded by Marie who promises to take care of him and amuse him during Germain's visit, wins his case. But time has been lost, and Pierre's hunger and lunch delay still more, so that Germain, warned by sunset, attempts a short cut through the woods which lie between him and his destination. He misses his way and after vain efforts to find it again, dismounts to reconnoiter. The gray mare then breaks her fastenings and runs away, and the travelers, forced to inactivity, light a fire and prepare to spend the night on the spot. Marie shows her good sense and her accomplishments, watches over little Pierre, cooks the food, furnishes the wine, and demeans herself as the most prudent housekeeper. What more was necessary to suggest to Germain the idea that Marie would be the helpmate he was seeking? Little Pierre's awakening, and the expression of his desire that if he were to have another mother, it might be little Marie. The young girl, however, would not understand the meaning of Germain's words, and soon falling asleep left him to his own reflections.

Toward midnight, when the mist cleared, they started again on their way. But still unable to make progress, and ever returning on their

steps, they concluded to pass the remainder of the night by the fire. Germain, yielding entirely to his admiration for the young girl and the enchantment of the hour, assures her that she is the one he wishes to marry. She replies, objecting to his age, and dawn finds them silent and constrained. They now can resume their journey, they leave the woods and separate, little Pierre clinging resolutely to Marie.

Germain was indisposed enough by the events of the night to press his suit with the widow Guérin. Her appearance, when he had once reached her farm, only increased his aversion to the match. Instead of finding a prudent, home-like person of mild manners, he beheld a village coquette, surrounded by admirers, whom she set one against the other. Germain had no heart to enter the lists. He walked to church with the widow's father, excused himself from dancing after mass, and though encouraged by the older man, persisted that he had come to buy oxen and not to pay court. But the way toward the pasture led also toward the farm where Marie was to work. He went there. She and little Pierre had already gone. Germain traced them back to the widow's, and finally learned they had entered the woods. Saddling his mare, which he had recovered, he galloped after them and soon found the camp-fire of the night before. An old woman told him the water nearby was the Devil's Pool (the "Haunted Pool"), and a child had been drowned in it; and once there you could never find the way out of the woods but always returned to the same place. These words only increased Germain's anxiety. He searched the woods until he found the fugitives, closely followed by their persecutor. He chastised the latter and took Pierre and Marie home again. His explanation of the failure of his mission was regrettfully received by old Maurice. But in it he made no mention of Marie, nor did he speak to her again for the entire winter. Mother Maurice noticed his sadness and reticence, and, suspecting some love affair, catechized him. He confessed to her, won her assent and the promise to bring her husband over to her way of thinking. This last task was an easy one, for Marie, though poor, was a hard worker and much esteemed. And finally Germain is able to express his love and hear from Marie that he is loved in return.

At the widow's home.

The story ends here. This recital of a peasant courtship, carried on A faithful picture. near to nature and based on mutual assistance and respect, is not wholly imaginative nor wholly true. The traits of the French agriculturist have been well observed and well rendered. What matter if he expresses himself a little rhetorically at times, and if the fine glimpses of nature the book affords us are caught by the reader and not by him? It is a faithful picture, on the whole, of his views and activity, and we accept the touches of color given it by the painter to heighten the effect. Even the appendix on the marriage ceremony and festivities increases our pleasure. For folk-songs, provincial customs, and popular traditions, so dear to George Sand herself, are here set forth in her most fascinating style.



"George Sand," by E. Caro. Translated by Melville B. Anderson. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, 1888.) Essay on "George Sand" in "Mixed Essays," by Matthew Arnold. (Macmillan & Co., New York, 1879.) Article by Thomas Sergeant Perry in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. XXXVIII., p. 444. *Littell's Living Age*, Vol. LXXVII., p. 131. See also the article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica."



1. What marked contrasts may be noted between the work of George Sand and that of George Eliot? 2. What were the chief events of George Sand's childhood and early life?
3. Under what circumstances was her first independent novel produced? 4. What were the ruling ideas expressed in her earlier books? 5. How was her work influenced by her surroundings? 6. In what stories was her love of country life expressed? 7. In what does the charm of her writing consist? 8. How is her interest in folk-lore shown in "Little Fadette"? 9. Tell the story of "The Haunted Pool."

Review Questions.

THE INNER LIFE OF PLUTARCH.*

☒☒ BY HAROLD N. FOWLER. ☒☒

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LUTARCH was born in the little town of Chæronea, in Boeotia, probably somewhat before 50 A. D., though the exact date cannot be ascertained. His father, whose name is not recorded, was a man of wealth and culture, belonging to a much respected family. The young Plutarch therefore had the advantage of a good education at home, and when he reached the proper age was sent to Athens, where he studied under Ammonius, a teacher belonging to the Platonic school. How long he was at Athens we do not know, but the teachings of Ammonius seem to have had a lasting influence upon him, for he remained throughout his life a Platonist, rejecting the materialism of the Stoicks as well as the peculiarly Epicurean doctrines, such, for instance, as that the gods have nothing to do with human affairs. Like the other Platonists or, as they were called, Academicians, of his time, he was an eclectic, taking from the teachings of every school of philosophy what seemed to him most reasonable; but at the same time he regarded himself as a follower of Plato, and liked to support his views by arguments drawn from Plato's works. These works he studied with great diligence, as is shown by the fact that he wrote treatises on several points of Plato's doctrine.

A follower of
Plato.

His home life.

On his return from Athens, Plutarch soon became a prominent man at Chæronea, for he was still young when he was sent as a delegate to address the proconsul. He traveled in various regions at different times, going once to Alexandria in Egypt, twice at least, though probably not until comparatively late in life, to Rome, and perhaps also to Sardis in Asia Minor. He married Timoxena, the daughter of a man of some local importance, and had four sons and a daughter. Two sons, apparently the eldest and the youngest, died while mere boys, and the daughter died at two years of age. At the time of her death Plutarch was away from home, and first heard of the sad event when he reached the house of his niece at Tanagra. Thereupon he wrote his wife a letter, trying to console her for their loss. It is a kind and affectionate letter, calling to mind the lovable qualities of the dead child, and urging his wife to preserve the dignity and moderation in her grief which had been characteristic of her in other circumstances, reminding her that if the child had never been born she would not grieve, and that now she, as well as himself, had as much to be thankful for as if they had never had a daughter, and had the blessing of sweet memories besides. In addition to such consolations he says :

Letter to his wife.

" As for what you hear others say, who persuade the vulgar that the soul, when once freed from the body, suffers no inconvenience nor evil nor is sensible at all, I know that you are better grounded in the doctrines delivered down to us from our ancestors, as also in the sacred mysteries of Bacchus, than to believe such stories; for the religious symbols are well known to us who are of the fraternity. Therefore be assured that the soul, being incapable of death, is affected in the same manner as birds that are kept in a cage. For if she has

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* This is the ninth CHAUTAUQUAN study of the Inner Life of Historic Figures in France and Greece. Fénelon, by Charles M. Stuart, appeared in October; Pascal, by Napthali Luccock, appeared in November; Madame Guyon, by Jesse L. Hurlbut, appeared in December; Corot, by Adelia A. Field Johnston, appeared in January; The Chevalier Bayard, by Vincent Van Marter Beede, appeared in February; Odysseus, by Harold N. Fowler, appeared in March; Æschylus, by Harold N. Fowler, appeared in April; Socrates, by Harold N. Fowler, appeared in May.

been a long time educated and cherished in the body, and by long custom has been made familiar with most things of this life, she will (though separable) return again, and at length enter the body; nor ceaseth it by new births now and then to be entangled in the chances and events of this life. For do not think that old age is therefore evil spoken of and blamed, because it is accompanied with wrinkles, gray hairs, and weakness of body. But this is the most troublesome thing in old age, that it maketh the soul weak in its remembrance of divine things, and too earnest for things relating to the body; thus it bendeth and boweth, retaining that form which it took of the body. But that which is taken away in youth, being more soft and tractable, soon returns to its native vigor and beauty."

The most striking thing in this passage is the part about the future life. Plutarch evidently believed that the soul does not die, but that it is set free from the body. If, however, during its earthly life, the soul has become too much interested in the things of this world, it will not be able to remain free, but will again enter into a body, as a bird, though set free, returns to its cage. This idea is in part derived from Plato, but some of the details may belong to the mysteries of Dionysus, into which Plutarch and his wife had both been initiated. Plutarch was probably initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries also, and in many ways he showed his respect for the ancient religion and its forms of worship. In the passage quoted above, he mentions "the doctrines delivered down to us from our ancestors," and this is by no means the only place where he speaks of traditional religious teachings with respect. In fact, he accepts the traditional belief in the gods chiefly because it is handed down from previous generations.

Plutarch was in all respects a pious and religious man. He was a priest and *agonothetes*, or manager of the sacred games, at Delphi, and was also connected with the Delphic oracle, though what the manner of this connection was we cannot tell. He was a firm believer in oracles and other kinds of divination, and wrote a treatise on the question "Why the Oracles Cease to Give Answers," and another on the question "Wherefore the Pythian Priestess now Ceases to Deliver her Oracles in Verse," both of which are interesting because they throw light upon the condition of the ancient oracles in the first century after Christ, as well as on account of the interest which is attached to Plutarch's opinions.

The belief in divination is a direct outcome of Plutarch's ideas about the gods. He adopted from Plato the conception of deity as the embodiment of all ethical and intellectual perfection. This God is free from all necessities, and therefore that human virtue is most godlike and best which has the fewest needs and is content with the least in this world. The happiness of God lies in His wisdom and thought. He possesses will and consciousness, and His consciousness is perfect wisdom, while His will is perfect righteousness and virtue. He is the creator of the world and of the other gods, these being the gods ordinarily worshiped. Like their creator, these gods are free from all evil. Lower in rank than the gods are the spirits, *daimones*, of several grades. Some of these seem to have been created as spirits from the beginning, while others have been raised from the lower plane of humanity. These spirits act as intermediaries between the gods and men, and they have to do with oracles and other forms of prophecy and divination. Some of these spirits are less perfect than others, and the stories of improper conduct on the part of the gods are really due to confusion in the minds of men, who have connected with the names of gods acts really performed by some of the less perfect spirits.

It is through the spirits that the divine providence or care for mortals is exercised, for Plutarch believed that the gods are our best friends and always desire to do us good. And this belief is again a support to the belief in the immortality of the soul, for why should the gods care for us if there were nothing lasting in us? But the incorporeal part of man is not so simple as is generally supposed. "The common opinion, which

Immortality of the soul.

most persons hold," says Plutarch in his treatise on "The Face Appearing in the Orb of the Moon," "is that man is a compound subject, and this they have reason to believe. But they are mistaken in thinking him to be compounded of two parts only. For they imagine that the understanding is a part of the soul, but they err in this no less than those who make the soul to be a part of the body; for the understanding as far exceeds the soul, as the soul is better and diviner than the body. Now this composition of the soul with the understanding makes reason; and with the body, passion."

Religious belief founded on philosophy.

It is evident that Plutarch's views about the soul are the result of philosophical speculation even more than of religious belief. But his religious belief was no less sincere because it was supported by his philosophy. No belief, in fact, could have been satisfactory to Plutarch which did not seem to him capable of philosophical demonstration. His main interest was in ethical matters, in right and wrong, in general rules for conduct, in special precepts for special circumstances or for individual characters, but in the discussion of all these he loved to take a philosophical attitude.

When Plutarch was in Rome he used to lecture on various ethical subjects, and some of his published treatises are without doubt little more than fair copies of his Roman lectures. But besides lecturing, he also gave private advice on matters of daily conduct. People came to consult him about their conscientious doubts much as one consults a physician about a physical malady; and for their questions Plutarch had his answers ready, properly adorned, if we may judge from his published writings, with apt quotations from the poets and philosophers of the great days of Greece.

Not a great genius.

Plutarch was not a great genius. He was a wealthy country gentleman, with a conscientious desire to do his duty in the world, a profound respect and hearty admiration for the great Greeks of earlier times, but with no desire, even as a passing dream, of freeing Greece from the all-embracing rule of Rome. He felt that educated and wealthy men like himself ought not to withdraw from public life, and therefore he accepted offices in his native town, a town so small that he did not wish to move away from it "lest it become still smaller." Living in such a quiet place he had ample leisure, which he spent in writing. He is best known as the author of "Parallel Lives of Greeks and Romans," biographies in which he displays much diligence in reading the works of earlier writers, but little or no care for original investigation and little real historical insight. In these biographies he lets his own personality appear occasionally, but it is from his other works that most of our information is derived.

Miscellaneous essays and treatises.

These other works are miscellaneous essays and treatises, popularly known as "Plutarch's Morals," though not by any means all of them are directly concerned with morality. A selection from the titles of these essays will give some idea of the scope of his interests -- "A Discourse Concerning the Training of Children," "Concerning the Cure of Anger," "Of Bashfulness," "Of Superstition or Indiscreet Devotion," "Concerning the Virtues of Women," "How a Young Man Ought to Hear Poems," "That it is not Possible to Live Pleasurably According to the Doctrine of Epicurus," "Of Brotherly Love," "Symposiacs," or talk on various subjects, "Concerning Such Whom God is Slow to Punish," "Whether an Old Man Ought to Meddle in State Affairs." It is evident from these titles, and these are but a few chosen at random from a much greater number, that Plutarch was interested in many things, especially in ethical and antiquarian questions. And these essays contain much good sense and good feeling, qualities which have been appreciated by many readers, by none perhaps more than by Ralph Waldo Emerson, who delighted in Plutarch's Morals, and was not ashamed to acknowledge his indebtedness to them.

In these miscellaneous essays Plutarch gives us many glimpses of his family life. We find him a gentle, kindly man, fond of good company, and enjoying the conversation of his friends on ethical and philosophical matters. It is true that the essays, even when cast in the form of conversations, are more or less carefully prepared and do not give us accurate reports of actual friendly talks, but the fact that they are cast in this form shows that to Plutarch and his friends such talks were natural.

Glimpses of family life.

It is evident that Plutarch was widely read in the poetry as well as the philosophy of the earlier and more glorious days of Greece, for his works are adorned with numerous and sometimes copious quotations from Homer, Hesiod, and the dramatists, especially Euripides. Some of the quotations he uses had been previously used in the philosophical writings of others, and a still greater number appear to have been taken from a collection of verses arranged under ethical or philosophical headings. Such books existed at a later time and were probably not unknown even earlier than the first century after Christ. It is probable, too, that Plutarch, if he used such a collection, added to it from his own reading, that he might have at hand the quotations he desired for any essay he might wish to write.

At first sight it seems strange to us that a man so widely read should have no acquaintance with any Christian writing, but we must remember that the Christian writings were not yet numerous and that Plutarch's reading was chiefly in the earlier classics and philosophers. It is perhaps more remarkable that there is in all his writings no certain reference to Christianity. There are references to Judaism, as in the essay "On Superstition," the keeping of Sabbaths is mentioned among foolish things done through superstition, and in the fourth book of "Symposiacs" the fifth question discussed is "Whether the Jews Abstained from Swine's Flesh because they Worshiped that Creature or because they had an Antipathy against it," while the sixth question is "What God is Worshiped by the Jews?" These passages show that Plutarch was superficially acquainted with some of the forms of Jewish worship, but the identification of the God of the Jews with Dionysus shows clearly that he had no knowledge of their religion. There was in Plutarch's time much skepticism in all parts of the Roman empire, but along with this there was also much superstition. Against both of these evils Plutarch raised his voice. He defended the traditional religion by argument and supported it by his influence and his daily practise, while he regarded with abhorrence and contempt the superstitious observances connected with the foreign forms of worship which were becoming more and more popular. It is natural that a man of such conservative principles should have little real knowledge of any foreign religion.

No mention of Christianity.

Pagan writers of Plutarch's time seem as a rule to be almost entirely ignorant of the existence of Christianity. Pliny, to be sure, mentions the Christians, but in such a way as to show that he has little real knowledge of their religion, and it is probable that Seneca and Epictetus had some acquaintance with Christian doctrine, but as a general thing the silence of pagan writers in regard to Christianity is so noticeable that it has been supposed by some to be intentional, as if the pagans thought they could overcome Christianity by ignoring it. But such a theory is unnecessary. The pagan writers of the early Christian centuries are, when interested at all in matters of religion, conservative men like Plutarch, whose conservatism keeps them from any real interest in the foreign cults that flourished all over the Roman empire and especially at Rome. It is true that Plutarch wrote a treatise on Isis and Osiris, but the traditional reverence of the Greeks for the ancient civilization of Egypt and the belief that the Egyptian gods were identical with those of Greece account for his interest in Egyptian religion. Christianity

Pagan writers conservative.

Plutarch knew few Christians.

could not easily be identified with Greek polytheism, which fact would explain its neglect by pagan writers. In the case of Plutarch this neglect may be further accounted for by the fact that there appear to have been but few Christians in Greece in his day. There were churches in Asia, in Egypt, in Macedonia, at Rome, and elsewhere, but the only church in Greece known to have existed in the first century is that at Corinth. Athens was the seat of the pagan philosophical schools, and there Christianity appears to have taken root slowly. In other parts of Greece there may have been individual Christians, but their number was probably small. Plutarch might have become acquainted with Christianity in the course of his travels, but even when away from home he probably met for the most part persons of his own class, and the conservative, literary class to which he belonged was as little likely to be interested in Christianity as is the corresponding class in our own day to take up innovations in religious belief or medical practise.

Close of his life at Chæronea.

The last years of his life Plutarch seems to have spent at Chæronea, where he was a man of the greatest prominence. Besides holding various offices in the gift of the town, he was apparently at one time Boetarch, one of a board to manage the affairs of Boetia, and we are even told that the emperor Trajan conferred upon him consular rank. Thus he grew old in well deserved honor. He died not far from the year 125.

A high-minded pagan.

Plutarch appears in his writings and in what he lets us see of his daily life as a high-minded, honorable man, performing his duty toward gods and men to the best of his ability, kindly and courteous to all, ruling his life by principles of justice and moderation. With all this he was a pagan, and a pagan who not only did not know Christianity, but would probably have rejected it if it had been brought to his attention; for he was contented to abide by the beliefs of his ancestors, explaining away their apparent absurdities by philosophical reasoning or allegorical interpretation. He is a distinguished type of the good Greek citizen of the Roman empire at a time when the disintegration of that empire was being only temporarily hindered by the influence of a short series of high-minded emperors, and he shows us that the Greek pagan religion, whatever its imperfections, still had sufficient vitality and force to retain the affectionate allegiance of an intelligent, educated, and conscientious man.



*End of
Required Reading.*

Bibliography.

"Plutarch's *Miscellanies and Essays*," Translated by Various Hands, revised by W. W. Goodwin; Bishop R. C. Trench, "Plutarch; his Life, his Lives, and his Morals."



Review Questions.

1. What circumstances surrounded the early life of Plutarch? 2. What views of the future life are expressed in his letter of consolation written to his wife? 3. What special religious opportunities had Plutarch? 4. What was his conception of the gods? 5. What were his most important works? 6. What glimpses of his life do we get from his "Morals"? 7. How may his apparent ignorance of Christianity be explained? 8. What were the leading traits of his character as revealed in his life and writings?



C. L. S. C. ROUND TABLE

COUNSELORS OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

JESSE L. HURLBUT, D. D.

REV. W. P. KANE.

LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D. D.

BISHOP HENRY W. WARREN, D. D.

JAMES H. CARLISLE, LL. D.

J. M. GIBSON, D. D.

MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, Executive Secretary.

THE CLASS OF 1901.

Letters received from members of the Twentieth Century Class show that there is the usual diligence which a graduating class evinces toward the end of the race. Those who have procrastinated are trying to win back their lost hours from the "thief of time." Those who have been working for seals are sending in their papers with the happy consciousness of having finished a good work. One especially favored member has made all possible reports, including seal papers, and is now on her way to Spain for a few months' recreation, but hopes to return in time to pass through the Golden Gate in August. Another who is contemplating a visit to England and who was urged to go

this summer declined to attempt the journey until autumn, for the reason that her class loyalty was too strong to allow her to be absent this summer. At the many Chautauquas all over the country the Twentieth Century Class will have its representatives. If you are a graduate and cannot come to Chautauqua, be sure to attend your own local assembly. Even if you have never been there before, your connection with the graduating class will make you the guest of honor of your fellow Chautauquans, and you will understand as you can in no other way the breadth and friendliness of the Chautauqua spirit.

It is important if you are to graduate at

an assembly that you send in your reports early. If you do not attend an assembly you may finish the work more leisurely, and report by October 1. Let us remind you and any others who are likely to misunderstand the C. L. S. C. plan, that the reading of the prescribed course and the payment of the four years' fees are the only requirements for graduation. Not a question need be answered upon the memoranda, but those who do fill out these papers win seals for their diplomas. Those who have worked under much pressure may report their reading and receive diplomas, and fill out the papers afterwards and secure the seals.



HOME OF MRS. G. W. SCOFIELD, WARREN, PA.

Three of our illustrations this month show some of the varied environments

under the inspiration of which Chautauquans are doing their work, and the "pen pictures" given elsewhere tell of the associations connected with them. Wesley Chapel in Cincinnati has sheltered the Alpha Circle since 1878. This was the first year of the C. L. S. C., and the Alpha is therefore one of the oldest Chautauqua Circles in the world.

The beautiful home of Mrs. G. W. Scofield at Warren, Pennsylvania, suggests the gracious influences which have surrounded the circles of that favored community where Chautauqua has always held an honored place, and the Prospect Park Farm House recalls to the Round Table editor the delightful reception of the Long Island Society of the Hall in the



WESLEY CHAPEL, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Grove held there a year ago. It would be possible in every part of this country to stand at countless hearthstones where the Chautauqua associations are cherished with affection and reverence.

Many a plain little dwelling has been glorified by the "broad outlook" which Chautauqua has brought to those who sojourned there, and many homes of larger opportunity, and churches whose sympathy with the life of the people is most deep and true, have cherished the Chautauqua fire as a priceless possession. Great as has been the influence of Chautauqua in the past, still greater is the work that lies before her. A corps of wide-awake, enthusiastic teachers, a traveling faculty, is the pressing need and splendid opportunity of her immediate future. The best results of education come from the contact of teacher and pupil. Through the Chautauqua books and the magazine, the C. L. S. C. sends into every home which will have it such helpful guidance as may be given by the printed page, but when Chautauqua's endowment for a traveling faculty becomes a realized ideal, hundreds of circles in the communities which most need them and where leaders are not to be found, will come under the direct guidance and supervision of trained, enthusiastic teachers. Who can measure the limits of such a plan? It will make Chautauqua in a new sense the greatest influence in the world for the higher education of the people.



NEXT YEAR'S COURSE.

Eager inquiries are already being made as to next year's course. The Italian-German Year will be second to none of its predecessors in interest, and the Class of 1905 will

make their test of the C. L. S. C. plan under most favorable conditions. During the first four months of the year, beginning with October, "Men and Cities of Italy" and "Studies in the Poetry of Italy," two companion volumes, will serve as our guides to the study of Italy. In the first book a brief view of the Roman empire will be followed by the story of the Italian republics, and this by three stirring chapters on the "Makers of Modern Italy," Cavour, Mazzini, and Garibaldi. The history of no country in the world is so full of striking contrasts as Italy, and the poetry of the land has reflected its varied life. Professor Miller of the University of Chicago, and Professor Kuhns of Wesleyan University, reveal in captivating fashion the poets and their message as it was told first to the Roman empire and later



PROSPECT PARK FARM HOUSE, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

to the restless republics, whose enthusiasm for art and letters brought in the Renaissance.

The second half of the year will include "Imperial Germany" and "Some First Steps in Human Progress," Winona readers who have studied the latter book, substitut-

ing for it "Birds Through An Opera Glass." Sidney Whitman's delightful volume on Germany gives a comprehensive view of the German national character, and Critical Studies in German Literature will be published at the same time in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN'S Reading Journey will this year cover Italy and Central Europe. The first four numbers will enable the student of Italian life and history to visit the places whose associations have become deeply interesting to him, and the remaining five numbers will cover historical points in Switzerland, Austria, and Germany.

One leading line of required reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN each year deals with some subject of marked current interest. The subject to be presented this year will be "The United States at Foreign Courts," a study in American diplomacy. The notable influence exerted by our country in the adjustment of Chinese problems gives us a keen interest in the status of our nation at other foreign courts. These articles, which will run through the year, will bring out the present and past relations of the United States with each of the leading courts of the world.



C. L. S. C. RALLYING DAY.

Rallying Day at Chautauqua will be held on Thursday, August 1. Every circle is entitled to a delegate, who will be furnished with a pass to the grounds throughout his stay. As Rallying Day comes just two weeks before Recognition Day, a delegate can make a two weeks' sojourn and cover both dates. The Pan-American Exposition promises to bring many readers to Chautauqua. One circle writes: "Most of our members will probably find their way to Chautauqua this summer, where several of them will for the first time realize their long-felt desire to share the charms and privileges of that noted resort." Circles which have an enrolled membership of twenty-five are entitled to two delegates. It is hoped that an unusually large number of circles will be represented at the rally on August 1.



A graduate of the Class of '91 living in Illinois has been commendably studious in her habits since she took her diploma ten years ago. Many seals upon the diploma bear witness to her perseverance. She says: "I think I earn my seals, and they each speak of a struggle for time and quiet. The children call them 'buttons,' but to me they are concentrated will power."

A FAMOUS FIND OF GREEK STATUES.

Reference has already been made in the circle programs to the most interesting discovery of Greek statues announced by Professor Richardson of the American School at Athens, in *The Independent* of February 28. It was at first supposed that the sunken ship which has long harbored these treasures was a Roman galley loaded with works of



BRONZE STATUE OF HERMES. FOUND OFF CAPE MALEA.

art from Delphi; but the later suggestion has been made that the vessel came from Argos, and that the statues are works of that famous school. Our illustration gives an idea of the most beautiful statue of the collection, a life-size bronze Hermes, the only complete life-size bronze in existence belonging to the fully developed period of Greek art. It will be of interest to our readers to hear Professor Richardson's own account of this splendid discovery:

"From the dry land we have been extorting with great pains valuable additions to Greek art; but now, to the astonishment of the world, the sea gives up what it had been withholding. Last fall some sponge fishers reported the existence of statues, both bronze and marble, in the sand, at a depth of about fifty feet below the surface of the sea to the south of Cape Malea. At first it seemed to be a fish story, like so many other reports about buried treasure. But on investigation by the proper authorities it proved to be true. After great difficulties caused by operating in stormy weather, enough was hauled up and brought to Athens to allow the world to see its value.

"On this point there is no difference of opinion. The finest piece of the collection is a bronze statue a little over life size, somewhat broken, it is true, but

nothing of it is lacking unless it be a few small bits about the loins. The upper part of the body, including the head and arms, is almost as fresh as when it was new, except for the strong action of the salt water upon the breast. The head, perhaps from being covered by the sand, is perfect, even to the whites of the eyes. As one looks upon this face one's first thought is that it is a second Hermes of Praxiteles in bronze. The expression, however, is more excited. The arms show that the figure represents one in the act of enforcing conviction upon an audience; and as the features are more ideal than would seem to fit a mortal, it is proposed to consider it a Hermee Rhetor. It is perhaps more likely to be pronounced a work of Lysippus than that of Praxiteles; and it may even be brought down into the third century. It may be that it will cause disagreement among the authorities in sculpture as great as that caused by the sculptures from Lycosura; but it will hardly be doubted that it is a masterpiece of Greek art."



The help which the C. L. S. C. gives to individual readers is sometimes in danger of



TEMPLE OF ZEUS AT NEMEA.

being overlooked in the emphasis which we lay upon the work of circles, yet it must be remembered that after all every circle member does the reading as an individual, and it is the gentle prodding we get from the consciousness that we have a definite work to accomplish which helps us to cultivate habits of study. We realize this more fully as we look back over a year of systematic reading and appreciate how many seemingly unrelated things of current interest we have been able to fit into our new background of history. To the busy man or woman a definite plan of study is almost essential to progress. C. L. S. C. graduates have learned

experience. One recently wrote:

"I graduated several years ago and now I find that with household cares I am apt to neglect my reading unless I am following some course." The C. L. S. C. special courses for graduates cover a wide range of topics, and new ones are constantly being added. Let every graduate be true to the traditions of his *alma mater*: select some definite plan of work for the new year, not too much, and then see that it is carried out.



"CHARM AND COURTESY IN LETTER WRITING."

Those of us who think we know all that is necessary about the art of letter writing will do well to make the acquaintance of Miss F. B. Callaway's little volume with the above title. How often when writing to friends have we found the events to be chronicled singularly few and commonplace, and our letters therefore lacking in life and interest! Yet, after all, what gives us most pleasure in the letters of a friend? Is it not the sympathy of a human personality, rather than the record of events? How many of our letters would we or our friends care to read over again a month after they were written? Yet here we have a rare opportunity to exercise our talents for the joy of others. Read Miss Callaway's little book and see the difference between a letter infused with one's personality and a mere chronicle of events,—a letter full of "charm" and a bare statement of facts. And who knows but

that the cultivation of this charm in correspondence may communicate itself to our daily thought and life, and the new talent thus developed become a gracious influence upon ourselves and the wider circles with which we come in contact?



A graduate who has done famous work as a leader of circles and who has been an inspiration to others in extending the C. L. S. C. plan, writes: "It taxes one's ingenuity, tact, skill, and patience to carry on a circle through so many years, but my thorough belief in the movement and pleasure in watching the growth and development of those who come under its influence are the incentives which keep me actively interested."

To show how this same leader helps to train others, we may quote from a letter: "One of our members

removed to —— this fall. Before she went away, she said to me, 'Next to my church, I shall miss the Chautauqua circle.' I replied, 'Why don't you organize one? Look about you and report to me and I will come and help you.' This she did, and later I had the pleasure of presenting Chautauqua to a small company, and the result has been the formation of a circle."



The question is asked regarding "recognized reading" whether articles in magazines two or three years old would be acceptable. We would reply that these certainly come under the provisions of the seal. One chief object of the "recognized reading" plan is to credit the student with the reading of good magazine articles bearing upon the course which he is studying. Be they old or recent, if their quality is good, they are "recognized."



THE C. L. S. C. IN JAPAN.

The C. L. S. C. seems to be "growing roots" in many parts of the Flowery Kingdom. At Osaka, Mr. Ishibashi, a member of the Class of 1902, is keeping up his C. L. S. C. studies in connection with his work as a journalist. Osaka also reports two other readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN among English speaking residents. At Kobe, Miss Tsukamoto, a graduate of the C. L. S. C. Class of '95, who took the course while in this country, is teaching the sciences in Kobe College, and though her duties preclude active C. L. S. C. work, she writes, "My heart is always with you." Dr. Thompson of the United States gunboat *Nashville*, formerly stationed at Shanghai, now reports from Nagasaki. He has enlisted in the Class of 1904 Mr. McKee, apothecary of the *Nashville*, and we have no doubt many a Chautauqua Round Table of two is held on shipboard. From Tokyo we learn that an English publication entitled *The Voice: An Independent Semi-Monthly Journal of Christian Civilization*, is interested in extending the Chautauqua idea in Japan. From the issue of April 1 we quote the following:

"A few days after it was announced in *The Voice* that it would represent Chautauqua in Japan, a young Japanese newspaper compositor called and subscribed for the course. He said it was just the thing that he had been looking for. Another, a busy missionary, after careful investigation also subscribed for the course."

The editor reports that two of his neighbors are making use of his own books and magazine.

Not the least interesting of the reports from Japan is that of the splendid circle at Yokohama. We will let it tell its own story:

Our little band of Chautauquans in the "Land of the Rising Sun" is following bravely in the wake of the grand company in America, being only about a month

behind at present. We began too late last year to do the course justice, so two of us have become members of the Class of 1904. The other two have gone to America. Our new circle numbers ten in all, with eight active members. Five of these eight are British subjects,—a good illustration of England and America clasping hands around the globe.

Among our members is one married lady missionary, four single lady missionaries, one young girl and four young men engaged in mercantile business, working steadily eight and nine hours every day in the offices.



DEMOSTHENES. FROM THE MARBLE BUST AT NAPLES.

So you will see we must take care of the fragments of time in order to do anything in our C. L. S. C. work.

We meet every Monday evening for one and a half hours, at the home of some one of the members, and review or discuss the past week's reading, with an occasional paper or selection from some author suggested by the topics of the week. We have little time for study, yet the very breath of the books and magazines is refreshing and inspiring in this truly desert land for those of foreign birth.

Our president, Mr. Albert Austen, gave the first annual banquet January 7, and presented to the circle a beautiful banner, having the society and class mottoes embroidered in gold and purple on a background of white satin. Our young president with his mother and sister made this banquet and all connected with it a beautiful interpretation of the spirit of truth and beauty of Chautauqua.

We have no high schools for foreign young men in this land. In our busy routine we missionaries need a tonic that will at the same time rest and feed our minds. We find this in Chautauqua. We hope gradually to gather many young men and women into our society, and thus make it a power for spiritual growth as well as intellectual. I look forward also to the time when there will be a Japan Chautauqua also for the Japanese. Many of those to whom I have explained our C. L. S. C. think it a marvelous thing. As yet they have little Christian literature upon which to build such a structure, but they are quick to catch

the import of anything that tends to general advancement, and they could with ease adopt and adapt the C. L. S. C. to their need.

I suppose our circle is the only one in Japan, as I have heard of no others. We may be able to send something of more interest from time to time. How often and often I have thanked God for this Chautauqua! It is truly a threefold power in this land, strengthening us intellectually and spiritually, and proving a social power in giving us a community of thought and interest.

Most sincerely yours,

MARY E. WILLIAMS,

Secretary of the Yokohama C. L. S. C.
244 B. Bluff, Yokohama, Japan.

January 24, 1901.

THE C. L. S. C. ON AN ENGLISH WARSHIP.

We are glad to present in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN a photograph of H. M. S. *Terror*, to which allusion was made in the May number. Lieutenant Rogers, who took the photograph and who is the leader of the circle, reports that the members have had only one social meeting in the "Terror," but have arranged for a business meeting, when they will make definite plans. His description of their surroundings shows under what conditions a "navy" circle is likely to have to work:

"The 16th of March, 1901, saw the arrival of this year's course of books, with THE CHAUTAUQUAN Magazines, having been sent by 'return of post.' They were at once distributed and a circle of five was formed.

Ireland Island, which contains the dockyard, and is the home of three of our members, is separated by four or five miles of water from Hamilton and Paget, where the other two members reside. This is a difficulty with regard to meetings for discussion, but 'difficulties are made to be overcome,' and we hope to gather at the



H. M. S. "TERROR."

round table (now used for courts-martial) at least once a month. There are a number of thinking men and women in the Bermudas who, we trust, will join this delightful method of self-education as soon as they realize its simplicity and excellence."

The enthusiasm of the circle promises to carry it through the summer without any lapses of energy, and "increased numbers" are anticipated for the second year's course beginning in October. Lieutenant Rogers also cherishes the hope of a visit to Chautauqua while his ship is so near to this country.

OUTLINE OF READING AND PROGRAMS.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God."

"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."

"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.

BRYANT DAY—November, second Sunday.

MILTON DAY—December 9.

COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.

LANIER DAY—February 3.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.

LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.

SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.

ADDISON DAY—May 1.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.

INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Sunday after first Tuesday.

ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.

RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

MAY 27—JUNE 3—

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: Critical Studies in French Literature, Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet." The Inner Life of Socrates.

Required Book: The Human Nature Club. Chaps. 15, 16, and 17.

JUNE 3—7—

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: The Rivalry of Nations.

Chaps. 33 to 36.

JUNE 7—14—

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: A Reading Journey in the Orient.

JUNE 14—21—

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: The Inner Life of Plutarch. Critical Studies in French Literature. George Sand.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

As the closing meetings of the circles are usually occasions of relaxation from the more serious tasks of the year, a few suggestions for June programs are offered, some of which may supply the needs of committees entrusted with the responsibility of providing some form of dignified hilarity for the final program.

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY INTERNATIONAL GATHERING —

1. Roll-call: Each member of the circle should come dressed to represent some country, and in response to roll-call should make a five-minute speech telling what his ideals are, his difficulties and how he hopes to get out of them during the next hundred years.
2. Original Conundrums: These may be based on characters selected from the Rivalry articles or from the French part of the year's work. Each member should be assigned one, and may present the conundrum either in prose or in verse. Of course, one should know as much about the character assigned him as possible, so that the facts set forth need not be too familiar. These should be given out at a previous meeting, so that the originality of each may have full play.
3. The Circle's Picture Gallery: A final exhibition may be made of all portraits collected during the year. These should be numbered, and each member provided with pencil and paper on which to record their names. The victor may be presented with the collection to dispose of as he thinks best.
4. Writing Epitaphs: The evening might be closed by an impromptu writing of epitaphs, the epitaphs of the different nations, supposing that their careers closed with the nineteenth century. Sometimes ideas are quickened by furnishing each member either with one or two words which must serve as end rhymes, or with two words to be worked into the epitaph. These could be drawn at random from a hat, each one having previously written two words for this purpose.

A CLASSICAL EVENING —

1. Roll call: Answered by quotations from the Greek poets, the circle guessing the author and poem; or a quotation match may be substituted.
2. A Review of Greek Myths: This is to be done by means of pictures. Large sheets of brown paper and a soft crayon pencil should be provided, and a list of Greek subjects prepared by a committee of two. Each member, being furnished with a subject, draws it on one of the sheets of paper in full view of the audience, who make note of what they think it is. If the committee selects its list with some care, the resources of the circle will be pretty well taxed, and their acquaintance with the myths considerably broadened. Emblems of the gods, mythical animals, etc., offer a wide range of subjects to choose from.

3. Greek Tableaux: These are always effective, and offer opportunities for the display of much ingenuity. The Greek costume is such a simple one that those taking part can be arrayed with comparatively little trouble. Red or green paper used as a screen over a bright light gives opportunity for very pretty stage effects. The proper portrayal of scenes incidentally calls for a good deal of searching through the Greek poets. Those who want to attempt something more ambitious might give Aristophanes's play of "The Birds." The costumes would be a more serious problem, but the results when achieved would certainly leave a lasting impression.

4. A good deal of fun with much stimulus to the imagination can be gained from the following exercise: A committee should prepare beforehand sheets of paper decorated with grotesque designs in ink. These are easily made by shaking a few drops of ink on a sheet of paper and folding it once, so that the ink will spread and blur, and then opening it and letting it dry. If the ink is dropped with some care in different spots, the figures resulting will be quite different. Each member, being provided with one of these, describes in verse, what it is. Of course, some circumstance connected with the year's reading will naturally create the most amusement, and a vivid imagination can often reveal very astonishing things. It is allowable, where circumstances seem to demand it, to touch up the pictures with a lead pencil, if the effect can in this way be heightened.

5. Capping verses is a very good test of one's memory for verse, and might be tried with very happy results in a circle which makes much of learning quotations. The game begins by having one member recite a line of poetry; the next must follow with a quotation beginning with the last letter of the previous line, and so on. For instance,

"It was roses, roses, all the way."
"You know we French stormed Ratisbon."
"None but the brave deserve the fair."
"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!"

The time-keeper may allow thirty seconds to each, and when one fails, one drops out of the race. The number of poets quoted in a given contest is often quite surprising.

THE TRAVEL CLUB.

First Week —

1. Roll-call: Answered by explanation of allusions in Reading Journey article up to page 275.
2. Papers: Mycenæ in Greek Literature. Schliemann's work at Mycenæ. Homeric Art. (See "The Mycenaean Age." "Schliemann's Excavations." "New Chapters in Greek History." "Excursions in Greece." "Homeric Art" in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, February, 1897; and on Schliemann in June, 1891.)
3. Reading: Selection from "Some Reminiscences of

Schliemann," *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1893; or from "Recollections of Schliemann," *New England Magazine*, April, 1891. Also C. L. S. C. Round Table, January, 1901.

4. Paper: The Heraeum at Argos. (See reports of American School at Athens. Also "Recent Discoveries in Greece," in *North American Review*, March, 1901. Also *The Nation*, Vol. LVIII., page 404.)
5. Reading: The Sons of Cydippe. Edmund Gosse. (See page 305 of this magazine.)

Second Week—

1. Roll-call: Explanation of allusions up to page 283.
2. Papers: Capodistrias and his government. (See Finlay's "History of Greece," and Fyffe's "History of Modern Europe," Vol. II.) The Venetians at Nauplia. (See Finlay.) The Cures of Asklepias. (See "New Chapters in Greek History," "The Gods in Greece," and "Excursions in Greece.")
3. Readings: "Hymn of Pan," Shelley. "Pan is Dead," Mrs. Browning. Also selections from "Holiday Week in Arcadia," Manatt; and from "Rambles and Studies in Greece," Mahaffy.
4. Papers: Tiryns and its palace. (See "Schliemann's Excavations," "New Chapters," and "The Mycenaean Age.") Ulysses's palace at Ithaca compared with the one at Tiryns. (See Jebb's "Introduction to Homer," Appendix,— "The House at Tiryns.")
5. Readings: Account of the Vaphio Cups. (See Tarbell's "Greek Art." Also "Schliemann's Excavations," "The Mycenaean Age," and "New Chapters.") Selection from "In Low-

Lying Lacedaemon," Manatt. Description of Helen, Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women."

Third Week—

1. Roll-call: Explanation of allusions in remainder of article.
2. Papers: The Battle of Navarino. (See Finlay's History and Fyffe's "History of Modern Europe." Also Larned's "History for Ready Reference," and Baedeker.) B. R. Haydon and the Greek Marbles in England. (See "Haydon's Life, Letters, and Table Talk," edited by Stoddard; Haydon's Autobiography, edited by Taylor, or article on Haydon in the Britannica; also page 305 of this magazine.)
3. Reading: Selections from the Odyssey, Book III.
4. Paper: The Olympian Games. (See "New Chapters"; "Excursions in Greece"; *The Century Magazine*, April, 1896; Encyclopædia Britannica, and Symond's "Greek Poets.") The Jubilee of Curtius. (See *The Nation*, Vol. LX., p. 378; Vol. LXIII., p. 82.)
5. Reading: The Venus of Milo. E. R. Sill. (See "Poems," by this author.)



NOTES ON THE READING FOR THE CURRENT MONTH.

THE CURTIUS FESTIVAL AT OLYMPIA.

The devotion of the German people to the cause of science is strikingly illustrated in the case of the excavations at Olympia, which were carried on under the direction of the government at an expense of more than two hundred thousand dollars. The credit for the undertaking of this great work was due to the enthusiasm of Ernst Curtius, who from the time of his visit to Olympia, when he was a youth of twenty-three, had held fast to the idea of bringing to light the lost treasures of that historic spot. His famous address on Olympia, given in 1852 at Berlin before a large body of scholarly men, including the Crown Prince Frederick, resulted ultimately in a unanimous vote by the Reichstag to appropriate the necessary funds. The following account of the Curtius festival held at Olympia in 1895, is selected from the article contributed to *The Nation* by Miss Daphne Kalopothakes of Athens:

"The great event of the month to those interested in archaeology has been the recent festival held at Olympia in honor of Prof. Ernst Curtius's eightieth birthday—an anniversary which, it will be remembered, was celebrated with much éclat in Berlin on the 2d of last September. . . . To the archaeological world it seemed a peculiarly happy idea to meet at Olympia in honor of the venerable savant who had been the means of bringing its long-buried treasures to the light again, after so many centuries of oblivion. Accordingly, the gathering at Olympia yesterday to witness the unveiling of the bust of Curtius included representatives from many nations and of various branches of art and letters. From an early hour in the morning the sacred Altis was thronged by an immense crowd of country-folk, who, in their gay costumes, grouped picturesquely about under the trees on the surrounding slopes, made up a scene

which vividly brought to mind the descriptions of the ancient gatherings at Olympia. In the middle of the large central hall of the museum, with the gods on either side and the beautiful Victory of Paionios behind, had been placed the draped bust of Curtius, a work of the Berlin sculptor Schaper, being a copy in Pentelic marble of the one which ten years ago was presented to Curtius by his friends and admirers on his seventieth birthday. . . .

"The exercises were opened by Prof. Wilhelm Dörpfeld, first secretary of the Imperial German Archaeological Institute at Athens, who, in a speech of masterly eloquence, gave a rapid sketch of Curtius's work at Olympia, and in conclusion called upon those present to join with him in crowning this latest of the Olympic victors with the crown of wild olive. He then withdrew the light covering which hid the bust, amid great applause. M. Kavvadias, General Ephor of Antiquities in Greece, then spoke in the name of the Greek government, accepting the bust, and dwelling at length upon the great services which Curtius had rendered to the world of art and letters. Other speeches followed, notably that of M. Homolle, director of the French School at Athens, whose graceful tribute both to Curtius as a scholar and to German achievements in archaeology, was much appreciated. Wreaths of laurel were presented by Prof. Percy Gardner, in the name of the British School at Athens and of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, and by Mr. Richardson in the name of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. Dr. Dörpfeld then crowned the bust with a wreath of wild olive presented by Miss Jane Harrison in the name of the Empress Frederick of Germany, and with a wreath of laurel from the Crown Princess Sophia of Greece. In conclusion, enthusiastic cheers were given by the audience for Curtius, for Greece, and for Germany.

"The ceremony at the Museum was followed by a banquet, under the genial auspices of Dr. Dörpfeld, at which, besides the opening toast to the King of Greece, whose warm interest in the work at Olympia was dwelt upon by Dr. Dörpfeld, numerous toasts were proposed to Curtius by the representatives of the different literary and scientific bodies present. In conclusion, a congratulatory telegram to Curtius was read aloud by

Dr. Dörpfeld, to which the company responded by applause, a copy being afterwards passed round for signatures of all present, to be sent to Berlin by post."

THE SONS OF CYDIPPE: A LEGEND OF ARGOS.*

What the queen of heaven deemed the greatest blessing reserved for mortals is narrated in the beautiful myth of Biton and Cleobis. One Cydippe, an ancient priestess of the white-armed goddess, had desired to behold the famous new statue of Hera at Argos. Her sons testified their affection for their mother by yoking themselves, since no oxen were at hand, to her chariot, and so dragging her through heat and dust many a weary league till they reached the temple, where stood the gold and ivory master-work of Polycitus. With admiration the devoted priestess and her pious sons were received by the populace crowding round the statue. The priest officiating in the solemn rites thought meet that so reverent a worshiper should herself approach the goddess,—ay, should ask of Hera some blessing on her faithful sons:

Slowly old Cydippe rose and cried:
 " Hera, whose priestess I have been and am,
 Virgin and matron, at whose angry eyes
 Zeus trembles, and the windless plain of heaven
 With hyperborean echoes rings and roars,
 Remembering thy dread nuptials, a wise god,
 Golden and white in thy new-carven shape,
 Hear me! and grant for these my pious sons,
 Who saw my tears, and wound their tender arms
 Around me, and kissed me calm, and since no steer
 Stayed in the byre, dragged out the chariot old,
 And wore themselves the galling yoke, and brought
 Their mother to the feast of her desire,
 Grant them, O Hera, thy best of gifts!"
 Whereat the statue from its jewelled eyes
 Lightened, and thunder ran from cloud to cloud
 In Heaven, and the vast company was hushed.
 But when they sought for Cleobis, behold,
 He lay there still, and by his brother's side
 Lay Biton, smiling through ambrosial curls,
 And when the people touched them they were dead.

— Edmund Gosse.

*Quoted with the above selection from Gayley's "Classic Myths."

LORD ELGIN AND THE PARTHENON MARBLES.

To the eminent English painter, B. R. Haydon, more than any other one person, England is indebted for her present possession of the Elgin marbles. While jealous art critics sought to undermine Lord Elgin's influence with the English government, both Napoleon and the King of Bavaria stood ready to secure them if opportunity should offer. It was Haydon's fierce onslaught on Mr. Payne Knight which finally turned public opinion and induced the government after a delay of eight years to purchase the marbles from Lord Elgin for thirty-five thousand pounds, this being sixteen thousand pounds less than the expense incurred by him in securing them. The following account of Lord Elgin's enterprise in securing the marbles is taken from Haydon's autobiography:

"Lord Elgin, who was a man of fine taste, on receiving his appointment as ambassador to the Porte in 1800, consulted with Harrison, of Chester, how he

could render his influence at Constantinople available for the improvement of art, with reference to the glorious remains of Athens. . . . After much trouble, he at last established at Athens six molders and artists, to draw, cast, and mold everything valuable in art, whether sculpture, architecture, or inscription.

" So far Lord Elgin entertained no further notions, but when his artists informed him of the daily ravages of the Turks, and that, during their stay, several works of sculpture had been injured, fired at, and even pounded into lime to build houses with; when he found that of a whole temple existing in Stuart's day, near the Iliassus, not a stone was then to be seen; when he learned that all the English travelers who came to Athens, with their natural love of little bits, broke off arms or noses to bring home as relics, he naturally concluded that in fifty years' time, at such a rate of devastation, scarce a fragment of architecture or sculpture would remain. . . .

" With the energy of a daring will, he resolved that the bold step was the only rational one, and having made up his mind, he directly applied to the Porte for leave to mold and remove, and for a special license to dig and excavate. Who will censure his resolution and decision? No one will now, but every one did then. A hue and cry was raised. It was swelled by Byron: Lord Elgin was lampooned, abused, and every motive imputed to him but the one by which alone he was impelled.

" But Lord Elgin was a man not easily daunted; he put up his scaffoldings in spite of epigrams, and commenced removing what remained of the sculptures and architecture. After nearly five years of constant anxieties and disappointment, those remains of matchless beauty, the glorious Elgin Marbles, were at last got down to the Piraeus — at last they were embarked — at last the ship set sail, and while, with a fair wind and shining sun, she was scudding away for old England, the pilot ran her on a rock, and down went marbles and ship in many fathoms of water. Here was a misery; but Hamilton, Lord Elgin's secretary, who was with them, did not despair. He hired a set of divers from the opposite coast of Asia Minor, and after immense perseverance recovered every case. Not a fragment was missing — again they started — again the winds blew, and the sun shone, and after many weeks they were at last safely landed and lodged in Richmond Gardens, to set the whole art world in an uproar.

" Lord Elgin, who little knew the political state of art, was not prepared for any opposition. Innocent noble! he believed that the marbles had only to be seen to be appreciated! He little knew that there was a Royal Academy which never risked injury to its pre-ponderance for the sake of art, . . . that there were societies of dilettante who frowned at any man who presumed to form a collection unless under their sanction, . . . that an eminent scholar who was forming a collection of bronzes . . . would become jealous at this sudden irruption into what he considered his exclusive domain.

" However little poor Lord Elgin knew of these matters, he soon discovered that we had a Royal Academy, that we had societies of dilettante, and that we had an eminent scholar collecting bronzes whose *ipse dixit* no one dared dispute, be he what he might in rank, station, or talent; and Lord Elgin soon discovered also that this eminent scholar, with the natural jealousy of a collector, meant to take the field against the originality, beauty, nature, and skill of his lordship's marbles. At the first dinner party at which Lord Elgin met him, he cried out in a loud voice: ' You have lost your labor, my Lord Elgin; your marbles are overrated; they are not Greek; they are Roman, of the time of Hadrian.'

Lord Elgin, totally unprepared for such an assault, did not reply, for he did not know what to say. . . .

" Such was the effect of Payne Knight's opinion, that the marbles went down in fashionable estimation from that hour; government cooled, and artists became frightened, because an eminent scholar, jealous of their possessor, denied the superiority of these glorious remains. Lord Elgin, feeling this, in utter despair removed them to Park Lane, built a shed over them, and left them, as he feared, to an unmerited fate. Many melancholy, many poetical moments did I enjoy there, musing on

these mighty fragments piled on each other, covered with dirt, dripping with damp, and utterly neglected for seasons together. . . .

" Yet, notwithstanding the excellence of these divine works, notwithstanding that their faithfulness to nature was distinctly proved by comparison with the forms of the finest boxers of the day, notwithstanding that their beauty was proclaimed by the mighty voice of public approbation, the learned despot of dinner parties would not be beaten, and eight years passed over in apathy on the part of the British government."



ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS.

"A READING JOURNEY IN THE ORIENT."—MAY.

1. The hill on which the highest judicial tribunal of ancient Athens held its sessions; hence, the name was later applied to the court itself. 2. From about 1650 to 1400 B. C. 3. At the Amphictyonic Council in 339 B. C., the Amphissans were charged with the desecration of the field of Cirrha. The Amphissans had cultivated this field, which had been consecrated to Apollo at the close of the first "Sacred War." The councilors led a volunteer force to the plain to wipe out the disgraceful blot and became involved in a bloody conflict with the Amphissans. 4. Pirene was a fountain in Corinth, said to have started from the ground (like Hippocrene) under a kick of Pegasus. 5. When Jason returned to Greece with the golden fleece, Medea, through whose sorcery he had obtained it, accompanied him as his wife. After a time, however, Jason put her away that he might marry Creusa, Princess of Corinth. Medea, enraged at his ingratitude, called on the gods for vengeance. Sending a poisoned robe as a gift to the bride, she killed her own children as the greatest punishment she could inflict on Jason, and after setting the palace on fire, she entered her serpent-drawn chariot and fled to Athens.

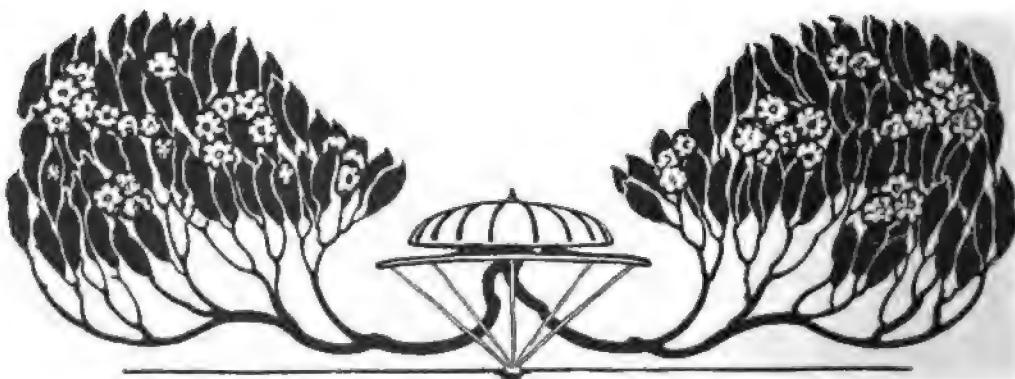
"THE RIVALRY OF NATIONS."—MAY.

1. In ancient geography, a country in Asia, north of the Paropamisus mountains on the upper Oxus, nearly corresponding to the modern district of Balkh in Afghanistan. The population was Aryan in race; the capital Zariaspa or Bactra, now Balkh. At a very early period it was the center of a powerful kingdom which was conquered by the Medes, and together with

these by the Persians, and then by Alexander. It was part of the kingdom of the Seleucids, and from 256 B. C. for about one hundred years an independent Greco-Bactrian kingdom which extended to the Kabul river and the Indus. 2. The Hoang-ho and the Yang-tze-kiang. 3. The principal river systems of the world are as follows:

	Length.	Drainage Area.
Hoang-ho	2,624	537,000
Yang-tze-kiang	3,314	548,000
Danube	1,722	234,000
Volga	2,762	397,000
Congo	2,900	1,300,000
Mississippi	4,200	1,226,400
Amazon	4,000	1,233,000

4. Arthur Wellesley (1769–1852), Duke of Wellington, was a famous British general and statesman. He was born in Ireland, received a military education, and entered the army in 1787. He held many positions, both civil and military; commanded British troops in the Peninsula in 1809; won many battles against the French. Commanded the English forces at Waterloo. Was prime minister from 1828 to 1830, and a member of the cabinet from 1841 to 1846. 5. The name Torres Vedras commemorates the famous lines of defense within which Wellington took refuge in 1810, when he found it impossible to defend the frontier of Portugal against the French armies; and from which in in the year following, he issued on the campaign which resulted in the expulsion of the French from the peninsula. There were three lines of fortification, the longest being twenty-nine miles in length. The entire ground fortified was equal to five hundred square miles.



TOPICS of the HOUR with CURRENT EVENTS PROGRAMS.

[Note.—In the daily deluge of books and articles the average reader is hopelessly overwhelmed. Complete lists of references to current magazines and recent volumes are of value only to specialists. The busy person who wishes to be reasonably conversant with the leading questions of the day has no time for wide reading, and is too likely to be discouraged by an exhaustive "bibliography." THE CHAUTAUQUAN will seek to serve its subscribers by calling attention each month to a list of representative books, and typical articles which deal with the different phases of some one topic of current interest. The Current Events Programs are prepared for the use of clubs, college and other literary societies, women's clubs and organizations desiring direction for current events courses.]

IX. THE PUNISHMENT AND PREVENTION OF CRIME.*

INTRODUCTION.—The punishment of crime is as old as the human race itself, first appearing possibly when "the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him." Theoretically, punishment is distinct from prevention of crime: prevention being in the character of an influence to render conditions unfavorable for crime, and punishment a subsequent repression to avoid the repetition of the offense. Practically no such sharp division of motives is possible; the one must work with the other as a coöperating force. The primary notion of punishment was to secure retaliation for the offense. The first step of advancement from this position arose when men became content merely to keep the criminal behind bars or walls where he must of necessity be harmless. The second progressive move was to treat the criminal on the basis of a reforming theory which aims to prepare the prisoner for a useful and peaceable life when released. Its motto is, "While punishing for the crime, strive to save the man."

A large part of the valuable books on this subject are not accessible except through the best libraries. Many of them also are of foreign print. An exceptionally valuable review of almost every phase of the subjects under discussion is given in compact form in Bliss's "Cyclopedia of Social Reform," under the titles "Crime," "Criminology," "Criminal Anthropology," and "Penology." The list given seeks to be useful for the more ordinary library. In addition to the New York Reports given, timely statements may be found in the annual prison records of your own state. If, too, you can secure copies of the daily or weekly papers published by the prisoners, they will give an interesting and helpful view of the humane conditions existing in a modern penitentiary.

Andrews, Wm. P. "Increase of Crime by Reformatory Prisons" and "Reformatory Prisons as Schools of Crime." (*Forum*, Vol. XII., p. 228, and Vol. XIII., p. 232.) An argument to show that as a matter of fact our prisons and reformatories encourage and even foster an education in crime.

"Annual Reports of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections." "Annual Reports of the National Prison Association of the United States." These, if accessible, will be found to be full of discussions of theories and methods, successes and failures. "Annual Report of the Secretary of State on Statistics of Crime in the State of New York." (Albany, 1893.) Good for general facts relating to crime, and especially for effects of prison life, where preventive methods have been applied.

Baker, T. "War With Crime." (Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 1889.) A good statement of what ought to be accomplished.

Beccaria, C. B. "Essay on Crimes and Punishments." (Macmillan, New York, 1872.) One of the classics on the subject; written originally in Italian, but now translated into some thirty languages.

* "Party Government in England, France, and the United States" appeared in October. "Trusts" appeared in November. "Village Improvement Associations and Kindred Topics" appeared in December. "Divorce" appeared in January. "Race Problems in the United States" appeared in February. "Foreign Missions" appeared in March. "Pauperism" appeared in April. "The Search for the North and South Poles" appeared in May.

Boies, H. M. "Prisoners and Paupers." (Putnam, New York, 1893.) A careful consideration of the increase of criminals and burdens of pauperism in the United States, with a study of causes and possible remedies.

Byrnes, Thos. "How to Protect a City from Crime." (*North American Review*, Vol. CLIX., p. 100.) An outline of the methods of repression in New York City.

Cook, W. M. "Murders in Massachusetts." (*Publications of the American Statistical Association*, No. 23, Vol. III., p. 357.) Shows that crime indicates either a frontier life or the declining civilization in the rear of a progressive life, and must be dealt with accordingly.

Drahms, August. "The Criminal: His Personnel and Environment." (Macmillan & Co., New York, 1900.) A scientific study of instinctive, habitual, and single offenders, with possible treatment and reforms.

Du Cane, E. F. "The Punishment and Prevention of Crime." (Macmillan & Co., New York, 1885.) Discussion of methods of dealing with crime, aiming

primarily at prevention, and secondarily at punishment. Good.

Ellis, Havelock. "The Criminal." (Scribners, New York, 1895.) A psychological study of crime, and an attempt to find the element of character which gives most hope of becoming the center for reform.

Foster, E. C. "Reformatory or Punitive Prison Management." (*Forum*, Vol. XII., p. 496.) A reply to Andrews (above), defending our prison system as a very practical success.

Giddings, F. H. "The Ethics of Social Progress." (*International Journal of Ethics*, Vol. III., No. 2, January, 1893.) Discusses crime as one element in the cost of progress which may be alleviated but never obliterated.

Green, S. M. "Crime, its Nature, Cause, Treatment, and Principles." (Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1889.) Good analysis and common-sense treatment.

Lombroso, Caesar, and William Ferrero. "The Female Offender." (D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1895.) Discusses physiological characteristics which predispose women to commit crimes; attempts to classify criminals by physical features common to many female offenders.

MacDonald, Arthur. "Criminology." Treats in detail of Lombroso's theories and the science of criminology.

Morrison, W. D. "Crime and Its Causes." (Scribners, New York, 1891.) An important little book, based on most recent ideas and an experience of fourteen years in prison work.

Morrison, W. D. "Juvenile Offenders." (D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1897.) Discusses conditions under which youths become criminals, and the institutions in existence to reclaim such, with methods most likely to succeed.

Packard, J. L. "Why Crime is Increasing." (*North American Review*, Vol. CXL., p. 456.) An analysis of causes to get at the possible cures.

Palm, Andrew J. "The Death Penalty." (Putnam, New York, 1891.) One of the very best considerations of capital punishment.

Reeve, C. H. "Preventive Legislation in Relation to Crime." (*American Academy of Political and Social Science*, Vol. III., p. 223.) An able discussion of what may and what may not be expected from laws relating to crime.

Romilly, H. "The Punishment of Death." (Murray, London, 1889.) A broad and generous treatment of capital punishment.

Rylands, L. G. "Crime, Its Causes and Remedy." (Unwin & Co., London, 1889.) Deals especially with moral education and prevention of drunkenness.

Spaulding, W. F. "Has Crime Increased in Massachusetts?" (*Forum*, Vol. XII., p. 659.) Another reply to Andrews (above), contending that despite the large immigration of foreign criminals, America is coping with crime in a satisfactory way.

Stephen, J. F. "Variations in the Punishment of Crime." (*Nineteenth Century*, Vol. XVII., p. 755.) Severity and certainty of punishment very desirable, because it acts as a preventive.

Tallack, W. T. "Penological and Preventive Principles." (Wertheim, London, 1889.) Good argument in favor of capital punishment on the ground that imprisonment for life is too severe a penalty.

Vaux, R. "Short Talks on Crime-Cause and Convict-Punishment." (Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1882.) Brief discussions on various phases of the question, showing hopeful aspect for future.

Waugh, B. "The Gaol Cradle and Who Rocks It." (Ibister, London, 1880.) An eloquent appeal for abolition of juvenile imprisonment.

Wines, E. C. "The State of Prisons and of Child-Saving Institutions in the Civilized World." (University Press, Cambridge, 1880.) A voluminous work embodying results of many years of observation and study, and describing prison work throughout the world.

Wines, Frederick H. "Punishment and Reformation." (Crowell & Co., New York, 1895.) Defines crime, and discusses its punishment. Treats of the reformation of the criminal, theory of punishment, the prevention of crime, etc.

Winter, Alexander. "The New York State Reformatory at Elmira." (Scribners, New York, 1891.) Interesting account of prison reformatory which aims at curing rather than punishing first offenders by a system of discipline carried on by means of "marks" for labor, good conduct, and proficiency in study.

"Year Book of the New York State Reformatory at Elmira." Gives in detail the methods of one of our most modern reformatories.

CURRENT EVENTS PROGRAMS.

First Week —

1. Reading: (1) Chapter on "Single Offenders" in Draths (listed above). (2) From Byrnes (listed above).
2. Oration: (1) Crimes against Civilization. (2) What is Crime?
3. Paper: (1) Juvenile Courts. (See paragraph in "Highways and Byways," THE CHAUTAUQUAN, November, 1900.) (2) Effect of Climate on Crime. (3) Tobacco and Crime. (4) The Pardon System and its Abuses.
4. Debate: Resolved, That Capital Punishment should be Abolished.

Second Week —

1. Reading: (1) Chapter on "Methods of Prevention" in Morrison's "Juvenile Offenders" (listed above).
2. Oration: Prison Reform.
3. Paper: (1) The Religious Training of Convicts in our Prisons. (2) Development of Prison Architecture. (3) The Modern City Police Court and its Effect on Crime.
4. Debate: Resolved, That Industrial Education is the Best Preventive of Crime.

Third Week —

1. Reading: From "York: a Dishonest City," in *McClure's* for April, 1901.
2. Oration: Intemperance and Crime.
3. Paper: (1) The Relation of Education to Crime. (2) Do Reform Schools Reform?
4. Debate: (1) Resolved, That the Whipping Post Should be Revived. (2) Resolved, That Crime is not Decreasing.

Fourth Week —

1. Reading: Selections from newspapers published by prisons or reformatories.
2. Oration: Prisons as Training Schools for Good Citizens.
3. Paper: (1) Heredity in Crime. (2) The Penal Institutions of Massachusetts. (3) Prison Publications in the United States. (Account of the various papers printed and edited by prisoners.)
4. Debate: (1) Resolved, That Prisoners Should not be Compelled to Wear Striped Garments, and That They be Kept Entirely Away from the Gaze of Prison Visitors. (2) Resolved, That Our Prisons, as Now Conducted, Foster Pauperism and Encourage Crime.

PEN PICTURES FROM CHAUTAUQUA GRADUATE CIRCLES.

Every member of the C. L. S. C. at graduation becomes a member of the Society of the Hall in the Grove. For this reason the name quite generally adopted for C. L. S. C. alumni organizations is that of the Society of the Hall in the Grove, but as will be seen from the following reports, the custom is not universally followed, although there seems to be a peculiar fitness in the title. We are glad to present this month reports from a large number of these graduate circles.

The reports show considerable variety in methods of work: some circles are restricted to graduates, others have thought best to pursue a little different plan. We have graduates organized for study purposes and graduate societies whose work has been more social in its character. All of these circles are doing an important work in perpetuating the Chautauqua ideal in their respective communities. That ideal was never more needed than it is today, and when intelligently presented rarely fails to meet a response. The C. L. S. C. owes much to its great army of graduates whose influence has molded the intellectual life of thousands of communities to an extent that it is scarcely possible to estimate.

In addition to the graduate reports, we publish also some pen pictures from other circles,—representative reports typical of the splendid work which has been done by Chautauquans everywhere during the past year.

WARREN, PENNSYLVANIA.

Nearly seven years ago, in the autumn of 1894, a little company interested in intellectual advancement met at the home of Mrs. G. W. Scofield, and as a result of her special interest in the matter, organized themselves into a Chautauqua circle, with a membership limited to twenty-five. The regular course of study as prescribed in THE CHAUTAUQUAN was closely followed, until in the summer of 1898 diplomas were awarded to the graduates who had fulfilled the requirements.

For the past three years they have pursued special courses of study planned by those in authority, and supplemented by a travel paper each evening. The first of these was the English historical and literary course, with London papers; the second, French literature, with Paris as a special topic; and the work of the current year takes up the anthropological course, supplemented by papers on American expansion, and American travel papers descriptive of places visited by the writers.

Each year a committee has prepared for the circle complete and artistically printed programs containing the plan of the work for the entire year.

A reading circle of Chautauqua graduates was organized last winter by Mrs. Dr. W. V. Hazeltine, who was the first president of the older graduate circle. They

meet at her house once a week and are doing most excellent work in the study of one of the special seal courses.

Two other circles composed mostly of young people—one the direct outgrowth of this Class of '98, the other greatly influenced by it—have also been recently organized here, while many are pursuing the work individually.

The circle has recently placed in the Warren public library Frederick B. Starr's "North American Indians," valuable for historic and scientific worth and artistic illustration.

Meetings are held every second Friday evening at the residence of Mrs. G. W. Scofield and her daughter, who have been most active and interested in the work and to whom the circle owes its birth and continued existence. The evenings are entertaining and instructive, and the results cannot fail to be stimulating and uplifting and leave lasting impressions on the intellectual atmosphere of our beautiful home city.

ALPHA CIRCLE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Alpha Circle, Cincinnati, was organized at Wesley Chapel, the mother of Methodism and also the mother and encourager of the Chautauqua movement in southern Ohio, November, 1878.

Miss Eleanor C. O'Connell was elected president, and has received the unanimous vote as its presiding officer on each annual election day.

The circle in the earlier years met weekly in one of the parlors of the church. As the years advanced and the members became graduates, more attention was given to the Society of the Hall in the Grove. The course for the White Seal and Garnet Seal claimed the attention that the regular work once had. English history and the dramas of the immortal Shakespeare have been studied as planned by the C. L. S. C. counselors. The closing year of the nineteenth century was devoted to the leading events of the century, each member giving her time to one country, and preparing a paper for the benefit of all.

The meetings are now held at the homes of the members, all-day sessions being quite common, where music and the narration of travels is made quite a feature. Excursions are also made into the country, courting dame nature, visiting places of historic interest, and recalling the past in such places as Cloverhook, the home of the Carey sisters.

The twentieth anniversary was celebrated by a banquet at the Palace Hotel.

Recently all the graduates of Cincinnati and vicinity have organized as a Society of the Hall in the Grove, and hope to meet in large numbers semi-annually for exchange of views in regard to the extension of the Chautauqua movement and the fostering of a fraternal spirit among all C. L. S. C. graduates. The officers are as follows: President, Miss E. C. O'Connell, '82; vice-president, Mrs. J. C. Culbertson, '98; secretary, Miss Ella Aldcroft, '86; treasurer, Mrs. Stevens, '98.

The Alpha Circle was organized during the pastorate of Rev. Sylvester Weeks, who was ever an inspiration to its youthful members. Though for several years absent in body, having gone to reside in Florida, his letters show the same kindly interest in the progress of the different members of the circle, and always breathe the true Chautauqua spirit.

Many have become graduates in the C. L. S. C. on account of the helpfulness of Alpha Circle; some read a little each year, and hundreds have been delighted with Chautauqua songs, programs, and receptions. Quite a number have visited Chautauqua, joined its classes, and

given special attention to the normal department in Sunday-school work.

The members and friends of the C. L. S. C. of Cincinnati and vicinity met and received inspiration from such men as Bishop John Vincent and Bishop Warren as early as 1880 in our own city through the enterprising management of Alpha Circle.

THE CHAUTAUQUA ALUMNÆ OF JAMAICA, NEW YORK.

In February, 1893, eleven Chautauqua graduates residing in what was then the village of Jamaica, and is now included in the city of New York, formed an association, calling it the Chautauqua Alumnae of Jamaica.

Seven of the members had been graduated in the Class of '91, but between that date and the beginning of 1893 they had not been out of touch with Chautauqua work. Indeed, with them it meant "once a Chautauquan, always a Chautauquan," for they had taken up the regular course again, and were reading it with more enthusiasm, perhaps, than the undergraduates of the local circle. The class motto of the "'91's" was, "So run that ye may obtain." They had obtained the wreath of victory, but still they felt they were setting the pace for the competitors in another race, and for the sake of keeping up the Chautauqua work most of them continued as members of the circle, and so read the regular course three times over. Are there many Chautauqua graduates who can claim that? It was for the white seal that they worked, as well as for the seals for re-reading.

Still we longed to climb to higher levels of knowledge. To read about great authors and their works was not enough for us; we wished to read the works for ourselves, and to find out what makes them famous and enduring while so many others are soon forgotten. So the alumnae association was formed. It has a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, and a constitution. Meetings are held monthly throughout the year at the homes of the members, in rotation; simple refreshments are served, and monthly dues of five cents from each member have created a little fund for the treasury. As many members as possible are assigned a part in each program; discussions are free and more or less lively and jocular, but the work is done well and conscientiously.

In order to keep in touch with men and measures of the present, a short time at each meeting is devoted to a discussion of living writers and their works. Sometimes a certain book or writer is assigned, more frequently each member tells of the new books read, and comments on them.

It hardly needs to be said that the master poet, Shakespeare, was the first to be studied. Two years and a half were given to his works, the task appointed for a month being one complete play. At a meeting the program would consist of original papers bearing on the play, quotations, and sketches of the different characters in the play, with comments and discussions, and sometimes portions of the play were read for a change. The questions sent by the C. L. S. C. office were carefully answered, and the Shakespeare seal is our reward.

The summer months of 1895 were given to the Current History course, and thus another seal was gained. In October of 1895 we began the Epic course, arranged for us by the C. L. S. C. management. Since then we have read, and read thoroughly, assisted by many critical and explanatory works, the following: The "Iliad," "Odyssey," "Aeneid," the "Divine Comedy," the "Nibelungenlied," and "Beowulf," for which two seals were received. The "Song of Roland," the "Cid," "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained,"

"Enoch Arden," "Aylmer's Field," "Idylls of the King," and "Sigurd the Volsung."

There are still more epics to read, and we hope to keep on until all are read. For a change, however, we intend taking up a course in Persian history and literature, for which, at our request, the C. L. S. C. office has had a set of eighty-seven questions prepared. It is required to read the following four books: "The Story of Persia," "The Shah-Namah of Firdausi," "Persian Literature, Ancient and Modern," and the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." This list, however, is in reality but a small part of the literature which it is the purpose of the members to read. Heretofore members have bought books themselves, and books for reference had been bought out of the treasury funds; but in order to obtain the many books we want for this course we made an application to the University of the State of New York, which will furnish us by the beginning of July with a traveling library of twenty-five volumes on Persian subjects. In the meantime, we are to take up a three months' course in rhetoric, a subject in which most of us are quite rusty.

The reading of "Hiawatha" and "Lalla Rookh" recently has added variety.

Since 1893 our society has been increased by fresh graduates, and now there are twenty members on the roll. The members are of varied ages and of strong individuality, but have learned to appreciate the pleasure to be derived from intellectual fellowship, and to be tolerant of the opinions of others without changing their own convictions.

ANNIE C. KIRBY, Secretary.

S. H. G., BLUE EARTH, MINNESOTA.

We organized in August, 1900, with eighteen members, and others are completing the course with the intention of becoming members. The S. H. G. has given a real impetus to several persons who have from one cause or another failed to finish the full C. L. S. C. course, and they are now at work in earnest. The greater number of our society are "Argonauts," though other classes are represented. Our village has not been without a C. L. S. C. since 1884. We may count as a direct result of the influence of Chautauqua work the organization of at least three good literary societies in this place, one of which will probably take up the regular C. L. S. C. work next October.

Our plan has been to meet at the homes of members, so we have no place of peculiar interest in which to gather.

Because of the absence of the president of the S. H. G., we have not yet held our social meeting for reception of new members, which will be done some time in April. We are also planning to have a vesper service in June, in which the various churches will unite. We have a short program when receiving new members, as follows:

The members of the S. H. G. rise and give C. L. S. C. salute as the new members enter, conducted by our vice-president. Members of S. H. G. repeat in concert the motto, "Never be discouraged." New members respond, "We study the word and the works of God." Then all say, "Let us keep our Heavenly Father in the midst." All being seated, the secretary calls the roll of classes, the members of which rise and respond with year, name of class, class motto, and give the emblem. Secretary reads constitution, which is then signed by new members; the president gives a hearty welcome and introduces new members, when handshaking is in order, followed by a banquet. We aim to make this reception quite an event. All undergraduates of the C. L. S. C. and members of other literary societies in the place will receive invitations to be present. The



KNIGHTS OF THE WHEEL, 1900.

BICYCLING AT CHAUTAUQUA.

Wheeling will doubtless play an important part in the recreation that many will enjoy at Chautauqua during the coming summer, the beautiful lake rides well repaying the trouble of bringing wheels from distant points. The club runs inaugurated by the Chautauqua Bicycle Club in past seasons have attracted many riders and added to the enjoyment to be derived from riding by oneself.

A principal feature of last year's Olympian games was the grand tilting tournament participated in by prominent Chautauquans who for the afternoon appeared as "Knights of the Wheel," causing great amusement. Their prancing steeds were bicycles transformed. With a blare of trumpets the prizes were bestowed upon the winners. One of the most prominent musicians at Chautauqua rode a genuine bucking bronco of the chainless model. Even if one does not care to venture out into the surrounding country he will find himself able to utilize his wheel in riding about the Assembly town, the smooth earth roads offering delightful spins as they

wind in and out under the trees of Chautauqua. Bicycle riders will find many worthy examples in members of the faculty and well known visitors who bring their wheels with them.

One of the most delightful rides in western New York is that afforded by the route which takes the wheelman from Chautauqua down the lake to the old rope ferry at Bemus Point, distant about five miles, and thence down the other side of the lake over a cinder bicycle path which stretches along the shore to Jamestown, ten miles farther. The return can be made by boat if the wheelman does not wish to prolong his ride. There are numerous summer hotels between Bemus Point and Jamestown which add to the popularity of this ride by the delicious fish dinners they provide. The cinder bicycle paths are under the protection of a state law and are being extended by the local bicycle clubs to form a continuous ride of about fifty miles, completely encircling the lake, which will be in view the entire distance.

FIELD DAY

In track and field sports as well as aquatics Chautauqua hopes to stimulate interest and enthusiasm. Outside of baseball little has been done in the past owing to the apparent lack of facilities, but for the coming season the School of Physical Education has added a department of athletics. This will be in charge of directors who have won national reputations in their respective branches, and instruction will be given in track and field

athletics, baseball, football, golf, and other sports for which there is a demand.

A special Field Day, August 2, has been set apart by the management, at which time there will be an athletic meet and prizes offered to the winners. The records will be preserved, and it is expected with the good material at hand that they will take rank with the best amateur records in the country. Golf and tennis tournaments will also be held.

AQUATIC DAY.

Water sports have always been an important branch of recreation at Chautauqua. The lake with its open stretch for miles in either direction is constantly dotted with sailing craft and row boats, and the beach is thronged with bathers. Heretofore the Chadakoin four-oared race between the Chautauqua and Jamestown crews and the yacht races have been conducted at such time as the general program would permit, and necessarily conflicted with many other

things. This year, however, the management has set apart a special Aquatic Day, August 9, for this important branch of athletics, in order that everyone may have an opportunity to enjoy the races. On the afternoon of this day will be held the annual Chadakoin boat race, the yacht and canoe races and swimming and diving contests. Banners and medals with the Chautauqua athletic emblem upon them will be awarded as prizes.

THE NEW GOLF LINKS.

Last season a new golf course was laid out at Chautauqua, just outside of the north gate. The links are situated on the beautiful rolling country overlooking the lake and became a very popular resort for lovers of the sport throughout the season. The turf was new and necessarily a little rough, but there is promise of a beautiful course here by the opening of this year. The size of the course will be increased and much pains will be spent to make it perfect as possible. It was a very interesting sight

last season to see the head professor in pedagogy come along the walk early in the morning hurrying to his class with a bundle of golf sticks under his arm. He could be seen upon the links after class, driving off in company with the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, who also as a devotee of the sport spent most of his time at Chautauqua on the links. Many others were accustomed to make daily trips to this part of the grounds, and the red jackets could be seen in goodly numbers from morning until sunset.

CHAUTAUQUA EMBLEM.

As heretofore announced, Chautauqua is to have an emblem for its banners and uniforms. It will be an Old English "C" of golf red in the center of a circle, on a gray or white background. This will be the official athletic emblem of Chautauqua and will be given out only to those who are regular members of the teams and crews. It will also appear on the medals and banners which will be awarded to the winners of athletic and aquatic contests. The baseball team is to be newly uniformed in becoming gray, and no longer shall we see this fine set of fellows playing in motley suits of many colleges. The emblem will also be seen upon the athletic uni-

forms and all banners given as prizes for the different races. A special Field Day will be held on August 2, at which there will be contests in all branches of track and field sports. The records will be preserved and a list exhibited in the trophy room. On Aquatic Day, August 9, will be held the annual Chadakoin boat race, yacht

and canoe races and swimming contests. The popularity of this day has been growing steadily and the Chautauqua shells have been refitted and several new sailing craft have been added to the already formidable fleet in anticipation of the event. There will also be the usual tennis and golf tournaments.



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Dirt
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Pearline
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Cleanliness
(with ease, comfort and safety)
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The recipes for these are all given in our new Pettijohn booklet, which is **SENT FREE**. It is beautifully illustrated. Write for it.

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leaflets recently received will be distributed, and we hope to arouse an enthusiasm for C. L. S. C. work that will result in many deciding to pursue the regular course.

Each class will be given a page in the S. H. G. secretary's book, at the top of which will be name, motto, and emblem. Very sincerely yours,

E. G. BONWELL, Secretary.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS, MASSACHUSETTS.

The C. L. S. C. of Newton Highlands, Massachusetts, celebrated its twentieth anniversary in October last. This circle was organized by seven earnest women in 1880, and having grown to the number of twenty-five, to which number it was limited in order to be sure of individual work on the part of each member, has met weekly from October to June during all these succeeding years.

The regular C. L. S. C. work was taken for four years, and one year was spent on a postgraduate course. Since that time the circle has planned its own courses each year, always endeavoring to follow the "Chautauqua method," including something of history, literature, art, and science in the year's work. Some years have been spent in the study of various countries or great cities, while the list of famous books and authors, of artists and musicians, of scientists and naturalists studied by this industrious circle appalls even the members themselves. The aim of the members has been to insist upon individual work and thoughtful study, and this work and study have been accomplished by the women. Most of them are matrons with families but they always welcome as new members younger women fresh from school and college, thus bringing together for mutual help fresh thought and riper experience.

The tenth anniversary was celebrated in 1890, Bishop Vincent being with the circle upon that occasion. The twentieth anniversary, observed last autumn, took the form of a luncheon, at which many brilliant toasts were given and delightful papers were read on the various phases of "The Twenty Years," both as regards the circle and on such topics as "Progress of Science," "Progress in Economics," and "Historical Changes in Twenty Years."

The circle is incorporated as the Newton Highlands C. L. S. C., although many of its present members have never taken the regular Chautauqua course; but the original founders of the circle feel so indebted to the "Chautauqua Idea" and so imbued with the Chautauqua spirit, that they could not permit any change in the name. They feel that it would be selling their birth-right, indeed. And while looking forward to celebrating their twenty-first anniversary—their coming of age—next October, the members, old and new, are all thoroughly inspired with the class motto—"Press forward, he conquers who will."

EMILY M. F. WHITE, Secretary.

PLEASANT HOUR CIRCLE, BRANTFORD, ONTARIO, CANADA.

This circle was organized for undergraduate work in 1883. It owes its existence to the labors of Miss Clara Wilkes, who went out as a missionary to Central Africa a few years later, and there succumbed to an attack of fever. It has been presided over continuously since 1884 by Mr. W. B. Wickens, under whose care it became for a time prominent for the competitive plan used in carrying on the work. The attendance has varied a good deal, but numbered on the average about twenty.

Though its members began to graduate in 1887 and almost every year some representatives went to Chautauqua to pass through the Golden Gate, the graduates did not organize for special work but thought they

could best serve the interests of the C. L. S. C. by meeting with the undergraduates and by assisting them as much as possible. Experience has shown the wisdom of this decision; for the circle, though still the center of Chautauqua influence in the community, has not been able since its organization as a graduate circle, to do as much to induce others to join the movement as it was able to do in the former days. However, in 1897 the time seemed opportune for the graduates to withdraw from the rest of the circle and organize for special seal work. The undergraduate circle seemed strong enough to carry on vigorously the C. L. S. C. plan.

The special seal course selected was that connected with the study of Shakespeare, so it was decided to take up the plays in the order suggested in the Shakespearean Seal memoranda, and it was thought best to devote one evening to each act of a play. This plan has given very good results, though to some minds the progress may seem slow, extending as it necessarily does over a period of three or four years.

Each member brings to the meeting a copy of the play to be read that evening. In the reading of the act each member personates a character, the characters being assigned by lot. In each scene the character "enters" by rising to the feet, and having said his say makes his "exit" by resuming his seat. At the close of each scene an opportunity is given for discussing pronunciations, obsolete expressions, obscure passages, etc., which adds greatly to the profit and pleasure of the evening and gives the exercise more of the character of a study than of a cursory reading of the play.

After the act for the evening has been thus disposed of, discussions generally follow on general topics, such as literary or social subjects, books, magazine articles, current events, or any matter in which the members are interested. The proceedings are usually brought to a close by the "Evening Hymn," the Chautauqua mottoes, and a benediction.

THE S. H. G., ALBION, MICHIGAN.

Our Society of the Hall in the Grove was organized October, 1899. We began with a membership of four, just enough for the officers, but with enthusiasm sufficient for a much larger number. We have the same officers yet. At our second meeting we numbered seven, the next twelve. Then we began to think we must limit our membership, and placed it at fifteen. The very next time we had seventeen. Still, like the Irishman's turnip, it grew and it grew, until we closed the doors at twenty-five. We are a very happy and congenial circle. We make use of many ideas found in the Round Table. At our social evenings we use the games, which are very much enjoyed. The first year we worked on Garnet Seal questions, and the members say they never received so much instruction in one year. I have taken four years' Garnet Seal work, and this year have ordered the Shakespeare Course and another Garnet Seal. "To a mother with children in school this work is of untold worth." We meet every month at the home of some member. (I regret to say we have no club-rooms.) The attendance is excellent; nearly all present at every meeting. We could easily make our number fifty. We like very much to have questions made out on some one point of the lesson, and to have a discussion. We have three minutes of talk often; always current topics. All this follows a fine program.

I am glad to report our circle in such good condition, but am sorry that I cannot make my picture plainer. We nearly always have a little social time after each meeting. We hope some day to send you a photograph showing that we have a club-house of our own. Yours very truly,

MARY A. LUDLOW, President.

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Van Houten's Cocoa is so perfectly digestible that no risk is incurred of a bad night's rest if the beverage be restricted to that alone. Its nourishing qualities enable the blood to build up during sleep the material wasted by the previous day's worry and excitement. It soothes the nervous, being alike strengthening, delicious, pure and nourishing. Cheap, because a little goes a long way; rapidly made ready; and always acceptable by all ages of all classes.

Don't forget to order a tin next time from the Grocery Store!

S. H. G. OF DECATUR, INDIANA.

The Society of the Hall in the Grove of this city is of recent organization, the members consisting of ten ladies who received their diplomas last summer.

After completing the regular C. L. S. C. work, the club decided to continue its regular Wednesday meetings, and to take up the Russian seal course. This course has proven very interesting, although somewhat more difficult than was anticipated. However, the work has been completed, and the members will soon have the memoranda finished.

The Garnet Seal course has also been entertaining for several of the members.

The members of this society are also members of the Ladies' Shakespeare Club, the club meeting the first two months of each year for the study of Shakespeare, after which they divide, one section taking up current topics, the other the C. L. S. C. work. However, they will probably follow but one line of work the ensuing year. There is a good field here for C. L. S. C. work, but it has never been successfully established in any church or other society, our own club being the only one to take it up, and as it is an old club and one limited in numbers to fifteen members, the work could not be pushed to any great extent outside of our society.

The year book of our club has just been completed and I send you a copy.

With kind wishes for the future success of all C. L. S. C. societies, and many pleasant memories of the Hall in the Grove, I am, very truly yours,

MRS. MARY H. TYNDALL.

C. L. S. C. ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, TOLEDO, OHIO.

The C. L. S. C. Alumni Association of Toledo and vicinity was organized March 2, 1896. From that time until now meetings have been held on the last Monday of each February, May, August, and November. We have on the roll, to whom we send invitations to each meeting, all the C. L. S. C. graduates, as far as we can get their names, numbering nearly one hundred. Those who are really members, paying annual dues, have varied in number each year from eighteen to twenty eight. The funds raised are used for the necessary expenses, such as printing, postage, and occasional refreshments.

At each meeting we have tried to keep the Chautauqua camp-fires burning with literary and musical or scientific programs, not forgetting to keep before ourselves and others the "Chautauqua Idea." We have had a representative at Chautauqua for Recognition Day every year, and usually a report from her at our August meeting, which is always a picnic.

Our aim has been also to encourage the formation of new circles, but we have not accomplished as much in this direction as we hoped. Perhaps we may succeed better in the future.

This year, earnest work has been done by a small number of people out of the Alumni Association in a class taking up the postgraduate course in American history — arranged by our *alma mater*. This class has met on the first and third Monday evenings of each month. They have found the plan provided, and the books of the course, adapted to their needs, and rousing their enthusiasm as of old.

We would heartily recommend this course and also the course in English history and literature to other postgraduate classes.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, CHAUTAUQUA ALUMNI.

The Brooklyn Chautauqua Alumni Circle was organized in 1889, twelve years ago, with fifteen or twenty members, in the parlors of James H. Taft, 480 Clinton street, Brooklyn.

Dr. J. F. Atwood was its first president, serving one year, professional work precluding the possibility of further service as an officer.

The other presidents have been: Mr. O. B. Lewis, who held the office three years; Miss A. R. Wells, also serving three years; and Mrs. Jennie Atwood Case, who is just closing her fifth year as the circle's president.

From its organization, it has been an uplifting power. Though never lacking in interest, the last few years of its existence have been marked by greatly increased devotion on the part of graduates; and undergraduates of other circles have been incited by its attractions to greater zeal in the completion of the C. L. S. C. course.

Much good work has been done in special lines, the circle having been divided into sections, each devoted to a different study.

The following include some of the topics considered during different years: Astronomy, zoölogy, current history, botany, psychology, music and musicians, anthropology, travels, English and American poetry, biography, Shakespeare, and the Bible. The last two have never gone out of fashion, being subjects which are never dropped for others.

The meetings are held on the first Tuesday evening of every month, in the homes of the different members, though of late years the largest houses are taxed to their utmost to hold the members and their friends. The circle at present numbers seventy-two members.

Prominent on the roll of our circle we may mention the names of Rev. J. S. Ostrander, D. D.; the late Rev. I. Simmons, D. D., formerly a member of New York East Methodist Episcopal Conference; Rev. R. S. Pardington, D. D., of the same conference; Prof. John Mickleborough, Ph. D., principal of the Boys' High School, Brooklyn; the late Freeman Atwood, M. D., for years a power in Brooklyn medical circles; Rev. J. E. Adams, D. D., now presiding elder in the New York East Conference; the Hon. John H. Straley, president of the Brooklyn Chautauqua Union; Prof. W. N. Ellis; Rev. R. H. Bosworth, D. D.; Miss M. Davenport, teacher of psychology in the Girls' High School, Brooklyn; Hon. W. L. Morehouse; Miss A. R. Wells, principal of Grammar School No. 35, Brooklyn; Mr. James H. Taft, the philanthropist and father of Rev. Marcus L. Taft of Peking University; Mr. O. B. Lewis, Mr. Alonzo Foster, Mrs. Frances Minshall, M. D., Mrs. Harriet Hale, M. D., Mrs. May Straley, M. D., all three of whom have won enviable places as medical practitioners; Mr. D. H. Underhill, president of the Guild of the Seven Seals; Mr. J. H. Lant, a biblical scholar and president of the Pathfinder Circle; Mr. T. S. Casey, an authority on Shakespeare; Mrs. R. W. Jones, the circle's poet; Miss R. W. Brown and Miss L. A. Shotwell, prominent in Chautauqua and literary circles, and Mr. H. J. Warner, president of the "No Name" Chautauqua Circle.

During the last year, visiting committees have been formed whose province it is to visit local circles and picture to the eligible members thereof the advantages and delights of membership in the "Alumni." Many who otherwise would drift into carelessness and utter neglect in regard to their C. L. S. C. work are spurred on to fresh effort in order to win the right to become one of the "elect." Some circles have been formed with that end in view, friends of graduates having visited the circle and been impressed with its educational and festive features; for the meetings are valued not only for their rare mental uplift, but for the friendly intercourse which finds delightful expression in the gathering together of these Chautauqua graduates.

The years may be many, we trust, ere its record be closed, and for its future we expect still increasing numbers and greater influence.

JENNIE ATWOOD CASE, President.

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GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900.

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HOLLEY, NEW YORK, CHAUTAUQUA ALUMNI
ASSOCIATION.

In 1895 the C. L. S. C. graduates of Holley, New York, desiring to perpetuate their interest in Chautauqua by a permanent organization, held a meeting and organized under the following constitution:

ARTICLE I.—NAME.

This organization shall be known as the Holley Chautauqua Alumni Association.

ARTICLE II.—OBJECT.

The object of this organization is the mutual improvement of its members and the promotion of sociality and friendliness among all who may be in any way connected with it.

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any graduate of the C. L. S. C. may become a member of the Association by enrolling his or her name and paying the annual fee.

2. Any undergraduate may become an honorary member of the Association by enrolling his or her name and paying the annual fee.

3. The members of either class shall each pay an annual fee of ——, which money shall be used to defray the expenses of the Association.

ARTICLE IV.—OFFICERS.

1. The officers of the Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Honorary President, Secretary, and Treasurer.

2. There shall also be a Committee of Three who with the regular officers of the Association form an Executive Committee.

ARTICLE V.—MEETINGS.

1. The Association shall hold its meetings annually.
2. Such other meetings may be held during the year as the President may appoint.

3. A majority of the Executive Committee shall constitute a quorum.

While our meetings are only held annually, they are such happy events that every member looks forward to them throughout the year with pleasant anticipations, and invitations are much desired by those outside of the charmed circle. We have sixteen resident and several non-resident members representing the classes from '82 to '85, '87, '91, '94, '96 to '98. Seven undergraduates have also recently enrolled their names. Miss Vincent of '94 organized an active working circle in October, from which you will doubtless receive an enthusiastic report.

The Holley Chautauqua Alumni Association varied its usual method of procedure by resolving itself into a committee of the whole, with the "Committee of Three" in general charge, and entertained each other, their partners in life, and the Chautauqua undergraduates at the pleasant home of Mrs. Martha Coy on Van Buren street, March 21. They are mostly hero-worshippers, and Longfellow was the chosen hero of this occasion. A large portrait of our dearly loved poet occupied a prominent place.

The business meeting opened with the Lord's Prayer. At roll-call each member responded with a quotation from Longfellow's poems.

Miss Vincent gave a very interesting report of the proceedings at last season's Chautauqua Assembly.

At the election of officers we were reminded of the last clause of that quotation from Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night": "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

None are office-seekers, yet for the seventh time W. H. Westcott was elected president; Mrs. H. E. Kibling, vice-president; and Martha J. Evarts, secretary and

treasurer, except that the office of secretary was held by Susie L. Love until her death in 1897.

The "Committee of Three," by way of variety, is changed from year to year. This year the members are Mrs. Florence Edwards, Mrs. Kibling, and Miss Vincent.

The guests were invited into the hall to inspect various symbols representing musical terms. While they were cudgeling their brains to guess the meaning of these symbols, tables were being prepared and the usual feast of good things followed, after which a "Longfellow Banquet" was served:

MENU.

Fish.	Hiawatha's Fishing.
Game.	Hiawatha's Chickens.
Meats.	Hiawatha's Hunting.
Dessert.	Emperor's Bird's Nest. Snow Flake.
Drinks.	Catawba Wine. Sparkling Water.

The following toasts were given, Rev. C. C. Johnson acting as toastmaster: "Longfellow the Man"; "Longfellow the Poet"; "Longfellow's Best Poem"; "Longfellow's Best Song."

Mrs. Westcott gave an interesting account of her visit to Longfellow's home. We then adjourned with a few closing words from Rev. C. C. Johnson.

The Holley Chautauqua Alumni Association has recently lost one of its most valued members by the death of Mrs. Laura M. Farwell, eighty-five years of age, and honorary president of the association. Mrs. Farwell and her daughter, Mrs. H. C. Milliman, were the first in Holley to begin reading the Chautauqua literary and scientific course in 1878, graduating with the "Pioneers" in 1882. In 1879 they organized a large circle. Mrs. Farwell continued reading, adding seals to her diploma as long as her health permitted. She was greatly pleased at the organization of the alumni association, and assisted in making it a success. She suggested the name by which it has since been known. Her presence at the annual meetings was appreciated by all, and her contributions toward the programs were always of especial interest. She often visited Chautauqua, and was frequently in attendance upon the class exercises in Pioneer Hall. At a meeting of the alumni appropriate resolutions were drawn up and adopted by the Association.

MARTHA J. EVARTS, Secretary.

S. H. G., FOSTORIA, OHIO.

The Fostoria Society of the Hall in the Grove was organized in 1897 to keep up the interest of graduate Chautauquans in their *alma mater*. We represent the Class of '82 and nearly all the others from 1889 to 1900. We have the great honor of having the first three members who ever passed through the Golden Gate. When the "Pioneers" knocked at the Golden Gate they were headed by three persons, representing three generations, and the rules were suspended, as it were, and they walked through together.

We number about twenty members, and once a year we hold an open meeting to keep Chautauqua before the public. The meetings have taken different forms, always combining literary with social features. Dr. Anna Shaw added much to the interest of our meeting last year with one of her wittiest lectures.

This year in May or June we give a Chautauqua reception, four of our members entertaining. The first house where we are to be received will be a Greek house with decoration and costumes in keeping, the second will be Roman, the third an English, the fourth an American. The entertainment and refreshments at each house will be in keeping with the period represented. At the American we propose to make Chautauqua the leading idea.

Our society has helped to organize other reading

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circles, but as a circle we have not taken up any special course. Some are re-reading the course, and one is reading the special art course.

RACHEL THOMAS, Chairman Executive Committee.

THE NEW HAVEN CHAUTAUQUA UNION.

This organization has had a long and successful career, influencing most favorably the work of the many circles which have at different times been active in the work of the C. L. S. C. The following account of a recent meeting shows the interest taken by the union in the state work:

The pleasant parlors of Davenport Church were thrown open last evening for the entertainment of members of the Chautauqua Union. This organization is composed of the various smaller Chautauqua circles of the city, of which there are quite a number. They were represented by about seventy-five people. The rooms were decorated with palms, ferns, and potted plants. Although designated primarily to be social in character, a short and pleasing program was arranged. Postmaster Howarth presided in his usual happy and genial manner, making every one at ease by his affability and humor. He has been president during nearly the whole time of the union's existence, and the members have never been willing to allow his resignation. He first introduced a young Italian lad, Pasquale Gambardella, whose singing proved him to be quite a marvel and to most of those present it was a surprise.

Miss M. Anstice Harris then gave what she termed "a study of the play, 'Romeo and Juliet,' as prepared for a study class," an interesting, well written paper.

Rev. George M. Brown, president of the Connecticut Chautauqua Assembly, then made a few remarks, urging attendance at the Plainville gathering next July, thus helping to make this new assembly a success. Such assemblies now gather annually in nearly every state in the union. He believes that the C. L. S. C. work is stronger than ever before, with more readers. A thousand new ones should be enrolled next year in this state.

Then followed the truly social part, when ice cream and cake were served, and everyone had a friendly word for everyone else, for in this pleasant interchange of thought the true Chautauqua spirit is manifested. If people generally understood the benefits as well as pleasure to be derived from this Chautauqua work, more would take it up. A few minutes' reading each day furnishes one with a vast amount of valuable information, the importance of which in cultivating the mind is inestimable.

[NOTE.—Quite a number of admirable reports are necessarily omitted for lack of space, but these will be published in an early fall issue of the magazine.]

AWARD OF CHAUTAUQUA PRIZES.

Prizes offered to Chautauqua organizers for securing C. L. S. C. readers and forming new circles for the year 1900-01 have been awarded as follows:

First Prize—Rev. Geo. M. Brown, Derby, Conn., 287 "credits."

Second Prize—Mrs. Alma F. Piatt, Wichita, Kan., 266 "credits."

Third Prize—Miss Mary Winfield, Kokomo, Ind., 114 "credits."

Fourth Prize—Mrs. C. P. Whipple, Binghamton, N. Y., 87 "credits."

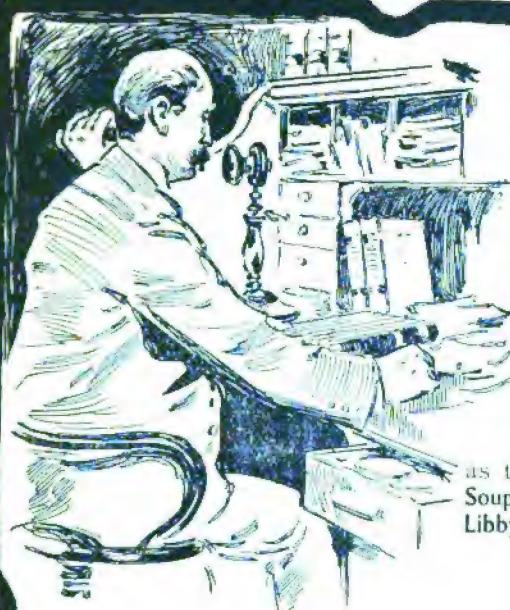
Honorable mention is also made of the following organizers for their effective services in securing recruits for the C. L. S. C. during the past year:

Mrs. Alice Shipley, Des Moines, Ia.
A. C. DeMary, Boise, Idaho.
Gertrude Riebeth, Minneapolis, Minn.
Geo. Lincks, Jersey City, N. J.
Jno. A. Russell, New York, N. Y.
E. E. Althouse, Sellersville, Pa.
Mrs. L. S. Corey, Lincoln, Neb.

In addition to the above, too much cannot be said in praise of that wide-spread army of devoted Chautauquans who have spared neither time, labor, nor sacrifice in extending the uplifting influences of the Chautauqua Home Study Courses among the people of their respective localities.

THE KENTUCKY CHAUTAUQUA.

This well-known assembly, under the direction of Dr. W. L. Davidson, will hold its fifteenth annual session in Woodland Park, Lexington, Kentucky, June 25 to July 5. The lecture platform includes: Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Dr. S. A. Steel, Dr. Morgan Wood, Hon. Lou Beau-champ, Father Francis Kelly, Dr. Stanley L. Krebs, Major James B. Pond, Mr. Bolling Arthur Johnson, Mrs. L. Ormiston Chant, and J. Arthur Fallows, brought over from England by Dr. Davidson specially for the assembly season; Karl Germaine, the magician. The readers include: Miss Katherine Oliver and sisters, Mrs. Olivia Sanger Hall, Prof. Frank S. Fox, Louis Spencer Daniel. The famous Royal Hungarian Gypsy Orchestra furnishes music for the season. Other musical organizations are: The Imperial Hand-Bell Ringers, The Kentucky Colonels Male Quartet, Miss Sybil Sammis, Miss Louise Ainsworth, Miss Donna Adair. Recognition Day will be July 2, with Dr. Morgan Wood as orator. Much will be made of our national holiday, July 4. Gen. John B. Gordon will possibly be one of the orators of the day. College Day, with oratorical contest participated in by the leading colleges of Kentucky, will be one of the special features. There will be gatherings in the interests of the Federation of Woman's Clubs. There will be daily C. L. S. C. Round Tables, with addresses on literary themes by J. Arthur Fallows and others. Large plans are being laid for morning Biblical Exposition and Minister's Institute each afternoon. Summer school work will be conducted in many important departments, with emphasis laid on Sunday-school normal work.

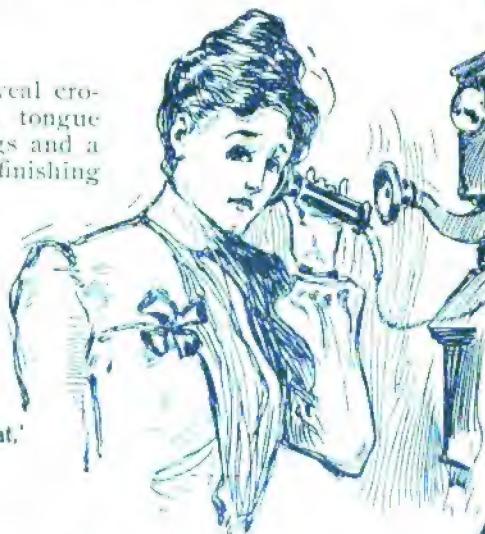


"Better Imagined Than Described"

The feelings of the housewife who gets word at half-past twelve that her husband wants to bring home a couple of business friends to lunch. She has planned on a shopping trip down-town, and an easy day for the cook — dinner provisions have not yet arrived; but on the pantry shelves, for just such a time as this, is a can of Libby's Chicken Soup, Libby's Turkey and Tongue, and Libby's Veal Loaf.

That means delicious soup, veal croquettes, and cold turkey and tongue garnished with hard-boiled eggs and a little green stuff; the other finishing touches come easy now. Yes, let them come, and how good of the cook to prepare a young housewife for such emergencies! She knows emergencies and knows Libby's preparations, too.

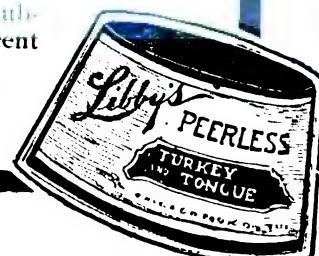
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Midsummer Program Number.

JULY

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1901

The CHAUTAUQUAN

A Magazine for
Self-education



CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN,

A Monthly Magazine for Self-Education.

FRANK CHAPIN BRAY, Editor.

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CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY :

BUREAU OF PUBLICATION: WILLIAM S. BAILEY, Director.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Entered according to Act of Congress, July, 1901, by CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

Yearly Subscription, \$2.00. Single Copies, 20c.

Entered at Cleveland Post-Office as Second-class Mail Matter.



CHAUTAUQUA LAKE FROM HOTEL ATHENÆUM.

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN,

A Monthly Magazine for Self-Education.

VOL. XXXIII.

JULY, 1901.

JULY 9 1901

No. 4.



THERE are many indications that the next great issue to be discussed by the people of the United States will be the modification and reduction of the tariff. The Democrats have for some years past completely neglected this once "paramount" question, but it is probable that it will be revived—and not by them alone. Among the Republicans significant differences of opinion are developing with reference to the expediency, desirability, or necessity of maintaining the high protective rates now imposed on imported goods. It will be remembered that, as the direct and prompt effect of the steel consolidation, Congressman Babcock of Wisconsin, leading Republican and chairman of the national congressional committee of that party, offered a bill in the house reducing materially the duties on the raw material and finished product of the steel industry. He took the position that protection had become superfluous in that sphere, and that the American steel producers were no longer in any possible danger from successful foreign competition, since they carried their goods to every part of the world, and made serious inroads upon the trade of Great Britain and Germany. This bill was the first symptom of what has proved to be a widespread and important movement.

Several other distinguished Republicans have since openly declared themselves advocates of lower duties and a more liberal trade policy. Protection, they maintain, should not be made a trust bulwark, and any industry seeking foreign markets and defeating the old-world competitors thereby demonstrates its ability to stand alone and dispense with government aid and legal monopoly. To this another potent argument is added. The United States has reached the point where an enormous surplus of manufactured and agricultural goods must be disposed of abroad. The home market is no longer sufficient. Capital and labor alike

are vitally interested in retaining and steadily increasing the export trade of the nation. But high tariffs provoke retaliation. The European countries will not open their markets to us except in consideration of substantial concessions from our side. There has been much talk of an anti-American alliance or combination, and while it is not likely to lead to any practical action, it is symptomatic of a widespread and profound sentiment and cannot fail to influence legislation. In Austria and in Germany the so-called Agrarians demand prohibitory duties on American goods.

There were several reciprocity treaties before the senate at the late session. They were all thrust aside. But it is certain that the next congress will insist on the ratification of some of these treaties. Senators like Cullom, stanch protectionists, have announced their intention to further the movement for reciprocity. President McKinley is evidently in sympathy with the new tendency in the Republican party. His addresses during his southwestern trip dwelt on the economic changes of the past few years and the need of corresponding changes in national policy. In one speech he used the following expressions:

We never had such high credit, such good money, so much business, as we have in the United States in the year 1901, and it is our business—your business, for the public official is but the agent of the people—it is your business as well as mine to see to it that an industrial policy shall be pursued in the United States that shall open up the widest markets in every part of the world for the products of American soil and American manufacture. We can now supply our own markets. We have reached that point in our industrial development, and in order to secure sale for our surplus products we must open up new avenues for our surplus.

Treasurer Roberts is a convert to a more liberal trade policy. He points out that the heavy balances of trade in our favor—in three years they aggregated nearly \$1,500,000,000 and for the present fiscal year the balance will reach \$700,000,000—cannot possibly be paid in specie, and that our

exports will be checked unless we take old-world goods in exchange for our products. Whether a general revision of the Dingley tariff law will grow out of this agitation, it is too early to say. Much will depend on the behavior of the great combinations.



JOHN G. MILBURN,
President Pan-American
Exposition.

we levy on foreign products enable our protected manufacturers to realize large profits on their home trade and to underbid their competitors abroad. This means that the growing export trade is practically subsidized by the home consumer. According to some, this is an intolerable and absolutely unfair condition of things, as the American consumer should be the first to reap the benefits of economical and improved organization. Others hold that there is nothing reprehensible in this practise of disposing of surplus products, at reduced prices, in competitive markets.

The congressional industrial commission has been examining captains of industry on this point, among others. President Schwab of the steel combination admitted the facts alleged, but explained them as follows: Operators desire to run their works full and steadily, and as the output cannot all be sold at a fair profit, especially in dull periods, foreign markets are sought at reduced prices. Even when a market is secured, the keenness and vigilance of other nations may render it necessary for the American manufacturer to maintain a low price level in order to hold his ground. The workmen are directly benefited by this, since they are employed the year round at the same rate of wages, and are relieved from care and fear of interruption of work.

Congressman Tawney of Minnesota declares that several milling corporations of that

state sell their surplus product abroad below cost in order to avoid closing and temporary cessation of production. He believes that the profit on exported goods is very small or even *nil*, and that American consumers are in no wise injured by this reduction of prices to foreigners. Since, however, doubt exists upon the point, he has requested the state department to send a circular to our consuls, instructing them to investigate and report upon the prices charged in their respective districts by American traders for manufactured commodities exported from the United States. The suggestion is receiving favorable consideration. If acted upon, the data collected will be used in the discussion of the new phase of the tariff question.

The long-expected and extremely important decisions in the insular tariff cases were handed down by the supreme court in the last week of May, and they proved a great surprise to the country. They sustained neither the "colonial" doctrines set up by the attorney-general in behalf of the government, nor the contention of the counsel opposed to the government that "the constitution goes with the flag" and that Porto Rico and the Philippines were of right, as fully annexed and automatically incorporated territories of the United States, entitled to free trade with the states and territories. Several cases were decided, but the leading ones are known as the De Lima case and the Downes case. The former involved the question whether duties collected after the



SOME MORE CREED REVISION.

—Minneapolis Journal.

ratification of the treaty of peace with Spain, but before the date of the so-called Foraker tariff act (taxing Porto Rican exports from and imports to the United States fifteen per cent of our Dingley rates) were legally levied and collected — that is, whether the executive had the constitutional authority to impose this tax on Porto Rico. The latter case turned upon the validity or constitutionality of the Foraker act itself.

By a vote of five to four the court decided the De Lima case against the government. The duties levied prior to the application of the Foraker act were held to have been illegal, the ground for this ruling being that the ratification of the peace treaty made Porto Rico an integral part of the United States, a "domestic territory," and as such subject and entitled to all the general laws of the United States. The government's contention that Porto Rico, though annexed, remained foreign for certain purposes, the court dismissed as wholly without warrant. Justice Brown, who read the majority opinion, declared that it is impossible for a territory to be at the same time both foreign and domestic, and that annexation by a treaty is as absolute as annexation by act of congress.

This totally destroyed the difference which

had been alleged to exist between the old territories and the newly acquired territories. The power to acquire territory *sub modo*, without incorporation into the United States, is thus denied. Porto Rico has the same status as New Mexico or Arizona or Oklahoma or Alaska. It is entitled to all the privileges and immunities which they enjoy under the constitution and general laws.

Having decided that Porto Rico was not "foreign country," but domestic territory within the meaning of the tariff laws and all other general national laws, the question next arose whether congress had the power to exclude that territory from the operation of the tariff laws by specific legislation. The answer depended on the construction of the clause of the constitution declaring that all taxes, imposts, and excises must be uniform "throughout the United States." Was Porto Rico, at the time the Foraker tariff went into effect, within "the United States"? Justices Fuller, Harlan, Peckham, and Brewer, agreeably to their position in the De Lima case, held that it was, and that the tariff law was void. But Justice Brown parted company with them at this point and took the ground that the taxation-and-uniformity clause applies to states alone, and not to territories, whether old or new, except as congress may, in its discretion, deliberately extend it to any territory. The term "the United States," according to Judge Brown, was synonymous with the phrase "the states united" and had no reference to the territory of the republic. If no territory is part of the United States within the meaning of the taxation clause, it of course follows that Porto Rico is not part of the United States for taxation purposes, and therefore congress was at liberty to impose a duty on Porto Rican products shipped to the United States.

Four judges — McKenna, Shiras, Gray, and White, all of whom dissented from the De Lima decision — joined Justice Brown in sustaining the Foraker tariff in so far as it taxes Porto Rican exports to the United States, but without accepting his reasons for the conclusion. In a separate opinion they gave their own reasons for the decree, which not only differed from, but directly conflicted with, those of Justice Brown. They sustained the Foraker tariff act because they regarded Porto Rico as *foreign*, unincorporated territory. They accepted neither the proposition that Porto Rico was made a domestic territory by the treaty of cession nor the proposition that territories were not



JONATHAN SHOPPING.

JOHN BULL — "Now, my little man, what can I do for you?"

MASTER JONATHAN — "Wal, guess I'll buy the whole store." —*London Punch.*

integral parts of the United States within the meaning of the taxation clause. But this divergence in the arguments did not affect the result, and thus by a vote of five to four the Foraker law was declared constitutional.

While the Downes decision is a victory for the government, it settles nothing except the constitutionality of *one half*, as it were, of the Foraker act. The one case in the batch which involves the legality of the duties levied on goods imported by Americans from the states into Porto Rico was not decided, and if at the next term of the court this case should be determined against the government, the whole practical effect of the Downes decision would be annulled. Congress may have the *right* to pass a law taxing goods shipped from Porto Rico, but if it has no power to impose a similar tax on goods taken to Porto Rico by American citizens from the United States, no such one-sided tariff as the construction would permit would ever be adopted against any American possession. It would be repugnant to justice and to the spirit of modern territorial (or colonial) government.

The great question whether the constitution follows the flag *ex proprio vigore* has not been answered by the decisions. Four of the justices hold that it does, and four that it does not, while Justice Brown merely believes that the clause relating to taxation is not applicable to territories. On the other hand, every one of the several opinions rendered contains dicta to the effect that the bill of rights—the amendments to the constitution—binds congress in its dealings with territories. By the bill of rights liberty of speech, press, etc., and *trial by jury* are guaranteed to all those who are under the jurisdiction of the United States. Justice Brown says:

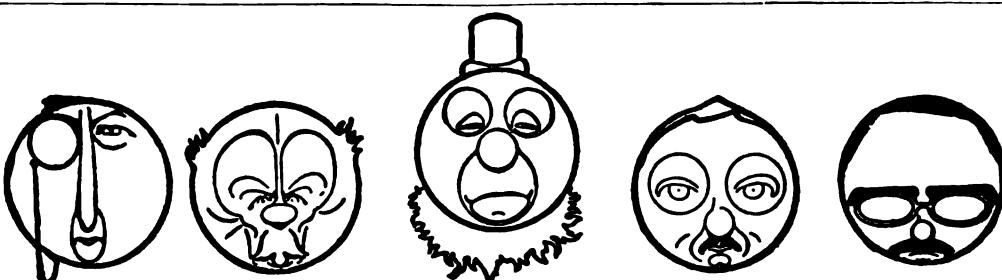
Whatever may be finally decided by the American people as to the status of these islands and their inhabitants—whether they shall be introduced into the

sisterhood of states or be permitted to form independent governments—it does not follow that in the meantime, awaiting that decision, the people are in the matter of personal rights unprotected by the provisions of our constitution and subject to the merely arbitrary control of congress. Even if regarded as aliens, they are entitled under the principles of the constitution to be protected in life, liberty, and property.

There was but one Philippine case before the court, but it was not disposed of. The logic of the De Lima decision makes the present Philippine tariff illegal, since congress has not acted with regard to the far eastern archipelago, except to pass the Spooner resolution delegating powers of civil government to the executive. There were, however, points in the Philippine case which distinguished it from the Porto Rican suits, and it "rests on its own bottom." There will be no change in Philippine economic or political policy pending the supreme court's determination of the two remaining insular cases.



In China the powers actually appear to have reached a settlement. While some questions are still in process of discussion and adjustment, even those correspondents who have been consistently pessimistic and apprehensive admit that the last obstacles to evacuation of China by the foreign troops and the retransfer of Peking and the whole province of Pechili to the native rulers have been removed by the action of the imperial government. After the "punishment" question that of indemnity presented the greatest difficulties. The United States labored to obtain a reduction of the total to \$200,000,000, and in Great Britain suggestions were even made toward the remission of the whole indemnity on the condition that all the ports of China should be opened to foreign traders. The opposition of Germany and other continental powers defeated the efforts in this direction. The amount is fixed at \$325,000,000, with four per cent interest.



CHAMBERLAIN.

ROBERTS.

OOM PAUL.

CECIL RHODES.

KIPLING.

—*Der Floh, Vienna.*

China will pay, but how is the money to be raised? An increase of internal taxation (on salt, inter-provincial commerce, etc.) has been proposed, but this source will hardly prove sufficient. An increase of foreign customs duties has been under consideration, but the United States has opposed it, on the ground that any material addition to the (nominal) five per cent tax now levied on foreign goods would reduce the trade with China and cause a greater loss than the campaign and occupation have entailed on those nations whose products have found a growing market in the great Asiatic empire.

Another matter not easy to determine is the due guaranteeing of regular payment of the annual interest and instalment of the principal. What if China should, after a year or two, suspend payment? The powers will probably bind themselves to act as a unit in that contingency, so as to guard against territorial aggression and individual settlements disregarding the common interest. A Chinese bond issue under a joint guaranty has also been suggested, but this is wholly unacceptable to the British government and constitutionally impossible so far as the United States is concerned.

Preparations are proceeding for the withdrawal of the foreign troops. All the American soldiers, a legation guard excepted, have already left Chinese soil, and even the Germans are departing. There is some fear that disorder and local rioting may follow the evacuation, and it was an extraordinary phenomenon in military history that hundreds of Chinese merchants and property owners petitioned the commander of the American contingent to continue to administer the section of Peking that had been under his rule for an indefinite period. It is believed, however, that Prince Ching, who is to be the acting military governor, will succeed in preserving order, and that the court will return to the capital and resume full direction of affairs.

Thus the settlement will be complete and in harmony with the two fundamental principles originally proclaimed by the United States and Great Britain—the preservation of Chinese territorial and political integrity, and the maintenance of the open door. At times it seemed that dismemberment of the empire was unavoidable, but this calamity the civilized world has escaped. It should be remembered, however, that Manchuria is still—and will remain—under Russian control. Cession or transfer on paper has been prevented, but the diplomatic victory has

been a barren one. Manchuria will probably never be restored to China.



The remarks reported to have been made by General Chaffee on the recent withdrawal of the American forces from China relative to the relations existing between the United States and Great Britain may have been uttered under circumstances that sometimes lead men to say indiscreet things, but they have been heartily endorsed by many of his countrymen. General Chaffee is reported to have said, "Let kings, ministers, and politicians say what they may, but I can tell you that we never will see Americans and Britishers face each other in the field." Then he went further and said, "Our national policy may be to steer clear of international complications, but should circumstances arise in which we must make a choice, our inclination will be with the Britishers." All of which brings to mind the declaration of Commodore Tattnall, that "blood is thicker than water."

It is an interesting coincidence that Commodore Tattnall gave expression to his sentiment for the British while in command of the United States squadron in the China seas in 1859, and while the British squadron under command of Rear-Admiral James Hope was being fired upon by the Chinese forts protecting the Peiho river. It is generally supposed that the remark about the relative thickness of blood and water originated with Commodore Tattnall, but in the interest of truth it must be said that the commodore was not the first to utter that sentiment. Sir Walter Scott in the twenty-third chapter of "*Rob Roy*" declares it, and even he may not have been the creator of it. As Scott died in 1832, twenty-seven years before Commodore Tattnall uttered the words, the claim of the latter can hardly be sustained. The sentiment occurs, stripped of its Scotch dialect and put into English understandable to all as follows:

"' You're a bold, desperate villain, sir,' retorted the undaunted bairie; ' and you know that I know you



EDMOND ROSTAND,

Who has been chosen a member of the French Academy.

to be such, and that I would not stand a moment for my own risk.' 'I know well,' said the other, 'you have gentle blood in your veins, and I would be loath to hurt my own kinsman. But I'll go out here as free as I came in, or the very walls of Glasgow jail shall tell of it for these ten years to come.' 'Well, well,' said Mr. Jarvie, 'blood is thicker than water, and it lies not in kith, kin, or ally to see motes in any other's eyes if other eyes see them not. It would be sad news to the old wife below the Ben of Stuckavallachan, that you, you Highland robber, had knocked out my brains, or that I had hung you up with a rope. But you'll own, you bold devil, that were it not your very self, I would have gripped the best man in the Highlands.'

Local officials in China are paying off claims of American and English missionary societies without waiting for their adjustment through Peking and Washington. Of the reported indemnities granted by the Chinese, hardly any will find lodgment in coffers of missionary societies in this country, at least. Viceroys in South China long ago settled all claims, and recently the claims of the Presbyterians and other bodies in the Shantung province have been adjusted. Here was located the Wei Hien compound of the Presbyterians, the destruction of which involved a loss of about seventy-five thousand dollars. Churches here have not pressed for indemnity, and have left amounts to be paid almost wholly to the Chinese. The latter have come forward with offers of money, and in some cases have shown impatience at delays in arriving at amounts to be paid. At this writing only the damages to property in Peking remain unadjusted, or in process of adjustment.

At this late day it is hardly worth while to dwell on the Wall Street "smash" or panic, the severest and at the same time the most absurd and abnormal in our financial and commercial history. The causes of the episode are now well understood. While speculation, chiefly in railway securities, had reached dizzy heights and made a reaction inevitable, but for the "corner" in the stocks of the Northern Pacific railway no such crash as occurred in May would have been possible. The fierce contest between the Hill-Morgan faction and the Harriman syndicate grew out of the absorption by the former of the Burlington road, and its desire to protect its interests by securing control of the Northern Pacific. Heavy purchases of the stock of the latter property, and other "deals" in pursuance of the community-of-interest plan, had caused a constant rise of the market price of stocks—a rise that had no relation to the economic value and dividend-earning capacity of the roads. The

advances brought extraordinary profits to hundreds of the holders of stock, and this produced a riot of speculation. Thousands rushed into Wall Street to gamble on stocks, confident of further advances. Brokers all over the country were flooded with orders to buy, and silly newspapers ignorantly encouraged the mania by attributing the rise to the wonderful prosperity of the country.

The collapse came upon the discovery that more Northern Pacific stock had been sold than could possibly be delivered, and that the phenomenal rise in the price was due to an artificial and temporary demand. It has been estimated that over \$600,000,000 in paper value was wiped out in the two days of the panic. But this unprecedented shrinkage meant heavy losses and impoverishment for thousands who had bought stocks on margins and were unable to protect their interest by additional deposits of money or securities with the brokers. At one time the two syndicates were harshly criticized as deliberate lawbreakers and wreckers, but subsequent explanations seemed to some to indicate that the "corner" had arisen spontaneously and without design.

At any rate "the public" has been driven out of the stock market, the gambling frenzy is at an end, and there has been a substantial recovery of most of the securities. They are now at a point which is deemed to correspond to real intrinsic value as manifested in



THE NEW ATLAS.

ATLAS—"Well, that takes a load off my shoulders, and how easily he seems to handle it."—*Minneapolis Journal*.

the receipts and dividends. Meanwhile the two syndicates have settled their difference, and both factions are to have liberal representation in the management and directorate of the Northern Pacific. The panic threatened a severe blow to the community-of-interest method of railroad operation, but the compromise effected has apparently averted the mischief. Community of interest, as admitted by experts, involves reciprocal acquisition of stocks by the competing railroad companies. Ownership of one railroad by another and competing one is contrary to law, but nothing appears to prevent individual stockholders in one from purchasing the stock of the other and voting against any measure injurious to either property. In practise this plan leads to consolidation and concentration of control. Pooling is illegal, but the objects formerly achieved through pooling agreements are now even more effectually realized by the new method of control. Where will all this end? is the question asked in many quarters and answered variously. Perhaps in the nationalization of railroads or in rigid public regulation and supervision.



In each annual report the Interstate Commerce Commission makes the same statements or complaints, formulates the same suggestions, and in almost the same language urges action by congress toward remedying existing mal-adjustments in the railway industry. The law regulating interstate commerce is virtually a dead letter. Discriminations and other illegal practises continue; rates are arbitrarily raised and secretly reduced to favorites; and pools are organized in forms that are beyond the reach of the law. The commission asks greater power and control over rate-making, and is willing to concede to the railroads the freedom of combination for reasonable restraint of competition. The railroad corporations—a few excepted—desire freedom of pooling, but strenuously oppose the second half of the program, or rather, the first half, since the commission would not consent to legalization of pooling unaccompanied by the additional restrictions proposed by it in other directions.

In its recent report the commission renews its recommendations, and discusses at length the alternative to the policy of restricted and regulated combination. It dwells on the irresistible tendency to consolidation in the railroad sphere, showing that the ordinary drawbacks to combination do not exist

therein. The commission calls attention to certain startling facts. It says that, ignoring all rumors and taking account of well-authenticated reports alone, there were absorbed in various ways between July 1, 1899, and November 1, 1900, over twenty-five thousand miles of railroad—that is, more than one-eighth of the entire mileage in the United States. The law may forbid combination, but if competition be unprofitable and wasteful, combination is achieved in some indirect way—chiefly by the merging of the weaker lines into the stronger systems.

Curiously enough, a day or two after the publication of this report, a new and stupendous railway combination was announced. This includes over thirty independent railways, and the aggregate mileage brought under harmonious control is over seventy-six thousand, covering vast sections and extending from Atlantic to Pacific ports. Even the daily press manifests some apprehension at this new development of the trust idea in a sphere where special privilege renders relief from new competitors impossible.

According to the Interstate Commerce Commission, these tendencies are not unmixed evils. The present condition "is not without its benefits," for under unified administration many of the worst forms of combination will disappear, and rates of transportation will be reduced in consequence of the great saving in the cost of the service. Yet the commission is not blind to the dangers of railroad consolidation. It says:

When we consider what has actually been done, what is undoubtedly in contemplation, the entire feasibility of these schemes, the great advantage which would result to the owners of the properties involved, and the fact that a step once taken in that direction is seldom retraced, it becomes evident that in the immediate future the main transportation lines of this country will be thrown into great groups, controlling their own territory, and not subject, with respect to most of their traffic, to serious competition.

Under these circumstances, the commission continues, it would lie within the power of two or three men to say what tax should be imposed upon the vast traffic moving between the east and west, and both human nature



COL. GEORGE B. DAVIS,
Who is to become Judge
Advocate General.

and the lessons of history show that unlimited power induces misuse and abuse. Railroads may not intend extortion, but if no control is exercised, oppression is certain to be the result of monopoly. It is doubtful, however, whether the commission's remedies would

either check combination or prevent the bad consequences apprehended. There are those who believe that present tendencies are bound to lead to government absorption of the railroad industry, and to national ownership and operation.



IRA REMSEN, PH. D., LL. D.,
Elected President of Johns
Hopkins University.

connected with the institution since it was opened in 1876, and has been largely instrumental in bringing its chemical department to its present high standard. Prior to his connection with Johns Hopkins he acted for two years as assistant in chemistry in the University of Tübingen, Germany, and occupied the chair of chemistry at Williams College. He was called from Williams to Johns Hopkins. Professor Remsen was born in New York City in 1846. He pursued his studies at the College of the City of New York, also at the medical department of Columbia College, graduating from the latter institution in 1867. He went abroad and took postgraduate courses in the Universities of Munich and Göttingen. The trustees of Johns Hopkins practically decided upon Professor Remsen soon after the announcement of President Gilman's resignation. Professor Remsen is a man of decided personality and broad culture outside of his particular department. He has always held the high esteem of the other members of the faculty and of the student body.



The national committee on conciliation and arbitration, appointed some months ago at a conference held under the auspices of the Civic Federation (and the names of whose members were given in THE CHAUTAUQUAN last month), met recently at New York for the purpose of adopting a plan of operations.



Incidentally public meetings were held to promote the movement for industrial peace, and they were well attended and successful in every way. The declaration of purposes and principles adopted by the committee is too long to be reproduced here in full; suffice it to say that the purpose of the body is the prevention of strikes and lockouts, and the scope or field of the work comprehends dissemination of useful knowledge regarding the success of arbitration or amicable agreements between employer and employed; encouragement of frank and free discussion at joint conferences of the interests of labor and capital; the extension of "trade agreements," adjusting hours, wages, etc.; and, above all, the establishment and maintenance of "a board or commission composed of the most competent persons available, selected from employers and employees of judgment, experience, and reliability, which shall be charged with the above described duties and shall also be expected to make known to workmen and employers that their counsel and aid will be available if desired in securing that coöperation, mutual understanding, and agreement." The committee is to enlarge its membership so as to include many representative and influential citizens, but the actual work will be entrusted to an executive sub-committee of fifteen.

While this indicates a gain for the cause of arbitration, it is unpleasant to record that in some directions positive and unfortunate losses have been sustained by the movement for peace in the industrial world. The past few weeks have witnessed a large number of strikes—some of them accompanied by disorder and violence, especially the Albany strike of street railway men, which, after the intervention of the military forces of the state and the loss of some lives, was settled by mutual concessions. A strike of national proportions has occurred in the machine trade, the dispute relating to the wage schedule under the nine-hour day which, under an agreement reached in May, 1900, between the Machinists' Union and the Metal Trades Associations, went into effect on May 20 of this year. The machinists claimed that they were entitled to ten hours' pay for the nine-hour day, while the employers asserted that the settlement of 1900 left the wage question open, to be settled by local meetings and arbitration. There were mutual charges of violation of contract, an attempt at partial arbitration at Chicago, which failed, an abrogation of the arbitration agreement and of the nine-hour day conces-

sion by the employers, and orders for a general strike. These orders seem to have been obeyed throughout the country, and the number of machinists on strike at this writing exceeds fifty thousand. Many firms and employers have accepted the new wage schedule.

This strike in an industry requiring the highest skill and intelligence—in an industry, too, which accepted the principle of "trade arbitration"—is an unfortunate sign of retrogression. It is generally admitted that the industrial decadence and trade losses of Great Britain we have heard so much about are due in no small measure to the troubles in the "engineering" industry. The great strike those troubles culminated in cost England a heavy proportion of her exports of machinery and tools. American capital and labor, it was believed, had taken to heart the lesson of British experience and had removed the necessity of strikes and lockouts as a means of settling ordinary controversies.



The Cuban constitutional convention, after much friction, controversy, and agitation, voted by a majority of one to accept the so-called Platt amendment, embodying the congressional scheme of Cuban-American relations and imposing a number of serious restrictions upon Cuban independence and sovereignty. A sub-committee having visited Washington and received from President McKinley and Secretary Root authoritative explanations of the vague clauses of the amendment, and these explanations having been reported to the convention, that body decided to append certain addenda to the amendment, making its meaning clear and

unequivocal, and in that form to make it part of the constitution of the island.

The addenda, it was claimed, only put in writing the assurances and explications of Secretary Root, and guaranteed Cuba against improper intervention or encroachments by the United States. Of course, the Platt amendment is a law of congress and, if constitutional, binding upon the United States government, while the interpretations put upon it by officials, not excepting the chief executive, are merely private opinions which their successors would be at liberty to disregard and which, indeed, they themselves are not *legally* obligated to follow.

Certain newspapers characterized the action of the Cuban convention as childish, improper, and even impudent, while others advised the government to ignore the "explanations" and regard only the vote accepting the Platt amendment. At a cabinet meeting it was decided that the vote of the Cuban convention was not a "substantial" compliance with the requirements of the Platt amendment, and that the United States government was not authorized by the act of congress to accept it as final. General Wood, the military governor, was notified of this conclusion and instructed to advise the Cuban delegates to reconsider their vote, to reopen the question, and to vote on the Platt amendment exactly as it stands, without reservations or the addition of any individual interpretations thereof. It is alleged that the Cuban commissioners who had visited Washington had misunderstood Secretary Root, particularly with reference to the clauses dealing with coaling stations, sanitation, and the right of intervention to protect life and property.

Whether the Conservatives in the convention will again prevail, and whether all of those who voted for the amendment *with* the explanations will do so again when these are eliminated, will probably be known by the time this reaches the reader. One thing is clear — only the supreme court of the United States can give an authoritative interpretation of the Platt resolution. It may, however, never have a chance to do so.



CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT.

"Will Cleveland furnish both of them?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

July is the month of annual conventions of young



people. The Christian Endeavor Society meets in Cincinnati, the Baptist Union in Chicago, the Epworth League in San Francisco, and the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in Detroit. The late Rev. Dr. Babcock was to have been a speaker at Cincinnati. The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, who has just arrived to be the head of the Northfield extension work, and in a sense therefore a successor of the late Mr. Moody, will speak each day. It is said Baptists at Chicago will decide upon biennial conventions hereafter, and thus follow the plan of Christian Endeavor, just adopted. A great crowd of Leaguers, not all of them Methodists nor all bound for the convention hall, is going to the Pacific coast. At Detroit the Canadian Brotherhood will meet with the American. Reports recently had from many churches in twenty principal cities are to the effect that young people's organizations within the churches are holding their own or growing, and that while they have gotten past their "hurrah boys" period, they have not lost heart, but are doing solid and efficient work.



The liberal element among the Presbyterians North won in the creed matter in so far that some explanatory sentences are to be prepared and reported to the assembly next year. Calvinism is not to be impaired as a doctrine, and new statements are to be made concerning the love of God, the office and work of the Holy Spirit, and missions. A committee of twenty-one, with the present moderator, the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Minton of California, as chairman, has been named, and has already held one session. The new matter does not supplant the Westminster Confession, for that remains intact, but is intended for use by pastors to explain what the Presbyterian church believes upon points where some have thought it believed things hard to be believed. The late assembly adopted the judicial commission plan, by which the assembly shall, and presbyteries and synods may, have commissions, composed of a few specially qualified men to try judicial cases, instead of trying them before the entire bodies, as heretofore.



Memorial Day is taking on new features as the years carry us farther from "the great war," and as death deprives us of the leaders in that struggle. The Spanish war has had a notable influence upon the observance of the day. For example, we find Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, "of a Confederate line, making the

Memorial Day address in a northern city in honor of the Union dead and of victims of the Spanish war. At Yale University the sons and grandsons of Union veterans took a leading part in the exercises and President Hadley, who addressed them, appealed to educated youth to give their lives to the advancement of their country in purifying its political and industrial life. At the New York University, the Hall of Fame, which has been the subject of so much discussion, was formally inaugurated, and twenty-nine tablets of immortals were unveiled. The popular interest in the event was great. The Lee and Grant tablets were decorated with flowers by southern women. There was nothing, however, in the celebration of the day in any part of the land which stirred so many memories as an incident which took place on the site of the great prison stockade at Andersonville, Georgia. Here a delegation of old soldiers representing the National Association of ex-Prisoners of War dedicated a memorial fountain commemorating the 52,345 Union soldiers who were confined there, and the 13,900 comrades who died there, and whose remains lie buried in the National Cemetery close by. The fountain, which is described as a beautiful piece of work of Italian marble, bears a tablet setting forth the facts, followed by the gracious words of the martyred Lincoln, "With charity to all, and malice toward none." It occupies the site of the historic Providence spring.



By the creation of twelve new cardinals the Roman College is now more nearly full than for many years. The preponderance of Italians in it is greater than heretofore during the present, or in the preceding pontificate. Another consistory is about to be held, it is said, when at least two more cardinals will be named. Archbishop Martini, the apostolic delegate at Washington, has been elevated, and has returned to Rome. Cardinal Gibbons has also been in Rome, in conference with the pope concerning affairs in the Philippines. Archbishop Chapelle and the archbishop of Manila have also reached Rome, and after a general conference it has been announced that the friars are to be curbed in their claims. This, it is rather bluntly said, was seen to be necessary on the part of the Roman Curia, else the United States government might be compelled to take severe measures. In other words, it has been the secular power, not the spiritual one, that has led in the reform.

THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION AS AN EDUCATIONAL FORCE.

BY CHARLES EDWARD LLOYD.

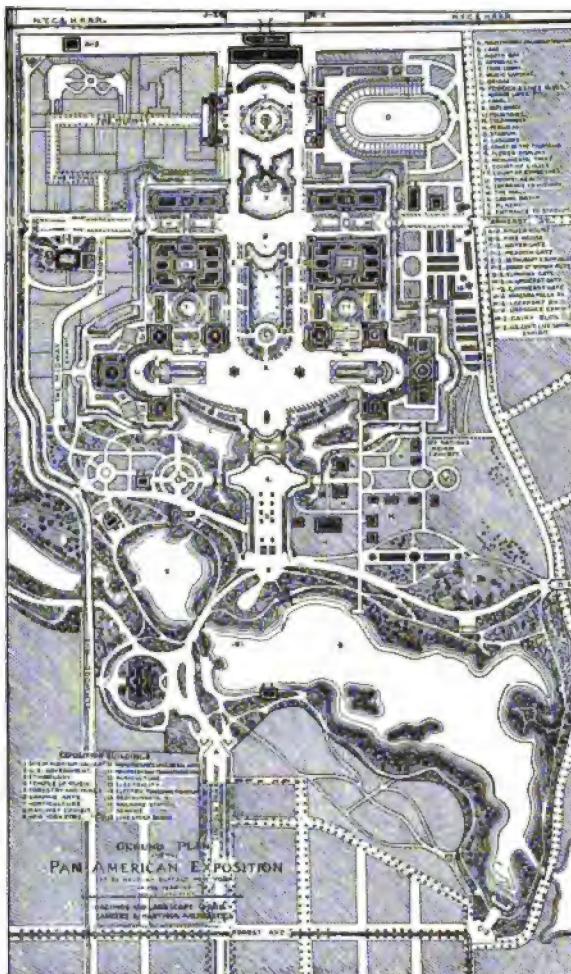
THE visitor may be supposed to enter the Exposition by the Propylæa, which is just in front of the Transportation Building, where the twenty railroad lines leading into Buffalo center. The very name suggests the Athenian Acropolis. The student is momentarily carried back to the days of Pericles, when the original Propylæa of white Pentelic marble formed the entrance to the splendid temples and colonnades of the Parthenon. The impression is strengthened as he walks along this Pan-American Propylæa, for under one of the central arches stands Athena herself, holding in one hand the golden-tipped spear which served as a beacon to the Grecian mariners, and in the other the deadly ægis bearing the fatal Medusa head. This is a replica of the statue of the goddess which stood on the highest point of the Acropolis, looking toward "sea-girt Salamis." Near by is Diana, whose favorite hunting-grounds were in the groves along the banks of the

are represented under the archways supported by white columns, all of whose names are borrowed from the great people who made the brightest pages of the history of an immortal past.

Following this Propylæa we come to the entrance of the Stadium, where modern athletes will enter the contests in the various

sports of the twentieth century. But again the very name conjures up a similar amphitheater which was built at Olympia six hundred years before Christ, where Spartans, Athenians, Cretans, Zantiotes, Alexandrians, all the best men of that great epoch, met not only to engage in manly sports, but to hear Herodotus and Thucydides tell of the exploits of heroes, and to hear long-forgotten poets of the days of Homersing of love, of war, and of adventure, to the throngs that attended the great festival. Over two thousand years ago this first Stadium was destroyed by an earthquake, but a railroad now runs to its site near the foot of stately Kronos,

Ilyssos, and on the shores of distant Phaleron. and America, France, and Germany have The Venus of Praxiteles fills another niche. dug up many of the statues that adorned Apollo Belvedere, Jupiter, Juno, and all the the temples and approaches to the Stadium. gods, demi-gods, and heroes of old Olympus Among these is the Hermes, a reproduc-

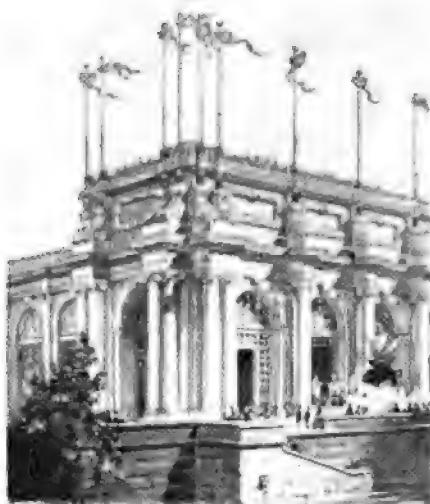


GROUND PLAN OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

tion of which the Pan-American visitor now being guided through the grounds has already passed. This Hermes was one of the masterpieces of Praxiteles. The original

by electricity will be exhaustively exploited in various parts of the grounds. One experiment will be the production of thunder and lightning by artificial means—one of the highly sensational achievements of electrical science. While the elements of the electric storm are in evidence, all danger to life and property will be absent. All the death-dealing qualities of a natural storm will be there, but so expert has man become in handling this harnessed lightning that it flashes at his bidding. Forked tongues of flame dart here and there, and the deep, sullen roar of the approaching storm is heard in the air.

Up to this time the power transmission between Niagara Falls and Buffalo has been at a voltage of eleven thousand. Recently it has been raised to twenty-two thousand volts. The artificial thunder and lightning machine of the Pan-American Exposition will be operated at an approximate voltage of forty thousand. So perfect is this invention that it imitates almost exactly the intermittent flashes of lightning discharges, and produces the same detonating effects that are heard when fierce thunderstorms are in progress. The apparatus is charged with high-tension alternating currents, which will produce a display or halo nearly twelve inches long about the letters placed on the surface of a large sheet of glass. When the potential is low, each letter of the sign is surrounded by a violet fringe of brush discharge; as the voltage is raised, brilliant streamers of lightning play about the letters, an effect faithfully portrayed in many illustrations. The streamers vary in length as the voltage is increased. When the full voltage



CORNER OF THE STADIUM.

stands in the museum at Olympia in a room alone, so perfect and so godlike that nothing yet excavated can be appropriately placed near it. No photograph or model can do justice to it, and the student would do well to notice its pose and symmetry.

A two minutes' walk brings us to the Court of Fountains. In an instant thought bridges the space of two thousand five hundred years and the Electric Tower suggests what research has accomplished since the days when Jove alone could control the "winged lightnings." The Olympian gods are forgotten, and the American thinks with pride of Rowland, of Edison, of Tesla, of Fulton, of Watts, and of other great names that belong in Pan-America's Pantheon. Some are the names of men who have made the subtle fluid the mythical gods feared bear messages around the globe, fill dark places with radiant light, propel great masses long distances, carry men as swiftly from place to place as if they rode on the "wings of the winds," fathom oceans, tint fountains and clouds with the colors of Iris, and penetrate the very mysteries of this mortal body! Around this court hundreds of fountains glow with iridescent hues. All the colors of the solar spectrum play upon jets of water that throw their translucent columns high in the air.

The marvelous spectacular effects produced



THE PROPYLEA.

is on, the display becomes exceedingly lively. Then the number of complete dis-

charges is two hundred and fifty a second, a complete discharge being portrayed in each of the darts of lightning surrounding the word "Niagara."

The search-light display will be a very useful educational factor to the visitor. The Niagara-Buffalo region will enjoy the most wonderful search-light exhibition ever witnessed. Niagara is the greatest electrical storehouse in the world. The transmitted energy of the great dynamos at the Falls will supply over one hundred search-lights, half a million incandescent lamps, and will rivet in bands of light the two great Anglo-Saxon sections of North America. Every night a mighty search-light on the Canadian frontier will signal a message of peace and good-will to the search-lights on the Electric Tower in the Pan-American City.

This Court of Fountains suggests another epoch and another fact of especial interest to the student visitor at the Exposition. Around the court cluster the principal palaces of the Exposition. They are all built in a style that recalls the Alhambra and Boabdil, Castile and the Spanish queen, whose gift of jewels and royal sympathy made it possible for Columbus to cross the Atlantic in quest of the western hemisphere. This feature cannot fail to make our Latin-American visitors feel more at home here, "by the great waters of the North." Even our Government Building where the workings of every department of the United States government are shown, suggests the style of the Spanish Renaissance. The contents of every palace teaches its distinctive lesson. Dr. Peabody, the superintendent of the

ministrations should be the development and the ripening of each soul which comes within the scope of its influence. Young or old, man or woman, gentle or simple, each visitor



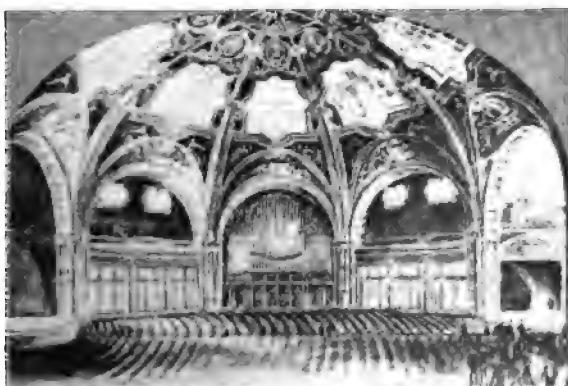
THE ELECTRIC TOWER.

should gain, and should be conscious of gaining, an enlarged appreciation subjectively of himself as a living and sentient being and objectively of the world as his sphere of living and knowing, a realm fuller of sweetness and light. His respirations should be quicker, his inspirations deeper, and his aspirations loftier and nobler.

"In its architecture must be included the whole external equipment—its buildings in their artistic and symmetrical arrangement and grouping. The beauty of their style, the exuberance of their decorations, breathing afresh the genius of the Spaniard and the Moor in graceful forms and gorgeous colorings; the landscape effects, blending the harmonies of forest and lake, of fountain and tower, of cascade and castle and culminating spire—of all that is lovely in nature with all that is refined and ennobling in art. If, at the Columbian Exposition we found the chaste purity of the lily in a presentation 'unequaled since the days of Phidias and Praxiteles,' the fairies who join hands in the Pan-American clothe themselves with hues

of Titian and of Murillo, unequaled since the days of Venice and of the Alhambra."

By four o'clock the active observer grows tired. Provisions for refreshment and rest



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC.

Department of Liberal Arts of the Pan-American Exposition, says:

"The true function of an exposition is education. The purpose and end of all its

are visible on every hand. Notably in the Temple of Music may one find the most subtle antidote for fatigue of mind and body. Every afternoon at this hour one of America's best organists will play selections from the great composers on an organ which cost fifteen thousand dollars. Strains from Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schumann, Schubert, Wagner, Guilmant, Dudley Buck, and other famous organ composers will charm the senses into forgetfulness of everything but the refined enjoyment of the moment. Music will be an especial feature of the Exposition. Besides these organ recitals there will be performances by two fine orchestras, twenty bands, and several choruses. The quality of the music ranges from the severely classic to the lighter airs of

The educational exhibit of the United States at the Paris Exposition has been installed in the Liberal Arts Building and has been supplemented with additional exhibits. Closely related to the educational exhibit are

those in social economy and in hygiene and sanitation. Under the head of social economy are included such subjects as charities and correction, coöperative associations and trades unions, apprenticeship and child labor, protection of workingmen in factories and mines, workingmen's dwellings, etc.

The division of sanitation and hygiene is one of great practical importance, and great progress has been made within a decade along this line.

The Midway gives the visitor a glimpse of Venice, an Esquimaux village, the beautiful Orient, a Colorado gold mine, a Philippine village, Alt Nuremberg, the streets of Mexico, Darkest Africa, fair Japan, the city of Jerusalem, and other distant and interesting places which many of us cannot see except in this way. Travel is a tremendous factor in education. This bird's-eye glance can be made in a few hours. To see the realities would require a trip around the world.



BENEVOLENCE. BY ALBERT JAEGERS. FOR TRIUMPHAL CAUSEWAY.



PEDIMENT FOR ETHNOLOGY BUILDING. BY H. A. MAC NEIL.

A SCHOOL FOR OUT-OF-SCHOOL PEOPLE.

I.



MRS. JOHNSON surprised me by saying, "Oh, you must remember that Mr. Johnson and I are students in the largest institution for higher education in the world."

You would not, perhaps, have called Mrs. Johnson a highly cultured woman, but she had been talking intelligently of the wonderful discoveries lately made at Corinth by the excavators from the American School at Athens. Conversation had turned to that subject from my inquiries about the progress of her oldest boy in college (Howard was taking a classical course, and the girls were dipping into the classics at the high school), and while I did not mean to show that I had not expected to discuss such a subject as Greek excavations with her, she evidently thought that it was a good occasion to



HALL OF PHILOSOPHY.

emphasize the fact that she and her husband were on education bent, as well as the children. I did not understand her possession of something like the real college spirit, of which so much is made in experience and in retrospect by the college-bred.

"What school do you attend?" I asked, with just a passing sign of incredulity upon my countenance.

"You needn't smile," answered Mrs. Johnson. "We are going to college at home,—a school for out-of-school people, the chancellor calls it.

"We belong to the class of 1903 and have just finished filling out our memoranda for the second year of our work," she added, as she pointed to some papers lying on the table.

My interviewing propensities were thoroughly aroused. What kind of an institution

was this which could set mature men and women to filling out examination papers—most vividly I recalled a personal horror of examination papers in certain days gone by.

"They are really not examination papers," protested Mrs. Johnson. "They are simply review questions which we answer as a test of our own understanding of what we have been over and as proof of careful, systematic reading."

The evidence of one year's work I could see in a reproduction of Washington's historic home at Mt. Vernon,

which hung upon the wall of the room in which we sat, and which she explained with some pride was the certificate for the "American year."

"There's a diploma at the end of four years, besides," she added.

"Diplomas naturally come at the end," said I. "What's the beginning?"

"Well, you see," Mrs. Johnson continued, "two years ago Mr. Johnson and I spent a part of our summer at Chautauqua, New York, where the famous Chautauqua Assembly and Summer Schools are held. We found that the chief courses of lectures delivered from the platform there that year were given on American subjects, history, literature, art, etc., by John Fiske, Edward Everett Hale, Professor Hart of Harvard, Professor Morse Stephens of Cornell, and others, and they told us that the reason for presenting these special topics was because the home reading course of the C. L. S. C. the following winter would deal with American subjects.

"At one of the 'Round Tables' held in 'The Hall of Philosophy,' the speaker explained that the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle—C. L. S. C. for short—

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.



Mount Vernon, Virginia, the home of George Washington.

Certificate Awarded for the Completion of the Course for the Year 1899-1900.

Abigail Vincent

CERTIFICATE FOR THE "AMERICAN YEAR."

had been born of the idea that 'it is never too late to learn.' The talk fitted our case exactly, for neither Mr. Johnson nor I had been able to get much schooling in our younger days, and our children were actually being educated away from us by the advantages of the schools of this day and generation. The four years' course of reading in the C. L. S. C., the speaker declared, would give us in English something of the 'College Outlook,' which we did not propose that our children should lack. 'Twenty minutes of reading a day,' said the speaker, 'kept up for the greater part of four years, will give you intellectual companionship with your children and immeasurably broaden the horizon of your life.'

"Such statements sounded visionary," admitted Mrs. Johnson, "but we went to the summer office of the Circle in the C. L. S. C. building on the grounds one afternoon, in order to find out the details of the Chautauqua home reading plan, and we finally decided to join together."

II.

"Do people have to go to Chautauqua in order to join this reading circle?" I ventured.

"Of course not," replied Mrs. Johnson. "Most people join and graduate at home, through correspondence with the permanent offices. But I'll tell you one thing. If you are at Chautauqua you will hear and see so



C. L. S. C. BUILDING.

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.



By permission of The Edinburgh Photo Co., Edinburgh, 1894.

DRYBURGH ABBEY - THE BURIAL PLACE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Then slumberest with the noble dead
In Dryburgh's solemn pile,
Amid the peers and warriors bold
And mitered abbots stern and old
Who sleep in sculptured aisle;

Where, stained with dust of buried years,
The rude sarcophagus appears
In mould imbedded deep;
And Scotia's skies with azure gleaming,

Are through the oriell windows streaming
Where voiced masses creep;
And, touched with symmetry sublime,
The moss-clad towers that mock at time
Their moulderling legends keep."

CERTIFICATE AWARDED FOR THE COMPLETION OF THE COURSE FOR THE YEAR 1898-9.

John Vincent
Chancellor.

CERTIFICATE FOR THE "ENGLISH YEAR."

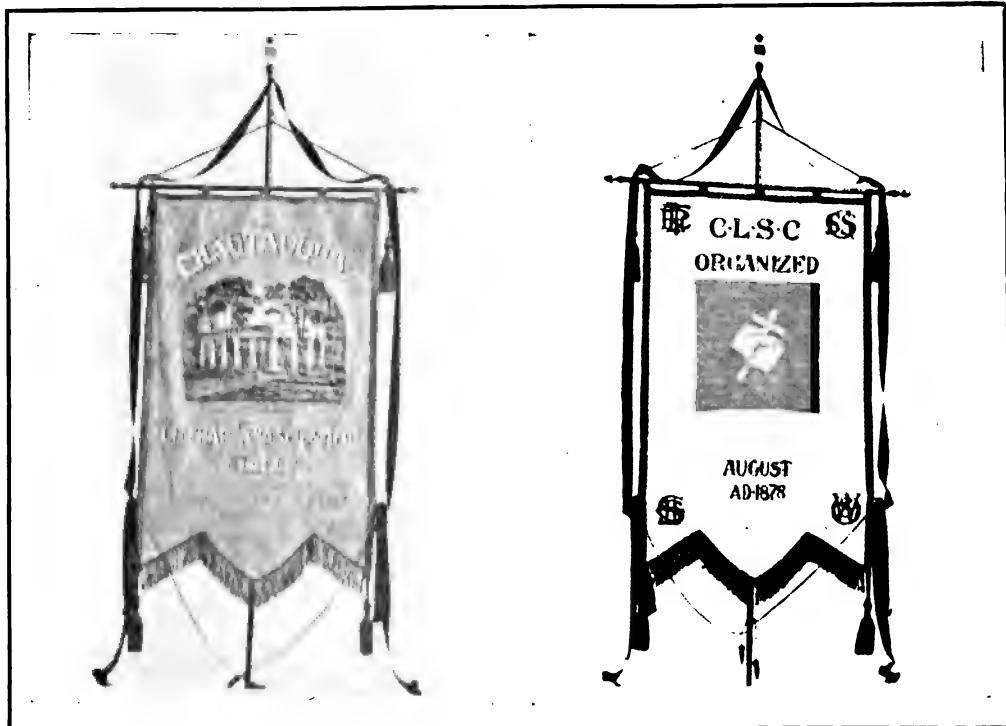
much of the C. L. S. C. that it will seem easier to join than not to. One gets a sort of personal enthusiasm from contact with famous teachers and lecturers, and nobody can doubt after being there that hosts of earnest men and women love the Chautauqua idea.

"I do not suppose that I can give you much of a notion of what I mean; but, for instance, you need not be startled, while waiting for a lecture to begin in the great amphitheater, to learn from your neighbor on the seat, that she has come all the way from California to receive her Chautauqua diploma on Recognition Day. Recognition Day is like commencement day at college.

"But before I say anything more about Recognition Day," continued Mrs. Johnson, "I must tell you about the Chautauqua Vesper Service.

"To people spending a Sunday at Chautauqua, I am sure the Vesper Service is one of the most impressive scenes. It is held at five o'clock in the Hall of Philosophy, and there is never room enough within the pillars of the Hall to contain the people who gather. This service is as old as Chautauqua itself. It has been used in thousands of churches in this country and in many foreign lands, and at one time a translation was used at vesper time on the summit of the highest mountain in Japan.

"There are class receptions every little while, and one outdoor reception is held in St. Paul's Grove, where the Hall of Philosophy stands. The Grove is divided into sections for groups of states, and delegates who come from reading circles group themselves under the trees to make themselves



This C. L. S. C. banner bears souvenirs of a journey to the chief points of historic interest in the old world. A small piece of Plymouth Rock is set in the staff. It is always carried at the head of the Recognition Day procession.

acquainted and to visit other delegations in turn. There are refreshments, and banners and badges of all kinds are brought out for this occasion. You see, every class has its own banner, emblem, class color, and motto, so that there is a great variety on exhibition when members of all the classes meet.

"The regular meeting-place for the old and new classes is in a building called Alumni Hall. Some of the very oldest classes put up buildings of their own, but now the classes have united in a single building for convenience and economy.

"The night before Recognition Day is Class-Reception Night — the reception of the season — and it is a sight to see the gray-haired members of the first class, the '82's, who called themselves 'Pioneers,' join hands to sing their class song and try to give their class yell. On the night of Recognition Day the old graduates receive the new ones in the Hall of Philosophy.

"The reception in the Hall of Philosophy that I was speaking of is held on what they call Rallying Day. On Rally Day delegates meet to make public the most striking reports of circle work done during the year. I guess I did not tell you that there was a C. L. S. C. council of delegates held nearly

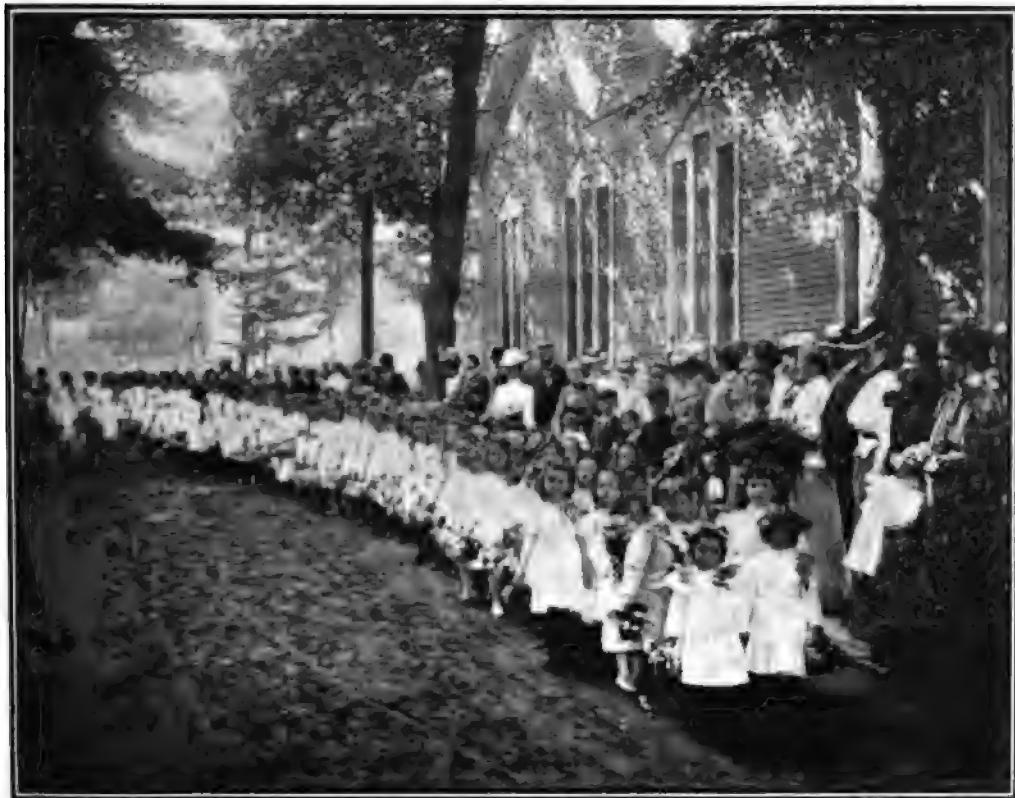
every morning, too, in order to exchange hints and experiences.

"There are so many C. L. S. C. things on the program that I gave up the attempt to keep track of them all, but one could see that everything was planned to lead up to the graduation exercises of Recognition Day.

"Early on that morning, officers, graduates, and undergraduates are organized into divisions for an outdoor procession. The Golden Gate at the entrance of St. Paul's Grove is unlocked for the admission of the graduating class. As they pass along through evergreen arches to the entrance of the Hall of Philosophy, thirty or forty little girls strew the path with flowers, and the choir sings a welcoming song. Oh, the beauty of this scene is simply indescribable.

"After diplomas are presented to the graduates, the procession is again formed and marches to the great amphitheater, and there the commencement address is delivered.

"I had seen beautiful commencements for boys and girls, but I can tell you that none of them had such an effect on me as this commencement for older folks, that summer at Chautauqua. Why, do you know, there were three marching graduates in that class who were over sixty years of age!"



GROUP OF FLOWER GIRLS, RECOGNITION DAY PROCESSION.

III.

I brought Mrs. Johnson back from her flight of enthusiasm by asking for some particulars about how she joined.

She enrolled by filling out a blank like this:

Name.....
Post-Office
C. L. S. C. Class. County State
Are you married or single?
What is your age? { Between 20 and 30, or 30 } (and 40, or 40 and 50, etc.)
What is your occupation?
With what religious denomination connected?
How large is the town or village in which you live?
Are you a graduate of a High School or College? If so, what one?
(a) If formerly a C. L. S. C. member, to what class did you belong? (b) Do you wish credit for work completed then?

The cost of the course for a year was five dollars. But it was not convenient for her to pay the whole amount, so she paid fifty cents of that amount to cover the enrolment fee, and sent the remaining \$4.50 in time to get all the materials for the course before the 1st of October, when the reading year began. Some paid on the \$1.00 instalment plan, and others took advantage of the reduction of ten per cent on clubs of five or more. Mr. Johnson sent his check from home for the full amount, "to be done with it once and for all."

"I had the pleasure of attending a number of lively meetings of those who enrolled for the new class at Chautauqua," Mrs. Johnson continued. "The executive secretary of the C. L. S. C. helped us with preliminary organization. We called ourselves the 'Quarter-Century Class,' because the year of our graduation will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the C. L. S. C. Our motto is, 'What is excellent is permanent,' and the 'corn-flower' is our class flower. We shared a room in Alumni Hall with members of other classes, who gave us a formal welcome. It turned out



GROUP OF GRADUATES IN RECOGNITION DAY PROCESSION.

that there were representatives from more than half the states of the union at our first meeting. I have corresponded off and on with one lady from Montana ever since that day. There's something very attractive to me in meeting people from all parts of the country, especially when we have an interest in common.

"One evening the initiation ceremonies for our class occurred in the Hall of Philosophy. These were really what might be called charades. Some of the Summer School teachers acted out the titles of the subjects of study for the year, and the whole thing was bright and clever as could be.

"I was so enthusiastic. When I got home the town seemed stuffy. After breathing Chautauqua atmosphere I was almost sick at heart before the first of October brought my C. L. S. C. books. And when they finally did come, duties had piled up so that it seemed an awful burden to undertake to read them all. I began to wish that I had ordered them on the instalment plan, one by one.

"I said as much to my pastor one day, but I said enough about the course and my summer enthusiasm over it, to stir his interest in the plan. He said that he had been wanting something attractive in the way of systematic reading for one of his church clubs, and I suggested that it might be worth while to write and get full particulars from the central offices.

"They sent him a pamphlet telling 'How to Organize a Local Circle,' and the result was that we became members of the Presbyterian Chautauqua Circle of twenty, instead of reading by ourselves.

"When the first number of the magazine for the course came along, it brought echoes of the Chautauqua season, and greeting from the chancellor. Then came the membership book, with exhortations, condensed outlines of the subjects, and pages of 'memoranda' to be filled out. I tell you, the central offices do not mean to let you lag for want



EVERGREEN ARCHES.

of stimulus. They sent to me for a report of our local circle, to print in the Round Table section of the magazine, before I had



C. L. S. C. ALUMNI HALL. EARLY CLASS BUILDINGS ON THE RIGHT.

any idea that they knew a local circle had been organized at all."

Mr. Johnson came in as his wife concluded, and suggested that, in the way of stimulus to keeping up with the "required reading" Mrs. Johnson could beat anything that she might mention.

"That 'twenty minutes a day' is great

bait," said he, "and I suppose it can be done if they'll find a way to furnish the twenty minutes to a busy man like me. I will say this, though," he added, "I've got more meat out of the magazine studies of 'Expansion' and 'The Rivalry of Nations' in a short time than in all my newspaper reading put together."

IV.

The Rev. Dr. Brown, pastor of the Presbyterian church, was quite willing to be interviewed. His Chautauqua Circle had flourished for two years since Mrs. Johnson had brought home the hint from Chautauqua. The first problem had been to find a competent leader, but this problem was solved when a new member of the faculty of the high school saw in the circle an opportunity for her to prove her quality in intellectual leadership in the community.

She was a college graduate, and Dr. Brown declared that the young woman furnished a shining example of growth in grace as she reviewed familiar ground and tried to guide some who had not had equal advantages to the high ground of a broader outlook.

The circle consisted of seven men and thirteen women, besides the preacher. As a dabbler in sociology, Dr. Brown had taken pains to make an analysis of the membership



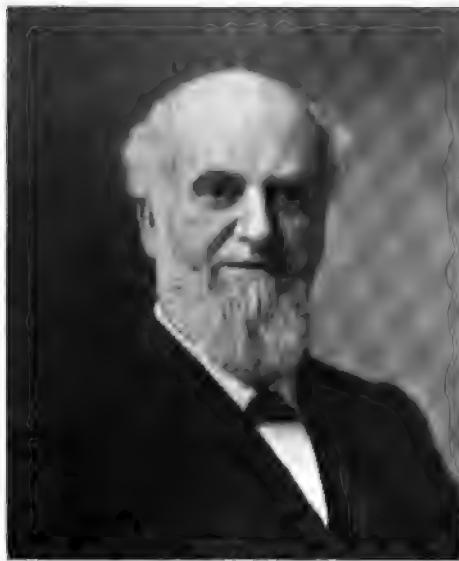
THE GOLDEN GATE.



GROUP OF GRADUATES WHO HAVE JUST RECEIVED DIPLOMAS.



GROUP OF GRADUATES, "PIONEER" CLASS OF 1882.



LEWIS MILLER.



JOHN H. VINCENT.

FOUNDERS OF CHAUTAUQUA: A SYSTEM OF POPULAR EDUCATION.

which revealed these interesting statistics:

Men:	Women:
Two Clerks,	Seven Housekeepers,
Two Lawyers,	Three Teachers,
One Editor,	Two Saleswomen,
One Physician,	One Dressmaker.
One Merchant.	

The youngest member was 20 years of age; the oldest 52. Average age 37.

"The scramble for the almighty dollar these days so absorbs the energies of our people," proceeded Dr. Brown, "that they seem to have largely lost the power of persistent thinking on any other subject. If they read at all, they skim the daily paper with its news from everywhere and nowhere—with all due respect to you newspaper men, you must admit that you give the right of way to a murder story, whether it comes from the tenderloin or the Tennessee mountains—and if they read the magazines the impression left upon their minds by miscellaneous 'features' is too often mere confusion of ideas. Indeed, the curse of the present situation seems to be that almost everybody nowadays reads simply for entertainment."

"There is a smaller class of the opposite type in nearly every church, I suppose, women for the most part, who are so afraid that they will not be considered up-to-date in culture that they have contracted what I call the terrible information habit. I run across them every little while in my pastoral work. They want to know your opinion of

last week's historical novel of which 600,000 were sold before the edition was printed. Or they parrot the claim that the war with Spain made the United States a world-power, and they sententiously fire it at you as a Great Fact."

My interview with Dr. Brown recalled the Irishman's account of his conversation with the late Mr. Olcott: "I didn't say much, because he was a great talker and I saw that it enjoyed him, so I let him talk on."

"Now if this Chautauqua course," continued the pastor, "did no more for a few of my people than to help them to discriminate, enable them to make mental pegs of certain great permanent factors in history, letters, the arts and sciences, upon which current developments may be hung, and make it possible for them to realize at the end of the year that they have acquired definite results from systematic reading, I should thank the Lord for Chautauqua."

"But I have heard that Chautauqua was fundamentally a sort of Methodist camp-meeting game," I interjected.

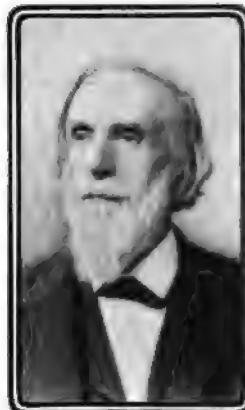
"Well, I was a Methodist myself," answered Dr. Brown, "before I became 'converted' and was 'called' to the Presbyterian ministry. As a matter of fact Chautauqua—the Chautauqua System of Popular Education—never was what you mean to imply by the term camp-meeting. Chautauqua began as an outdoor convention



JAMES M. GIBSON
OF LONDON.



JESSE L. HURLBUT
OF NEW YORK.



PRESIDENT J. H. CARLISLE OF
WOFFORD COLLEGE, S. C.



LYMAN ABBOTT, EDITOR
"THE OUTLOOK."



EDWARD EVERETT HALE
OF BOSTON.



PRESIDENT W. P. KANE, WA-
BASH COLLEGE, IND.



MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, EXECU-
TIVE SECRETARY.



BISHOP HENRY W. WARREN
OF COLORADO.

COUNSELORS OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

or assembly of Bible teachers and students, meeting on what had been camp-meeting grounds. Methodist courage of conviction and Methodist enthusiasm went into the movement under that magnetic leader (now Bishop) John H. Vincent, backed by the practical acumen of Lewis Miller, a devout business man. In the years since 1874, as the movement developed into what has become historically the most far-reaching educational influence of the century just past, Chautauqua has stood for a Christian ideal of education, faith, and social service, undenominational, all-denominational. In fact, both Roman Catholic and Jewish Assemblies and Reading Courses are numbered among the children of Chautauqua today."

I think Dr. Brown would have gone on for an hour on the social service side of his Circle,—for a public library fund had been started by it and duly reported to Mr. Carnegie, the leader of the town improvement association was a member, and during the second winter a profitable lecture course had been managed by the circle—but I broke the continuity by asking, "How often does the Circle meet?"

"Every Monday evening, holidays excepted, from October to June," he replied.

He gave me a copy of one of the regular programs, which read:

1. Roll-call: Answered by quotations from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.
2. Summary: Of chief points in "Rivalry of Nations," Chapter 14.
3. Singing: "The Recessional," Kipling.
4. Reading: "The Shrinking Earth." (From December CHAUTAUQUAN.)
5. Map Review: Each Greek state assigned to some one member, who takes the rest of the circle on a brief imaginary trip, pointing out the location of cities, mountains, oracles, etc.
6. Debate: Resolved, That England was justified in allowing Greece to be beaten in 1897.

During the first year the Circle made a lecture course out of a set of Chautauqua Extension Lectures on Social Sciences. These lectures by Professor Small of the

University of Chicago, typewritten, were read aloud by the high school leader, outlines were distributed to the audience, a quiz or discussion followed the lecture, and the receipts were divided with the C. L. S. C. office.

"But a few weeks ago we stirred up the whole town," continued Dr. Brown, "by a public meeting in the town hall. The Chautauqua Bureau of Extension sent a gentleman and his wife with a stereopticon lecture and entertainment, explaining the scope and plan of the Chautauqua system and throwing over one hundred and fifty beautiful views on the screen to picture all phases of the institution and the subjects of study. Everybody was delighted. These representatives met with the circle for two special sessions besides, and as a result of their visit we have ten new applications for membership for the beginning of the German-Italian course next fall, and I am told that one of the Women's Clubs has voted to take up the special Russian course for next year."

"If we could have three such visits of two days each, every year, from a member of a Chautauqua Traveling Faculty, the percentage of persistence to the end of the four years' course would be increased four-fold."

"A case of endowment," I suggested.

"I believe that \$50,000 a year for teachers would do it," Dr. Brown replied, "and more people would be reached than by any other expenditure of that amount in educational lines that could be named."

V.

Miss Jenkins, the leader of the Chautauqua Circle, was a zealous, tactful teacher. She carried the personal impression that she could do whatever she thought she ought to do herself. And that she possessed the rare quality of making other people think they could do things, to the extent of trying, at least, was evident from the reputation achieved by the circle. Coming from college to this industrial town of 10,000 inhabitants,



GEORGE E. VINCENT, PRINCIPAL OF INSTRUCTION.



A SET OF C. L. S. C. BOOKS.

she could not help feeling oppressed with the hopeless lack of interest in those higher enjoyments with which four years of college life had brought her into touch. She accounted it a veritable godsend that a scheme had been actually worked out and tested by years of practical operation, whereby the atmosphere of higher education can be brought to any community of homes.

"Atmosphere is an indefinable quantity," I suggested. "What is it that you do?"

"Take the year just past," answered Miss Jenkins. "We had to read four books of about three hundred pages each. They were 'The French Revolution,' by Professor Mathews of the University of Chicago; Joy's 'Grecian History'; 'Homer to Theocritus' (Grecian literature), by Professor Capps of the University of Chicago; and 'The Human Nature Club,' a story of experimental psychology, by Professor Thorndike of Columbia University. We were also required to read from forty to fifty pages each month in THE CHAUTAUQUAN magazine, where current history was presented in a series of illustrated articles on 'The Rivalry of Nations: World Politics of Today,' by Professor Start of Tufts College. By means of 'A Reading Journey in the Orient' we took an imaginary tour from Gibraltar, along the northern

coast of Africa, through Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Constantinople to the Greek Islands and Greece itself. To round out the course there was a series of Critical Studies of typical forms of French Literature and biographical studies of the Inner Life of Historic Figures in France and Greece in the magazine. Both books and magazine articles were prepared especially for Chautauqua students by specialists and people who had actually been over the ground themselves. I think these writers represented at least a score of the best colleges and universities in the country. We arranged our work during the year by schedule from the Chautauqua offices.

THE REPLY OF SOCRATES

This from that and except when Athens had despaired in the death
When Cato brough promises of homicide? "Valley
thus spreading thy breath!
Doth not the God of Cyreneus? Put they
the hands on the ead?"
Had they the three number one, the four, or
winterly flowers?
If any entreat them, they answer, "we have but
the bodies of the God!"
Socrates: "I am your God!" Then plucked a living
They words are not without import—I bear
but the voice of the Laws;
And, however true, the voice of the Laws is to me
as the voice of the God."

Then spoke that end interrupt, and whenever,
since hearkened was exulted.
A man has stood forth without fear—has shown
the death, death—desmote—
Has taken up the law our way, nor t. e. path of
despotism, as the voice of the God.
Behold! He, too, bears but the voice of the Law,
the voice of the God!

Socrates

MEMBERSHIP BOOK

of the

C + L + S + C

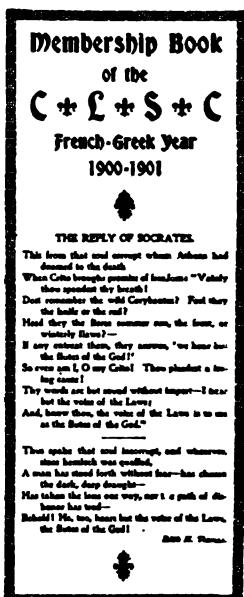
French-Greek Year

1900-1901

◆

FACSIMILE COVER OF MEMBERSHIP BOOK.

"The schedule we received looked like this:



**FACSIMILE COVER OF MEM-
BERSHIP BOOK**

Schedule of Required Reading for 1900-1.

In The Chautauquan:	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MARCH	APRIL	MAY	JUNE
1. The Rivalry of Nations.	Chaps. i-iv.	Chaps. v-viii.	chaps. ix-xii.	Chaps. xiii-xvi.	Chaps. xvii-xx.	Chaps. xxi-xxiv.	Chaps. xxv-xxviii.	Chaps. xxix-xxxii.	Chaps. xxxiii-xxxvi.
2. A Reading Journey through the Orient.	Chap. i.	Chap. ii.	Chap. iii.	Chap. iv.	Chap. v.	Chap. vi.	Chap. vii.	Chap. viii.	Chap. ix.
3. Critical Studies in French Literature.	i.	ii.	iii.	iv.	v.	vi.	vii.	viii.	ix.
4. The Inner Life Studies.									
One each month throughout the Nine Months.									
Required Books:									
1. The French Revolution.	Chaps. i-vi.	Chaps. vii-xiv.	Chaps. xv-xx.		The Homeric Period.	The Golden Age.	The Decline.		
2. Grecian History.									
3. Homer to Theocritus.									
4. The Human Nature Club.						Chaps. i-vi.	Chaps. vi-xii.	Chaps. concl'd xii-xix.	

" This work completed our 'French-Greek year,' " she said. " Our course for the year previous, when we first organized, was the 'American year.' This fall we shall begin the 'German-Italian year' and after that will come the 'English year,' completing the regular C. L. S. C. course of four years.

"One or two members dropped out the first year, and we had to explain to those who took their places this year that people can enter at any time without confusion, because all of us study the same subjects in any given year. The subjects of our first year's reading will simply become the subjects of their last year's reading when

twenty minutes a day for reading something besides trash. Each year's course is distinct from the rest, members do not bind themselves by any pledge, and examinations are not required. A reader who properly fills out the detailed application blank declaring that he has completed all the 'Required readings' may secure a certificate to that effect from Chautauqua at the end of each year. A similar declaration covering the four years' course serves as the basis for a Chautauqua diploma."

"Do you think it safe to reward people on their honor that way?" I inquired.

"Can you deal with men and women more safely than on honor?" asked Miss Jenkins.

"There's more of it," she continued.

"Seals on the diploma are awarded for correct answers to the special review questions on the reading, and a system of examination of these 'memoranda' provides for just as exhaustive study of the subjects as the reader may desire to make.

"Of course everybody takes some magazine nowadays and the special kind of magazine we get every month serves the double purpose of keeping us abreast of current progress and showing us the relation of that progress to the great permanent historical developments which we are studying in the course.

"In the 'Round Table' section of the magazine we get the news of what the other circles are doing and how they meet difficulties like our own. Detailed outlines and programs show just how to divide up and carry on the work to advantage.

"There have been some 'superior' people,

	Alexandria	Cairo	Kempsie	Thessaloniki	Nile	Goshen
Sue	Red Sea	Marah	Elam	El Shaddai	Judea	
Horeb	Bethlehem	Mar-Saba	Jordan	Jericho		
Jerusalem	Gethsemane	Olivet	Bethany	Gethsemane		
Bethel	Sheich	Hariph	Jacob's Well	Gurzeh		
Nazareth	Carmel	Cyprus	Tabor	Lakehama		
Sea of Galilee	Damascus	Haytor	Rhodes	Smyrna		
Bosphorus	Constantinople	Salonica	St. Sophia			
Athens	Acropolis	Mars' Hill	Certith	Myrran	Soddy	Apollon
Rome	Colosse	Pisa	Piermont	Venice	Milan	Cana
Worms	Bridgford	Coblenz	Cologne	Frankfort	Antwerp	Brussels
Paris	Broum	Cahors	Leedes	Westminster Abbey	Oxford	Stratford
Rugby	Abbotsthorpe	Edinburgh	Stirling	Glasgow	Ayr	Dublin
					City Road	Chapel

C. L. S. C. FLAG BEARING NAMES OF LOCALITIES
REACHED ON A PILGRIMAGE.

they reach the fourth year of their regular course.

"On paper, the task looks pretty formidable to busy people," said Miss Jenkins. "But anybody who really wants to can find



A COMPLETE SET OF MAGAZINES FOR A YEAR.



CAXTON BUILDING, CLEVELAND, OHIO, IN WHICH CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY OFFICES ARE LOCATED.

of course, who dismiss all this sort of thing as 'smattering.' Our principal accused me on one occasion of mothering a species of 'Chautauqua intellect.' I settled him in short order by getting him to read one of the special articles in the magazine and then asking him to answer the review questions on it. He missed more than forty per cent.

"Chautauqua ought to advertise itself as an antidote for slipshod reading."

VI.

To get a more definite conception of this seemingly intangible and complicated Chautauqua, it was necessary to assign myself to an investigation at the central offices. Several phases gradually emerged and defined themselves.

First of all, the title "Chautauqua: A System of Popular Education" stands for an institution. And it is the largest institution for higher education in the world. Its work is conducted under an educational charter from the state of New York, which requires that surplus revenue shall be devoted wholly to the building up of the institution. It

is managed by trustees like any other educational institution. There are two main divisions of its work: (1) Division of Home Reading (nine months of the year), and (2) Division of Summer Study and Recreation at Chautauqua, New York (Summer Schools six weeks, — Lectures and Entertainments eight weeks, in July and August of each year). The corporate name of the institution is "Chautauqua Assembly."

The summer features have perhaps attracted most attention by reason of the spectacular elements inhering in them. The Chautauqua platform, aside from presenting the most extensive series of lectures on the University Extension model in the world, has become famous as a clearing-house for the ideas represented by the greatest living leaders of the times. To establish the first continuous summer school, now the largest school of the kind in the world, is by itself a remarkable achievement.

It is to be noted, moreover, that the number of summer schools is increasing every year, and that last year one hundred and twenty summer assemblies, modeled more or less closely on the Chautauqua plan, were



GENERAL OFFICES OF CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

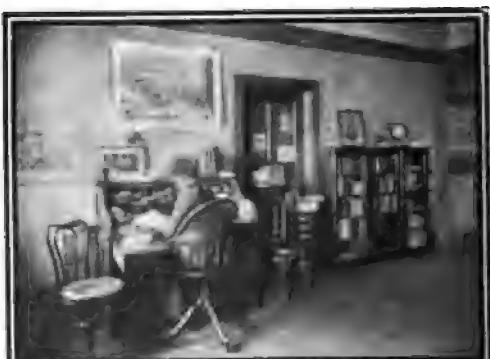
held in thirty-five states, with an attendance approximating 1,000,000 people. At over forty of these assemblies, "Recognition Day" exercises similar to those at the mother Chautauqua are held, thus affording graduates of the C. L. S. C. an opportunity to receive their diplomas with ceremony at the Assembly center nearest to them, anywhere from California to Maine, provided they can leave home for that purpose. In this sense, the Home Reading Course is the educational tie that binds the Assemblies in the common work of pointing humanity to the better things.

The nine-months-of-the-year Home Reading Division of the Chautauqua System is not spectacular. But it is the factor of basic importance in a comprehensive plan for the home-making of intellectual fiber.

Chautauqua does not pretend to do the work of a university; it does not claim to furnish ready-made education. It does profess to be able to give those who will follow the regular course of the C. L. S. C. for four years something of that "College Outlook" which better equips the college student for life-work than his less fortunate fellow.

Over 260,000 readers have been enrolled

as members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle since its organization; nearly three times that number (about 750,000 persons) have read parts of the Home Study Courses. There are over 41,000 graduates of the four years' course. Flourishing circles have been maintained in every state and territory, Canada, India, Mexico, South America, the Hawaiian Islands, the West



OFFICE OF THE EXECUTIVE SECRETARY OF THE C. L. S. C.

Indies, Japan, and other countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Chautauqua is not conducted for personal

profit. It is not a stock company. It pays no dividends. Only those officers who do active work receive salaries, which are in no case large. Through a Bureau of Publication, Chautauqua, by contract, provides the special material for the regular Home Reading Course at the lowest possible cost. It does not conduct a general publishing business and is perfectly free to direct the student to the best sources of information wherever obtainable.

Competent and disinterested direction of home reading for a four years' course soon developed the need for enlarging the directive functions of the institution. People wanted to be told how to continue their reading to the best advantage along lines in which they were particularly interested. Chautauqua is now able to direct students to no less than seventy-five specialized courses such as: American, English, French, German, Greek, Roman, Russian, Ancient and Modern General History; parallel courses in Literature; courses on standard authors; Science courses, from Political Economy to Domestic Science; Bible courses; Church History; Travel courses; and courses in Art History.

Most of these courses consist of standard works and periodicals issued by reliable publishing houses. A nominal fee of from twenty-five cents to one dollar pays for Chautauqua's service in the matter: List of recommended books; pamphlets with reading outlined in lessons; suggestions for study; test and review questions; memoranda, etc. Chautauqua's recognition of completed read-

secured the largest number of seals is as follows:

'93 Rev. Chas. Thayer, Minneapolis, Minn.	110
'82 Mrs. Wm. Hoffman, Troy, Pa.	109
'84 Mrs. Roswell Farnham, Bradford, Vermont . .	102
'82 Dr. J. N. Fradenburgh, Oil City, Pa.	87



OFFICES OF ADMINISTRATION, CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

'82 Mrs. Sophia L. B. McCrosby, Cleveland, Ohio. .	62
'82 Thomas G. Young, Rochester, N. Y.	53
'91 Mrs. A. Elizabeth Sigsbee, Mendon, Ill.	50
'90 Mrs. Ellen J. Bennett, Greenville, Pa.	49
'85 Mrs. T. E. Ruggles, Milton, Mass.	49
'86 Miss Ellen Hawley, Manchester, Vermont . .	48
'82 Miss Emily Raymond, San Francisco, Cal. . . .	47
'87 Edson Leone Whitney, Hoopeston, Ill.	47

The design of the diploma of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is pyramidal. Thus, it was explained to me, the diploma represents achievement. To quote the executive secretary:

"As a matter of fact the unrecorded future is what this sheet of parchment chiefly emphasizes. Note the various outlines of star, shield, Maltese cross, and other devices which adorn the base and steps of the pyramid. These are to hold the seals which recognize the work aside from the four years' reading. At the base of the diploma, in the middle spaces, are usually placed the white seals given only for filling out memoranda, and so significant of much thoughtful work. The other spaces are for the seals awarded for the reading of special courses, and as there are a large number of these, a student can cover his whole diploma and yet not get beyond the guidance of his *alma mater*. As the seals are awarded, the graduate advances into the various higher orders. When he has four seals of any color, though they usually happen to be white, he enters the Order of the White Seal. In recognition of this fact a large white seal is sent him and placed over the monogram O. W. S. These large seals, however, do not count in passing from one order to another. Seven seals admit him to the League of the Round Table, represented by a dark green seal placed upon the L. R. T. monogram. The Guild of the Seven Seals, the highest order, includes all who have fourteen or more seals (that is, seven in addition to the seven of the League). The three large monogram spaces upon



C. L. S. C. RECORD ROOM.

ing of the special courses is given in the shape of seals for the diploma. At this writing, the list of ten persons who have

the diploma thus covered leave a fourth which will probably hold a seal to be arranged for, representing the highest order of all, that of forty-nine seals."

There are today 11,801 qualified members of the Order of the White Seal, 2,569 members of the League of The Round Table, and 630 members of the Guild of the Seven Seals. This record is certainly unique in "postgraduate" annals, and strikingly comports with a favorite Chautauqua sentiment—"Education ends only with life."

VII.

I caught Mr. Johnson in his store one day with a C. L. S. C. book sticking out of his coat pocket. Instinctively I connected that sight with the stimulating Mrs. Johnson. But Mr. Johnson cut my chaffing short by saying:

"That's the book on 'The French Revolution' which I lent to Jackson. He returned it this morning, and I put it in my pocket so as not to forget to take it home tonight. You know Jackson had a strike at

his factory three years ago and it made him fairly daffy over strikes and strikers. He had learned in detail.

took up the cheap lunch plan for his employees, put in shower baths for the men, offered prizes for the best suggestion for improving business, and all that sort of thing, you know. Wife and I had gone over this book early in the year, and I told Jackson that if he wanted to know about a strike that was a strike worth talking about, I'd give him a little book that would open his eyes. There's a whole lot of loose talk in this country about 'another French Revolution' and I knew it would do Jackson good to get his bearings on the real thing.

"Well, sir, Jackson can see a point as quickly as the shrewdest of them, I tell you. He took pains to tell me that he passed the book along to the best foreman in the works with the remark that it was a rattling story of the biggest strike on record. The foreman caught on and came back at him a little later with the suggestion that it might be a good thing for him to put a full set of the C. L. S. C. course in the reading room at the factory. I'll bet they'll have a Chautauqua Circle in those shops before they know it."

The next time I saw Mr. Jackson I asked him how the Chautauqua leaven was working.

"I guess it has set some of them to thinking, anyhow," he replied, "for they got out quite a crowd last month to listen to a debate between two of the men on the question: 'Resolved, That the only salvation for the workingman in this country is a revolution.' And the audience voted its decision in favor of the negative."

Several months after my own investigation of Chautauqua I had the pleasure of rehearsing the substance of what I



A CLASS BANNER.



A CLASS RIBBON BADGE.

of the old folks this time. We read the Chautauqua book on Grecian history aloud by turns this spring, for the girls were having that subject in their course, and at their suggestion we often went over to 'Grand-



C. L. S. C. DIPLOMA AND SEALS FOR READING OF SPECIAL COURSES.



GRADUATE GOLD BADGE.



CLASS PIN.



MONOGRAM PIN.



GRADUATE RIBBON BADGE.



PIN FOR GUILD OF THE SEVEN SEALS.

INSIGNIA OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

ma' Johnson's for the evening reading."

"Grandma" Johnson, according to town knowledge, was a dear old lady in the seventies, comfortably circumstanced, but one of the "shut-ins," having only rheumatism and a maid for company a greater part of the time.

"Stupid that I was, I never smelled a mouse," went on Mrs. Johnson. "Mr. Johnson missed a good many meetings of the circle on account of business, but I thought he couldn't be busier than I with my housekeeping, and I was more interested in his keeping up the reputation of the family in the Circle than in paying special attention to 'Grandma' Johnson's interest.

"What do you think, we got a letter from the girls yesterday saying that 'Grandma' had beaten us both; that her C. L. S. C. diploma had been mailed and we could probably see what was ahead of us if we went over to her house. Sure enough, the certificate had come with two seals on it for 'recognized reading.' 'Grandma' had stolen a march on us by sending for two years of back reading, made them up along with the two years we had been reading, and saved the time on her hands in that way. I'm sorry she can't go through the 'golden gate' with the procession, but she has had lovely letters from a number of other 'shut-ins,' and the secretary writes that she is the oldest member of the graduating class."

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God."

"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."

"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.

BRYANT DAY—November, second Sunday.

MILTON DAY—December 9.

COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.

LANIER DAY—February 3.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.

LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.

SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.

ADDISON DAY—May 1.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.

INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Sunday after first Tuesday.

ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.

RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.

CHAUTAUQUA CHAPEL TALKS.

PRESIDENT ELIOT OF HARVARD.

PRESIDENT CARTER OF WILLIAMS.

PRESIDENT PURINTON OF DENISON.

PRESIDENT SHARPLESS OF HAVERFORD.

Students in the Chautauqua Summer School (the first and the largest summer school in the world) have always been favored by inspiring "Chapel Talks" from leading educators. To a still larger audience the following characteristic talks from college presidents are given.

PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT.

After forty years of observation and experience in education, one of my strongest convictions has come to be that we Americans habitually undervalue the powers and attainments of children and youth. I think I see this undervaluation at every stage of education. The observing powers of little children are very keen and active, though easily fatigued. We give them straws and paper dolls to look at, instead of early directing their attention to geometrical forms, plants, animals, the features of the earth's surface, and the phenomena of the heavens. When they have learned to read a little, we supply them with a series of dull and trivial readers; whereas no tales, narratives, or descriptions can possibly have too much genius in them for children's use. At nine or ten years of age they are quick at learning the elements of new languages; but our common-school programs say: no language but English until the children are fifteen,—which means never for most of the children. We keep children of thirteen to fifteen puzzling over dull and useless arithmetical problems, when all the time they are abundantly able to attack elementary algebra. By and by we begin to teach them a little chemistry and physics; but we are too apt to think that accurate quantitative work is beyond them. We leave them at the old-fashioned cook-book stage, when we might be teaching them the two fundamental processes of modern science—weighing and measuring with precision. Even when at eighteen or nineteen a few at last reach the college, they encounter the same distrust of their maturer powers. The ordinary college says to them: no metaphysics, ethics, economics, or political science for you yet; you are too immature.

The worst of this state of things is that low expectation of children tends strongly to fulfil itself. The child will rarely rise

above the standard—either moral or mental—which parent or teacher sets for it.

The evil is so widespread that it can be successfully combatted only by the use of all uplifting and inspiring educational agencies. We ought to have more college-bred superintendents and high school teachers, and give them a chance to teach and direct the lower teachers. The normal schools ought to be greatly improved. In cities and towns in which colleges or universities are situated, these higher institutions ought to give instruction on afternoons or Saturdays to the teachers actually in service in those cities or towns. That is by far the most effective sort of university extension. Rural as well as urban school-teachers ought to be encouraged and helped to go to some summer school in successive years, until they have got a real mastery of one subject—a mastery which will change their mental relations to every other subject. The Chautauqua system has contributed, and can contribute still more, to the better equipment of teachers, and to the spread of a sound public opinion on this matter among teachers, school committees, superintendents, and trustees.

There are thousands of teachers now at work in the schools who cannot teach natural history, chemistry, physics, algebra, geometry, geography, English, French, and Latin, or any of these subjects, as they should be taught in the primary and grammar schools. All these teachers need to be lifted to a higher plane, or replaced. The children will instantly respond to more interesting and substantial teaching, particularly if pains be simultaneously taken to give them good air and light gymnastics in school, and out-of-door excursions in their season for making observations in natural history and geography. The trouble is not with the pupils, but with the low standards their parents and teachers have been content with.

PRESIDENT FRANKLIN CARTER.

There is nothing nobler in a teacher than that he should look for the best qualities and aspirations of his pupils and foster these with careful attention. Whatever is good

in the elective system rests on this idea, that what is best worth expansion in a pupil should have every advantage that can be secured for its growth. It is not hereby meant that the elective system is of itself able to make every student efficient, for any system needs the direction and inspiration of personal force, and with that any system ceases to be mechanical. But that each pupil may have in him something well worthy of encouragement must be the hope of every teacher. To find and encourage that something marks the highest efficiency. If that promise of excellence be found in the moral or religious side of the student's action and he be encouraged, the teacher's value is above all price. Insight into character is called for. Study of pupils and of the best models can quicken and possibly create this insight. The absorption of a specialist in his investigation or class-room work too often prevents that quick perception and sympathy that may avert disaster or promote rapid improvement. But if education is to be education of the entire nature, a sense of responsibility that does not confine itself to the class-room or to the special subject

taught must exist. If this function of the old-fashioned college is to become extinct, as advantages multiply, there must be an immense loss in moral power. If this function can be maintained with the enlargement of intellectual resources and opportunities, the beneficence of modern education will know no limits. But in every grade of teaching sympathy and a quick response to what is best in the pupil is the necessary requisite for the highest success.

It was characteristic of the late President Porter that he had so large and responsive and well-trained a nature that he appreciated at once the best features of any one whom he met. The noblest side of any man or woman seemed to find a friendly answer in him. He desired that every one dependent on him should have the amplest opportunity for the development of his best powers, and encouraged with kindness that development.

It is in thought of him that I have written the few words of this letter and given utterance to a voice that spoke in his life. Commonplace as these ideas may be, to incorporate them in our lives is the highest ideal we can have and brings us near to the Master.

PRESIDENT D. B. PURINTON.

1. Exalted character is the supreme attainment possible to man. It matters little where a man is, what he has, or even what he does. But it matters everything what he is at the center of his being. The man is always more than his station, whatever that may be. Even the teacher reproduces his own character far more certainly than he does the truth he would teach. Exalted character is therefore the first requisite for any kind of true success in life. But such character is to be attained only by dwelling constantly in the presence of one's own ideals of perfection. Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect.

2. Human happiness invariably comes unsought. It is manifestly right to be happy, and a happier world would be a better

world. But no one ever yet attained true happiness by purposely pursuing it. He who begins the day with a determination to seek his own happiness, will close it with a consciousness of his own misery. But he who sincerely strives to make another happy, whether he succeed or fail, will, at all events, be happy himself. Happiness, like a coy maiden, is not to be won by constant wooing. Unselfishly give her up to another, and she thereby becomes the more securely your own.

I covet for each of you that exaltation of character which is superior to all circumstance, that unsought happiness which comes only from devotion to others, that absolute sincerity of thought and life which marks the successful truth-seeker, that benediction from heaven which makes you a benediction to earth.

PRESIDENT ISAAC SHARPLESS.

I think that one of the evils to be avoided by students of the present day is the persistent search for pleasure. The life of a student is undoubtedly about the happiest, but that happiness comes from the consciousness of expanding powers and developing character; and this expansion comes from "scorning delights and living laborious

days." Hence the young person who starts out with the intention to seek pleasure in collegiate life is likely to be disappointed, while he whose object is self-development secures the object, and finds in the retrospect that the charms of collegiate intercourse and social life have been had under such circumstances as produce the greatest sweets.

THE SONGS OF MID-SUMMER.

BY N. HUDSON MOORE.



HEN the feverish excitement of the migrations has passed, and when we have counted up our gains and losses, we turn with a feeling of "plenty of time" to the summer residents. By July they are pretty busy filling yawning mouths, and have little time for anything else, so that such bird-songs as meet our ears are more easily recognized and learned.

We have a small but charming group of birds that perform their calling of minstrels even through the heat of mid-summer, and their brisk liveliness may cheer the wanderer by the roadside, or him who rambles through the wood, or even him who yet must remain within the city limits.

To my mind the sweetest and best of all these singers are the most familiar members of the vireo family. The red-eyed, white-eyed, warbling, and yellow-throated are found in more or less profusion from the Atlantic to the Rocky mountains, and as far north as the British possessions. They are peculiarly an American family, and are quite strictly up to date, being little known before the last century. The very name *vireo* (I am green, I flourish), is as appropriate as it is terse. These birds are not as well known as they should be, for they are among the first comers, the sweetest singers, and the latest stayers.

The warbling vireo comes in April with beechen buds, arbutus, and other delights of the opening season. But better than they, his stay is not so fleeting, for he is with us till bare boughs come again, and the chill winds of autumn nip his cheerful spirit. He is equally at home by country roadside or in a city street. Indeed, I am more familiar

with him in the latter; every day last summer I heard his sweet warble in a street where the endless trolley ran, and all the stir of city life went on below him. One may easily mistake his song for that of the purple finch, but the latter has a somewhat richer tone, perhaps because its vocal organs must be a little larger.

The vireos are insectivorous, so they follow the sun; their slender, hooked bills are marvelously well adapted for searching the cavities in trunk and branch. They extract with wonderful dexterity minute insects, and examine the under sides of leaves and twigs in a most painstaking manner.

To see a white-eyed vireo getting its evening meal is a study of the poetry of motion. All its movements are full of grace, quite free from the restless haste which distinguishes the warblers. I have followed a white-eye along a post and rail fence, as it seemed to glide along, squeezing through the tiny spaces left in the post holes, and disposing of hundreds and hundreds of insects as it went.

This same vireo, the white-eyed, is a beautiful songster, singing to itself, as it hunts for food, a long, bubbling gush of melody. The song is so sweet that you fasten it in your memory the first time you hear it.

You may be listening entranced to this tender song, and unconsciously approach too near. All in a minute the singer is just a ruffled bunch of feathers, scolding, chattering, its wings trembling with anger, and its throat emitting such a shower of snappy notes that you can scarcely believe they come from the same bird. An intrusive robin, or a blundering moth will enrage our little friend equally. His rage is short-



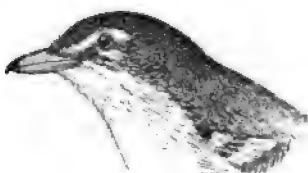
WARBLING VIREO.



RED-EYED VIREO.



YELLOW-THROATED VIREO.



WHITE-EYED VIREO.

WARBLING VIREO.—Mouse color. White below, tinged with gray. White line above the eye. RED-EYED VIREO.—Olive above, white below. Red iris. Crown gray, black bordered. Eye-line white. Sides washed with yellow. YELLOW-THROATED VIREO.—Olive-green above, yellow below. Line above and around the eye yellow. Wing-bars white. Abdomen and undertail coverts white. Gray on rump. WHITE-EYED VIREO.—Bright olive-green. Eye white. Eye-ring pale yellow. Two whitish wing bars. Sides of breast and undertail coverts yellow.

lived, however, and he becomes once more neat and pleasant, and in the contemplation of his sprightly manners we forget the bitter scold of a moment since.

There is but one creature which can hoodwink this vireo. That is the disreputable cowbird. She drops into the dainty, hanging nest so softly lined with moss and spider's webs, her one egg, nearly three times the size of the vireo's own. Unsuspectingly the little white-eyed mother (she is barely five inches long) raises this monster which thrusts from the nest the birdlings that belong there, and appropriates to its own use the fat worms and slugs gathered by the industrious foster parents.

This species of vireo, as the name implies, has a white iris to the eye, which is surrounded by a white ring. It has also two plainly marked white wing-bars, and its breast and throat are faintly yellow. The iris is hard to see at a distance of a few yards, but the wing-bars and eye-rings are unmistakable.

The solitary vireo is not such a hermit as its name implies. It is perhaps the sweetest singer in the family. At least you think so till you hear the next.

The males of the vireo do not absorb all the beauty of plumage; they allow their mates to be quite as gay. Of all the family my favorite is the red-eye, "the preacher." One always has a smile when one hears that voluble question, "You see it, you know it, do you hear me?" the cleverest fitting of words to bird notes that I know. High up in the trees this bird lives out its little life, but its nest is seldom more than breast high in a bush. And such a nest! You can scarcely match it, pensile, ornamented with strips of birch bark and spider's web, inside lined with pine needles, and grape vine fiber, and overarched with leaves, for it cleverly builds in a crotch, where a leaf or two will hang over the opening, keeping out rain, too much sun, and intrusive eyes. The red-eye has a red iris, but its more distinguishing marks are its gray cap bordered by black and white lines. You may see one of these birds perch beside a tent-caterpillar's nest, pull out a worm, beat it against the branch, first on one side and then on the other, and then swallow it. It will eat twelve or fifteen for a mid-morning lunch!

In a tangle of scrub willows where a brook runs, I look every spring for the yellow-throated vireo. This is the prize member of the family. It is the gayest, the lemon-yellow on throat and breast out-

gleaming all the other vests; 'tis the most unceasing singer, keeping at it from morning till night. It is also far and away the best architect, and that too in a family of builders. But we love it least, as it pauses with us only briefly before going to the north to nest and breed.

The common name of these birds is "greenlet," and though it applies to most of them admirably, I should prefer to exclude the warbling vireo. To my eyes he is a mouse-color, more than an olive green. Thoreau, prince of naturalists, loved these little vireos. Indeed, he is the only poet who has ever attempted to even mention them in verse. In these few words he paints them well:

" Upon the lofty elm-tree sprays
The vireo rings the changes sweet,
During the trivial summer days
Striving to lift our thoughts above the street."

Do not let the summer pass without making the acquaintance of these delightful birds; they have a quality of good cheer in their songs, which not only refreshes but stimulates the listener.

Next to the vireos I would place the purple finch, which is found as far west as the plains. His song is a rich, flowing warble unstinted even on the hottest day; and if he sits so that the sun shines on his rosy breast while he sings, he is a joy both to eye and ear.

Then comes our courtier in black and gold, the goldfinch, another prodigal of song, and having the delightful habit of singing as he flies. Some one who named this bird called him "tritis," surely a misnomer, for his song breathes only of summer sunshine and the joy of living.

Mrs. Wright in her useful "Birdcraft," calls the phoebe "cheerful." To my ear it is one of the most mournful bird-cries we have. All summer long it rings out in the thicket near my window, "Ah me, Phœbe!" till it is almost too lugubrious to be borne. Phœbe is a regular Mrs. Gummidge. She loves to hear herself complain, but is really very comfortable in her neat gray gown and widow's bonnet.

To accompany the bird solos there is a great organ accompaniment of other voices. Perhaps they hardly come under the head of "song," and yet they are so persistent, and many of them are so cheerful and such an integral part of a summer day that with fairness they can hardly be omitted. The wasps and bees contribute their portion to the bass, the various varieties of cicadas shrill their

share, and last but not least are the numerous batrachians, all songsters, from the basso profundo bullfrog, to the high pitched hyla.

Through, above, and dominating all other songs is the ceaseless tremolo of the chipping sparrow. It is said that nature never makes a discord, probably the nearest approach she allows herself is the stridulous chirpings of this bird and its ally the grass-hopper.

Not by day alone is the mid-summer chorus kept up, but by night as well. Even then, harsh against the ceaseless hum of the insects, falls the cry of the night-jar, or night-hawk as he is more familiarly called. He is described as a bird of the dusk, but often waking in the night I have heard that familiar sound, and have seen him in my mind's eye smoothly soaring, apparently without the least effort, and picking up a meal by the way.

An occasional soloist, too, is the whippoor-will, and we must not forget the long-drawn shivering cry of the little screech-owl. It makes one tremble as one hears it, so instinct with woe does it quiver from the woods.

By mid-summer the great chorus at dawn is comparatively stilled, and it is largely to our little friends here mentioned, that we must give thanks that we are not quite tuneless.

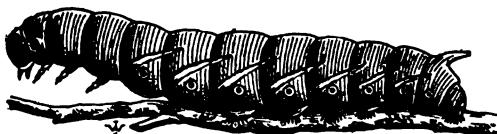
NOTES.

One of the greatest charms of Dame Nature is her infinite variety. No two seasons are exactly alike, and this year the differences from last have been great and interesting. For example, here in Rochester, the robin came eighteen days in advance of last year. Bluebirds, red-winged blackbirds, song sparrows, and purple grackles were all here by March 18, and I note that the robin and song sparrow sang as early as half-past five in the morning.

On April 3 there was a fierce snow-storm, fully seven inches covered the ground, and the birds took themselves off somewhere, though I provided food and water. By the middle of April conditions were more natural, and in addition to the regular residents that had come in advance, some migrants began to appear. On the 15th I noted the first hermit thrush, and they came in increasing numbers, till I counted twenty in a

nearby thicket on April 17. On April 19 there was more snow, but the golden-crowned kinglets came with it, one day later than last year. This second snow, followed by rain and cold weather, checked the arrival of the warblers, and at no time during the first two weeks in May have there been the numbers or variety that I saw last year.

While the birds and flowers fill the largest place in our affection, there are many other creatures whose life habits present much entertainment and food for study. We give a picture of one of these creatures. You may



A SUMMER VISITOR. WHAT IS IT?

come across him any day. Do you know his name, his home, and his habits?

Now, while the birds were late, the flowers and plants were ahead of time. On May 1 the bleeding heart in the garden was a mass of bloom, all the tulips were in blossom, and at Buffalo on the Pan-American grounds, amid mud and disorder of every description, thousands of hyacinths of every color were perfuming the air, and adorning the barren earth.

Warblers that were most abundant in 1900, like the black-throated blue, were very scarce this year, and when they began to arrive in numbers about May 9 the foliage on all sides was so fully out that it was almost impossible to see them. On May 6, on a trip to some woods near the lake, I noted thirty varieties, among them three warblers, myrtle, black-throated blue, and yellow palm. On May 11, in an orchard, I noted eighteen varieties, in about two hours, with a stiff wind blowing, an unfavorable condition for birding.

This day, May 11, was the most glorious day this year. Picture to yourself a cherry tree in full blossom, and seated near the top three perfect two-year-old male rose-breasted grosbeaks! Never have I seen specimens where the rose was rosier, nor the black and white more vivid. They were in attendance on a female, sober in her striped gown, but seemingly quite coquettish. Lower down in the tree sat a scarlet tanager, pluming himself and resting; while all about roamed a Blackburnian warbler, picking a meal from the cherry blossoms. All this beauty in just one tree! I also heard for the first time the gay little song of the chestnut-sided warbler, and saw a pair of hummingbirds for the first time this year.

The orioles seem as abundant as last year, and in my walks I have nearly stepped upon three whippoorwills. One may often go three years without seeing even one. If half the pleasure of life is in anticipation, the other half must be in retrospection and living over again the rich pleasures one has found in field and wood.



HOW THE SEQUOIAS GROW.

BY COUNSELOR H. W. WARREN, D. D., LL. D.

 HIS article is not designed to show by what means, but in what manner the sequoias grow. No man could successfully solve the first problem. The mysterious power which resides in that little mustard-like seed overcomes gravitation, cohesion, chemical affinity; finds food in wide acres of earth and wider miles of air; mixes chemical elements with sunshine for solvent and cement, makes dead matter alive, and for thousands of years greatness the gigantic structure till it has no fellow on the face of the earth. How this minute potentiality does all this by mastery of several universal laws of matter is known only to the Creator. In what manner the power manifests itself is our study.

The main facts of the *Sequoia gigantea** are so well known, and so little to our purpose, that we drop a scientific description into a footnote for the benefit of those having unabridged dictionaries, and rehearse a few facts in plain language to set the progressive development of these trees before us.

One that was a century old when Solomon was a boy, grew in three thousand one hundred years to be three hundred and twenty-five feet high, having a circumference of ninety-three feet at the base, and contained two hundred and fifty thousand feet of lumber. What could be done in an interior ballroom or dining-room of such a tree, thirty feet in diameter, or what caravans could be driven between its dissevered legs is not to our purpose.

* Coniferous trees: tribe *Abietineæ*, sub-tribe *Taxodinae* — oval cone, persistent woody scale, fine ovules, each dilated upward in fruit, into rhomboidal, wrinkled, flattened, slightly prickle tipped apex. Flowers monoecious terminal or axillary on young shoots, scales spirally set. The small and involucrate staminate flower consists of an oblong column of united stamens bearing crowded ovate connective scales, each with three to five anthers. They bear acute compressed and keeled decurrent leaves which are alternate and spirally inserted.

Of course a tree that reaches that great height must attend strictly to the business of growing up. It cannot spread over broad acres. I write this paragraph under a live-oak that is five feet in diameter, only thirty feet high, but with a spread of limb, including both sides, of one hundred feet. Picture an arm fifty feet long supporting cords of wood. What Laocoön muscles it needs at the shoulder! It has them, huge and rugose, in the tree. I cannot walk erect under one limb one and a half feet in



(FIG. 1.) GROUP OF SEQUOIAS AMONG OTHER FOREST TREES.

diameter. The 325-foot tree cannot love its mother earth in that way. Figure 1 shows a group in the distance rising above ordinary trees, indicating the manner in which sequoias put out limbs.

Geographically, the sequoias grow on a line two hundred and forty miles long extending northward from the south side of Tulare county, Cal. They are mostly in groups, with plenty of other forest trees about them. A grove of them within five miles of Santa Cruz is easily accessible by wheel of any kind, or on foot.

The first thing that strikes one, after amazement at the enormous size, is the intense virility, vitality, or, to use the old botanical word, vivaciousness of the species. Most of the trees are gnarled near the base



(FIG. 4.) SHOWING CAVITY IN WHICH 14 MEN HAVE SLEPT AT ONCE.

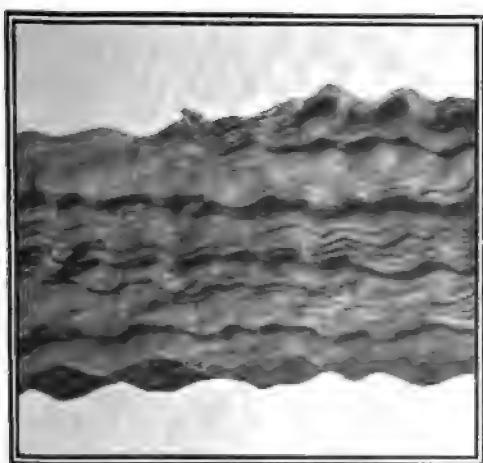
with all sorts of protuberances, as if life could not exhaust itself in heaving this mighty mass three hundred feet high, but must in its progress cavort like a horse, play like a dolphin, and put forth nature's exuberance of life all the way. One tree has the head of an elephant on one side, and is called Jumbo in consequence. The wood of these gnarled excrescences has every con-

ceivable tangle of fiber, and when sawed and polished is of extraordinary beauty. The lover who can see "Helen's beauty in a brow

of Egypt," or any other imaginative man who sees a cloud "backed like a weasel or a whale," sees plenty of pictures in its varied contortions of grain, and new ones every day.

Though the fiber of these trees is usually of remarkable straightness of grain, it sometimes crimps itself to the beauty of a lady's waving tresses just out of the crimping pins. Figure 2 was taken from a clean, straight split from an ordinary log. It seems as if the sap in its ascent to such a great height sought to do it by easy zigzag stages, like the way, without stairs, up the Campanile of Venice.

I have seen stumps completely grown over the top with a great wart, without branches or leaves. It is quite common to find a stump that has put up a straight, fine shaft of a tree a foot or two in diameter from one edge, or two shafts of trees from two sides, and the stump grown over between them (Fig. 3). When a fire ravages this resinous wood and burns out the dry interior to a height of one hundred or more feet, the tree does not stop growing in consequence, but goes right on, heals its wounds, and over-grows its scars. A window cut to let light into the interior of the tree called General Fremont grew up in a few years. A man living in the spacious interior cut the window for the benefit of his family. This tree with



(FIG. 2.) SHOWING THE FIBER OF SEQUOIA WOOD.

ceivable tangle of fiber, and when sawed and polished is of extraordinary beauty. The lover who can see "Helen's beauty in a brow

the window is shown in Figure 4, with General and Mrs. Fremont and daughter standing before it.

The picture shows another peculiarity of sequoias. They send up supplemental trees from the base. Three are shown. If a tree is felled by wind, or because of its old age, a new



(FIG. 5.) SHOWING A TREE IN THE SANTA CRUZ GROUP.

grove springs up in a circle from the roots, after the manner of the olive tree. At the left of Figure 4 is a group called the Nine Muses, growing from a stump. The group of trees of which the tree called General Fremont is one has seven such large trees in an irregular circle sixty-six feet in diameter, and around these seven are twenty-seven smaller trees with diameters of two feet and under. One cannot help thinking that in other days, when time was young, the enormous circle was measurably filled by a single tree.

A few rods away is a collection called the Y. M. C. A. group. It was so named May 17, 1887, by a delegation to the twenty-seventh international convention. It consists of an enormous boulder of vegetable life

about ten feet high, from which spring ten great trees, some of them six feet in diameter. What kind of lumber this gnarled boulder would make taxes the imagination.

However rugged and contorted a tree may be at its base, it becomes perfectly straight and columnar when it attempts the serious business of life. Figure 5 represents one of the Santa Cruz group only sixty-three feet in circumference, now two hundred and ninety-six feet high, from the top of which seventy feet was broken off by the wind. It is a delight to the eye, a joy to the heart, to see this beautiful shaft, straight toward the zenith, whatever the slant of the surface from which it springs. At the root these trees are stayed or buttressed — according to whether one speaks nautically or architecturally — with wide-spreading braces, as if each knew it must wrestle with the tempests of the upper air. It stands so straight and sturdy that when one was bored through after a labor of six weeks with pump augurs, it refused to fall even when a nearby giant pine was felled against it. Wedges were then driven in on one side till the line of the center of gravity fell outside the base, when, sighing in every branch and leaf, this product of nature came down by man in an instant.

The sequoia is far better braced than another member of the coniferous family, the sugar pine, *Pinus Lambertiana*. This tree rises from a basal diameter of a dozen to twenty feet to a height of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, straight as an arrow, beautiful as a poem. Its cones are as much as sixteen inches long and four inches in diameter, full of sweet, nutritious seeds. These seeds are highly prized, and are laid up for winter store by squirrels and other wild creatures and by the Indians. The tree has a light reddish-brown color on the south side, but loses its blush on the north side, and by the storms of hundreds of winters takes on a sober gray.

The bark of the sequoias is not so attractive. It is of a bright cinnamon color, and sometimes is as much as twenty-two inches



(FIG. 3.)

thick. It is so soft and porous that a small section set on end makes an admirable pin-cushion.

Having gone over some of the general results of how the sequoia grows, we may ask when it grew. Perhaps it would be better to ask when it did not grow.

The first of all plants were the *cryptogamous* or flowerless mosses, ferns, and others even more simple. Then came this universally prevalent family of the *Coniferae*, adapted to every climate, stage of development, and condition of the earth. This enormous family constitutes one three-hundredth of all varieties of vegetable growth. Solomon wrote of the cedars of Lebanon as well as of the hyssop that springeth out of the wall. The Romans made garlands of pine, used the seeds to flavor their wines, and the wood for torches in their sacred ceremonies and for funeral pyres. Include the cypress, juniper, yew, larch, and fir, with many varying tints of color and shape of leaf, and one sees how large a family it is. It left its imprint or autograph on the coal of the carboniferous period. It has extended to all lands. I have found *Coniferae* the courageous advancing color-bearers of the army of vegetable life storming the snow-crowned heights of Popocatapetl near the equator, and I have seen them so far north that a tree only three feet high would have a spread of thirty feet, the branches keeping near the ground for warmth and protection from the wind.

How does this sequoia member of the family begin? From a little winged seed. The home in which it is born and matured is shown in Figure 6. It sends its tender juicy radicle into the soft earth, and lifts its amber plumule in air. It seems like a more appropriate start for a succulent lily than for a sturdy giant.

What leaf affords lung surface for the chemical elaboration of so much woody fiber from earth, air, and sun? Six years ago I planted a mere spriglet of sequoia in our lawn in Santa Cruz. It is now thirty-six

inches in circumference and twenty-five feet high. It is a double tree from its base, and each top twiglet just keeps pace with the other in its upward reach. Three thousand years from now, if all goes well, it will be quite a tree. I will get a spray to show its style of leaf (Fig. 7). Its leaves are not large, but many. In this, however, it is surpassed by the Norfolk Island pine of the same family, fifty feet away. Its leaves are little prongs, slightly curved, half an inch long and set thickly as possible on mid-veins, say a foot and a half long, that grow on a limb, forty to the foot,

so that a branch eight feet long, and only an inch in diameter, would have the incredible and unappreciable number of 184,320 leaves. The limbs of this particular species of pine are put forth only in regular whorls eighteen to twenty-four inches apart. I notice that the tree has just forgotten how to count. It has put forth the top whorl with seven branches instead of the regulation six. Perhaps it has just done this for joy at our coming, not having been here for three years. If the trees of the field can clap their hands before you for gladness, why not put forth more hands to clap? The sequoia leaves are "spreading, needle-shaped, sharp-pointed, scattered spirally around the branches, finally scale-shaped, imbricated, mostly appressed, generally with acute apex: numerous and persistent, light green color," very like hemlock leaves. The specimen shows only mature leaves. The new growths differ from them as a tender baby from a man. I take up the severed branch, and its pungent, pervasive, resinous, aromatic odor of a sweet smell assures me of pardon for scientific terminology. It is as Moore says:

"like those plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part."

However much the sequoias may grow in the deep leafy mold of the soil, on mountain-



(FIG. 6.) SEQUOIA SEED.



(FIG. 7.) SEQUOIA LEAVES.

sides, through thousands of years, they grow far more luxuriantly in the richer soil of the admiring mind. For twenty years I have gone into their majestic presences with a growing feeling of awe, if not of adoration. Such majesty, might, mastery of mere material forces, wafting of incense, such dense shade flecked with spots of dancing sunshine, such "soft and soul-like sounds," from that aeolian harp, which one might almost say was at Nature's advent strung and has never ceased to play, produce an ever deepening impression. I do not wonder that the older ancients and later Druids worshiped and sacrificed under spreading trees. They could not help it.

"The groves were God's first temples. . . .
Father, Thy hand

Reared these venerable columns, Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in Thy sun,
Budded and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze
And shot toward heaven."

If one turns from feeling to thought, one is in equal amazement. How is the crude sap lifted to these great heights, elaborated in the leaves into form suited to nourish and

build up the tree in all its parts? A square foot of water of this height weighs over a ton, and would have a pressure at the bottom of one hundred and forty pounds to the square inch. This is but a small fraction of the fluid in the tree — yet it does not burst a woody pipe asunder anywhere. Nor does any of the freight, designed to build bark or bud, wood into greater height, or root into greater reach, miss its true destination in the dark channels where it is carried. It enlarges the trunk, moves the tegumental bark outward a dozen feet, but it does not split. It makes wood here, leaf there, bud elsewhere, and concentrates such energy and essence of life in a seed that it will keep for ages and not die, and then go on to produce another mighty tree like that from which it came. Where is the head of life that keeps these living fountains of vegetable life springing upward by the hundred years?

In regard to the divine discernment of the thought and intents of the heart the Psalmist said: "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me. It is high. I cannot attain to it." He might have said it of the lowliest or loftiest thing that grows.

CHAUTAUQUA FLOWERS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM.

BY E. F. ANDREWS.



If the thousands that pass within the gates of the Chautauqua Assembly every season there must be few that have not noticed the great richness and variety of vegetation there abounding. The local environment, including as it does both lake shore and uplands, forest and open ground, is favorable to a wide diversity of growths. I have myself collected and classified during my several visits to Chautauqua no fewer than two hundred and thirty-two different species growing upon the grounds. These include weeds, grasses, trees, and every kind of vegetation except such cultivated plants as are not indigenous to the region.

The assembly season is not the most favorable one for the botanist. The early spring flowers have disappeared, while the asters and goldenrods and all the glorious company that attends the footsteps of autumn have not yet begun to show themselves. Then, too, the choicest plants to be found at this season have been undergoing a slow process of extermination ever since the assembly

began, partly owing to the effects of cultivation, which always tends to the destruction of wild plants, but still more to the recklessness with which they are gathered by summer visitors for decoration or other purposes. The ferns especially have suffered from this cause. In fact, they have been practically exterminated on the assembly grounds, where only two species are now to be found growing wild. One of these, the *Onoclea*, is too coarse and stiff to be desirable for decoration; and the other, a delicate fern (*Aspidium*), is not used, for the opposite reason — it withers almost as soon as gathered. These two species are confined mainly to the little ravine on the hill between the college and Higgins Hall, where they are found in great abundance.

The most conspicuous of the native Chautauqua ferns are the lady-fern, the ostrich fern, the cinnamon, and the royal ferns. They may all be seen growing around the cottages, where they are cultivated for ornament, but nowhere within the grounds do they now grow spontaneously, and they are

fast disappearing from the neighborhood. The lady-fern may be known by its large, finely dissected fronds, that look like green lace-work. They are from one to three feet long, and would be very abundant if let alone. The ostrich and the cinnamon ferns, though not at all related botanically, look very much alike to a careless observer. They are easily distinguished, however, by the deeper, richer green of the former, and by their more slender pinnæ and sharper, narrower teeth. The fronds of the ostrich fern grow from the root-stock in a crown or ring, in the center of which may often be seen the short, stumpy fertile fronds with their curious swollen pinnæ, looking like stumpy green quills. The cinnamon fern never fruits at this season, though remains of the cinnamon-colored spore-cases, from which the species takes its name, may sometimes be found clinging to a withered stalk. These are both very tall ferns, attaining in favorable positions a height of four or five feet.

The royal fern, though closely related to the cinnamon fern, is so different in appearance that it would hardly be recognized as a fern at all by one ignorant of botany. Its broad, doubly pinnate fronds, with their large compound pinnæ, somewhat resembling the leaves of the black locust, branch off from an upright stem in a way that gives it the aspect of a small shrub rather than that of a fern. It is the largest of all our native ferns, and its conspicuousness causes it to fall an early victim to the destroyers, so that it is not easy to find a specimen anywhere near the grounds.

Conspicuous for their foliage, though long since out of bloom, are the leafy-stemmed Canada violets, often a foot or more high, and the flat, spreading round-leaved violets—which, by the way, are not round at all, but oblong. These last may easily be recognized by the broad, flat rosettes in which they spread themselves on the ground in shady places, where they lie as flat as if glued to the earth. Mingling with them among the roots and shadows where they love to hide, will be found the wake-robin, known by its whorl of three large oval leaves with a crimson, berry-like fruit in the center.

The pretty little creeping *Mitchella*, or partridge berry, loves the same woodland haunts, where it spreads its delicate green mats along shaded banks and about the roots of trees. Its sweet-scented velvety white flowers have long since disappeared, but its spreading wreaths of pretty green leaves, about the size and shape of one's thumb

nail, with a white mid-rib running down the center, will easily distinguish it for grace and beauty amid any surroundings.

Outside the gates, down among the bulrushes on the lake shore, may be seen, about the middle of July, the handsome blue spikes of the *pontederia*, or pickerel weed, a near relation of the water hyacinths with which we are all familiar in aquariums. It is a species of this plant that is threatening to obstruct the navigation of some of our Florida rivers by its rank growth.

The bulrushes along the lake attain a great size, sometimes being as thick as one's thumb, and from five to six feet in height. But while quite capable of furnishing a cradle for an infant Moses, they are not the kind that was used for that purpose. The bulrush of the Bible was a species of papyrus, which, though a member of the great sedge family, like our common bulrush, belongs to a very different branch of it.

There are many charming nooks along the lake shore, outside the grounds, where nature is allowed to have her own way, and even the weeds take on a picturesque appearance. A tall mullein stalk becomes a lighthouse towering above a "bonny briar bush" of flowering raspberry, and groups of "black-eyed-Susans" peeping from among the tall meadow grass convert the waste field into a garden.

But the favorite stamping-ground of Chautauqua botanists is the shady grove over toward the baseball ground, familiarly known to old Chautauquans as "The Southern Woods." Here grow all sorts of shy things that love the shade. The pale corpse plant, sometimes also called Indian Pipe, may be found growing in delicate waxy clusters among the decaying leaves, wherever the shade is thickest. Here, too, squatted upon the decaying roots of beech and oak trees, will be found clusters of curious little chestnut-colored spikes about as thick as a man's thumb—if he is a very big man with a very big thumb—looking very like diminutive ears of corn stuck upright in the ground. These are variously known as "squaw root" and "cancer root," from their supposed medicinal uses. As they filch their food ready-made from the noble trees whose unbidden guests they are, they have no need of bright flowers or foliage, and consequently have become degraded into mere stumps of plants without attraction for bee or bird or human eye.

The May-apple, or American mandrake, grows in great abundance in these woods,

and its curious round leaves may be seen all through the season perched upon the tip of the long stalks, like little green Japanese umbrellas. The stem, instead of growing from the base of the leaf, is attached to the center of the under side like the handle of an umbrella. Each stalk bears but a single leaf, unless it happens to be a flowering stem. In this case it divides, the pendent blossom appearing in the fork, and each branch bearing a terminal leaf. It blooms in May, but the yellowish green fruit, about the size of a large plum, may be found during the assembly season, hanging from the forks of the fruiting stems—provided they have not all been devoured by that most destructive of animals, the Chautauqua small boy. This plant is not at all related to the mandrake of the Bible and of Shakespeare (*Mandragora officinalis*), which belongs to the night-shade family. The American mandrake is of the barberry tribe.

Among the most conspicuous of Chautauqua flowers in the assembly season are the meadow rue and its near relative, the bugbane, or black snakeroot, two handsome members of the crowfoot family. The bugbane (*Cimicifuga*) sends up from a clump of large and very much dissected leaves a tall, naked stem, four or five feet high, terminated by erect slender spikes of white flowers, reminding one somewhat, when seen from a distance, of wax tapers in the branches of a candelabrum. The meadow rue may be known by its great fleecy panicles of tiny white blossoms resting like a soft cloud above its graceful clusters of blue-green foliage. The leaves are very large and very compound, the delicate roundish leaflets attached to the end of long slender leaf stalks producing a light, graceful effect not unlike that of a gigantic maidenhair fern. In fact, they are frequently mistaken for ferns by city people and others ignorant of woodland lore. Both the flowers and leaves of these two plants are very effective in decorations, and as a consequence they are fast disappearing from within the gates. Unfortunately civilized man seems to have a singular faculty for destroying the native beauties of the soil wherever he sets his foot, and I would suggest in passing that here is an important work which the nature teaching in our schools seems thus far to have failed to accomplish—that of teaching children to value and respect the native plant life around them. Indeed, there is reason to fear that as ordinarily conducted, such teaching tends to foster the spirit of

destructiveness. The only way that most people seem to have of expressing their admiration of a beautiful flower is to cut off its head, and nine times out of ten they will throw it away before they have gone twenty steps. In this manner the choice and beautiful plants are destroyed, while ugly weeds that nobody cares for are left to propagate unchecked; and thus the vegetation of the civilized world is tending to sink to a dead level of weediness on the one hand, and artificiality on the other.

The most abundant native trees within the assembly grounds, as will be perceived at a glance, are the sugar maple and the beech. Closely resembling the latter in foliage are its near relatives, the birch, the hop-hornbeam, and the blue or water beech. The elm also resembles the beech closely in the character of the leaves and spray, but the beech can always be distinguished by its smooth, light-gray bole, by its rough, three-cornered fruit, and by the characteristic tendency of its lower boughs to droop towards the ground.

There are scarcely any representatives of the original forest left in the Chautauqua groves, but the huge stumps that still remain as vestiges of the departed monarchs of the wood are enough to remind us that "there were giants in those days." A few fine old chestnuts and hemlocks are still left, and one noble representative of the magnolia family remains in the grand old cucumber tree, blasted and weather beaten, and evidently not destined to survive the buffetings of many more winters, that stands at the corner of Wythe and Forest avenues, near Higgins Hall. Its venerable neighbor that stands a few paces beyond, towards the hall, is a Canada hemlock. It is easily distinguished from the firs and spruces by its narrow leaves and very small cones, which are hardly larger than a lady's thimble.

The trees most likely to attract the attention of a stranger are the American lindens, or basswoods, that begin to scent the air with their fragrance about the middle of July. You will know them by their large, lop-sided leaves and their clusters of fragrant white flowers growing from the center of a small leaf, or bract. There are several of them on the road to the college; one very fine one near Kellogg Hall.

Oaks are not abundant. There are some handsome young specimens of the red, or scarlet oak variety, but I do not remember to have seen a single white oak within the grounds or anywhere near them. These fine

trees are rapidly becoming extinct in our country; a situation that is partly due to their reckless destruction by man for the sake of their timber, and partly, perhaps, on account of the superior edibility of their acorns, which causes them to be eagerly devoured by hogs and other animals, while

the less attractive mast of other kinds is left to germinate undisturbed. Whatever be the cause, there can be no doubt that this noble tree is fast disappearing from our forests, and unless something is done to preserve it, it will have entirely disappeared within the next few generations.

BUMBLEBEE TAVERNS.

BY CHARLES McILVAINE.

HE monotonous drone of the bumblebee as its rapidly moving wings balance it in air before the small round hole giving entrance to its nursery and nest in rail or post or weather-boarding is a lulling sound in spring and summer to all save the small boy. The bumblebee is the boy's natural enemy. It excites him to deeds of daring and slaughter, for the black-head's sting is active as the needle of a sewing-machine, while the white-head's zigzag bluster, harmless though he is, is eye-blinking and leg-stimulating.

The first money I ever earned was by killing "black-heads" at a cent a dozen.

The board covering of barns and wooden stock shelters is often badly pierced and damaged by the black-headed female bumblebees. The small hole made by them gives entrance to a circular boring of larger diameter, from four to six inches long. It runs lengthwise of the timber, and, being close to the surface, rain finds its way in, and decay of the timber follows. In consequence, the farmer is often put to the expense of renewal or repairs. Hence, the value to him of dead bumblebees.

My father believed in making work pleasant and instructive to his boys: pulling weeds was botanizing; picking stones off the mowing fields a lesson in mineralogy; destroying caterpillars and hurtful insects instructive in entomology; but paddling bumblebees gave real, financial reward. I have made as much as ten cents a day!

The white-headed bumblebee does not bore or do anything else. He wears a small square spot of white upon his forehead as badge of his sex. He is the gentleman of the family. Last spring I discovered that like many other idlers he got on sprees and died in consequence. On and about my house were numerous wistarias—beautiful, graceful vines first introduced into this coun-

try from China by Professor Caspar Wistar in 1818. The long purple panicles are familiar to all lovers of spring's choicest fancies.

One morning I heard the familiar hum that once to me meant wealth. It was even now seductive. I seized a bit of board, my youth-time valor returned, and my arm was nerved for slaying. I traced the sound to a stout wistaria twined about a post like a monstrous snake, and spreading its many-branched top as a vast flower-covered umbrella. Above the pendulous racemes hummed several bumblebees. Upon the flowers were many more, probing to the honey-sacs with their long tongues, and gripping with desperate greediness the purple chalices. The sight was strange to me, for the insects were in various stages of intoxication. Upon the ground were dozens (from early habit I reckon bumblebees by dozens) dead, dying, drunk, helpless; some waving their many legs and buzzing as they lay—feet up—their farewell song to life. They were all white-heads (males). There was not a black-head to be seen.

I watched the bacchanalian feast in astonishment. The wistaria was an insect grog-shop; the "white-heads" its chosen patrons. The tiny nectar goblets of the seductive flowers contained their death draughts.

In many places and often I sought and watched the wistaria and its crowd of humming revellers. Everywhere the story was the same—debauch, death. Strange to say, where the wistaria grew I never saw a female bumblebee. Perhaps they left their dissipated lords. Perhaps they shunned the neighborhood of the slums their lords frequented. Be that as it may, the planting of the wistaria will soon relieve the farmer of the pest. But from killing the bumblebees loss may arise—the red clover will not be so well fertilized.



I. MY FATHER'S STEAMER LETTER.

 In the year 1897, when the political situation in China and Japan appealed to the news-hunter's instinct, I determined to resign from my home paper and set my face toward the Far East. My father, not an unimportant official in the state department, assisted me in becoming attached to a leading journal as a correspondent, and a syndicate agreed to use my foreign letters.

The week before my departure father betrayed a strange interest in my adventure. He took it upon himself to arrange even the little details of my trip, and although I could not conceive of any occasion for extraordinary solicitude, it was plain that during my last days at home he was a singularly changed man.

The hour for parting came. My sister Nell presented me with a silken case, filled with steamer letters from Washington friends. On the way to the station we stopped at the state department for my father. He, also, brought a bundle of letters, and stuffed them all into my overloaded case—all but one. This he handed to me, looking me in the face with an expression in his kindly, earnest eyes which I could not forget, and saying:

"These are your 'sealed orders,' Robert. Read them when you get your 'sea-legs.'"

With a fatherly injunction regarding health, he saw me aboard the sleeper and returned to mother and Nell, who waved heavy handkerchiefs to me as I was whirled away.

If I was unusually quiet during the long

ride to the coast, it must have been because my mind continually reverted to father's singular deportment and to the envelope containing my sealed orders. It was enough to keep a child quiet—if you knew my father.

During the first days at sea I did not get beyond the smoking-room. The passenger list contained no names I knew except a Philadelphia Biddle. I had obeyed my father's injunction and refrained from opening the mysterious envelope, but when I arose on the fifth morning, I resolved to walk around the ship twenty times to prove my "legs," and then to satisfy my curiosity.

The promenade was crowded, for it was a fine day and the sea was calm. It may have been on my third round, when, far forward by the captain's cabin, a cheery voice called my name.

There in the hatchway, protected from the wind, but nearly smothered in rugs, lay Dulcine Oranoff, who had been spending the summer at the Russian legation in Washington and at the shore. I could not have been more surprised. My expressions of astonishment, however, were cut short by a courtly gentleman who appeared from the captain's cabin and approached Miss Oranoff's chair.

"Father, let me present my friend, Mr. Robert Martin of Washington; Robert, my father, Colonel Oranoff."

Colonel Oranoff, though he had married a Washington society woman, and maintained his home in Washington, was detailed abroad in the Russian diplomatic service almost constantly.

Miss Oranoff's impetuous greeting was characteristic of her, but in the conversation which followed she seemed reserved and reticent, though we had been friends in many a coaching party and on golfing greens. Yet speech in company is slow between friends from whom mutual explanations are due—as, in all conscience, they were due in the present instance from Miss Oranoff. She knew well of my proposed trip to the East, and, contrary even to her written promise, had not returned to Washington before my departure.

Upon my admission that I had not read half my steamer letters, the girl sent me off to make up the five days. "Read those from home first," she called after me, laughing, but her face sobered strangely with the words and her eyes followed mine intently.

Back in my cabin I lost no time in opening first my father's letter, for I felt that there, if anywhere, I might find answers to the hundred questions which were on my lips.

It was a lengthy pen-written letter containing an enclosure. From it let me quote:

"The enclosed note will introduce you to Colonel Ivan Oranoff of the Russian secret service, a gentleman and my friend. He and his daughter *incognito* are passengers with you on the *Septie*. Their destination is Keining, the capital of Quelparte. . . . The heart of this matter is this: A crisis is at hand in the East. The exigencies of the Siberian railway demand that Russia shall occupy immediately an ice-free terminus on the Yellow sea. This, of course, means Port Arthur. In making this advance across Manchuria, Russia has only Japan to fear. . . . Oranoff goes to Quelparte to achieve a silent, bloodless (if possible) conquest of that kingdom. His weapons will be, mainly, gold roubles. He must succeed, Robert. If Quelparte can be gotten entirely into Russia's grasp, then the lease of Port Arthur from China, already secured, can be made public, and Russia will magnanimously (?) throw over Quelparte as a sop to the angry Japanese to prevent them from precipitating the war in the East which we all dread so much. If, on the other hand, Russia finds Port Arthur untenable, for any reason, she can throw the lease over, and find in Quelparte the port she desires. . . . Oranoff desires (among others) an American assistant, for you must know that it is not Russians only to whom Russia owes her diplomatic successes. . . . The experience will be invaluable. . . . It will, moreover, be of distinct advantage to your own country. We cannot now, being as we are on the verge of war with Spain, fail to exert any effort to preserve the present peace in the Orient. . . . I have left you to think this all out for yourself, Robert, alone at sea. . . . Make your own decision. . . . If you decide favorably, send the enclosed to Colonel Oranoff at once. It states, in my name, that you will meet him in the captain's cabin the midnight following its receipt." . . .

I read and re-read the letter. Then I destroyed it.

I called a boy, sent him with the note to the captain's cabin, and sought my smoking acquaintance, Dr. George Brown. We had

hardly finished our cigars when a boy brought a tiny note to me which read:

"I will spend the afternoon on the forward port deck—will you? 'Silence gives consent.' D. O."

That afternoon, and every afternoon, a short, young, light-haired American lay bundled up in his chair on the forward port deck at the side of "the girl of the boat"—she sat at the captain's right—and they talked together, always in low tones, with long intervals of silent reflection.

However fast my first lessons came to me, some of them were well learned. One of the most impressive came when we were looking into the future, to days which, despite their dangers and uncertainties, were looked forward to as we shall never anticipate days again.

"But," I was observing, after a long silence, "if we fail, little is lost, as gaining control of Quelparte is not to be a permanent triumph."

The girl sprang from her chair at the words.

"Oh, Robert," she said, "do not use that word 'fail.' It may exist in the American service, but it does not in the Russian.

"If father fails"—she breathed the ominous word rather than spoke it and looked quickly at the door of the captain's cabin—"he would be sent to Bolivar or Hayti." And by the girl's tone and gesture I knew that that in the Russian service meant cashiered.

"No, no, Robert, as I once heard father say, the Czar has a '*razor for every beard*.' He never demands more of his servants than they can do, and they know his opinion of them only by the tasks he gives them. He is at once the hardest and best served master in the world. They talk of the power of the Russian armies, Robert, but that is nothing to the influence wielded by these faithful servants of the Czar in the diplomatic and secret services. By history and language Russia is separated from the rest of the world. Her very backwardness and sense of inferiority, the scorn which has been cast upon her undeveloped government and the Siberian prisons, has made her more of a unit in her great projects than any legislation which could have been conceived. Czars come and go, but the purpose of Russia is unchanged from what her founder, Peter the Great, planned—the *conquest of a continent*."

* * * * *

We parted at Yokohama to meet at Keining two weeks later. My little Japanese

steamer brought me into Tsi, the chief seaport town of Quelparte, on schedule time, where I found conveyances awaiting to bear me to the capital, twenty miles inland.

I know of no city which the ordinary globe-trotter ignores that is more pictur-esque, more suggestive of centuries gone than Keinning, the old capital of Quelparte, surrounded by its great mouldering walls. As

I first set eyes upon them near the close of that autumn day, I should have pondered long, I suppose, on many

"Old unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago."

As it was, I wondered when I could see Dulcine again, and how soon the "Russian razor" would begin "shaving" the king of Quelparte!

II. THE SECRET OF LYNX ISLAND.

Upon arriving at Keinning I met two surprises. One was to find that the king of Quelparte was a resident at the Russian legation. After the Japan-China war (which gave Quelparte its independence) and the murder of the queen by Chinese conspirators, his Quelpartien majesty had preferred to remain the guest of the Russian minister rather than return to the polluted palace. The other surprise was that I, too, was to be kept at the Russian legation. I must have felt proud to sleep under the same roof with royalty, but I first congratulated myself on being near Dulcine; especially so when, after dining quite alone in the great salon, Colonel Oranoff came and took me to an apartment in their suite, explaining to me the plan of the building and pointing out the king's wing to the west and the Russian minister's suite beyond his own.

I was detailed, at first, with a Captain Dejneff, who was engaged in gaining the confidence of the minor officers in the Quelparte government barracks. Captain Dejneff, before my arrival, had succeeded in sifting the likeliest soldiers into a battalion by themselves on the plea that they were backward and hindering their fellows. Dejneff put me in command of these men (I was graduated at West Point, though I had given up the profession of arms), who, under encouragement, became rapidly proficient in rudimentary drills. All this, I could see, was preparatory to a public display which would show the superiority of the Russian-trained troops.

And perhaps I should pause here to observe that some things which had not been planned were taking place in the drawing-room of Colonel Oranoff's suite at the Russian legation, where Dulcine and I were frequently left to shift for ourselves, since I could not, for obvious reasons, spend time at the clubs or billiard rooms. In this connection, I recall with amusement certain men in Keinning against whom I was put on my guard,

especially a Frenchman, M. Loubet, who was staying at the little brick hotel. Such persons I was to avoid and to report whenever and wherever I encountered them. Now I knew that they were accomplices, warned likewise against me and reporting me as punctiliously as I them; thus we were never seen together—an important matter to be effected. Such was the imperial system in which I was the smallest of the stars.

On one of these evenings with Dulcine in the salon I was suddenly summoned to Colonel Oranoff.

About the room were seated those whom by dress I took to be Quelpartien noblemen. They arose when I entered, attracted no doubt by the sumptuous military dress in which Captain Dejneff compelled me to appear at the legation and barracks. No sooner were all seated than I perceived the company awaited some one. All were silent, and all sat facing a sofa covered with tigers' skins which had been drawn into the center of the apartment. After a few moments a secret panel moved and a stately figure, in spotless Quelpartien robes, stood in the doorway. I sank to my knees saluting, with the others.

It was Whang-Su, the king of Quelparte.

His majesty broke the spell of royalty for me by sauntering into the room, nodding to one and another of his cabinet, touching a hand here and calling a name there, and then by dropping on the sofa and lighting an Egyptian cigarette which he drew from a silver case. He had just broken his fast—for, since the murder of the queen, the king of Quelparte slept when the world was awake, and met his cabinet and issued his heathen decrees when the rest of the world was asleep.

Colonel Oranoff at once got to the center of matters. "Your majesty has consulted the soothsayers?" Whang-Su bowed, smiling blandly.

"And the imperial funeral will be decreed as we planned?"

"Yes," answered the king of Quelparte, taking the cigarette from his lips, "on the night of the round moon, that is, if—" and he glanced quickly to a nobleman near him. The latter knelt, then rose, saluted, and spoke:

"Your majesty has been correctly informed; the great tablet has stood the test." But this did not answer the king's question, and he instantly arose to his feet—

"Yes—but the queen's body," he cried, lowering his voice. All had arisen with the king.

Colonel Oranoff spoke quickly to him in a low tone. At length satisfied, the king called to his side the member of his cabinet who had spoken, Prince Ting, and in a low tone gave several orders in swift succession.

"You will need me no more, gentlemen," he then said, turning to depart. "Trust Prince Ting, for he knows all. Have all in readiness on the night of the round moon. I go even now to invite the foreign representatives. You will do the rest." Turning to go, he electrified me (the others seemed not to notice it) by turning to Oranoff and saying with a laugh:

"Yes—you will do the rest! Ha, ha, ha!"

The reader will need as many explanations as I did.

The queen had been murdered four years before by Chinese who believed her to be playing Quelparte into Japanese hands. Her death was so unexpected that the mausoleum, though already begun, was hardly more than half completed at her death. This was all the more unfortunate from the fact that Quelpartiens, who are Confucianists and servile ancestor-worshippers, attach utmost importance to the sanctity of the dead. They believe that if a corpse is harmed, either before or after burial, every relative of the deceased will become insane. If the body belongs to royalty the reigning dynasty will be quickly overthrown.

And so dead bodies are guarded with utmost care in Quelparte. Among those who can afford it the graves of ancestors are built practically proof against vandals and enemies. The poorer people sometimes keep guard over their graveyards, and have even been known to bury their dead in spots unknown, save to themselves. The completion of the queen's mausoleum had been advancing with all possible celerity since her death. In the meantime her body had been kept secretly in a place known only to the king and Prince Ting and to its faithful guardians.

I saw at once that when Colonel Oranoff's mission in Quelparte was accomplished and the Russian protectorate was to be announced, nothing would serve better to create a public stir and absorb the minds of the people than an imperial funeral, which was the event of a lifetime to Quelpartiens. When the nation was interested in that, the announcement of the protectorate could be safely made. Thus any internal trouble likely to arise from Russia's conquest was to be avoided if possible. I began to respect, even more than before, the edge on the Russian razor in Quelparte.

All having withdrawn but Prince Ting, we three drew close together, Colonel Oranoff summoning me to a place beside them. From the conversation I learned that the queen's body was being secretly kept in a Buddhist temple on Lynx Island in Wun Chow bay, sixty miles westward from Tsi. The "round moon" (full moon) came on the eighteenth. This was the tenth. There were eight days, therefore, in which to bring the imperial sarcophagus a distance of fifty miles by water and twenty by land to the Russian legation in which we sat.

Frequently, as we talked in low tones, Colonel Oranoff looked quietly at me, and I felt, long before Prince Ting left, that I was to be employed in this singular but vitally important mission, and, as Oranoff returned from the door through which the prince passed out, I could not resist the impulse to grasp his hand. The spontaneousness of the action pleased him, I think, though his face instantly sobered:

"But wait. This is a more difficult mission than you have thought. First, of all we are gaining in Quelparte in these days nothing is to be kept permanently except this very Lynx Island. If Port Arthur cannot be retained for any reason, Wun Chow bay is to be the terminus of the Siberian railway. Our agents on the yacht *Dulcette* are at work there now making private purchases which will enable us to control Lynx Island and its bay. Thus the effort to obtain the sarcophagus must not be allowed to hurt those negotiations now pending. But, more to be dreaded than this possible conflict of our plans—and this is our own secret, Mr. Martin, yours and mine alone—I fear the Chinese who murdered the queen know where her body lies and are prepared to get possession of it at any cost. Thus, they believe, insanity will come upon her relatives and the dynasty now reigning will be destroyed, and the end sought by

the murder will be finally accomplished. I have more evidence than I want that this is the plan that a noted Chinese prince is seeking to accomplish."

I looked into the man's face, and he whispered: "Prince Tuen."

The anticipation of a conflict with emissaries of the monster Tuen for the body of the queen of Quelparte could not be relished by any one who knew of Tuen's hatred of Whang-Su and his dynasty, grown more bitter since the princely tribute from Quelparte no longer went to swell his coffers. But the presence of a Russian yacht (though it did not fly the Russian flag) was in itself assuring, and when at last Colonel Oranoff, though by implication only, gave me an opportunity to decline the service, I drew up quickly and saluted, for I would not have withdrawn for worlds, and I knew he knew it.

"A squad of Quelpartien cavalry with Colonel Jip Yon Li and twenty Cossacks disguised in Quelpartien uniform will await you when you are ready to go," said Colonel Oranoff, and, though he walked away to his table, I knew by the slight rising inflection of his words that he meant to ask me how soon that could be.

"I shall be ready to go, Colonel Oranoff," said I with as much candor, I hope, as earnestness (and I looked him honestly in the face as I said the words), "when I shall have seen and said good-by to Dulcine."

Colonel Oranoff was sorting the papers on his table when I said these words, the meaning of which could not have been mistaken by any man. He paused as I uttered them, and pretended to examine more carefully a paper he had lifted from the table. But his eyes were looking over it and he was staring at the green table cover. He stood still a moment. Then he gathered his papers quickly (in very little order) into a secret drawer, and, turning frankly upon me, he held out his hand.

"Be seated. I will call her. Colonel Li will await you on the barracks parade at five o'clock. Good-by and good luck! Remember, you can telegraph from Han Chow."

I looked at my watch. It was two o'clock. Then Dulcine came, smiling sleepily, but anxious and full of questions. We presumptuously drew the king's tawny-colored throne up to the fire and sat down.

It was six o'clock when I again looked at my watch. We were just getting out of the old west gate at Keinning. I had found Colonel Li and his escort awaiting me, the Cossacks looking rather disgusted in their outlandish oriental garb, but taking all good-naturedly like the soldiers they were. Once in the open country the Quelpartien cavalry scurried ahead, a motley crowd and ill horsed. Behind them rode Colonel Jip Yon Li. Behind me came my Cossacks well horsed, silent, and looking neither to the right nor the left. Beyond them, as I looked back, lay the old walls of Keinning; before me fifty miles, as the crow flies, across the mountains, the Buddhist monastery on Lynx Island, and its imperial secret.

Three miles from Keinning we passed the completed mausoleum where the queen was soon to be buried. Colonel Li fell back and explained to me. A mound of solid earth fifty feet high contained the great granite tomb. Above was suspended a monstrous tablet fifteen feet square and ten feet thick. When the sarcophagus was placed within the tomb, this tablet was to be dropped, and no human power could raise it again and disturb the royal remains. Colonel Li informed me that this was the second tablet imported; the other had broken on the first trial drop. The present slab had stood one test by being dropped upon a temporary foundation. Another test was to be made today. I then recalled Prince Ting's words to the king concerning the testing of the tablet.

At noon, as we paused among the mountains to bait and freshen the horses, a strange sound came over the foothills with the wind. Colonel Li nodded to me, saying:

"The great tablet has stood the test."

The sound was as though a gigantic hammer had struck a mountain cliff, and it rang and rang in my ears unpleasantly.

III. THE ROAD TO WUN CHOW.

We made forty miles over the rough mountain road and rested our horses the night of the eleventh at the little village Tu Men in the mountains. The Quelpartiens lagged far behind, but got in before midnight. We

the journey would be more difficult than the forty we had covered, as the road would be constantly descending ragged mountain spurs.

During the long hours in the saddle I had much time to think of the future. I confess I never looked it more sternly in the face

the remaining twenty odd miles of

than during those hours. But the best planned battle in history was lost by him who planned it, and won by those who had no plan.

The fears of a possible encounter with the agents of the Chinese prince which Colonel Oranoff had expressed, were of a nature to sober the most dauntless. And the more I pondered upon that phase of the situation, the more interested I became. The queen of Quelparte had been murdered by Prince Tuen's agents on the well-founded suspicion that she was playing Quelparte into the hands of the Japanese, who, after the Japan-China war, came to have, as all the world knows, the upper hand in Quelpartien affairs. If, on mere suspicion of Japanese ascendancy in Quelparte, Prince Tuen had caused the murder of the queen, there could be little doubt that, upon learning of Russian predominance, he would make a bolder stroke at Whang-Su and his dynasty. And if the secret of the temple on Lynx Island had been discovered, what could be easier than the seizure of the sarcophagus, to those who had run a hundred guards, entered a palace, and murdered a trebly-guarded queen?

I could have endured with better relish the idea of a contest for the body of the queen with Europeans. But Chinamen! I had rather fight Indians or Burmese, though they too, like the Chinamen, have an absurd way of reasoning backward. Prejudice led me to feel that Chinamen would never choose the reasonable or expected alternative or do the thing you were prepared to resist, but would eventually win out against you by the use of unheard-of expedients as inconsistent as illogical.

When I try to recall those days I find I have only the dimmest recollections of Quelparte. Of this singular journey over those mountains I remember little more than my fears. But there were great brown hills which we climbed by a tortuous path after leaving gray Keinning. Farther on we found ourselves in the foothills of the mountains, cut up by many a pleasant vale, but somber and dreary because of the great rocks which arose on every hand. Here and there on the mountainsides white-robed figures (for Quelpartiens dress all in white like Koreans) were raking dry grass or burrowing for roots to burn. Now and then we met a native boy with a string of little Korean ponies loaded with wood, which was worth its weight in copper cash in Keinning. At times we clattered through a little mountain valley where diminutive paddy fields

were covered with rippling water which gurgled to the roadside on its way from one terrace to another, or we awoke the echoes of a secluded mountain village of straw-thatched mud huts from which uncouth heads were thrust with many querulous gutteral exclamations of surprise. Little boys and girls dressed in multi-colored coats peculiar to the youths in Quelparte, as in Korea, scurried away as fast as they could in their ungainly wooden shoes. Sometimes, if we came with great suddenness upon a sleeping hamlet, an odd collection of little wooden and hobnailed shoes lay in and along the road, indicating a flight quite as uncere-monious as our arrival. In more than one village the national game of kite-fighting was being played, the total population, with faces upturned, watching the battle. The two contestants, crossing their strings, sawed back and forth until one of the strings broke, whereupon victory was claimed by him whose string had longest stood the test, and the laughter of the crowd was the unhappy portion of the vanquished. Colonel Li informed me that in one of the villages through which we passed there once arose the greatest kite-fighter in Quelparte, a reputation gained by a series of victories won in every province in the kingdom. Finally the secret of his success was unhappily discovered. A paste of meal and pounded glass was made to coat his kite string. And the victor whose praises had been sung so loudly was stoned to death by the infuriated inhabitants of the city where the trickery had been exposed.

But these visions of villages and villagers came and went before my eyes as though I were in a dream, and from each succeeding height I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of the sea and the temple roofs on Lynx Island.

Beneath a stolid commonplace oriental appearance, I found Colonel Li to be an interesting, even a remarkable man. I came to know him but slowly and found to my amazement that he had traveled much, and that he could talk intelligently of Chicago and Washington, of London and Paris. All this drew me to him at first, though I came to fear him, as I hope I shall never have cause to fear another man.

Touching the business before us, Colonel Li was to the point. He bore the imperial order for surrender to him of the sarcophagus of the queen. He had assisted in bringing it to this lonely island toward which we were hastening. But while we spoke of the

work before us I could not refer to that which was uppermost in my mind — Oranoff's terrible suspicions. I did, however, make up my mind to sound the man cautiously as to any positive difficulty in our way. This side of our task had not been altogether overlooked, but when Colonel Li referred to it incidentally I could not determine whether he was keeping up courage by inward denials, or was actually in ignorance of the suspected designs of Prince Tuen. To further enlighten myself on this all-important point I diplomatically directed our conversation. Turning the talk again to the colonel's experiences on the western continent, I inquired:

"But, Colonel, you seem to have greatly appreciated your visit to America and Europe. Did the wish never come to you to remain and become a citizen with us? I should think Quelparte would seem tame to one who was once lost in the roar of our great cities and who enjoyed the novelties and attractions of the new world as keenly as you."

We were just topping a commanding spur. Far up on the face of a cliff, from which an eagle's scream came rasping down, a dark hole showed the mouth of a Buddhist monastery in the solid rock. A tinkling bell, swayed by the winds, and the dull throb of a cymbal could be heard above the eagle's scream, and a thin puff of smoke showed where some suffering devotee had just burned a paper prayer. In a notch in the road far above us a pony boy was singing, and the smell of burning leaves in some hidden hut came to us on the wind. Colonel Li pulled up his horse quickly at my words and took in all this with a significant sweep of his arm:

"Look — listen — breathe! What is the turmoil and foolish fury of your new world to me compared with these? As water in the tea pot to the thirsty drunkard!"

And I could only hum to myself the British soldiers' song:

" If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you
won't 'eed nothin' else.
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an'
The tinkly temple-bells!"

"But, Colonel," I pressed on, for I had my point to make, "life here seems to have so little to offer. For all your service and devotion to your king what worthy reward have you? Custom inexorable compels you, if you gain high office, to support all your relatives. So there is little or no financial gain; and you must make enemies, who,

because of your triumphs, will be more delighted when you fall."

"True," he said, "but does the thought of failure keep your politicians from entering the contest? Triumph is not less sweet in Quelparte than in America. And if you are with the king your triumph is as lasting as the dynasty, by the king's favor."

"But what of the dynasty?" I hurried on heedlessly now, for my chance had come. "Who can say how long it will last? Surrounding nations are rivals in the fight for the land, and all the while the devil Tuen is plotting to overthrow Whang-Su and to wreck his throne."

I held my breath when I said the words. The man was riding at my horse's flanks and I could not see him. I dared not look back.

"Prince Tuen!" he said hoarsely. That was all he said, but the tone made me shudder.

So the Chinese prince was Jip Yon Li's enemy too, I mused, as we went forward in silence. But now I did not know whether Li was thinking of him in connection with our present business. I resolved not to give up, however, and was about to renew the subject, when the colonel abruptly left me and dropped back to the Quelpartiens who were lagging behind as usual. In less than half an hour a cry came from them, and as I trotted back I saw that a Quelpartien had fallen from his horse and lay insensible on the stony road. As I came up Colonel Li detailed two men to stay with the injured man, and we pressed on. Then I saw, for the first time, that Li's face was that of a dead man's. I started at the sight of it. My spurs pierced my horse, and I was carried forward to my Cossacks at a rattling pace.

So I was not the only one who was dreading Prince Tuen's emissaries at Lynx Island! And that was what I wanted to know.

I rode on with the Cossacks for a number of miles. From one of them with whom I could converse I found that they were in bad humor over our business. Moreover, they had become suspicious of the Quelpartiens, who, I was told, were armed as no native cavalry had ever before been armed — even to dirks concealed in their jackets. This gossip I listened to, but minded not, for soldiers are men bred to idle talk. But as the day wore on their words kept ringing in my ears. Colonel Li kept closely with his men, and I with mine. Then slowly a terrible suspicion dawned on my brain. I was a loyal servant of the king — I and mine. What of him and his? Had Chinese gold been of no avail with him?

Was I going to Lynx Island with a wily tool of the Chinese werewolf? Was I the dupe of Colonel Jip Yon Li and virtually in the hands of the king's enemy already?

I cannot tell how disconcerted these awful suspicions, bred by my Cossacks' idle talk, made me. The first thought of failure made me sick at heart. The capture of the imperial sarcophagus would, I knew well, make no earthly difference with the length of the dynasty, but I was not so sure that the knowledge of such a capture would not stagger the king's brain and that of every "relative," and so, in reality, fulfil the direful prophecy.

My Cossacks were riding their horses at natural gaits, some near, some far in advance. Suddenly one of them returned up the steep path, his horse wet with lather. Reaching me, he saluted, and said in French:

"Three of the Quelpartien cavalry have circled us and are riding hard and far in advance." I remembered instantly the rider who had fallen and the two companions left with him; also, that the accident happened after I had spoken as I did of Prince Tuen to Colonel Li.

It may seem, as I tell it, that this was all that I needed to assure me that my fears were not groundless. But I could not distrust Colonel Li without reflecting seriously on Colonel Oranoff, and that I was in no mind to do. However, it was only that which kept me from stopping in the first rocky pass, calling my Cossacks about me, and making a prisoner of my guide and senior officer.

As it was, I felt for my weapons, put on a cheerful face, and rode at the head of my men into the village of Wun Chow.

IV. THE TEMPLE OF CHING-LING.

Wun Chow bay is a basin measuring about two miles in width and in length. On three sides it is bounded by the mainland, which ends in a promontory of jutting rocks. On the fourth or south side a mountain of an island rises three hundred feet from the sea. The harbor entrance is a narrow inlet between the promontory of the mainland and the eastern extremity of Lynx Island. Several picturesque rocky figures stand out of the water in the inlet as if to mark the mainland's ancient boundary line. They are the sentinels of Lynx Island, and a nightmare to captains inward bound. On the western shore of the bay was the little native village. Around the western end of Lynx Island and on the little neck of water dividing it from the mainland was a Japanese village, for this was an open port and a regular landing place for Japanese steamers plying between Nagasaki and northern Chinese ports.

One of these steamers was lying at anchor in the harbor of Wun Chow, surrounded by sampans. Another was just clearing the harbor as we entered the village. The black trail of its smoke lay along the horizon, making the sentinels of Lynx Island look like diminutive smoking volcanoes.

But my eyes passed quickly from the merchantmen and rested long on a little white speck on the blue waters — the yacht *Dulcette* of the Russian man-of-war *Ulric* which was stationed at Tsi. The little craft lay floating near the precipitous side of Lynx

Island, evidently as near shore as possible, and I confess my spirits rose as I watched it rise on the swell of the sea. Then my eyes ran from it to the shore, a distance of two hundred feet. How could we bridge that leap?

From the shore I looked up the steep side of the mountain and my heart sank within me, for it seemed a well-nigh impassable course down which to bring a burden dark of night. The mountainside was rated with great ribs of rock extending end to end. Here and there dark ravines ran up and down, breaking the monotony of the landscape, but the ravines seemed my standpoint on the beach at the more impassable, even, than the ragged of the mountainside. Our burden, I do not, would weigh no less than six or hundred pounds. I knew that the Ching-ling (so it was called locally) the summit of the island, though I could no trace of it. Two courses us; a difficult (if not impossible) the side of the mountain, about trip along the descending western slope to village, then through Wun Chow of the bay. Secrecy would former course be adopted in the range of possibility.

As I have said, I was myself to act on my own responsibility. Jip Yon Li. I have said that in which they came to the village

been my perturbed mental condition when I arrived on the ground. In proper order it will be seen whether or not I acted rightly.

Once in Wun Chow, Colonel Li advised me to take my Cossacks to the Japanese village where we could find more comfortable accommodations at Japanese inns. He and his men remained in Wun Chow. It is needless to say I went, but only with great misgivings, for I had resolved not to let the man out of my sight, unless necessary to prevent raising his suspicions of my doubt. But now, at the outset, I was compelled to choose between fears and Colonel Oranoff, and, brought to the point which I could not evade without discomfort and embarrassment, I assented without betraying a shadow of distrust. Colonel Li promised to follow quickly after me and pilot me to the temple on the island for a preliminary survey of the ground.

In fact, I had not finished my late tiffin when he came clattering up with fresh horses and we were off, fording the narrow inlet which at low tide was not more than two feet deep. We gained the mountain and began ascending the narrow, stony path. Once on Lynx Island I felt a new interest in our mission. Added to this freshening zeal, Colonel Li was instantly full of much necessary information. The monastery of Ching-ling had been raised to first rank four years ago. I made the mental note that this was just after the queen's murder. This exaltation in rank made necessary a number of alterations in the temple, a larger and more elaborate service, and a greater number of priests. The number of the latter had been doubled from twenty-five to fifty. I commented, to myself, that the additional force was undoubtedly a soldierly set of men and well armed—for priests! Colonel Li further informed me that none of all this retinue knew the nature of the treasure they were guarding, save the three high priests, but that all knew that when the monastery was made of first rank a precious gift was laid within the altar, appropriate to its exalted position—as was true of all monasteries of primal rank in the kingdom.

What masterly artifice, thought I, had been displayed in safely guarding the body of the queen! Here on this mountain-island, a picked body of men under the cloak of religion lay guarding their king's precious secret more safely than it could have been watched in the citadel of any fortress defended by an army. "The cowl is might-

ier than the sword," they say in Quelparte. But cowl and sword were here!

Our horses were climbing away vigorously and soon we neared the summit of the hill. A picturesque scene greeted our eyes. A great canyon split the summit of Lynx Island. From one rocky side to the other a green vale extended, perhaps two hundred yards wide. A number of old trees stood upon the grassy plot, and in the distance appeared the temple roof, its gables ornamented with clay monkeys of life size, which, the Quelpartiens believe, will preserve any building from evil spirits. As I saw their grotesque little figures silhouetted against the distant sea I wished for once to believe in their power. As we pushed on more rapidly, a second building came into view, distant a hundred yards from the temple. This, Colonel Li had forgotten to explain, was an auxiliary dormitory for the twenty-five additional priests brought to the monastery when it was made of first rank. It was merely a long, straw-thatched, native hut. As we drew near, what I had taken to be the wall of the temple appeared to be an outside wall surrounding the temple itself, an unusual, but not unheard of, method for the protection of temples from vandalism.

I shall never forget my first ride into this canyon of Lynx Island. My eyes saw everything and my ears caught every sound. Eagles were circling over the cliffs above us. White caps danced on the far-off sea, visible through the vista of the canyon. A gong was sounding somewhere, and thin metal fishes, suspended on the tongues of little brass bells hanging on the temple, floundered desperately in the wind, ringing their bells to keep off evil spirits.

From his latticed window the gate-keeper saw us coming and took Colonel Li's package within. Soon a priest came hurrying to meet us. It was plain that we were expected. Everything suggested this from the clean-swept quadrangle to the spotless attire of the attendants. A gong sounded, and the priests came out from the temple chanting, some passing out of the gate to their auxiliary building, the remainder entering huts which were built against the inner side of the wall. Colonel Li informed me that the ceremony just concluded was the last, but one, to be held over the queen's remains. On the following day, at this hour, the final service was to be performed. Thus the king had enjoined in the orders just received. The high priests, Colonel Li, and I now passed within the temple of Ching-ling.

In the dim light the candles on the altar were first visible. Incense filled the place. Between heavy curtains I could barely see the Image at the farther end of the room within the inner court, where none but the high priests might step. To this spot my eyes went quickly and remained, for there, perhaps beneath those very candles, lay the embalmed body of the queen!

As I peered forward, the three men at my back spoke to each other swiftly and in low tones. Frequently I heard my name mentioned, but all the rest was meaningless, since they spoke the native language. I need not more than refer again to the lurking fears which beset me whenever suspicions became uppermost in my mind. I remember thinking, as I stood there blinking into the darkness toward the dimly lighted shrine, that if Colonel Oranoff was betrayed, no man had ever been duped by more cunning tricksters. And the highly comforting speculation followed, that if he had been betrayed, my life was not worth the vapor that rose from yonder burning candle.

Soon one of the men, who had been introduced to me as General Ling, familiarly put his hand through my arm and led me toward the inner court. Turning from the Image upon which I was gazing with equal curiosity and expectancy, the man pulled away a thick mat from the floor and lifted a trap-door. Unceremoniously he grasped one of the sacred candles from the altar and sat down on the edge of the black, square hole. Then, getting a foothold on a ladder, he crawled

awkwardly down. I followed. If I had known I was going to my grave I could not have retreated. The ladder was some six feet in length and stood in a narrow hallway cut into the limestone rocks. Down this I followed the candle. Numerous dark passages went off in either direction into inky blackness.

At the end of a long walk my guide stopped and stamped upon the floor. Then, leaning over, General Ling scraped away loose dirt and with much labor lifted another heavy slab trap-door. Again he went down and again I followed him, on wide stone stairs, into a still lower apartment. The room was heavy with foul air, but another odor was unmistakably present—a perfume faintly floating in the air. General Ling paused on the lower step, and, turning to me, grasped my hand and looked me in the face while he raised the torch above his head.

I peered into the scented room. A moving object first appeared. In a moment, as I looked, I beheld a face, and I started, gasping. Then I saw it was a soldier, standing silently "at attention" and looking at General Ling.

We see some things first by "averted vision." By such means there slowly came into my sight a long glittering object by the soldier's side. For a moment, while it grew larger and more distinct, my eyes were fixed upon the soldier's stolid face.

When at last I could look I saw, resting on two great beams thrown across the little room, the golden sarcophagus of the queen of Quelparte.

V. THE LAST SERVICE.

As we ascended to the temple General Ling explained the plan which had been formulated by the high priests, subject to the approval of Colonel Li. The final service in the temple had been set for two o'clock on the next day, as I have said. In the meantime every preparation for the removal of the sarcophagus was to be made—floors opened, doors widened, trusses built. After the service, and not until then, were the priests to be made aware of the presence of the sarcophagus, and on their shoulders it was to be brought up into the temple. Although Colonel Oranoff had informed me that a new sarcophagus would await the body at the Russian legation in Keinning, lest the one at Lynx Island be injured during the transfer, General Ling had already made a great wooden case in which to place it preparatory

to its removal. The total burden would be eight hundred pounds. He affirmed that it could be carried down the face of the hill by the fifty priests, with the aid of blocks and tackling, without damage to the sarcophagus, even if the outer case should be marred.

In this, as in all else, General Ling seemed to be a most sensible and faithful servant of the king. We had reached the foot of the ladder which would take us again to the temple shrine, when the man suddenly sank to the floor and he grasped my hand as I put one foot on the ladder. I turned, and, from being the cool, far-seeing, resolute man I had thought him, he seemed to become a child as he fairly sobbed to me:

"Sir, you cannot guess what terrible years these have been. Here, with only fifty men, I have been placed to watch"—and

he nodded toward the room from which we had come—"that which is more precious to the king than life itself. The first year I could scarcely sleep, for when I did, a sound as of distant thunder came to my ears, and for days thereafter I could close my eyes no more." Tears were running down the poor man's pallid cheeks as he spoke. "But finally I learned to sleep, sir, with both eyes open, sitting upright at my table, on which I balanced myself with my elbows. But why do I tell you this?—that you may mention my faithfulness to the king. Of it he knows little more than my success. I would that he knew of the fears I have undergone for his sake and the eternal vigilance with which his secret has been guarded. I have become an old man in these forty months and have little longer to live. I have a son—Kim Ling, in the Quelparte army. Tell the king he will serve him faithfully as I have, and even until death."

There was something besides the pathos of the man's plea that touched me, the sense of the justice of the great reward which he seemed to feel was due his laborious service. And he asked it not for himself, but for an only son. I promised then and there to "speak to the king" of his son, though I used the words merely in the conventional sense. He was greatly pleased at the words, and we ascended into the lighter dimness of the temple. No one being in sight, as we entered the inner court, I paused, for I too had something to say:

"But during these years, General Ling, have there not been many whom you have suspected of treachery?"

"Yes, sir," he answered as quickly and as frankly. "I have suspected all—but myself."

"Colonel Li?" I suggested.

"Yes, Colonel Li," he responded; then he added after a pause and a shrewd turn of his head: "But not so much as you."

"You may trust me," I said, holding out my hand. He clasped it tightly, for on my honor and faithfulness hung the success or failure of all these long nights and days of watching, and he answered almost pitifully:

"There was nothing else to do."

As we entered the area without the temple Colonel Li appeared with the horses, but I had other plans. These I communicated to him, and he rode off alone. Calling General Ling, I asked him to pilot me down the mountain path.

Passing outside the monastery walls, I was taken to a footpath which went down the

rocky side of the canyon, doubling back on itself frequently to accomplish thefeat. Once on the crest of the rocks the view was entrancing. The sun was just setting in the mountains beyond Wun Chow. The bay below, so perfect in outline and lovely in color, seemed a great opal in the quiet, dying light. From a certain craft just leaving the little pier at Wun Chow, a weird sound came. A stately figure in white was standing in the prow beating a flabby drum. Behind him a dozen men pulled at their oars, driving the barge slowly across the bay. General Ling informed me that this ceremony was performed at the beginning of each native month to keep the devils of the sea from entering the harbor. My eyes moved slowly from the white figure in the barge to the trim little craft riding at anchor near Lynx Island, and I thought of its original mission to Wun Chow. Neither the monotonous throb of the flabby drum nor the rocky sentinels of Lynx Island had kept it out. While looking for devils, a Bear had come in unnoticed!

We pushed on downward, for the light was waning. Slowly General Ling picked his way. At first I thought he was choosing it as he went, but before long I saw stakes had been driven in the ground by some one who had fully anticipated all that I had been dreading. Through rocky defiles, down steps as high as those of the great pyramid, along little grassy ways on the very verge of a precipice the stakes led us. In actually making the descent, one did not find it such a difficult task. As we neared the bottom my guide signified the necessity of his returning before it became too dark, and we parted, after arranging that I should be at the monastery at two o'clock the following afternoon. I found my way easily to the shore and was taken to the yacht in a sampan, where, I need hardly say, my letters made me a welcomed addition to a jovial party of men. Spirits, here, ran high, for the mission of the *Dulcette* had been consummated successfully. The boat now only waited its "cargo" to be off for Tsing-tau.

Lulled to sleep by the gentle rocking of the waves, I made up for two sleepless nights and barely came from my bath as tiffin was served. I had little more than time to climb the steep path of the stakes when the last service over the body of the late queen of Quelparte was begun.

I should observe here that the *Dulcette* was brought fifty feet nearer shore on this morning, and four sampans were lashed

together and boarded over to convey our burden to the yacht. According to the king's orders, General Ling had been ordered to set fire to the monastery of Ching-ling immediately upon the removal of the sarcophagus. Secrets, of which I have only the merest suspicion, undoubtedly connected with the anticipated Russian possession of the island, rendered this waste of property necessary. In accordance with it, I had ordered my Cossacks to station themselves on the road to Keining behind the village of Wun Chow at sundown ready to start for the capital the moment the light appeared on the summit of Lynx Island. By them I sent a message to Oranoff stating the success of my mission and that of the *Dulcette*.

As I entered the temple a hundred tapers sprang to light. The candles on the altar were at the same time increased, showing up the hideous figure of the Image unpleasantly. Some one was reading in a nasal tone from a Thibetan book. During the reading the three score priests entered the building, bearing swinging torches. Upon entering they knelt; then, with noiseless feet they formed a procession and marched slowly before the Image of Gautama.

It may be my lot to witness many august ceremonies, but I think I shall never remember any as I remember the ceremony of that memorable night on Lynx Island. There was something in it of the heathenism of ancestor-worshiping peoples—something which suggested the religious fervor of India, though blended with and discolored by the duller dross of Chinese superstition. Whatever it may have been—I cannot describe it—that march of those monks, and their monotones will never be forgotten while life shall last. And whenever I listen to chanting, my ears seem to hear above the song of the singers, the chant which I heard that night:

He knows he lies who dares to say
That Karma cannot be;
For the body of Dharma, pure and white
Ever lies in the liquid light,
Though his form we may not see.

In a thousand rivers there water is,
In a thousand rivers a moon,

In a thousand leagues no cloud is seen
Where the heavens lie like an endless dream
To temple our wind-swept tomb.

On Griddore Peak where vultures fly
And lustrous flowers are found,
Full many an occult thing may be—
If the wood comes not can the tortoise see
Till a thousand years roll 'round?

When half the procession had passed the altar the priests faced it and, prostrating themselves, chanted:

O Honorable One by the Altar,
O source of the pure, endless springs,
Favor our frail lips that falter,
Grant us the three blessed things:
The Buddha,
The Dharma,
The Shanga.

The thrice-blast, the three Precious Things.

Rising, they marched on; then, turning, retraced their steps before the Image, chanting wondrously:

The three worlds swing in an endless arc,
Rebirth, decay, and death;
An hundred thousand kalpas fly
Like grains of dust across the sky,
While Buddha breathes a breath.

O clear, pure wind of measureless love,
O blow now straight, afar!
Had not your heart been proven sweet,
Who would have dared its message keep,
Pyei Ho of Kasyapa?

Let the chant go forth to the Honorable One
Who sits by the Altar on High,
And strives to break the dark clouds of night
That worlds may reflect his glorious light,
And Karma be banished for aye.

I sat I know not how long as one bewitched.
The swinging torches, the monotonous chanting, the perfumed incense all combined to make me what I had never been before, somewhat of an idolater.

At last some one touched me and spoke. It was General Ling, and he asked if I were ready. I looked out through a crack in a paper window and saw it was growing dark. Already my Cossacks were awaiting my signal of flames. Already the *Dulcette* had lifted anchor and was in full heat to be off. I tightened my belt, felt of my pistols, and answered him:

"Yes."

VI. THE CUE OF A QUEUE.

The darkness was not altogether due to coming night, for a storm was blowing in from the murky Yellow sea. Yet the long service had lasted to near the day's end, when General Ling came to me.

For some reason I had felt no hurry to

begin the night's work. A strange quiet had come over me, intensified fourfold by the service to which I had altogether given myself up. After three days of intense mental and physical activity, I was enjoying a reaction and recuperation. Not that my fears were dead or my anxieties were forgotten, but from the moment I met General Ling I felt a new confidence in myself and in those about me. He had suffered suspicions for four mortal years — suspicions of every one, including myself. Beside him, and he a heathen and an idolater, I was a coward. His pitiful words respecting his trust in me — "there was nothing else to do" — rang in my ears. How nearly they coincided with my own reluctance in trusting Colonel Li! And I have ever remembered this valuable lesson — to trust those whom I must trust as I trust myself. Upon this motto I had acted since I awoke that morning on the *Dulcette*. Ling and Li had done everything. The sarcophagus was as good as on the *Dulcette*. My Cossacks were no longer needed and were spoiling to return to Keining. Consequently I had written to Colonel Oranoff and stationed them to await my flaming signal to be off. I was particularly glad to be able to dispense with their presence, as the secret of Lynx Island was confined to that many less tongues — and soldiers' tongues are loose at both ends, as all the world knows.

At the conclusion of the final ceremony the priests had been taken to an inner room, where Colonel Li imparted to them the nature of the king's orders touching the immediate removal of the sacred treasure of the temple and the utter destruction of the temple itself. The astonishment of the priests can be imagined, but not the scene which followed. Old men, whose lives had been spent at Ching-ling, came out weeping and moaning. Here and there they leaned against the walls as if to embrace them for a last time. Some crowded about the Image on their knees and prayed with quaking voices. Others, most of them younger, began running about like frightened deer. Some fell into groups in the corners, whispering to each other in their haste.

Evidently fearing that all control over his men might be lost, Colonel Li hastened to read yet another decree from the king. It detailed each priest to service in other temples, and gave to each a sum of money from the royal treasury. This had the desired effect over the younger and most restless of the men, who, otherwise, were

quite beside themselves with disappointment. But many of the older men failed to be reconciled by pecuniary reward. Young men came to older ones, who, sobbing by the wall or praying by the Image, seemed to heed only the first decree.

"Have cheer, father," said a son to an old man by the wall. "You and I are to go to Wun Lung, where King Chan-ning is buried. Have cheer."

"Be silent, son," sharply cried the elder, turning his wet face upon the hopeful youth. "You remember the grave of Chan-ning and forget that of your mother on Lynx Island. What if that is plundered and we become insane? It would be a just reward." The old man's face went back again into his sleeve and by the shaking of his shoulders, I could see he was weeping anew.

Some there were among the soldier-priests whom the second announcement did not quiet. The reason was, I thought, that the destruction of Ching-ling meant they were to go back into the dreary barracks.

Orders were given for the priests to collect their personal effects immediately and to be ready in an hour to assist in the work of removing the sacred treasure. This necessitated great tumult and confusion, particularly in the mud huts. It seemed to me hasty business to ask men to prepare within an hour to leave homes in which they had lived a lifetime; but the need of having the destruction of the temple seem to be a religious observance, and thus less likely to be attributed to the passing of the island into Russian possession, rendered such a course necessary, however summary it might seem.

It was more than an hour before all was in readiness. Except for the extreme foresight of General Ling all would not have been ready then. The storm had swept furiously upon us and torrents of rain fell. To counteract this, General Ling had oil in readiness with which to smear the temple and the straw-thatched roofs. Other combustible material was piled against the temple. Within, the audience room had been stripped of all decorations save the heavy curtain which hid the inner court from view. From this court the Image of Gautama was brought into the center of the temple.

"A hot Nirvana for him," thought I, as I paced restlessly by it amid the confusion, thinking of the end that was approaching it.

After a long wait the priests from the farther building came, in a body, and a more frightened crowd of men I hope I may

never see. Those in the front rank were bold, even surly, but behind them were those who cringed and shrank. Their officers, who now openly asserted their authority, much to my relief, brandished sabers, and urged on the timid with sharp words of command and not a few savage thrusts.

All being ready, General Ling drew back the curtain which hung before the inner court and exposed a great rectangular hole in the floor made by raising the stone flagging above the hallway. A torch was given to each of the foremost men, and, taking a torch himself, General Ling leaped down. The men followed in dead silence, curiosity overwhelming their fears and sorrows, and crowded down the narrow hallway with many muttered exclamations of astonishment. Upon reaching the end of the dark passageway another great opening met their wondering eyes. A large space had been opened directly above the stone stairway. Down the stairs we passed, and the room below and its secret was in plain view.

I looked about me at the peering faces as the men stepped forward to see the contents of the apartment. With his usual foresight, General Ling had had the sarcophagus placed within the wooden case, so that a plain box, five feet high and six feet long, was all that was exposed to view. I did not know how many, if any, of those men dreamed what the box contained, but I thought by the action of some that they suspected that the "sacred treasure" of Ching-ling was a corpse. But, my imagination being a capricious quantity, I put aside idle speculation and went to work with the others.

It was plain that the most difficult task before us—at least within the temple—was to move the box the first step, or up to the hallway above the room in which it rested. The stairway was cut in the solid rock and could not be removed. Moreover it was composed of wide steps and only five of them in number. Ropes were let down and deflected into the room and placed around the box. Repeated trials were made before any gain was made. When, at last, the box was lifted, the ropes could not be raised sufficiently. The weight swung to the steps, and the box struck them with a terrific crash, which showed, for one thing at least, that it was a solid affair and able to stand all that could reasonably be expected of it.

Li did not care to have that experiment repeated, and he inquired immediately if there was not a room directly above that

in which the box stood. General Ling answered affirmatively. Li advised that the floor of that room be taken up to simplify the situation. His suggestion seemed a practical one and the work was instantly begun. A number of men went above and the work of raising the floor and removing the loose dirt was begun. With Colonel Li, I guarded the sarcophagus and ordered those about me to clear away the debris as it fell through the growing aperture. Suddenly and without warning a great slab, loosened from its bed of surrounding dirt, came crashing down upon us. I barely escaped having my leg caught under it, and a priest at my side, who had been especially valuable because of his authority over others and his notable activity and watchfulness, received a terrific blow on the head and sank with a groan between Colonel Li and myself.

Colonel Li jumped quickly to the poor man's rescue, and, with my assistance, drew him from the debris and dust into an adjoining apartment, which I had not seen before, where the soldiers who had guarded the sarcophagus slept. The blow had been received fairly on the head, crushing in the wire net in which Quelpartiens put up their hair, and had inflicted a serious if not fatal wound.

Men were at once sent for water, and I, remembering my flask in the pocket of my greatcoat, went to the temple where I had cast it aside.

As I hurried through the temple of Ching-ling for my whisky-flask, I felt something in the air which gave me a sudden, terrible warning. I thought at first the accident had played a little trick on my nerves, and, as I retraced my steps, I drew away at my flask myself. But no—it was not that. Everything took on a new appearance. I dodged at my own shadow on the walls. Men were hastening by me, running through the halls and the temple, stumbling on the ladders and disappearing through numerous doors. The accident was being reported, thought I, and the simple-minded and superstitious were disturbed by it. Thus I argued the case within me as I ran down the steps into the room where the sarcophagus stood. The room was quite empty. Above me the work of removing the floor continued, the workers having started up a sing-song chant such as Quelpartiens indulge in while working. But below a strange silence reigned. Seeing the torch light in the farther room I hurried thither, flask in hand.

I shall not describe the sight which met my eyes with all its frightfulness of detail. Colonel Li and General Ling were standing near the center of the room looking at each other in speechless horror. In Li's hand was his sword, the blade hidden behind his robe.

On the floor before them lay a headless corpse.

Both men attempted to look at me, but they could not take their eyes from each other. Together they turned like automatons, still staring one another in the face, speechless.

"A sharp stone," I gasped at last, drawing my revolver.

Then, slowly, Colonel Li's other hand came up from his side, drawing after it what seemed to me a black cord. And he raised aloft the head of the corpse at his feet, holding it by the end of its finely braided queue.

"The Chinese!" We three spoke the words simultaneously. Then old Ling dropped his face into his hands, but Li lifted his streaming sword and, with an awful oath, struck again the headless corpse at his feet.

Such was the dramatic announcement of our betrayal in the temple of Ching-ling. Here the destruction of the dynasty was first prophesied.

Feeling my revolver in one hand and my

flask in the other, I replaced the weapon and drank from the flask. Then I passed it to my companions. The liquor restored us. Instinctively drawing our swords, we dashed upstairs. The buildings seemed quite deserted. Here and there, however, we found our men talking in frightened groups, or, unconscious of the disturbance, working away at their various tasks. Crowding them together, Colonel Li, the genius among us, looked them over quickly.

"We are betrayed," he said firmly. "There are none of the priests here who live in the outer building." Then, suddenly, to prove his terrible suspicion, he called a witless fellow from his work and sent him to summon the priests from the outer building back to their work. As the messenger went out, the gates were closed securely.

A deep silence settled over the temple as we waited. But our suspense was not lasting. A rifle crack broke the deathly stillness and its echo rattled long in the rocky canyon of Lynx Island.

Colonel Li was right. We were surrounded by armed servants of the Chinese prince commanded by Chinamen in disguise. With us was the sarcophagus of the queen, the preservation of which determined the destiny of the reigning dynasty.

And the temple was soaked with oil!

VII. THE HOLOCAUST.

Alarm is not so terrible when an enemy is located and his distance measured. Despite the peril of our situation, surrounded as we were in the little temple of Ching-ling by the armed body of treacherous priests who had been corrupted by emissaries of the Chinese prince, our fears were not so acute as when, for a moment each of us looked the other in the eye, a traitorous accusation on each stern lip. As our suspicions of one another lifted, and we counted a score of men left with, and still faithful to, the treasure, a great weight rolled from my heart, and I could see that General Ling and Colonel Li experienced like relief.

Honor and praise to those two brave, faithful men on that night; not because it was their last night on earth, but because, brought suddenly to bay by the cruel foe so long feared, they showed the stern stuff of which they were made. In spite of the many aspersions cast upon their race by the unknowing world, I remember with awe the courage of those men, and realize something

of what millions of other hearts may be capable of enduring, though they be oriental and heathen.

Caught once by the deceptive wire head-dress, Colonel Li first determined to thwart further danger from that source, lest there be traitors still among us. Accordingly, one by one, the trembling priests were made to kneel while their hair was loosened from the netting where such strange secrets might lurk. As the long hair fell down over the face and shoulders of each, and testimony of faithfulness to the king came from lips parched with fear, we all took fresh heart to make ready for a stout resistance.

A search for arms was instituted by Colonel Li. Knowing of the thoughtfulness of General Ling, I was surprised that the search resulted in producing but two guns. There were perhaps a dozen revolvers at our disposal. Ling, nothing daunted, put out his sentries who could, at least, give warning when the assault came, and summoned all the others within the temple walls.

Even to the most confused among us some things were very plain. There was now no longer any hope of keeping the sarcophagus secreted within the temple. Every traitor had looked upon it, and could find it again wherever in that subterranean apartment we might stow it. Any secret there would be readily unraveled. The only hope was, then, to obtain assistance from without, drive away the villains, and carry the sarcophagus immediately to the *Dulcette*.

I am sure we thought frequently of the enemy without and of his plans, but of this no one so much as spoke. How old was the conspiracy? How had it been effected? Had the conspirators been warned by confederates who reached Lynx Island before us? Had it been disconcerted by the sudden arrival of Colonel Li? What was the object of the conspirators in helping us raise the sarcophagus?—these and a score of other questions I asked myself, but I could give no answer. Our success depended, I felt sure, on the rapidity with which I could get my Cossacks into this canyon of Lynx Island. Of them I was confident, and so was Li; he did not mention his own body of horse at this juncture of our affairs, and I did not anticipate he would! However, I felt like kneeling to the man, as he stood there in the temple surrounded by his trembling priests, to ask him to forgive my suspicions of him, however creditable they may have been to the earnestness of my own loyalty.

Plans having been decided upon, we went at once to raise the sarcophagus to the temple area, ready to be transported at the moment of the arrival of assistance—if, indeed, assistance should ever come! We mustered twenty men, four of the priests belonging within the temple walls having bolted out of the gates with the others and now, doubtless, their prisoners; though I thought Ling and Li were hoping that they had gone to summon help. The work went on more rapidly than I had feared it would. The aperture above the box we found quite completed. Slowly we lifted the dead weight by sheer strength of arm and shoulder. Once in the narrow hallway, we made a quick journey to the second opening, and there lifted it again. Silently we laid the treasured coffin of the queen in the area of the temple, and covered it with a drapery made of the great curtain which had formerly hung before the inner court.

This done, I bethought me of another duty. I quickly let myself down into the lower hallway and hastened toward that

bloody ante-chamber. As I descended the stone steps the skirt of a Quelpartien robe disappeared through the door toward which I was hurrying. Placing my hand on my revolver I went on without flinching. It was General Ling, moved to come here by a similar motive. Together we moved the body to the bed, and Ling (for I could not) arranged it in proper position there. He then came out with me and ascended the wide stone steps, weeping.

I made a hurried round of our guards. All was quiet. No one had appeared, though we could hear footsteps of sentries without walking guard about the walls. Now and again we heard stones rolling from the sides of the canyon, and, when it became evident that our court was being watched from those heights, the carrying of torches was forbidden.

I returned to the temple. I had considered the whole situation and had determined, myself, to make the attempt to summon assistance. The officers had just ended a discussion as I entered, and I found I was anticipated. Messengers were to be chosen by lot until an answer was received from without. I went to Li and quickly put an end to this arrangement.

"You may draw my name first, Colonel Li," I said, "for I shall be the first to go."

The good man raised his hands to object, but I would not let him interrupt. "I can get through if another can," I continued, "and once through, I can quickest get our yacht into service and reach Wun Chow and my Cossacks."

"But, sir," broke in rough old Ling, "you are most likely to drop dead in your tracks once over that wall."

"As well dead there as here," I said, as gruffly.

"Or captured alive and—" This was from Li. He did not finish, for he saw me start.

"Faugh!" I burst out, partly to encourage myself (for Li's suggestion would have daunted a more headstrong man even than myself), "I do not fear the cowards. Moreover, a foreigner would fare better in their hands than a native." And Li, who knew me best, yielded first; then Ling acquiesced, but inconsolable, as one could well see. I guessed at a selfish reason and spoke to him, and what I said struck home:

"If I get through it will make your son a captain. Let us not both die—for his sake."

So it came about that I attempted the

journey down the cliffs of Lynx Island that night. It was certain, as old Ling said while he helped me get ready, that I was running a most murderous gauntlet. But in my heart I preferred it to remaining in the temple. In such times I am quite a coward if I cannot be in action. Many a man has led a rout because he could not lead a charge.

As I crossed the court in the darkness the nearest sentry was standing still, listening. Ling, Li, and I stopped too. Now and again the trampling of many feet approached the wall, retiring immediately, but to return again. It was quite unintelligible to me, and I noticed the men were anxious that I be gone. I crossed to the farther wall, where all was still. The sentry without trudged by toward the corner. I sprang upon a straw-thatched roof, and climbed from it to the wall, where I lay down, looking over. Nothing was audible save the tread of the returning sentry. His head was five feet below me. I leaned farther over to add my arm's length to that of my sword. Unconscious of his peril the fool walked under me, and then sank lifeless to the ground without a groan.

I fell after him and not an instant too soon. At that moment a form came quickly to the corner and, uttering a single but piercing exclamation, fled into the darkness. I, too, ran, unwittingly obeying what must have been a command, for as I ran I realized I was not alone. Here and there others were stumbling like myself over rocks and falling heavily into the ravine. I stopped once to listen, but all I heard was the sound of rolling stones started from their places by hurrying feet.

But it was not my duty to inquire into the reason of this strange flight of the besiegers of the temple. My duty was to get my Cossacks at the earliest possible moment, and I ran on to the crest of the canyon where I paused to breathe before risking my

life on the cliffs below. The hillside was all rocks. One by one I reached for them and slid and fell forward to the next, sometimes with good fortune, but more often evil. Now and again I paused in my flight to gain my breath, or measure the extent of my latest injury.

I must have been more than half way down for I had fallen again, and I was lying quite helpless where I fell watching the lights on the yacht below me, when—it was as though a volcano had burst beneath me—a dull, unearthly roar sent a million echoes ringing in the rocky canyon, and reverberating sharply among the hills beyond Wun Chow. A light, as of a descending comet, suddenly lit up the thunderheads over Lynx Island; then the duller glare of burning buildings filled the sky. The temple of Ching-ling had been blown up!

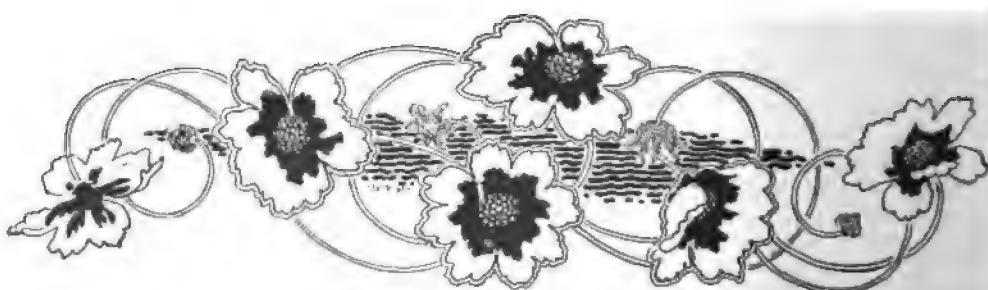
As I lay there, dazed, a vast quantity of delayed explanations seemed to come to my distracted mind—explanations for all the miscellaneous phenomena which accompanied the complete triumph of the emissaries of the Chinese Prince Tuen. Then I thought of the good men—God have pity on their darkened souls—who had died beside the treasure.

The treasure! What of it? I knew too well the answer. There was now no sacred sarcophagus. There was now no body of the queen to bury, though a nation was preparing for the imperial pageant, but four days off! And the dynasty—it too was doomed now—with every relative of the late queen.

All this swept over me as I lay in the utter darkness on the hillside. Then, on the land breeze which came with the storm, I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs on the distant hills.

The signal of flames had been given! My flying column of Cossacks was off for Keining—with that letter of good news to Colonel Oranoff.

(To be continued.)



A LIVING SOUL VISITS HELL.

BY CHU SEOUL BOK AND VINCENT VAN MARTER BEEDE.

(After the Chinese of Gai Hong See.)



In the Province of Foo-Ken, County of Chung Chow, there lived a Master of Arts named Ding Lan, whose side name was Mung Ling. On the ninth day of the ninth month of his twenty-fourth year he made ready to celebrate the Festivity of Dong Goh ("Go Up"), an event dear to the scholars, who give their thoughts an upward tendency by climbing mountains and flying kites. With a small jar of wine under his arm, Ding worked his way up the mountain, the sound of the wind among the trees delighting his ears. Near the summit he sat down in the shade of a tree and poured wine. Strange to say, there arose a swirling wind which filled the air about him with dry yellow leaves. These appeared to obey an invisible master.

"Is a spirit passing by?" Ding asked himself. Pouring three cups of wine, he tossed them into the air. Then the leaves settled, and he dropped into a doze. There appeared to him a man clothed in dark blue, who said, bowing low:

"Ding, it is kind of you to serve me these three cups of wine."

"May I inquire who you are?" answered Ding, much taken back.

"Not a man," said the stranger, "but a Messenger of the Court of Hell—a spirit on the way to carry a letter to Sing Wong, Agent of my Supreme Ruler. Now, I am fond of wine, and when, a moment ago, I detected its fragrance, a feeling of want came over me. You have abundantly quenched my thirst, and I am grateful."

"You must know everything about Hell," remarked Ding. "I have heard that in the World of the Dead Who Have Sinned there are Eighteen Departments, or Jails. Is this so? I have often desired to visit Hell. Can you take me there?"

"The matter, my friend, can be arranged more readily than the picking up of a bean, for to do that you must stoop down."

"Will you be sure to bring me back?"

"Yes."

Suddenly the pair were in a sunless place crowded with people coming and going forever. In front of a large building the Man in Dark Blue said:

"Wait here until I have reported to my Prince. In case I am detained by a press of business, have patience."

Ding read on a door these words:

"Of ten thousand evils, infidelity is the worst. Of hundreds of good deeds, duty to parents is the best."

Ding's eyes turned to the people, some seated in closed chairs, others in cages; some bound with chains, others counting money; some emerging happy-faced from the building, others crying bitterly; some clothed in long silk gowns, others in rags. Many were formed partly like dogs, horses, cows, or sheep. The Messenger in Blue came back after an hour with an apology for his delay.

"So far as I can see," observed Ding, "in the World Above things are the same that they are here. I have studied the Books of the Sages for a long time, but my stomach¹ is still full of doubt as to doings in Hell. In the Upper World the happiness of man lasts less than a hundred years."

"Creation," added the Messenger, "has granted to doers of great good heavenly happiness extending over one hundred thousand years. Confucius, Quantai, and Joss at this moment are enjoying such bliss. As for evil doers, torment of a similar duration awaits them. The infamous Chowchow is receiving his just dues while I am speaking."

"Lead on, good friend, to the Eighteen Departments," suggested the curious Ding.

The pair journeyed to a place so dark and cold that Ding shivered with goose-flesh.

"What do you want?" shouted a Prison Keeper to Ding.

"He is my friend," said the Messenger.

In the First Ward there was a man with a cow's head and the face of a horse. His expression was ferocious as he beat a condemned spirit with a scourge composed of small iron pipes four feet long. The spirit was hung from a rope, and as soon as he was beaten thoroughly from head to foot, another spirit was tied in his place. When the victims cried in anguish Cow's Head answered:

"You must acknowledge that you have beaten men in the Upper World. Now it is my turn to beat you."

These spirits are largely women who have maltreated their servants, and men who have secured money from defenseless persons.

¹ According to Chinese philosophy, the seat of the understanding.

Others are schoolmasters who have been cruel to their pupils.

Suddenly a prisoner appeared whose hat bore magisterial buttons. His shoes were covered with tape, and a string of beads rattled about his neck. This personage was official not only in his rich clothes, but in his firm, fearless manner of walking. Cow's Head threw the mighty man to the ground, and stripped him quickly enough. He started to kick, much to the amusement of Cow's Head, who asked if he were insane.

"Your impudence is big," screamed the official. "Do you know who I am? Are you trying to rob me?"

Cow's Head laughed softly.

"What do you take me for? I am a government official. All the people call me 'Your Majesty.' What law have I offended?"

Cow's Head replied:

"The trial court which convicted you said you offered bribes, and sold justice freely—acts worse than robbery. The Court commands me to give you eight hundred lashes. I will argue no longer. A bad official ought to be beaten harder than anybody else."

So stout and soft-fleshed was the Magistrate that only a few blows caused him to yell like the Thunder God of Heaven.

"I don't want to be an official any longer," he groaned. "I prefer to be known as a common robber, thereby getting less lashes."

At this the other prisoners roared with laughter.

Here, there, and everywhere the condemned were suspended five feet from the floor, some quiet, others moaning. To each was fastened a tag on which was written the nature of the offense, and the number of blows—from two hundred to a thousand—allotted. A man with a book in his hand was telling off prisoners in the order of their beating. Certain ones were led away to be changed into dogs, cats, and various beasts, others to be thrown into dungeons. On the wall behind the Roll-Call Officer Ding read:

"Those who do evil must suffer for the evil done."

Ding, wondering, said: "How many sinners there are, above and below!"

The Messenger answered: "Within the Four Oceans, and among the Eighteen Provinces live many people, good and bad. The bad always mingle with the good. Officers of the Upper World can punish only a small number of offenders; the majority live un-

disturbed. Crimes committed in the hearts of men cannot be dealt with on earth; therefore punishment down here influences both the wicked heart and the wicked body. Woe to all who cannot face the Justice of the Spirit! Those who sin only in their hearts go forever unpardoned. The tiger in the deep woods of the mountain may not have eaten man's flesh, but we know him to be a wild beast, just the same. The tiger's mouth may be undefiled, but in his heart is the desire for human flesh."

"Well said, well said," commented Ding.

In the Second Department naked people, black as coal and thin as bamboo, lay in beds on their backs or sides, held down by large stones, with hands and feet bound.

"The World's Wickedness," continued Ding, "is due to evil thoughts. A busy man has no time to think of evil."

"Those beds," said the Messenger, "contain people who on earth plotted wickedness while they reclined lazily. You see them punished for fraud, forgery, and deceit thought out by their stomachs and acted upon by their hearts."

"Why are others lifted in scales, their faces lacerated with knives?"

"They were two-faced."

"Why do these drink muddy water?"

"They made money dishonestly."

"A pity, a pity!"

"You say it is pitiable—their present condition; the Hell God says it is hateful."

In the Third Department Ding inquired: "Why are these deprived of their tongues and lips?"

"They have caused discord among friends by means of their diseased mouths. They spoke trickily."

"Why have these lost their eyes?"

"They were the proud. They did not turn their eyes upon the needy."

"Why do these lack soles to their feet?"

"They were kidnappers, and those who led the innocent into paths of sin."

"These have no stomachs!"

"Because of what their stomachs plotted. . . . Crimes unpunished here have been punished sufficiently in the Upper World, where sickness follows sinners all their days, or their children become bad. In Hell there is a law for every case."

In the Fourth Department men were being ground in a mill.

"Oh, what sin has brought about this sickening reparation?" shrieked Ding.

"Hatefulness of children to parents."

"Fearful!"

"Disobedience to parents, O Ding, is the worst sin in the world. During infancy and childhood we exhaust the heart's blood of our parents and spend their money freely. Shall we turn our backs upon them when we are grown? Even a dog knows how to bow his head and wag his tail in gratitude to his master, and a poor cow willingly serves under the yoke of her lord. Only the son treats his parents with coldness."

Fifty steps farther Ding watched souls in readiness to be cut in pieces by Executioners.

"These," said the Messenger, "are Buddhist priests and priestesses who have broken their vows. Because their vows were religious, their punishment is three times greater than that of ordinary men and women."

"There are plenty of good priests on earth," reflected Ding.

"The good ones all go to heaven, or are sent back to the Upper World, where they are placed in high positions. The baser priests are thrown into the Starving Dungeon, or transformed into brutes."

Near by, there was more grinding in the mill. Executioners whipped the mill-horses unceasingly. Ding turned his face away. Later on he said:

"I notice many women. Their disposition is proverbially mild. Why should they suffer so severely?"

"Women of the world," answered the Messenger, "are reputed to have good temperaments, and virtue which is not small. As a large tree may bear withered leaves, so among women evil exists in company with virtues. The offenses most common with womankind are disobedience to husbands, undutifulness to brothers-in-law, and the stirring up of family discord."

In the Fifth Department victims were being flung into blazing furnaces, and cauldrons of boiling oil.

"What have these done?" asked the Master of Arts.

"They are big frauds," replied the Man in Dark Blue.

"Why are their cries of pain continuous?"

"Their bodies are dead, but their souls live. The pain of the world ends with death; the pain of Hell is everlasting."

"It grows late; I must go home, good Messenger."

"So? Why, there are thirteen more Departments!"

"Well, let us go on for a while longer."

A multitude of men and women were standing, or sitting in chairs, or stretched on beds; and in every person was embedded

a nail. As Ding was hurrying around a corner he encountered the spirit of his sister-in-law — the wife of his older brother! She was sitting upon a rock, her feet chained, and a large nail protruding from her heart. At the sight cold sweat covered Ding's face and back.

"Strange!" he whispered. "When I left the house this morning my brother's wife was in bed, and screaming with pain. Is it possible that in this short time she has died, been buried, and banished?"

Ding shed large tears.

"Is this your sister-in-law?" asked the Messenger.

Ding nodded.

Here the Prison Keeper joined in, saying: "Your sister-in-law is not dead. What you behold is merely her living soul."

"How long has — it — been here?" questioned Ding.

"About three years."

Ding said, sighing deeply: "I perceive why my sister has had for three years a pain in the region of her heart. All medical skill has been exhausted, and great sums of money have been spent in prayers and charms, without any improvement in her condition. How could it occur to any of us that she was being nailed through the heart? What has my sister done that she must suffer so?"

"I will tell you," replied the Keeper. "She has always been cruel to your brother's concubine. Yes, your sister, jealous because she had no children of her own, and fearing lest the concubine, because she had a son, would become endeared to her husband, thrust a needle into the heart of the child, and he died after a day and a night. The father and mother cursed their ill luck, and thought the boy had died from taking cold. The Kitchen God reported the murder to the Supreme Ruler, who sent an order to the Hell God, who immediately arrested your sister's soul, which is now undergoing torture."

"Good justice well done!" said Ding, with warmth. "Who could guess her guilt? Heaven truly has eyes. Alas that my poor little nephew is dead! . . . But sister has atoned for her act. I pray you, take out the nail!"

"No," replied the Keeper. "So doing is beyond my power. I am under order of the Hell God."

"Is there no way by which her agony can be relieved?"

"Yes; one thing she can do; — change her heart and stomach."

"That," assented Ding, "is according to moral principles. You are right. . . . Good Messenger, it grows late; I must go."

The Messenger took Ding by the hand until they had walked swiftly back to the place where they first met; and here the two parted.

Ding woke up to find the wine jar upset and the wine gone. It was sundown when he picked up his legs and ran home as fast as he could. On entering the house he heard his sister-in-law cursing his brother's concubine in these words:

"You do not even know how to mix my medicine! It is too strong! Do you want to kill me? So you have the upper hand in this house, have you? I know you!"

Ding persuaded her to calm her passion.

Replied Ho See (for this was her name): "I am in great pain! How can I bear it?"

"Your suffering is no one's fault but your own," said Ding.

"How, pray, have I brought it upon myself? Your brother does not look upon me as his wife, his concubine does not look upon me as her mistress, you do not look upon me as your sister. You all want to get me out of the way!"

"Ah soh ('dear sister-in-law'), you are worse than dead!"

"What?"

"Your soul has been three years in Hell."

"You must have seen the Devil, to utter such words!"

"You have hit upon the truth. Truly, I have seen the Devil."

"How?"

Ding related his adventures. At their conclusion Ho See wailed:

"Oh, what have I done? What have I done that they should nail me?"

"You have been cold-blooded."

"Have I tried to eat you up?"

"No, you never have bitten me; but you murdered my nephew."

Ho See pounded on the table in her rage.

"Such an accusation!" she fumed. "Your nephew died when an infant. Every one knows it—heaven and earth know it! You are crazed with drink to accuse me of this wicked stomach! I cannot count the tears I have shed over that boy. When his name is mentioned my heart feels as though it were pricked by a thousand needles. What evidence have you? If you have none, I pray I may die immediately; that in the form of a spirit I may torture your soul!"

Ding laughingly answered:

"Sister, you are truly kind-hearted.

Perhaps you imagine I do not know that on the third day of my nephew's existence you pierced his heart with a needle."

Ho See, turning pale, tremblingly answered:

"May the Thunder God strike you!"

"He will not trouble me. Your conscience, the record of your deeds, will tell you I knew nothing of the murder until I visited Hell. What will my brother, who has been spending so much on doctor's bills, say when he hears this tale?"

Ho See's mouth softened as she said in a low tone, with downcast head:

"I confess. You are not scaring me—or lying? Now I know why my disease has resisted the skill of surgeons, and the prayers of priests, blind men, and spiritualists. Ah, Ding, why didn't you pull out the nail?"

"The Keeper would not permit me."

"Then must I suffer until death?"

"Unless—so said the Keeper—you change your heart and stomach. Put away wickedness, and replace it by kindness. Then possibly you may recover." Ding left Ho See with these words.

Ho See lay in bed, thinking right and left. When she recalled the murder, her better nature overcame her, and she said: "Other women are filled with gladness when they hear of the birth of a boy. Here in my own house a child was born who would have called me 'Mother.' He would be four years old today. How happy I would be at this moment to have him run to my bedside, calling, 'Ama! Ama!'"

Ho See laid her hand on her mouth and wept quietly. She murmured with sighs and sobs:

"O little one under the Nine Fountains, I pray you not to blame me!" She did not cease weeping until her eyes were dried away.

Ordering the servants to bring incense and tables, she set up in an open court an altar of sacrifice, before which she knelt. What she said no one knew. This much is certain, that she returned to bed with stomach and heart renewed. She became goodness itself, treating the concubine as a sister. If anything went wrong, she used the soft mouth and the low voice. Her disease healed without drugs, and in a short time she was completely cured. She did many good deeds, and people far and near were benefited by her kindness. When, three years later, Ho See and the concubine each gave birth to a son, they were happy. And they both died of old age.

ASSEMBLY CALENDAR.

SEASON OF 1901.

CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK.—July 3-August 29. Recognition Day, August 14.
ALBANY, GA.—March and April.
ALLERTON, IOWA.—August 20-27.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—July 7-28.
BEATRICE, NEB.—June 21-July 4. Recognition Day, July 8.
BIG STONE LAKE, SOUTH DAKOTA.—June 27-July 12. Recognition Day.
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—July 26-August 5.
CLINTON, ILL.—August 16-26.
CHETEK, WIS.—July 13-28.
CHESAPEAKE, CHAUTAUQUA BEACH, MD.—July 1-31.
CARTHAGE, MO.—June 18.
CONNECTICUT VALLEY, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.—July 9-19. Recognition Day, July 18.
CLARINDA, IOWA.—August 15-29.
CENTRAL NEW YORK, TULLY LAKE, NEW YORK.—August 10-25. Recognition Day, August 15.
CLOUDCROFT, NEW MEXICO.—June 17.
CARMEL GROVE, BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK.—July 27-August 11.
CREAL SPRINGS, ILL.—July 4-11. Recognition Day, July 10.
CENTRAL ILLINOIS, MECHANICSBURG, ILL.—August 16-27.
DANVILLE, ILL.—August 1-16. Recognition Day, August 13.
DELAVAN, WIS.—July 24-August 4.
DE FUNIAK SPRINGS, FLA.—February 14-April 2.
EAGLESMORE, PA.—July 18-August 29.
EPWORTH PARK, BETHELEMY, OHIO.—July 31-August 14. Recognition Day, August 12.
FORT SMITH, ARK.—June 9-17.
GRIMSBY PARK, ONTARIO, CANADA.—July 1-August 31.
HEDDING, NEW HAMPSHIRE.—July 24-August 15.
ISLAND PARK, ROME CITY, IND.—July 24-August 15. Recognition Day, August 8.
IOWA FALLS, IOWA.—August 4-16.
JACKSON, GA.—July 7-13.
KANKAKEE, ILL.—July 19-28.
LAKE MADISON, SOUTH DAKOTA.—June 26-July 12. Recognition Day, July 11.
LEXINGTON, KY.—June 25-July 5. Recognition Day, July 2.
LAKESEDGE, FINDLEY LAKE, N. Y.
LAKESEDGE, OHIO.—July 10-August 11. Recognition Day, August 9.
LANCASTER, OHIO.—August 10-18. Recognition Day, August 16.
LAKE ORION, MICH.—August 1-22. Recognition Day, August 9.
LITHIA SPRINGS, ILL.—August 10-26. Recognition Day, August 20.
LONG BEACH, CAL.—July 15-26. Recognition Day, July 26.
LOUISIANA, RUSTON, LA.—July 1-28. Recognition Day, July 17.
LAKE CONTRARY, ST. JOSEPH, MO.—July 21-August 4.
LAKE CHAMPLAIN, BURLINGTON, Vt.—July 10-August 6.
MIDLAND, DES MOINES, IOWA.—July 2-16. Recognition Day, July 16.
MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, MD.—August 1-28. Recognition Day, August 15.
MONTEAGLE, TENN.—July 3-August 28. Recognition Day, August 19.
MAYSVILLE, MO.—
MONONA LAKE, MADISON, WIS.—July 18-August 2. Recognition Day, August 1.
MARINETTE, WIS.—August 1-12.
MT. VERNON, OHIO.—July 15-29.
MADISON, IND.—July 4-11.
MAINE CHAUTAUQUA UNION, FRYEBURG, ME.—July 16-August 31. Recognition Day, August 21.
MIAMI VALLEY, FRANKLIN, OHIO.—July 26-August 5.
NORTH DAKOTA, DEVIL'S LAKE, N. D.—June 28-July 22. Recognition Day, July 19.
OTTAWA, KANSAS.—June 24-July 5. Recognition Day, July 3.
OCEAN GROVE, N. J.—July 8-18. Recognition Day, July 18.
OCEAN PARK, OLD ORCHARD, ME.—July 26-September 2. Recognition Day, August 9.
PACIFIC GROVE, CAL.—July 23-August 3. Recognition Day, July 30.
PIASA BLUFFS, ILL.—July 18-August 15. Recognition Day, August 8.
PENNSYLVANIA, MT. GRETNNA, PA.—July 2-August 8. Recognition Day, August 1.
PONTIAC, ILL.—July 25-Aug. 7. Recognition Day, August 6.
PLAINVILLE, CONN.—July 24-31. Recognition Day, July 31.
PEORIA, ILL.—July 2-11.
PETERSBURG, ILL.—August 8-22. Recognition Day, August 16.
ROCK RIVER, DIXON, ILL.—July 24-August 8. Recognition Day, July 31.
ROCKY MOUNTAIN, PALMER LAKE, COLO.—July 5-August 9. Recognition Day, August 9.
ROUND LAKE, N. Y.—
SPIRIT LAKE, IOWA.—July 17-August 1. Recognition Day, July 29.
SELLERSVILLE, PA.—Recognition Day, July 13.
SHASTA RETREAT, CAL.—July 3-8.
SILVER LAKE, N. Y.—
SOUTHERN OREGON, ASHLAND, OREGON.—
SMITHVILLE, OHIO.—August 17-September 2.
TAVARES, FLA.—March.
TWIN CITY, URBANA, ILL.—August 16-25. Recognition Day, August 23.
TEXAS-COLORADO, BOULDER, COLO.—July 4-August 9.
URBANA, OHIO.—July 21-31. Recognition Day, July 30.
WATERLOO, IOWA.—July 10-24. Recognition Day, July 22.
WINFIELD, KANSAS.—July 2-11. Recognition Day, July 5.
WILLAMETTE VALLEY, OREGON CITY, OREGON.—July 3-13. Recognition Day, July 11.
WINONA LAKE, IND.—July 1-August 27. Recognition Day, August 6.
WATHENA, KANSAS.—July 27-August 4. Recognition Day, August 2.
WAXAHACHIE, TEXAS.—July 24-August 5.



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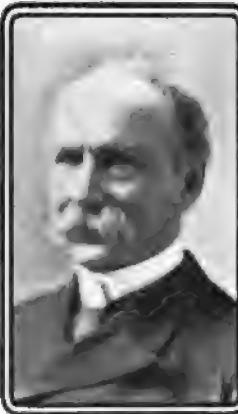
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CHAUTAUQUA

A SYSTEM OF POPULAR EDUCATION

CALENDAR FOR 1901.

Opening of the Season, July 3.	Children's Day, August 8.
Opening of Summer Schools, July 6.	Aquatic Day, August 9.
Pan-American Day, July 9.	Grange Day, August 10.
Woman's Day, July 18.	Tennis Tournament, August 13.
C. L. S. C. Rallying Day, August 1.	Recognition Day, August 14.
Field Day, August 2.	Improvement Day, August 15.
Missionary Institute, August 3, 4 and 5.	Schools Close, August 16.
Old First Night, August 6.	National Army Day, August 17.
Denominational Day, August 7.	Golf Tournament, August 20.
Season Closes, August 29.	

Program of the 28th Annual Assembly,

July 3—August 29.

During the many years of Chautauqua's history there has at no time been so marked a growth in all branches of its work as that shown in the last three years. 1899 marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Assembly and also the advent of a new régime in the management and organization of the many departments of the Summer City. Interests theretofore divided were amalgamated and administered from a common center. Wide interest was awakened by the infusion of new life into the various channels of the work and marked and radical changes were instituted in the physical side of Chautauqua as well as in its administrative policy. At that session the increase in attendance over previous years amounted to twenty per cent, and last season, under more adverse conditions, the visitors were equal in number. Again 1901 promises to be the greatest in Chautauqua's history. There is an especial national interest in the Pan-American Exposition to be held at the very gates of the Assembly, and the Chautauqua program is in every way worthy of the attention which it is attracting. The names of Governor Odell, President Harper, Joseph Jefferson, General Lee, John McNeil, Dr. Talmage, Senator Fairbanks, Dr. Gunsaulus, Dr. Francis E. Clark and Dr. W. S. Ament, add unusual strength to an otherwise strong array of men of prominence in the educational field who will speak at Chautauqua this summer.

As this is the German-Italian year in the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, these subjects will receive special attention in the popular program. Among the lectures offered will be a series on Rome by Mr. Percy M. Reese, lecture on Italy by Prof. George E. Vincent, and a lecture course on the German Influence in American Literature by Prof. M. D. Learned of the University of Pennsylvania. Also Round Tables by Prof. F. J. Miller of the University of Chicago, Prof. Otto Hel-

ler of Washington University, and Dr. Geo. D. Kellogg of Yale.

The Summer Schools have been strengthened in proportion to the growing demands made upon them. A summer school for library training has been added as a distinct department. It will be directly in charge of librarians of wide reputation. Special classes in Spanish and English for visitors to the Exposition have been added to the School of Modern Languages. Radical changes have been made in the nature study work in which the Nature Study department of Cornell will directly coöperate with Chautauqua and instructors from that institution will be in immediate charge. Instruction for children has also been unified and graded for all ages from the kindergarten to the graduate adult. Special courses in manual training, nature study, history and music will be offered in the Boys' and Girls' Clubs, and vacation classes will be organized for children between the ages of the kindergarten and the clubs. In the other departments new courses have been added and additional instructors engaged.

It is interesting to note that there were more than 42,000 visitors at Chautauqua last season who were free to attend the 300 public exercises, and 2,634 students attended 112 courses in the summer schools conducted by 74 instructors.

Chautauqua is becoming more and more a convention center. The International Executive Sunday School Committee will meet at Chautauqua on Friday, August 2. The Hon. Hoke Smith of Georgia is president of the International Association; B. F. Jacobs of Chicago is chairman of the Executive Committee.

In addition to the usual Chautauqua excursions it will also be possible this year for visitors to the Assembly to take advantage of the Pan-American rates to Buffalo, which is but two hours distant.



PROPOSED BUSINESS, OFFICE AND DORMITORY BUILDING.

CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

General Offices—CLEVELAND, O.

Summer Sessions—CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

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 CLEM STUDEBAKER, President.
 GEORGE E. VINCENT, Principal of Instruction.
 WILSON M. DAY, First Vice-President and Chairman
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 CHESTER D. MASSEY, Third Vice-President.
 IRA M. MILLER, Secretary.
 WARREN F. WALWORTH, Treasurer.

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Division of Home Reading.

KATE F. KIMBALL, Executive Secretary Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.
 FRANK CHAPIN BRAY, Editor Chautauquan. JOHN M. SIDDALL, Assistant Editor Chautauquan.

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Bureau of Extension.
 FRANK A. CATTERN, Director.
Bureau of Accounting and Finance.
 ERNEST S. HOUGH, Director.

DIVISION OF POPULAR LECTURES AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

LECTURERS.



GOVERNOR O'DELL.

22-23.

Miss Anna Barrows, Editor of *American Kitchen Magazine*. July 24.

Mrs. Emily M. Bishop, of New York. July 8, 19, August 3.

Dr. Amory H. Bradford, of Montclair, N. J. July 8-12, 14.

Mr. Frank Chapin Bray, Editor of *The Chautauquan*. August 19.

Dr. J. M. Buckley, Editor of *New York Christian Advocate*. August 6-9.

Mrs. Abby Snell Burnell, of Oberlin, O. August 5.

Prof. Richard Burton, of The University of Minnesota. August 12, 13, 15-17.

Dr. George S. Burroughs, of Oberlin College. July 16-19.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant, of London, England. July 18.

Mr. William S. Cherry, of Africa. August 27, 28.

Prof. Anna B. Comstock, of Cornell. July 16.

President Wm. H. Crawford, of Allegheny College. July 22.

Mr. Melvil Dewey, Supt. of the New York State Library. July 15.

Dr. William H. Drummond, of Montreal, Canada. July 11, 12.

Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore, of *McClure's Magazine*. July 31.

Dr. W. A. Duncan, of Syracuse, N. Y. July 25.

Dr. George Elliott, of Detroit, Mich. Aug. 1.

Miss S. Maria Elliot, Boston. July 20.

Hon. C. W. Fairbanks, Senator from Indiana. August 24.

Prof. John H. Finley, of



SENATOR CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.



MAJ.-GEN. FITZHUGH LEE, U. S. A.

Princeton. July 3, 4, 5, 6.

Mr. I. V. Flagler, of Auburn, N. Y. July 5, August 19, 20, 22, 23.

Rev. F. D. Gamewell, of China. August 6.

Dr. O. P. Gifford, Buffalo, N. Y. July 3, 4, 5.

Principal G. M. Grant, of Queen's College, Kingston, Canada. July 7, 14, 21.

Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, July 6, 7, 8.

President William R. Harper, of The University of Chicago. August 14.

Prof. A. B. Hart, of Harvard. Aug. 19-24.

Prof. Otto Heller, of Washington University. July 31.

Dr. P. S. Henson, of Chicago. July 25-26.

Miss Amalie Hofer, Editor of the *Kindergarten Magazine*, Chicago. August 2, 10.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard, East Aurora, New York. August 26.

Dr. Albert L. Hudson, Buffalo. July 12.

Dr. Lincoln Hulley, of Bucknell University. July 29-31, August 4, 11-16.

Dr. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, Corresponding Secretary of the M. E. Sunday School Union.



PRES. WILLIAM R. HAEBERLE.

Mr. George Wharton James, of Los Angeles, Cal. July 20, 22, 24.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson, of Buzzards Bay, Mass. August 15.

Dr. George D. Kellogg, of Yale. Aug. 8.

Mr. Henry M. Ladd, of Cleveland, O. August 22.

Prof. M. D. Learned, of The University of Pennsylvania. July 22-26.

Major-General Fitzhugh Lee, U. S. A. August 17.

Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, of New York. July 28-August 2.

Capt. Charles McIlvaine, of Fitzgerald, N. C. July 13, 21.

Dr. John McNeil, of Scotland. August 11.

Prof. F. J. Miller, of The University of Chicago. August 5, 6.



MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

CHAUTAUQUA PROGRAM.



PROF. ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

July 9.

Mr. Percy M. Reese, of Baltimore, Md. July 9, 11, 13.

Dr. George L. Robinson, of McCormick Theological Seminary. August 21-23, 25-27.

Dr. A. W. Rudisill, of India. August 4.

Prof. Colin A. Scott, Stevens Point, Wis. August 5-9.



DR. LINCOLN HULLEY.

20, 21.

Mr. Frank W. Taylor, Buffalo, N. Y. July 11.

Dr. J. M. Thoburn, Jr., of Allegheny Pa. August 19-20.

Mr. A. T. Van Laer, of New York. July 4, August 12.

Prof. George E. Vincent, of The University of Chicago. July 29, August 20.

Mr. Leon H. Vincent, of Philadelphia. August 12-16.

Prof. Frederick W. Williams, of Yale. July 15-19.

Prof. Charles Zeublin, The University of Chicago, August 15.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, of Roxbury, Mass. August 1, 2.



PRES. W. H. CRAWFORD.

Prof. R. G. Moulton, of The University of Chicago. July 28, 29.

Hon. B. B. Odell, Governor of the State of New York. August 10.

Dr. W. F. Oldham, of Chicago. August 5, 6, 7, 9, 10.

Miss Katharine E. Oliver, of Chicago. July 3, 5.

Dr. Selim H. Peabody, Director of Liberal Arts, Pan-American Exposition.

READERS.

Mme. Bertha Kunz-Baker, of New York. July 15, 17.

Mrs. Isabel Garghill Beecher, of Evanston, Ill. August 19, 21.

Prof. S. H. Clark, of The University of Chicago. July 8, 30.

Mr. Edmund Vance Cooke, of Cleveland, O. July 23.

Mrs. Martha S. Gielow, of Greensboro, Ala. July 26, 29, 30.

Miss Gay Zenola MacLaran, of New York. August 28, 29.

Mr. Leland Powers, of Lexington, Mass. August 7, 8, 10.

Miss A. Kate Wisner, of Northwestern University. July 20.



DR. ROBERT S. MACARTHUR.

MUSICIANS.

Miss Grace Lillian Carter, of Boston, Contralto. July 3-17.

Children's Choir, under Miss Harriet E. Brown, to be organized early in July.

Dr. Carl Dufft, of New York City, Bassoon. July 8-29.

Mr. Ben Franklin, of Troy, N. Y., Tenor. July 8-29.

The Grand Chorus, under Dr. H. R. Palmer, will be organized July 3, and drilled daily throughout the season. Readers of music admitted.



DR. F. W. GUNSAULUS.

The Chautauqua Guitar and Mandolin Club, under the direction of Mrs. Anna B. Robertson.

Mr. Gustav Holmquist, of Chicago, Bassoon. July 18-August 7.

Mr. John Lawrence Knowles, of New York City, Bassoon. July 3-17.

Miss Georgia A. Kuber, of the Sherwood Music School, Chicago, Pianist. July 6-August 16.

Mr. L. S. Leason, Musical Director Temple College, Philadelphia, Assistant to Dr. Palmer.

Mr. Sol Marcosson, of Cleveland, O., Violinist. July 6-August 16.

Dr. H. R. Palmer, of New York, Conductor and Com-



DR. AMORY H. BRADFORD.

PROF. R. G.
MOULTON.

poser. July 6-August 29. *Rogers' Band and Orchestra*, a well-drilled organization, playing both brass and stringed instruments, giving daily twilight promenade concerts, and taking part in Grand Concerts. July 18-August 29.

Mrs. Ada M. Sheffield, of Chicago, Soprano. July 3-17.

Mr. William H. Sherwood, of the Sherwood Piano School, Chicago, Composer, Teacher and Virtuoso. July 8-August 16.

Mr. Charles E. Sindlinger, of Chicago, Tenor. July 18-August 7.

Mr. Edward Strong, of New York City, Tenor. July 3-17.

Mrs. E. T. Tobey, of Memphis, Tenn., Pianist. July 6-August 16.

Mrs. Charles H. Trego, of Chicago, Soprano. July 18-August 7.

Miss Minnie C. Vesey, of Nashville, Contralto. July 18-August 7.

Mr. Henry B. Vincent, of Erie, Pa., Piano Soloist and Accompanist. July 3-August 29.

Mr. J. Harry Wheeler, of New York, Author of "Vocal Physiology and Singing."

Mme. Lowe Wichmann, of New York City, Contralto. August 8-29.

Mme. C. Schultze Wichmann, of New York City, Soprano. August 8-29.

DR. P. S.
BENSON.MISS AMALIE
HOFFER.

Aug. 25. *Dr. George L. Robinson*.

THE CLASSIFIED PROGRAM.

SERMONS.

July 7. *Dr. F. W. Gun-saulus*.

July 14. *Dr. Amory H. Bradford*.

July 21. *Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage*.

July 28. *Dr. Robert S. MacArthur*.

Aug. 4. *Dr. A. W. Rudisill*.

Aug. 11. *Dr. John McNeil*.

Aug. 18. (To be announced.)

The Expansion of Europe.

Prof. John H. Finley.
July 3-6.

The Siege in Peking. *Rev. F. D. Gamewell*. August 6.

The Spanish-American War. *Senator C. W. Fairbanks*. August 24.

Savonarola. *President W. H. Crawford*. July 22.

Some Roman Preachers. *Dr. F. J. Miller*. August 6.

Italy of Today. *Dr. George D. Kellogg*. August 8.

MRS. ORMISTON
CHANT.

LECTURES.

HISTORICAL.

American History in the Nineteenth Century.

Dr. Edward E. Hale. August 1 and 2. The Development of Modern China. *Prof. Frederick W. Williams*. July 15-19.

1. The Manchu Conquest. 2. The Coming of the Europeans. 3. The Opening of China. 4. The Rebellion Cycle. 5. The Causes of the Recent Crisis.

The Monroe Doctrine. *Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart*. August 19-24.

The Empire of the Czar—The Great Bear of the North. *Dr. Robert S. MacArthur*. August 1-2.

1. The Russia of Yesterday. 2. The Russia of Today and Tomorrow.

LITERARY.

The Drama. *Mr. Joseph Jefferson*. August 15.

The Modern Novel. *Prof. Richard Burton*. August 12-17.

1. The Early Days of Fiction. 2. The Novel of Character. 3. The Triumph of Realism. 4. Realism Degenerate. 5. The Return of Romance.

Poets of the Eighteenth Century. *Prof. Stockton Axson*. July 15-19.

1. James Thomson. 2. Thomas Gray. 3. George Crabbe. 4. William Cowper. 5. Robert Burns.

The German Influence in American Literature. *Prof. M. D. Learned*. July 22-26.

1. Influence of German Philosophy and Theology in America. 2. England as a Mediator of German Literature in America. 3.

MR. LORADO
TAFT.DR. JOSIAH
STRONG.

CHAUTAUQUA PROGRAM.

SUPT. THOMAS M.
BALLIET.

Longfellow's Relation to German Literature. 4. The German Impulse in American Literature. 5. German Lyric Poetry of America.

The Religious Conceptions of Shakespeare. *Prof. R. G. Moulton.* July 29.

Masters of English Prose and Verse (1798-1851). *Mr. Leon H. Vincent.* August 12-14, 17.

1. William Wordsworth.
2. Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
3. Sir Walter Scott.
4. Walter Savage Landor.
5. John Ruskin.

The Poets of the People. *Dr. Lincoln Hulley.* July 29-31.

1. Eugene Field and the Children.
2. Robert Burns and his Humanity.
3. James Whitcomb Riley.

An Ancient Roman Comedy in Modern Dress. *Dr. F. J. Miller.* August 5.

SOCIOLOGICAL.

Our Republic. *Major-General Fitzhugh Lee.* August 17.

A Social Study of the South. *Prof. Ernest A. Smith.* July 9-13.

1. Industrial Independence and Isolation.
2. The Life of the Quality and the Lowly.
3. The Making of the Sinews of War.
4. Prodigality and Privation During the War.
5. Economic and Educational Awakening.

Roycroft Ideals. *Mr. Elbert Hubbard.* August 26.

The Slavic World. *Dr. Edward A. Steiner.* August 19-23.

1. The Countries of the Slavs.
2. Characteristics of the Slavs.
3. Social Conditions Among the Slavs.
4. Slavic Custom.
5. Religion, Superstition and Folk-lore of the Slavs.

The Tyranny and Necessity of Culture. Anti-Christian, Unchristian and Christian Socialism. *Dr. J. M. Buckley.* August 7, 8.

Social Experiments of the Nineteenth Century. *Miss Amalie Hofer.* August 2.

New Conditions Confronting the New Century. *Dr. Josiah Strong.* July 27.

Nature Study Problems. *Prof. Anna B. Comstock.* July 15.

Woman, Old and New. *Mrs. Ormiston Chant.* July 18.

Safe Side of Life for Young Men. *Col. George W. Bain.* August 5.

PROF. RICHARD
BURTON.

Experiencing Health. *Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.* July 8.

The Healthful House. *Miss S. Maria Elliot.* July 20.

Menachee, the Impersonation of a High Caste Hindoo Woman. *Mrs. Abby Snell Burnell.* August 5.

PEDAGOGICAL.

Recognition Day Address. *President William R. Harper.* August 14.

The Tendencies of Education. *Dr. F. W. Gunsalus.* July 6.

Habit. Some European Schools and School Systems. *Supt. Thomas M. Balliet.* July 22, 23.

The Education of the Child. *Prof. Colin A. Scott.* Aug. 5-9.

1. Jesus as a Teacher.
2. Children's Ideas of Immortality.
3. Periods of Psychic Growth and Strain.
4. Suggestion and Imagination.
5. Social Factors of Christianity as Affecting Education.

Observations of Child Life in Southern Europe. *Miss Amalie Hofer.* August 10.

Love Thyself. *Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.* August 3.

RELIGIOUS AND BIBLICAL.

The Christian Life. *Dr. Robert S. MacArthur.* July 29, 30, 31. August 2.

1. The Christian and Himself.
2. The Christian and the World.
3. The Christian and his Lord.
4. The Christian and the Church.

The Book of Revelations from the Literary Point of View. *Prof. R. G. Moulton.* July 28.

The Religious Life. *Dr. Amory H. Bradford.* August 8-12.

1. The Unseen Universe.
2. The Voices of the Soul.
3. The Conception of God.
4. The Meaning of Salvation.

The Social Laws of Jesus. *Dr. Josiah Strong.* July 22-26.

1. The Social Ideal of Jesus.
2. Service.
3. Sacrifice.
4. Love.
5. The Social Teachings of Jesus—the Solution of Modern Social Problems.

Bible Studies. *Principal G. M. Grant.* July 7, 14, 21.

1. The Work of Jesus as Prophet.
2. The Work of Jesus as Priest.
3. The Work of Jesus as King.

Devotional Hours. *Dr. George L. Robinson.*

PROF. F. W.
WILLIAMS.MR. WILLIAM S.
CHERRY.DR. WILLIAM H.
DRUMMOND.



DR. ELBERT HUBBARD.

August 21, 22, 23, 26, 27.

1. The First Recorded Words of Jesus. 2. The Conclusion of Old Testament Philosophy. 3. The Hebrews' Manual of Devotion. 4. How we got our Bible. 5. Christ in Prayer.

Devotional Hours. *Dr. O. P. Gifford.* July 3-5.

1. Consider Christ. 2. Concerning Conscience. 3. God's Unspeakable Gift.

Bible Studies. *Dr. Lincoln Hulley.* August 4, 11.

Devotional Hours. *Dr. W. F. Oldham.* August 5, 6, 7, 9.

1. The Use of Prayer. 2. Concerning the Divine Providence. 3. Prayer for China. 4. Prayer for India.

The Ethical Elements in Religion. *Dr. George S. Burroughs.* July 16-19.

1. The Old Testament and Character. 2. The New Testament and Character. 3. Personal Salvation and Character. 4. Authority in Religion and Character.

The World-wide Significance of Home Missions. *Dr. George Elliott.* August 1.

The Home Department of the Sunday School. *Dr. W. A. Duncan.* July 25.

Christianity and the Other Religions. *Dr. W. F. Oldham.* August 10.

Devotional Hours. *Dr. J. M. Thoburn, Jr.* August 19, 20.

1. New Testament Puritanism. 2. The Soul's Awakening.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Grange Day Address. *Governor B. B. Odell.* August 10.

Glimpse of a Sculptor's Studio. *Mr. Lorado Taft.* August 13.

Five Points of Americanism. *Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus.* July 8.

Science of Good Cheer. *Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage.* July 20.

The Pan-American Exposition. *Directors of the Departments of the Exposition.* July 8-12.

1. The Architectural Plan of the Exposition.
2. The Scope of its Organization and Field of Exhibits Covered.
3. The Electrical Features of the Exposition.
4. The Industrial Aspects of the Exposition.
5. Educational Aspects and Significance from the Pan-American Point of View.

The New Century Public Library. *Mr. Melvil Dewey.* July 5.

The Pilgrims Who Did Not Come Over in the Mayflower. *Dr. Amory H. Bradford.* July 9.

The Hall of Fame. *Dr. J.*



MRS. MINNIE C. VERNY.

M. Buckley. August 6.

Life in Central Africa. *Mr. William S. Cherry.* August 27.

Songs and Stories of the South—Mammy's Reminiscences. *Mrs. Martha S. Gielow.* July 26.

The Century Search Light. *Col. George W. Bain.* August 3.

Question Box. *Dr. J. M. Buckley.* August 9.

Tracks of a Tenderfoot Grumblers, or the Philosophy of Life. *Dr. P. S. Henson.* July 25, 26.

Master Musicians. *Mr. I. V. Flagler.* August 19-23.

1. Joseph Haydn. 2. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. 3. Ludwig von Beethoven. 4. Richard Wagner.

Rights and Duties. *Dr. O. P. Gifford.* July 4.

Mycology. *Capt. Charles McIlvaine.* July 13, 27.

1. Toadstools, Their Structure, Growth and Habitat.
2. Toadstools, Their Properties and Uses.

What the Voice Reveals. *Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.* July 19.

Round Table. *Mr. Frank Chapin Bray,* August 19.

READINGS.

Lord Chumley. The Taming of the Shrew. *David Garrick.* *Mr. Leland Powers.* August 7, 8, 10.

Modern Fiction. As You Like It. *Mrs. Isabel Garghill Beecher.* August 19, 21.

Readings. *Mr. S. H. Clark.* July 8, 30.

The Habitant. *Johnnie Courteau.* *Dr. William H. Drumond.* July 11, 12.

L'Aiglon. *Christie Johnston.* *Mme. Bertha Kunz-Baker.* July 15, 17.

Scenes from the Old Plantation Days. *Mrs. Martha S. Gielow.* July 30.

Readings from his own Verses. *Mr. Edmund Vance Cooke.* July 23.

An Evening with Scotch and American Authors. The Sky Pilot. *Miss Katherine E. Oliver.* July 3, 5.

A Kentucky Cardinal. *Miss A. Kate Wisner.* July 20.

Little Lord Fauntleroy. Sign of the Cross. *Miss Gay Zenola MacLaran.* August 28, 29.

CONVENTIONS AND CONFERENCES.

Woman's Day. July 18.

Missionary Institute. August 3, 4, 5.

Old First Night. August 6.

Denominational Day. August 7.

Grange Day. August 10.

Recognition Day. August 14.



MR. IRLELAND POWERS.



MRS. MARTHA S. GIELOW.

CHAUTAUQUA PROGRAM.



MR. GUSTAV HOLMQUIST.

National Army Day. August 17.
Improvement Day. August 15.
Deaconess Convention. August 1, 2.
C. L. S. C. Councils and Class Reunions.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURES.

Rome, Ancient and Modern. *Mr. Percy M. Reese.* July 9, 11, 13.
I. Old Rome in the Twentieth Century. 2. The Latest Discoveries in the Forum and Vicinity. 3.

A Morning Ramble Around Rome.

Rembrandt, Man and Painter. Three English Cathedrals. *Mr. A. T. Van Laer.* July 4, August 12.

Our Bodily Mansion. *Dr. William Seaman Bainbridge.* July 16.

Southwestern America. *Mr. George Wharton James.* July 20, 22, 24.

1. The Pueblo of Zuni and its People.
2. The Hopi and Their Snake Dance.
3. In and Around the Grand Canyon.

Colonial Virginia. *Mrs. Martha S. Gielow.* July 29.

Bird Friends. *Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore.* July 31.

American Sculpture and Sculptors. *Mr. Lorado Taft.* August 14.

Italy. *Prof. George E. Vincent.* August 20.

Color Photography. *Mr. Henry M. Ladd.* August 22.

A Journey Through the Slavic World. *Dr. Edward A. Steiner.* August 24.

Elephant Hunting in Equatorial Af-

A MEMBER OF THE AFRICAN BOY CHOIR

rica. *Mr. William S. Cherry.* August 28.

MUSICAL.

Organ Recitals. *Mr. I. V. Flagler.* Frequently during the season.

Concerts. July 3, 6, 12, August 29.

Grand Concerts. July 10, 17, 19, 24, 26, 31, August 2, 7, 14, 16, 21, 23, 27.

Oratorio. *The Messiah.* August 8.

Open Air Band Concerts. *Rogers Band.* Daily except Sundays. July 18-August 29.

DR. CARL DUFFEY.



ENTERTAINMENTS.

Prize Spelling Match. July 10.

Athletic Exhibition. July 18.

Prize Pronunciation Match. July 23.

South African Choir. August 1, 3.

Two evenings of Magic. *Germaine.* August 3, 5.

Children's Entertainment. August 8.

Illuminated Fleet and Fireworks. Au-

gust 9.

Feast of Lanterns and Promenade Concert. August 13.

Annual Gymnastic Exhibition. Au-

gust 16.

Plays. *Chautauqua Dramatic Club.*

The Obstinate Family. July 25,

27. A Scrap of Paper. August 15, 17.

Track and Field Meet. August 2.

Regatta. *Chadakoin Boat Race.*

August 9.

Street Pageant. August 7.



CHAUTAUQUA EMBLEM.

As heretofore announced, Chautauqua is to have an emblem for its banners and uniforms. It will be an Old English "C" of golf red in the center of a circle, on a gray or white background. The base-ball team is to be newly uniformed in becoming gray, and no longer shall we see this fine set of fellows playing in motley suits of many colleges. The emblem will also be seen upon the athletic uniforms and all banners given as prizes for the different races. A special Field Day will be held on August 2d, at which there will be contests in all

branches of track and field sports. The records will be preserved and a list exhibited in the trophy room. On Aquatic Day, August 9, will be held the annual Chadakoin Boat Race, yacht and canoe races and swimming contests. The popularity of this day has been growing steadily and the Chautauqua shells have been refitted and several new sailing craft have been added to the already formidable fleet in anticipation of the event. There will also be the usual tennis and golf tournaments.





THE AMPHITHEATER—THE HEART OF CHAUTAUQUA.

THE SCHEDULE OF DAILY LECTURES, CONCERTS, ETC.

(Subject to Change.)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3.

OPENING DAY.

A. M. 11:00—*Chautauqua Convocation*: Opening prayer. Formal announcement of opening of Twenty-eighth Annual Assembly: Principal Vincent. Reading of message from the Chancellor. Address.
P. M. 2:30—*Lecture*: I. “The Expansion of Europe.” Prof. John H. Finley.
 “ 3:30—*Concert*: Mrs. Ada M. Sheffield, Soprano; Miss Grace Lillian Carter, Contralto; Mr. Edward Strong, Tenor; Mr. John Lawrence Knowles, Basso; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. Henry B. Vincent, Pianist.
 “ 5:00—*Devotional Hour*: “Consider Christ.” Dr. O. P. Gifford.
 “ 8:00—*Readings*: “An Evening with Scotch and American Authors.” Miss Katharine E. Oliver.
 “ 9:30—Lighting Chautauqua Signal Fires around the Lake.

THURSDAY, JULY 4.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: “Concerning Conscience.” Dr. O. P. Gifford.
 “ 11:00—*Lecture*: II. Prof. J. H. Finley.
P. M. 3:00—*Independence Day Exercises*: Address: “Rights and Duties.” Dr. O. P. Gifford.
 “ 8:00—*Illustrated Lecture*: “Rembrandt, Man and Painter.” Mr. A. T. Van Laer.
 9:15—*Fireworks*: Lake Front.

FRIDAY, JULY 5.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: III. “God’s Unspeakable Gift.” Dr. C. P. Gifford.
 “ 11:00—*Organ Recital*: Mr. I. V. Flagler.
P. M. 3:00—*Lecture*: III. Prof. J. H. Finley.

P. M. 8:00—*Readings*: “The Sky Pilot.” Miss Katharine E. Oliver.

SATURDAY, JULY 6.

OPENING OF THE SUMMER SCHOOLS.

A. M. 10:00—*Lecture*. IV. Prof. J. H. Finley.
 “ 11:00—*Opening of the Summer Schools*: Address, “The Tendencies of Education.” Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus.

P. M. 3:00—*Concert*: Mrs. Ada M. Sheffield, Soprano; Miss Grace Carter, Contralto; Mr. Edward Strong, Tenor; Mr. J. Lawrence Knowles, Basso; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. H. B. Vincent, Pianist; Choir, under the direction of Dr. H. R. Palmer.
 “ 8:00—*Reception* to the Faculties and Students of the Summer Schools, Hotel Athenaeum.

SUNDAY, JULY 7.

A. M. 9:00—*Bible Study*: I. “The Work of Jesus as Prophet.” Principal G. M. Grant.
 “ 11:00—*Sermon*: Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus.
P. M. 3:00—*Assembly Convocation*.
 “ 5:00—*C. L. S. C. Vesper Service*.
 “ 7:45—*Sacred Song Service*.

MONDAY, JULY 8.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: I. “The Unseen Universe.” Dr. Amory H. Bradford.
 “ 11:00—“The Pan-American Exposition.” I. “The Architectural Plan of the Exposition.”
P. M. 2:30—*Lecture*: “Five Points of Americanism.” Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus.
 “ 5:00—*Lecture*: “Experiencing Health.” Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.
 “ 8:00—*Readings*: Mr. S. H. Clark.

CHAUTAUQUA PROGRAM.

TUESDAY, JULY 9.

PAN-AMERICAN DAY.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: II. "The Voices of the Soul." Dr. A. H. Bradford.

" 11:00—*Lecture*: II. "The Scope of the Organization and Field of Exhibits Covered at the Exposition." Dr. Selim H. Peabody.

P. M. 2:30—*Lecture*: "The Pilgrims Who did not Come Over in the Mayflower." Dr. Amory H. Bradford.

" 5:00—*Lecture*: "A Social Study of the South." I. "Industrial Independence and Isolation." Prof. Ernest A. Smith.

" 8:00—*Illustrated Lecture*: Rome I. "Old Rome in the Twentieth Century." Mr. Percy M. Reese.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: III. "The Conception of God." Dr. A. H. Bradford.

" 11:00—*Lecture*: III. "The Electrical Features of the Exposition."

P. M. 3:00—*Grand Concert*: Mrs. Ada M. Sheffield, Soprano; Miss Grace L. Carter, Contralto; Mr. Edward Strong, Tenor; Mr. J. Lawrence Knowles, Basso; Mr. William H. Sherwood, Pianist; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. Sol Marccoli, Violinist; Mr. H. B. Vincent, Accompanist; Choir, under direction of Dr. Palmer.

" 5:00—*Lecture*: II. "The Life of the Quality and Lowly." Prof. E. A. Smith.

" 8:00—*Prize Spelling Match*.

THURSDAY, JULY 11.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: IV. "The Meaning of Salvation." Dr. A. H. Bradford.

" 11:00—*Lecture*: IV. "The Industrial Aspects of the Exposition." Mr. Frank W. Taylor.

P. M. 2:30—*Readings*: From "The Habitant." Dr. William H. Drummond.

" 5:00—*Lecture*: III. "The Making of the Sinews of War." Prof. E. A. Smith.

" 8:00—*Illustrated Lecture*: Rome II. "The Latest Discoveries in the Forum and Vicinity." Mr. Percy M. Reese.

FRIDAY, JULY 12.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: V. "The Test of Discipleship." Dr. A. H. Bradford.

" 11:00—*Lecture*: V. "Educational Aspects and Significance from the Pan-American Point of View." Rev. Albert L. Hudson.

P. M. 2:30—*Readings*: From "Johnnie Courteau." Dr. William H. Drummond.

P. M. 5:00—*Lecture*: IV. "Prodigality and Privation During the War." Prof. E. A. Smith.

" 8:00—*Concert*: Choir; Mrs. Ada M. Sheffield, Soprano; Miss Grace L. Carter, Contralto; Mr. Edward Strong, Tenor; Mr. J. Lawrence Knowles, Basso; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. Henry B. Vincent, Pianist.

SATURDAY, JULY 13.

A. M. 10:00—*Lecture*: "Toadstools, Their Structure, Growth and Habitat." Capt. Charles McIlvaine.

" 11:00—*Lecture*: V. "Economic and Educational Awakening." Prof. E. A. Smith.

P. M. 2:30—*Address*: Dr. Frances E. Clark.

" 8:00—*Illustrated Lecture*: Rome III. "A Morning Ramble Around Rome." Mr. Percy M. Reese.

SUNDAY, JULY 14.

A. M. 9:00—*Bible Study*: II. "The Work of Jesus as Priest." Principal G. M. Grant.

" 11:00—*Sermon*: Dr. Amory H. Bradford.

P. M. 3:00—*Assembly Convocation*.

" 5:00—*C. L. S. C. Vesper Service*.

" 7:45—*Sacred Song Service*.

MONDAY, JULY 15.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*.

" 11:00—*Lecture*: "The Development of Modern China." I. "The Manchu Conquest." Prof. Frederick W. Williams.

P. M. 2:30—*Lecture*: "The New Century Public Library." Mr. Melvil Dewey.

" 5:00—*Lecture*: "Poets of the Eighteenth Century." I. "James Thomson." Prof. Stockton Axson.

" 8:00—*Dramatic Reading*: "L'Aiglon." Mme. Bertha Kunz-Baker.

TUESDAY, JULY 16.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: "The Ethical Elements of Religion." I. "The Old Testament and Character."

" 11:00—*Lecture*: II. "The Coming of the Europeans." Prof. F. W. Williams.

P. M. 2:30—*Lecture*: Prof. Anna B. Comstock.

" 5:00—*Lecture*: II. "Thomas Gray." Prof. Stockton Axson.

" 8:00—*Illustrated Lecture*: "Our Bodily Mansion." Dr. William Seaman Bainbridge.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: II. "The New Testament and Character."

" 11:00—*Lecture*: III. "The Opening of China." Prof. F. W. Williams.

P. M. 2:30—*Grand Concert*: Choir; Orchestra; Mrs. Ada M. Sheffield, Soprano; Miss Grace L. Carter.

Contralto; Mr. Edward Strong, Tenor; Mr. J. Lawrence Knowles, Basso; Mr. Sol Marcossen, Violinist; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. H. B. Vincent, Pianist.

P. M. 5:00—*Lecture:* III. "George Crabbe." Prof. Stockton Axson.

" 8:00—*Dramatic Reading:* "Christie Johnstone." Mme. Bertha Kunz-Baker.

THURSDAY, JULY 18.

WOMAN'S DAY.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour:* III. "Personal Salvation and Character."

" 11:00—*Lecture:* IV. "The Rebellion Cycle." Prof. F. W. Williams.

P. M. 2:30—*Address:* (Under the Auspices of Chautauqua Woman's Club.) "Woman, Old and New." Mrs. Ormiston Chant.

" 5:00—*Lecture:* IV. "William Cowper." Prof. Stockton Axson.

" 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert.*

" 8:00—*Athletic Exhibition* under the direction of the Chautauqua School of Physical Education.

FRIDAY, JULY 19.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour:* IV. "Authority in Religion and Character."

" 11:00—*Lecture:* V. "The Causes of the Recent Crisis." Prof. F. W. Williams.

P. M. 2:30—*Lecture:* V. "Robert Burns." Prof. Stockton Axson.

" 5:00—*Lecture:* "What the Voice Reveals." Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.

" 8:00—*Grand Concert:* Choir; Orchestra; Mrs. Charles H. Trego, Soprano; Miss Minnie C. Vesey, Contralto; Mr. Charles E. Sindlinger, Tenor; Mr. Gustav Holmquist, Basso; Mr. William H. Sherwood, Pianist; Mr. Sol Marcossen, Violinist; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. Henry B. Vincent, Accompanist.

SATURDAY, JULY 20.

A. M. 10:00—*Lecture:* "The Healthful House." Miss S. Maria Elliot.

" 11:00—*Reading:* "A Kentucky Cardinal." Miss A. Kate Wisner.

P. M. 2:30—*Lecture:* "Science of Good Cheer." Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage.

" 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert.*

" 8:00—*Illustrated Lecture:* "The Pueblo of Zuni and its People." Mr. George Wharton James.

SUNDAY, JULY 21.

A. M. 9:00—*Bible Study:* III. "The Work of Jesus as King." Principal G. M. Grant.

" 11:00—*Sermon:* Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

P. M. 3:00—*Assembly Convocation.*

" 5:00—*C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.*

" 7:45—*Sacred Song Service.*

MONDAY, JULY 22.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour:* "The Social Laws of Jesus." I. "The Social Ideal of Jesus." Dr. Josiah Strong.

" 11:00—*Lecture:* "The German Influence in American Literature." I. "Influence of German Philosophy and Theology in America." Prof. M. D. Learned.

P. M. 2:30—*Lecture:* "Savonarola." President W. H. Crawford.

" 5:00—*Lecture:* "Habit." Supt. Thomas M. Balliet.

" 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert.*

" 8:00—*Illustrated Lecture:* "The Hopi and Their Snake Dance." Mr. George Wharton James.

TUESDAY, JULY 23.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour:* II. "Service." Dr. Josiah Strong.

" 11:00—*Lecture:* II. "England as a Mediator of German Literature in America." Prof. M. D. Learned.

P. M. 2:30—*Readings:* From his own verses. Mr. Edmund Vance Cooke.

" 5:00—*Lecture:* "Some European Schools and School Systems." Supt. T. M. Balliet.

" 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert.*

" 8:00—*Prize Pronunciation Match.*

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour:* III. "Sacrifice." Dr. Josiah Strong.

" 11:00—*Lecture:* III. "Longfellow's Relation to German Literature." Prof. M. D. Learned.

P. M. 2:30—*Grand Concert:* Choir; Orchestra; Mrs. Charles H. Trego, Soprano; Miss Minnie C. Vesey, Contralto; Mr. Charles E. Sindlinger, Tenor; Mr. Gustav Holmquist, Basso; Mr. William H. Sherwood, Pianist; Mr. Sol Marcossen, Violinist; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. H. B. Vincent, Accompanist.

" 5:00—*Lecture:* "Fire and Fuels." Miss Anna Barrows.

" 8:00—*Illustrated Lecture:* "In and Around the Grand Canyon." Mr. George Wharton James.

THURSDAY, JULY 25.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour:* IV. "Love." Dr. Josiah Strong.

" 11:00—*Lecture:* IV. "The German Impulse in American Literature." Prof. M. D. Learned.

P. M. 2:30—*Lecture:* "Tracks of a Tenderfoot." Dr. P. S. Henson.

" 5:00—*Conference:* "The Home Department of the Sunday School." Dr. W. A. Duncan.

" 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert.*

" 8:00—*Entertainment:* German Prologue. Play. "The Obstinate Family." Chautauqua Dramatic Club.

FRIDAY, JULY 26.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: V. "The Social Teaching of Jesus—the Solution of Modern Social Problems." Dr. Josiah Strong.

" 11:00—*Lecture*: V. "German Lyric Poetry of America." Prof. M. D. Learned.

P. M. 2:30—*Lecture*: "Grumblers, or the Philosophy of Life." Dr. P. S. Henson.

" 5:00—*Readings*: "Songs and Stories of the South—Mammy's Reminiscences." Mrs. Martha S. Gielow.

" 7:45—*Grand Concert*: Choir; Orchestra; Mrs. Charles H. Trego, Soprano; Miss Minnie C. Vesey, Contralto; Mr. Charles E. Sindlinger, Tenor; Mr. Gustav Holmquist, Basso; Mr. William H. Sherwood, Pianist; Mr. Sol Marccoli, Violinist; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. H. B. Vincent, Accompanist.

" 9:15—*C. L. S. C. Reception*: Hotel Athenaeum.

SATURDAY, JULY 27.

A. M. 10:00—*Lecture*: "Toadstools, their Properties and Uses." Capt. Charles McIlvaine.

" 11:00—*Lecture*: "New Conditions Confronting the New Century." Dr. Josiah Strong.

P. M. 2:30—*Address*: Dr. N. S. Ament.

" 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert*.

" 8:00—*Entertainment*: French Prologue. "Une Tempête sous un Crâne ou le Bonheur Conjugal." Play. "The Obstinate Family" (repeated). Chautauqua Dramatic Club.

SUNDAY, JULY 28.

A. M. 9:00—*Bible Study*: "The Book of Revelations from the Literary Point of View." Prof. R. G. Moulton.

" 11:00—*Sermon*: Dr. Robert S. MacArthur.

P. M. 3:00—*Assembly Convocation*.

" 5:00—*C. L. S. C. Vesper Service*

" 7:45—*Sacred Song Service*.

MONDAY, JULY 29.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: I. "The Christian and Himself." Dr. R. S. MacArthur.

" 11:00—*Lecture*: "Nature's Hand." I. "Food Plants and Trees." Mr. Rufus Stanley.

P. M. 2:30—*Lecture*: "The Religious Conceptions of Shakespeare." Prof. R. G. Moulton.

" 4:00—*C. L. S. C. Round Table*: Opening Address. Prof. George E. Vincent.

" 5:00—*Lecture*: I. "Eugene Field and the Children." Dr. Lincoln Hulley.

" 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert*.

" 8:00—*Illustrated Lecture*: A South-

ern evening. "Colonial Virginia." Mrs. Martha S. Gielow.

TUESDAY, JULY 30.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: II. "The Christian and the World." Dr. R. S. MacArthur.

" 11:00—*Lecture*: II. "Bird Blessings." Mr. Rufus Stanley.

P. M. 2:30—*Readings*: Scenes from the "Old Plantation Days." Mrs. Martha S. Gielow.

" 5:00—*Lecture*: II. "Robert Burns and his Humanity." Dr. Lincoln Hulley.

" 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert*.

" 8:00—*Readings*: Mr. S. H. Clark.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: III. "The Christian and his Lord." Dr. R. S. MacArthur.

" 11:00—*Lecture*: III. "Insect Influences." Mr. Rufus Stanley.

P. M. 2:30—*Grand Concert*: Choir; Orchestra; Mrs. Charles H. Trego, Soprano; Miss Minnie C. Vesey, Contralto; Mr. Charles E. Sindlinger, Tenor; Mr. Gustav Holmquist, Basso; Mr. Sol Marccoli, Violinist; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. Henry B. Vincent, Pianist.

" 4:00—*C. L. S. C. Round Table*: Dr. Otto Heller.

" 5:00—*Lecture*: III. "James Whitcomb Riley." Dr. Lincoln Hulley.

" 8:00—*Illustrated Lecture*: "Bird Friends." Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1.

C. L. S. C. RALLYING DAY.

A. M. 9:30—*Meeting of the C. L. S. C. Delegates*.

" 10:00—*Lecture*: Dr. Edward E. Hale.

" 11:00—*Rallying Day Exercises*.

P. M. 2:30—*Lecture*: "The Empire of the Czar—the Great Bear of the North." I. "The Russia of Yesterday." Dr. R. S. MacArthur.

" 4:00—*Reception to C. L. S. C. Delegates*: St. Paul's Grove.

" 5:00—*Public Deaconess Meeting*. Address: "The World-wide Significance of Home Missions." Dr. George Elliott.

" 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert*.

" 8:00—*Entertainment*: South African Choir.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2.

FIELD DAY.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: IV. "The Christian and the Church." Dr. R. S. MacArthur.

" 11:00—*Lecture*: Dr. Edward E. Hale.

P. M. 2:30—*Lecture*: II. "The Russia of Today and Tomorrow." Dr. Robert S. MacArthur.

" 4:00—*Track and Field Contests*: Athletic Field.

P. M. 5:00—*Lecture*: “Social Experiments of the Nineteenth Century.” Miss Amalie Hofer.
 “ 8:00—*Grand Concert*: Choir; Orchestra; Mrs. Charles H. Trego, Soprano; Miss Minnie C. Vesey, Contralto; Mr. Charles E. Sindlinger, Tenor; Mr. Gustav Holmquist, Basso; Mr. William H. Sherwood, Pianist; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. Henry B. Vincent, Accompanist.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3.

MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

A. M. 9:00—*Missionary Conference*.
 “ 10:00—*Lecture*: “Love Thyself.” Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.
 “ 11:00—*Lecture*: “The Century Searchlight.” Col. Geo. W. Bain.
 P. M. 2:30—*Entertainment*: South African Choir.
 “ 4:00—*Missionary Conference*.
 “ 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert*.
 “ 8:00—*Legerdemain*: “Evening of Magic.” “Germaine.”

SUNDAY, AUGUST 4.

MISSION SUNDAY.

A. M. 9:00—*Bible Study*: Dr. Lincoln Huley.
 “ 11:00—*Sermon*: Dr. A. W. Rudisill.
 P. M. 3:00—*Assembly Convocation*.
 “ 5:00—*C. L. S. C. Vesper Service*.
 “ 7:45—*Sacred Song Service*.

MONDAY, AUGUST 5.

A. M. 9:00—*Missionary Conference*.
 “ 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: I. “The Use of Prayer.” Dr. W. F. Oldham.
 “ 11:00—*Lecture*: “Menarchee.” The Impersonation of a High Caste Hindu Woman. Mrs. Abbey Snell Burnell.
 P. M. 2:30—*Lecture*: “Safe Side of Life for Young Men.” Col. George W. Bain.
 “ 4:00—*Missionary Conference*.
 “ 4:00—*C. L. S. C. Round Table*: “An Ancient Roman Comedy in Modern Dress.” Dr. F. J. Miller.
 “ 5:00—*Lecture*: “The Education of the Child.” I. “Jesus as a Teacher.” Prof. Colin A. Scott.
 “ 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert*.
 “ 8:00—*Entertainment*: “Evening of Magic.” “Germaine.”

TUESDAY, AUGUST 6.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: II. “Concerning the Divine Providence.” Dr. W. F. Oldham.
 “ 11:00—*Lecture*: “The Siege in Peking.” Rev. F. D. Gamewell.
 P. M. 2:30—*Lecture*: “The Hall of Fame.” Dr. J. M. Buckley.
 “ 4:00—*C. L. S. C. Round Table*: “Some Roman Preachers.” Dr. F. J. Miller.
 “ 5:00—*Lecture*: II. “Children’s Ideas of Immortality.” Prof. C. A. Scott.

P. M. 8:00—“*Old First Night*” Anniversary of the Opening of the Original Assembly. Short addresses, Chautauqua songs, etc.
 “ 9:30—*Illumination and Fireworks*.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7.

DENOMINATIONAL DAY.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: III. “Prayer for China.” Dr. W. F. Oldham.
 “ 11:00—*Lecture*: “The Tyranny and Necessity of Culture.” Dr. J. M. Buckley.
 P. M. 2:30—*Grand Concert*: Choir; Orchestra; Mrs. Charles H. Trego, Soprano; Miss Minnie C. Vesey, Contralto; Mr. Charles E. Sindlinger, Tenor; Mr. Gustav Holmquist, Basso; Mr. William H. Sherwood, Pianist; Mr. Sol Marccoli, Violinist; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. Henry B. Vincent, Accompanist.
 “ 5:00—*Lecture*: III. “Periods of Psychic Growth and Strain.” Prof. C. A. Scott.
 “ 8:00—*Play*: “Lord Chumley.” Mr. Leland Powers.
 “ 9:15—*Street Pageant and Initiation of Class of 1905*.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8.

CHILDREN’S DAY.

A. M. 10:00—*Young People’s Rally*.
 “ 11:00—*Lecture*: “Anti-Christian, Unchristian and Christian Socialism.” Dr. J. M. Buckley.
 P. M. 2:30—*Play*: “The Taming of the Shrew.” Mr. Leland Powers.
 “ 4:00—*C. L. S. C. Round Table*: “Italy of Today.” Dr. G. D. Kellogg.
 “ 5:00—*Lecture*: IV. “Suggestion and Imitation.” Prof. C. A. Scott.
 “ 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert*.
 “ 7:30—*Entertainment*: Children’s Concert.
 “ 8:30—*Children’s Reception*.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9.

AQUATIC DAY.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: IV. “Prayer for India.” Dr. W. F. Oldham.
 “ 11:00—*Question Box*: Dr. J. M. Buckley.
 P. M. 1:30—*Regatta*: Yacht and Canoe Races; Swimming and Diving Contests; Chadakoin Boat Race.
 “ 5:00—*Lecture*: V. “Social Factors of Christianity as Affecting Education.” Prof. C. A. Scott.
 “ 8:00—*Oratorio* of “The Messiah.” Mme. Schultze Wichmann, Soprano; Mme. Lowe Wichmann, Contralto; Mr. Ben Franklin, Tenor; Dr. Carl Dufft, Basso; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. Henry B. Vincent, Accompanist; Orchestra; Choir, under the direction of Dr. H. R. Palmer.
 “ 9:30—*Illuminated Fleet*.

CHAUTAUQUA PROGRAM.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10.

GRANGE DAY.

A. M. 10:00—*Lecture*: “Observations of Child Life in Southern Europe.” Miss Amalie Hofer.
 “ 11:00—*Lecture*: “Christianity and the Other Religions.” Dr. W. F. Oldham.
 “ 11:00—*Patriotic Concert*.
 P. M. 2:30—*Address*: Hon. B. B. Odell, Governor of the State of New York.
 “ 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert*.
 “ 8:00—*Play*: “David Garrick.” Mr. Leland Powers.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 11.

A. M. 9:00—*Bible Study*: Dr. Lincoln Hulley.
 “ 11:00—*Sermon*: Rev. John McNeil, D. D.
 P. M. 3:00—*Assembly Convocation*.
 “ 5:00—*C. L. S. C. Vesper Service*.
 “ 7:45—*Sacred Song Service*.
 “ 9:00—*Vigil of the Class of 1901*.

MONDAY, AUGUST 12.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: I. “The Formation of a Personal Creed.” Dr. Lincoln Hulley.
 “ 11:00—*Lecture*: “The Modern Novel.” I. “The Early Days of Fiction.” Prof. Richard Burton.
 P. M. 5:00—*Lecture*: “Masters of English Prose and Verse (1798-1851).” I. “William Wordsworth.” Mr. Leon H. Vincent.
 “ 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert*.
 “ 8:00—*Illustrated Lecture*: “Three English Cathedrals.” Mr. A. T. Van Laer.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: II. “A Study in Temptation.” Dr. Lincoln Hulley.
 “ 11:00—*Lecture*: II. “The Novel of Character.” Prof. Richard Burton.
 P. M. 2:30—*Art Lecture*: (with Clay Modeling), “Glimpse of a Sculptor’s Studio.” Mr. Lorado Taft.
 “ 5:00—*Lecture*: II. “Samuel Taylor Coleridge.” Mr. Leon H. Vincent.
 “ 8:00—*Feast of Lanterns and Promenade Concert*.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14.

RECOGNITION DAY.

A. M. 10:00—*C. L. S. C. Assemblage*.
 “ 11:00—*Recognition Day Exercises*: Address, President William R. Harper.
 P. M. 2:00—*Conferring of C. L. S. C. Diplomas*, Class of 1901.
 “ 3:00—*Grand Concert*: Choir; Orchestra; Mme. Schultze Wichmann, Soprano; Mme. Lowe Wichmann, Contralto; Mr. Ben Franklin, Tenor; Dr. Carl Dufft, Basso; Mr. William H. Sherwood, Pianist; Mr. Sol Marcosson, Violinist; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. H. B. Vincent, Accompanist.

1st; Mr. Sol Marcosson, Violinist; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. H. B. Vincent, Accompanist.
 P. M. 5:00—*Lecture*: III. “Sir Walter Scott.” Mr. Leon H. Vincent.
 “ 8:00—*Illustrated Art Lecture*: “American Sculpture and Sculptors.” Mr. Lorado Taft.
 “ 9:00—*Reception* to C. L. S. C. Class of 1901, by the Society of The Hall in the Grove.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: III. “Church Hymns.” Dr. Lincoln Hulley.
 “ 11:00—*Lecture*: III. “The Triumph of Realism.” Prof. Richard Burton.
 P. M. 2:30—*Lecture*: “The Drama.” Mr. Joseph Jefferson.
 “ 4:00—*C. L. S. C. Round Table*: “The Organization of a Library.”
 “ 5:00—*Lecture*: “Civic Improvement.” Prof. Charles Zeublin.
 “ 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert*.
 “ 8:00—*Entertainment. Play*: “A Scrap of Paper.” Chautauqua Dramatic Club.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16.

SCHOOLS CLOSE.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour*: IV. “The Christian Ideal of Self-Sacrifice.” Dr. Lincoln Hulley.
 “ 11:00—*Lecture*: IV. “Realism Degenerate.” Prof. Richard Burton.
 P. M. 2:00—*Annual Exhibition* of the Chautauqua School of Physical Education.
 “ 5:00—*Lecture*: IV. “Walter Savage Landor.” Mr. Leon H. Vincent.
 “ 8:00—*Grand Concert*: Choir; Orchestra; Mme. Schultze Wichmann, Soprano; Mme. Lowe Wichmann, Contralto; Mr. Ben Franklin, Tenor; Dr. Carl Dufft, Basso; Mr. William H. Sherwood, Pianist; Mr. Sol Marcosson, Violinist; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. H. B. Vincent, Accompanist.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17.

NATIONAL ARMY DAY.

A. M. 10:00—*Lecture*: V. “The Return of Romance.” Prof. Richard Burton.
 “ 11:00—*Lecture*: V. “John Ruskin.” Mr. Leon H. Vincent.
 “ 11:00—*Patriotic Band Concert*.
 P. M. 2:30—*Address*: “Our Republic.” Major-General Fitzhugh Lee, U. S. A.
 “ 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert*.
 “ 8:00—*Entertainment. Play*: “A Scrap of Paper” (repeated). Chautauqua Dramatic Club.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18.

A. M. 9:00—*Bible Study*.
 “ 11:00—*Sermon*.
 P. M. 3:00—*Assembly Convocation*.
 “ 5:00—*C. L. S. C. Vesper Service*.
 “ 7:45—*Sacred Song Service*.

P. M. 9:00—*Vigil of the C. L. S. C. Class of 1902.*

MONDAY, AUGUST 19.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour:* "New Testament Puritanism." Dr. J. M. Thoburn, Jr.

" 11:00—*Interpretative Organ Recital:* I. "Joseph Haydn." Mr. I. V. Flagler.

P. M. 2:30—*Lecture:* "The Monroe Doctrine," and "The Isthmus Canal." I. "The Monroe Doctrine of Monroe and John Quincy Adams." Prof. A. B. Hart.

" 4:00—*C. L. S. C. Round Table.* Mr. Frank Chapin Bray,

" 5:00—*Lecture:* "The Slavic World." I. "The Countries of the Slavs." Dr. Edward A. Steiner.

" 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert.*

" 8:00—*Readings:* "Modern Fiction." Mrs. Isabel Garghill Beecher.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 20.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour:* "The Soul's Awakening." Dr. J. M. Thoburn, Jr.

" 11:00—*Interpretative Organ Recital:* II. "Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart." Mr. I. V. Flagler.

P. M. 2:30—*Lecture:* "Polk's Doctrine of the Manifest Destiny; and the First Canal Diplomacy." Prof. A. B. Hart.

" 5:00—*Lecture:* II. "Characteristics of the Slavs." Dr. E. A. Steiner.

" 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert.*

" 8:00—*Illustrated Lecture:* "Italy." Dr. George E. Vincent.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour:* I. "The First Recorded Words of Jesus." Dr. George L. Robinson.

" 11:00—*Lecture:* III. "Seward's Doctrine of *status quo*, and the French Canal." Prof. A. B. Hart.

P. M. 2:30—*Grand Concert:* Choir; Orchestra; Mme. Schultze Wichmann, Soprano; Mme. Lowe Wichmann, Contralto; Mr. Ben Franklin, Tenor; Dr. Carl Dufft, Basso; Mr. Sol Marcossen, Violinist; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. H. B. Vincent, Pianist.

" 4:00—*C. L. S. C. Round Table.*

" 5:00—*Lecture:* III. "Social Conditions among the Slavs." Dr. E. A. Steiner.

" 8:00—*Dramatic Reading:* "As You Like It." Mrs. Isabel Garghill Beecher.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour:* II. "The Conclusion of Old Testament Philosophy." Dr. G. L. Robinson.

" 11:00—*Interpretative Organ Recital:* III. "Ludwig von Beethoven." Mr. I. V. Flagler.

P. M. 2:30—*Lecture:* IV. "The Blaine Doctrine of Leadership in America, and an American Canal." Prof. A. B. Hart.

P. M. 4:00—*C. L. S. C. Round Table.*
 " 5:00—*Lecture:* IV. "Slavic Customs." Dr. E. A. Steiner.
 " 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert.*
 " 8:00—*Illustrated Lecture:* "Color Photography." Mr. Henry M. Ladd.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 23.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour:* III. "The Hebrews Manual of Devotion." Dr. G. L. Robinson.

" 11:00—*Interpretative Organ Recital:* IV. "Richard Wagner." Mr. I. V. Flagler.

P. M. 2:30—*Lecture:* V. "The Olney Doctrine of Sovereignty in America, and the Nicaragua Question." Prof. A. B. Hart.

" 5:00—*Lecture:* V. "Religion, Superstition and Folk-lore of the Slavs." Dr. E. A. Steiner.

" 8:00—*Grand Concert:* Choir; Orchestra; Mme. Schultze Wichmann, Soprano; Mme. Lowe Wichmann, Contralto; Mr. Ben Franklin, Tenor; Dr. Carl Dufft, Basso; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. H. B. Vincent, Pianist.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24.

A. M. 11:00—*Readings:* Mrs. Hugh Hagan.
 P. M. 2:30—*Address:* "The Spanish-American War." Hon. C. W. Fairbanks, U. S. Senator from Indiana.

" 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert.*
 " 8:00—*Illustrated Lecture:* "A Journey Through the Slavic World."

SUNDAY, AUGUST 25.

A. M. 9:00—*Bible Study.*
 " 11:00—*Sermon:* Dr. George L. Robinson.

P. M. 3:00—*Assembly Convocation.*
 " 5:00—*C. L. S. C. Vesper Service.*
 " 7:45—*Sacred Song Service.*

MONDAY, AUGUST 26.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour:* IV. "How we got our Bible." Dr. G. L. Robinson.

" 11:00—*Lecture.*
 P. M. 2:30—*Lecture:* "Roycroft Ideals." Mr. Elbert Hubbard.

" 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert.*
 " 8:00—*Readings:* Mrs. Hugh Hagan.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 27.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour:* V. "Christ in Prayer." Dr. G. L. Robinson.

" 11:00—*Lecture.*
 P. M. 2:30—*Lecture:* "Life in Central Africa." (With exhibition of material collected by the lecturer). Mr. William S. Cherry.

" 8:00—*Grand Concert:* Choir; Orchestra; Mme. Schultze Wichmann, Soprano; Mme. Lowe Wichmann, Contralto; Mr. Ben Franklin, Tenor; Dr. Carl Dufft, Basso; Mr. Sol Marcossen, Violinist; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. H. B. Vincent, Accompanist.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour.*
 “ 11:00—*Lecture.*
 P. M. 2:30—*Reading:* “Little Lord Fauntleroy.” Miss Gay Zenola MacLaran.
 “ 7:00—*Open Air Band Concert.*
 “ 8:00—*Illustrated Lecture:* “Elephant Hunting in Equatorial Africa.” (From photographs taken by the lecturer). Mr. William S. Cherry.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29.

CLOSING DAY.

A. M. 10:00—*Devotional Hour.*
 “ 11:00—*Lecture.*
 P. M. 3:00—*Concert:* Choir; Orchestra; Mme. Schultze Wichmann, Soprano; Mme. Lowe Wichmann, Contralto; Mr. Ben Franklin, Tenor; Dr. Carl Dufft, Bass; Mr. I. V. Flagler, Organist; Mr. Henry B. Vincent, Pianist.
 “ 8:00—*Dramatic Reading:* “Sign of the Cross.” Miss Gay Zenola Mac Laran.

CHAUTAUQUA CLUBS.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB.—Mrs. B. T. Vincent, Greeley, Col., president. (July 18-Aug. 29). A daily session for the presentation of papers and discussions on (1) Education, (2) The Home, (3) Philanthropy, (4) Sociology. The specific topics for 1901 are as follows:

1. A Reunion—Welcome to new Chautauquans.
2. The Club Ideal. A Symposium.
3. Social Ethics. Courtesy and Refinement among Young People versus Respectable Lawlessness.
4. Civic Duties.
5. Bible Study in Clubs.
6. Parliamentary Drill.
7. The Gospel of Rest.
8. Our Reading Time. How to make the most of it.
9. Existing Industrial Conditions.
10. Social Progress in the Churches.
11. The Madonna in Art.
12. The Educational Value of Pictures.
13. Social Settlements.
14. Women's and Young Women's Christian Associations.
15. International Sunshine Society.
16. How to Increase a Love for and the Protection of Every Living Thing.
17. Fiction and Poetry as Factors in Culture and Enjoyment.
18. Daughters of Ceres Clubs.
19. Manual Training and Domestic Science in the Schools.
20. Missionary Societies versus Literary Clubs.
21. Reports of State and Western Federation Meetings.
22. Women's Clubs in the New Century Life.
23. Free Kindergartens.
24. Parents' and Teachers' Unions.
25. Sabbath Observance in Home and Nation.
26. Home Makers' League.
27. Wanted—A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Speech.
28. Physical Culture, Health and Hygiene.

TEMPERANCE TOPICS. Meetings conducted by Mrs. S. M. B. Fry. 1. Savings Banks as Character Builders. 2. A Model Mothers' Meeting. 3. Obstacles to Scientific Temperance Instruction. 4. Saloon Revenue minus Saloon Damages equals What?

MISSIONARY TOPICS. INDIA DAY.—1. The Child Wife and Widow. 2. Christianity's Mission to India. 3. Mission Work through the Stereopticon. 4. The Bible and Missions. 5. Young People and Missions. **CHINA DAY.**—6. The Home Life of Woman. 7. Christian Work in China. Its Obstacles and Successes. **AFRICA DAY.**—8. Women in the Dark Continent. 9. Africa in the Twentieth Century.

THE OUTLOOK.—YOUNG WOMEN'S CLUB.—(July 5-Aug. 29). This organization will hold its ninth annual series of sessions under the leadership of Miss Mary Merington, 181 Lenox Ave., New York. The plan will include the consideration of a wide range of topics interesting and important to young women. A young woman's glee club will be organized from the members of “The Outlook.” The club will also be a factor in the social life of Chautauqua, giving afternoon teas, evening receptions, and conducting other functions. All young women who have passed the age of fifteen will be welcomed as members.

CLUB CLASSES.—Special classes in Nature Study, Manual Training, History and Music will be organized in the Boys' and Girls' Clubs,

open to members of the clubs upon the payment of a small fee.

THE GIRLS' CLUB.—(July 6-Aug. 16). This club for girls between six and sixteen years of age will be under the charge of Miss Helen A. Bainbridge, 34 Gramercy Park, New York City. The first meeting of the club will be held at the C. L. S. C. Hall, July 8, 1901.

The organization will take place on the Saturday preceding. The work of the club will include:

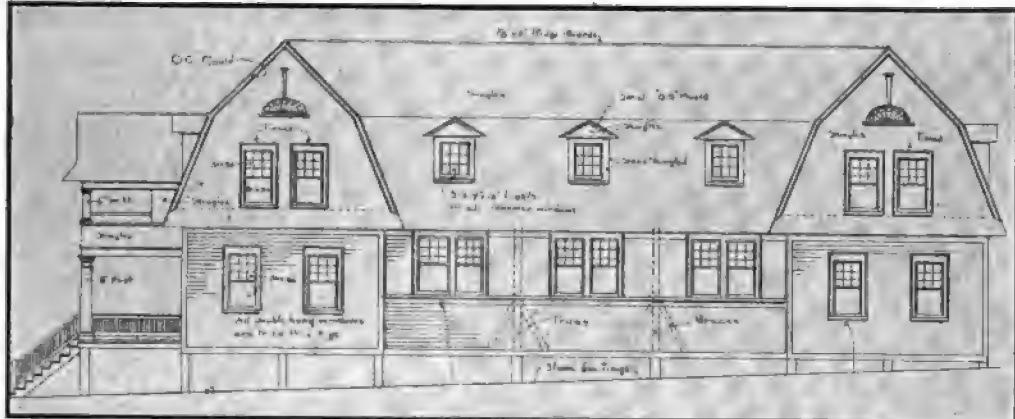
1. Kitchen Garden. Housework, by means of games and songs.
2. Cooking and practical work. Simple talks on the theory of uses and abuses of plain foods.
3. Gymnastics. Every day according to age and physical ability.
4. Sewing.
5. Bathing. Including the care of the children in the water.

Talks will be given on subjects interesting and instructive to the girls. Basket-weaving, cane work and bent-iron work will also be taught. One entertainment a week. A sail on the lake. A gypsy tea, etc., will be provided. The work is supposed to occupy two or more hours daily. Fees, \$1 per week, \$5 for season, in advance.

BOYS' CLUB.—(July 8-Aug. 17). Under the associated management of Dr. William G. Anderson, Yale University Gymnasium, and Dr. James A. Babbitt, Haverford College, Haverford, Pa., to whom all special inquiries should be directed.

A handsome Boys' Club building, erected in 1899, with its well-furnished gymnasium, reading room, manual-training equipment and natural-science department, offers grand opportunity for the mental, moral and physical welfare of the Chautauqua boy. This building is open at all hours during the day and includes locker room and bathing quarters in its equipment. The customary camp will be established at Whiteside under the direction of Camp Master McDonald, and abundant opportunity will be given for genuine camp life, rowing, swimming and fishing.

Regular club work occupies two or three hours daily for six weeks. Established in the new headquarters, every effort will be made to make 1901 a banner year in the history of the Club, and especial importance will be placed upon manual training, natural-science museum collection, and body building gymnastic drill. All Chautauqua boys between the ages of eight and sixteen are eligible to membership.



NEW CLUB HOUSE FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA GIRLS' CLUB.

and from a special advanced section (boys from fourteen to eighteen) a second Chautauqua base-ball team will be formed and games arranged with neighboring teams. Athletic supplies, camp articles, Club costumes, etc., can be purchased at Chautauqua, and all special inquiries should be addressed to Dr. James A. Babbitt, Haverford College, Haverford, Pa.

THE MINISTERIAL CLUB.—The Ministerial Club, which in some form has always been a part of Chautauqua work, will meet three times each week for the discussion of important questions.

THE CHAUTAUQUA PRESS CLUB. Frank Chapin Bray, Editor *The Chautauquan*, Cleveland, Ohio, President. The Chautauqua Press Club is an organization of all literary workers at Chautauqua and meets from time to time during the Assembly. The principal club events of the season are receptions and "Authors' Nights." The programs given at the latter are of especial interest, well known literary persons who visit Chautauqua taking part. The club was formed for the purpose of establishing fellowship among literary workers in all fields who are at Chautauqua, and as such has proven most successful. There are no dues or initiation fees and all writers who visit Chautauqua are invited to join at the office of The Assembly Daily Herald in the Administration Building Annex.

KINDERGARTEN.—(July 6-Aug. 16). The Kindergarten will be open every school morning from nine until twelve o'clock. The children will be in charge of trained kindergartners under the direction of Mrs. Mary Boomer Page of the Chicago Kindergarten Institute. The program of the Kindergarten will be an organic relationship of the children's experiences, during their summer at Chautauqua.

Children may be entered in the order of application and under the following conditions:

1. No child will be admitted who expects to be present less than two weeks.
2. Children from three to seven years of age will be admitted.
3. Any child absent for two consecutive days without excuse will be dropped, and the place filled from the list of waiting applicants.
4. A fee of \$1.00 per week (or \$5.00 for the season) will be charged for each child.

5. The number of places is necessarily limited and the department cannot undertake to receive children in excess of such limit. Early application should therefore be made to the registrar, Miss M. L. Butler, 654 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

Boys' AND GIRLS' CHOIR.—(July 8-Aug. 16). For children between the ages of seven and twelve, under the charge of Miss Harriet E. Brown, 530 East 47th Street, Chicago. This choir organized in the Boys' and Girls' Clubs will be free to members of the clubs. Others will be required to pay a small fee.

JUNIOR MUSICAL LITERARY CLUB.—(July 8-Aug. 16). Mrs. E. T. Tobey, Memphis, Tenn. Weekly meetings for musical games, stories of composers, simple talks about music, piano numbers by members, prizes, etc. Fee, \$1.50 for the season; three weeks, \$1.00.

GERMAN CLUB.—(July 8-Aug. 16). In charge of Dr. Otto Heller, of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. For conversation, songs, and recitation in the German language. Open to members of the German classes and to all who speak German.

FRENCH CIRCLE.—(July 8-Aug. 16). Prof. Henri Marion, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis Md., president. Members of the French classes and others who speak French meet for conversation and social intercourse. Free to members of the French classes. Others will be admitted on the payment of a membership fee of \$2 for the season.

THE CHAUTAUQUA NATIONAL COUNCIL OF
SUPERINTENDENTS AND PRINCIPALS. *President*, Prin. T. B. Lovell, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; *Vice-Presidents*, Supt. E. E. Miller, Bradford, Pa., Prin. J. G. Allen, Rochester, N. Y., Prin. H. H. Cully, Glenville, O.; *Secretary and Treasurer*, Prin. E. J. Cobb, Buffalo, N. Y.; *Executive Committee*, Prin. W. H. Scott, Syracuse, N. Y., Prin. W. W. Fell, Coreopolis, Pa., Supt. S. A. Gillette, Crestline, O., Prin. A. E. Lee, Ft. Smith, Ark., Supt. Chas. B. Boyer, Atlantic City, N. Y.

The association was formed at Chautauqua

CHAUTAUQUA PROGRAM.

in 1898 and contains representatives from almost every state in the Union. Its daily sessions have afforded delightful social contact and have been valuable from a professional standpoint. The plan for this year contemplates a discussion of the following topics:

1. Material Equipment of the School.
2. School Architecture.
3. Course of Study.
4. The Teacher's Material Equipment beyond that Required for a Certificate.
5. The Student.
6. Manual Training.

All superintendents and principals are urged to attend and may count upon a hearty welcome from congenial fellow-workers. They are cordially invited to attend the Council and join in the discussions. There will be weekly papers on educational topics during the session, question box meetings and receptions of the Council during the first and third week. Syllabi on the more interesting questions discussed will be prepared by members of the Council. The opening meeting, to which all Chautauqua is invited, will be held on July 15 at 1:15 P. M.

CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG PEOPLE'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—This association was formed last year by the union of the Christian Endeavor and the Epworth League of Chautauqua. It is a temporary organization composed of young people of all denominations who unite in the work of a young people's society during the Chautauqua season. Weekly prayer meetings are held on Friday evenings and conferences on subjects of general interest are held on Tuesdays.

The headquarters of the association are in the Congregational House where all young people are requested to register. A cordial invitation to all meetings, religious and social,

is extended to every young person visiting Chautauqua.

THE C. L. S. C. COUNCIL meets daily, except Saturday, in the Council Hall, above the C. L. S. C. Office, beginning Tuesday, July 30. The Council is a conference of C. L. S. C. members where delegates from the circles make their reports, informal discussions are held on subjects connected with the work and a general interchange of ideas is given with entire freedom. It is the central working body of the C. L. S. C. through which committees are formed and arrangements effected for the various social activities of the circle.

GERMAN AND ITALIAN YEAR.

This is the German and Italian year in the C. L. S. C. reading course, and the literature and history of these countries will be emphasized throughout the program. An attempt will be made to give a broad view of the important events of their history, as well as their leading characteristics in other respects, and create a wide interest in the subjects which are to be studied the following winter.

THE DAILY HERALD FOR 1901.

The 26th volume of *The Chautauqua Assembly Daily Herald* will begin with the issue for Saturday, July 6, and continue during 40 days. The principal lectures of the Chautauqua platform will be reported, and in no journal of the present day can the reader secure such a store of literary, historical, and religious matter. Subscription, one dollar. Address Chautauqua Assembly, General Offices, Cleveland, Ohio.



THE CHAUTAUQUA BOYS' CLUB HOUSE.

CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

DEPARTMENT OF INSTRUCTION.

JOHN H. VINCENT, CHANCELLOR.

GEORGE E. VINCENT, PRINCIPAL.

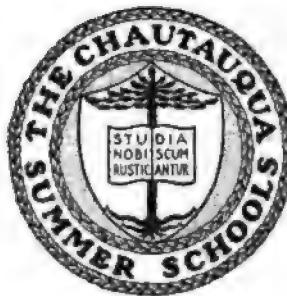
EDUCATIONAL COUNCIL.

PROF. HERBERT B. ADAMS, JOHNS HOPKINS UNIV.
MISS JANE ADDAMS, HULL HOUSE CHICAGO.PRES. JOHN HENRY BARROWS, OBERLIN COLLEGE.
PRES. B. P. RAYMOND, WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.
PRES. G. STANLEY HALL, CLARK UNIVERSITY.

DIVISION OF SUMMER SCHOOLS.

STAFF OF INSTRUCTORS FOR 1901.

Mr. H. S. ANDERSON, Cleveland, O.	Gymnastics, Miss FRANCES HOPSTEIN,	German,
Dr. W. G. ANDERSON, Yale University Gymnasium.	Gymnastics, Prof. LINCOLN HULLEY,	Old Testament,
Mr. W. W. ATWOOD, Chicago Institute.	Geology, Dr. JESSE L. HURLBUT,	Bucknell University.
Prof. STOCKTON AXSON, Princeton University.	English Literature, Dr. GEORGE D. KELLOGG,	New York.
Dr. JAMES A. BABBITT, Haverford College.	Boys' Classes, Miss GEORGIA KOBER,	Yale University,
Miss HELEN A. BAINBRIDGE, New York.	Girls' Classes, Mr. L. S. LEASON,	Sherwood Music School, Chicago.
Dr. WILLIAM S. BAINBRIDGE, New York.	Physiology, Mr. SOL MARCOSSON,	Temple College, Philadelphia.
Mr. H. T. BAKER, Buffalo, N. Y.	Manual Training, Prof. HENRI MARION,	Cleveland, Ohio.
Supt. THOMAS M. BALLIET, Public Schools, Springfield, Mass.	Pedagogy, Madame H. MARION,	United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.
Miss ANNA BARROWS, Boston, Mass.	Cookery, Capt. CHARLES MCILVAINE,	Annapolis, Md.
Miss E. B. BARTLETT, Halsted School, Yonkers, N. Y.	Greek, Prof. J. H. MONTGOMERY,	Colbrouk, Pa.
Mrs. EMILY M. BISHOP, New York.	Delsarte, Dr. ELIZA M. MOSHER,	Allegheny College.
Dr. GILBERT A. BLISS, University of Minnesota.	Mathematics, Mr. CARLTON E. NOYES,	University of Michigan.
Mr. JAKOB BOLIN, New Haven, Conn.	Swedish Gymnastics, Prof. H. L. OSBORN,	Harvard.
Mrs. HARRIET C. BRAINARD, Hyde Park High School, Chicago.	English, Mrs. MARY B. PAGE,	Hamline University.
Mr. W. D. BRIDGE, Orange, N. J.	Stenography, Dr. H. R. PALMER,	Chicago Kindergarten Institute.
Miss HARRIET E. BROWN, Gertrude House, Chicago.	Music, Mr. H. R. POORE,	New York.
Prof. RICHARD BURTON, University of Minnesota.	English Literature, Dr. J. H. RANSOM,	Painting.
Miss FRANCES B. CALLAWAY, Castile, N. Y.	Letter Writing, Miss JOSEPHINE RICE,	Chemistry,
Dr. HERBERT D. CARRINGTON, University of Michigan.	German, Mr. JOSEPH T. ROBERT,	Blackboard Sketching,
Mr. E. G. CLAPP, Keokuk, Iowa.	Athletics, Mrs. ANNA B. ROBERTSON,	Jackson, Mich.
Prof. ANNA B. COMSTOCK, Cornell University.	Nature Study, Miss LAURA L. RUNYON,	Parliamentary Law,
Miss JULIA E. CRANE, State Normal School, Potsdam, N. Y.	Music, Miss MATHILDE SCHLEGEL,	Chicago.
Prof. S. H. CLARK, The University of Chicago.	Elocution, Prof. COLIN A. SCOTT,	Ornithology,
Miss MABEL COREY, Erie, Pa.	Kindergarten, Dr. JAY W. SEAVIER,	Religious Pedagogy,
Miss EDNA D. DAY, Lake Erie College.	Botany, Mr. WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD,	State Normal School, Steven's Point, Wis.
Mr. MELVIL DEWEY, New York State Library.	Library Science, Miss FLORENCE W. SLATER,	Anatomy,
Miss S. M. ELLIOTT, Boston, Mass.	Domestic Science, Prof. ALEXANDER SMITH,	Yale University Gymnasium.
Mr. I. V. FLAGLER, Auburn, N. Y.	Organ, Prof. ERNEST A. SMITH,	Piano,
Miss ELIZABETH L. FOOTE, New York Public Library.	Library Training, Mrs. E. T. TOBEY,	Nature Study,
Miss LAURA A. FRY, Purdue University.	Wood Carving, Mr. A. T. VAN LAER,	New York.
Principal G. M. GRANT, Queen's University, Kingston, Can.	Religious Pedagogy, Mrs. L. VANCE-PHILLIPS,	Chemistry,
Mr. JOHN W. HALL, Columbia University.	Pedagogy, Prof. GEORGE E. VINCENT,	Social Science,
Miss ADA VAN S. HARRIS, Newark, N. J.	Pedagogy, Miss MABEL T. WELLMAN,	Domestic Science,
Miss M. E. HAZELTINE, Prendergast Free Library, Jamestown, N. Y.	Library Science, Mr. C. R. WELLS,	Business,
Prof. OTTO HELLER, Washington University.	German, Mr. J. HARRY WHEELER,	Voice,
Miss AMALIE HOFER, Chicago Kindergarten Institute.	Pedagogy, Mrs. AUGUSTA B. WHITE,	Pyrography,
Prof. WILLIAM HOOVER, Ohio University.	Mathematics, Miss C. M. WOLLASTON,	Gymnastics.



SUMMARY OF COURSES.

The following is merely a list of courses offered in the fifteen different Chautauqua schools during the summer of 1901. A complete catalogue which gives a description of each course will be mailed on application to the General Offices of the Chautauqua Assembly, Cleveland, Ohio.

I. SCHOOL OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

PROFS. STOCKTON AXSON, RICHARD BURTON, MRS. HARRIET C. BRAINARD AND MR. C. E. NOYES.

1. *Macbeth*. Five hours a week (July 6-26). Prof. Axson.
2. *Browning*. Five hours a week (July 6-26). Prof. Axson.
3. *Tennyson*. Five hours a week (July 29-Aug. 16). Prof. Burton.
4. *The English Essay*. Five hours a week (July 29-Aug. 16). Prof. Burton.
5. *College Entrance English*. Five hours a week (July 6-26). Mrs. Brainard.
6. *Composition and Rhetoric*. Five hours a week (July 6-26). Mrs. Brainard.
7. *Grammar and Composition*. Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Mr. Noyes.
8. *Rhetoric and English Composition*. Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Mr. Noyes.

II. SCHOOL OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

PROFS. HENRI MARION, OTTO HELLER AND DR. H. D. CARRINGTON, MADAME MARION, MISS FRANCES HOPSTEIN AND MADEMOISELLE JEANNE MARION.

1. *Beginning German*. Ten hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Prof. Heller and Dr. Carrington.
- 1a. *Beginning German*. Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Dr. Carrington.
2. *Intermediate German*. Ten hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Prof. Heller and Dr. Carrington.
3. *Children's Class in German*. Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Miss Hopstein.
4. *Lectures in German*. Prof. Heller.
5. *Advanced German*. Class formed if sufficient number of applicants.
6. *Beginning German*. Ten hours a week (July 29-Aug. 16). Prof. Heller and Dr. Carrington.
7. *Beginning French*. First year. Ten hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Prof. Marion and Mme. Marion.
8. *Intermediate French*. Second year. Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Mme. Marion.
9. *College Preparatory Course in French*. Five hours a week (July 2-27 and July 29-Aug. 16). Prof. Marion and Mme. Marion.
10. *Advanced French*. Third year. Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Prof. Marion.
11. *Conversation and Travel Course in French*. Five hours a week (July 6-27 and July 29-Aug. 16). Mme. Marion.
12. *Children's Class in French*. Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Mlle. Marion.
13. *A Practical Course in Elementary Spanish*. Five hours a week (July 6-27 and July 29-Aug. 16). Prof. Marion.
14. *Pan-American (or Colonial Preparatory) Course in Spanish* for the benefit of visitors to the Exposition. Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Prof. Marion.
15. *An Advanced Course in Spanish* will be organized if there are sufficient applications by June 1.
16. *English Classes for Spanish Speaking Students*.

III. SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL LANGUAGES.

DR. GEORGE D. KELLOGG AND MISS EMELINE B. BARTLETT.

1. *Beginning Latin*. Ten hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Dr. Kellogg.
2. *Teacher's Advanced Training Courses*. Five hours a week. Dr. Kellogg.
 - (a) *Studies in Caesar* (July 6-26).
 - (b) *Studies in Virgil* (July 29-Aug. 16).
3. *Latin Teachers' Conferences*. Dr. Kellogg.
4. *Beginning Greek*. Ten hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Miss Bartlett.
5. *Anabasis*. Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Miss Bartlett.

IV. SCHOOL OF MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE.

PROFS. WILLIAM HOOVER, J. H. MONTGOMERY, ALEXANDER SMITH, H. L. OSBORN, DR. G. A. BLISS, J. H. RANSOM, MESSRS. W. W. ATWOOD, LOUIS C. WINSHIP, CAPT. CHARLES MCILVAINE AND MISTES EDNA D. DAY AND SERAPH A. BLISS.

1. *Algebra.* Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Prof. Hoover.
2. *Advanced Algebra.* Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Prof. Hoover.
3. *Plane Geometry.* Mainly for beginners. Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Prof. Hoover.
4. *Trigonometry.* Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Prof. Hoover.
5. *Plane Analytical Geometry.* Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Dr. Bliss.
6. *Preparatory Physics.* Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Prof. Montgomery.
7. *Physical Laboratory Work.* Ten hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Prof. Montgomery.
8. *Systematic Chemistry.* Ten hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Prof. Smith and Dr. Ransom.
9. *Teachers' Course in General Chemistry.* Ten hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Prof. Smith and Dr. Ransom.
10. *Qualitative Analysis.* Ten hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Dr. Ransom.
11. *Quantitative Analysis.* Ten hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Dr. Ransom.
12. *Geology.* Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Mr. Atwood.
13. *General Botany.* 1. Five hours a week (July 6-26). Misses Day and Bliss.
14. *General Botany.* 2. Five hours a week (July 29-Aug. 16). Misses Day and Bliss.
15. *Elementary Zoology.* Ten hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Prof. Osborn and Mr. Winship.
16. *Elementary Biology.* Ten hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Prof. Osborn and Mr. Winship.
17. *Advanced Biology.* Ten hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Prof. Osborn and Mr. Winship.
18. *Mycology.* (July 6-Aug. 16). Capt. McIlvaine.

V. SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCES.

PROFS. ERNEST A. SMITH AND GEORGE E. VINCENT.

1. *Social Economics.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Prof. Smith.
2. *Public Opinion.* Five hours a week (July 29-Aug. 16). Prof. Vincent.

VI. SCHOOL OF PSYCHOLOGY AND PEDAGOGY.

SUPT. THOS. M. BALLIET, MESSRS. JOHN W. HALL, W. W. ATWOOD, S. H. CLARK, HENRY J. BAKER, MISS AMALIE HOFER, PROF. ANNA B. COMSTOCK, MRS. H. C. BRAINARD, MRS. M. B. PAGE, AND MISTES MABEL COREY, HARRIET E. BROWN, LAURA L. RUNYON, MATHILDE SCHLEGEL, FLORENCE W. SLATER, JOSEPHINE RICE, ADA VAN S. HARRIS, C. M. WOLLASTON.

1. *Current Educational Problems.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Supt. Balliet.
2. *Educational Psychology.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Supt. Balliet.
3. *Philosophy of Education.* Five hours a week (July 29-Aug. 16). Miss Hofer.
4. *School Management.* Five hours a week (July 6-26 and July 29-Aug. 16). Mr. Hall.
5. *College Entrance English.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Mrs. Brainard.
6. *Composition and Rhetoric.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Mrs. Brainard.
7. *Grammar School Methods.* Five hours a week (July 6-26 and July 29-Aug. 16). Mr. Hall.
8. *Elementary School Principles and Methods.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Miss Runyon.
9. *Colonial History of the United States.* Five hours a week (July 29-Aug. 16). Miss Runyon.
10. *Nature Study. Free to residents of New York State.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Prof. Anna B. Comstock.
11. *Nature Study. Bird Life. Course A.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Miss Schlegel.
12. *Nature Study. Bird Life. Course B.*

Five hours a week (July 29-Aug. 16). Miss Schlegel.

13. *Nature Study. Insects.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Miss Slater.
14. *Nature Study. Plants.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Miss Slater.
15. *Geographic Illustrations.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Mr. Atwood.
16. *Physiography.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Mr. Atwood.
17. *Blackboard Sketching.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Miss Rice.
18. *Primary Methods.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Miss Harris.
19. *Physical Culture.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Miss Wollaston.

KINDERGARTEN COURSES.

20. *Professional Kindergarten Course.* Programs, Methods, Social Meaning of Play. Five hours a week (July 6-26). Mrs. Page and Miss Hofer.
21. *Professional Kindergarten Course.* Games, Marches, Gymnastics, etc. Seven and one-half hours a week (July 29-Aug. 16). Mrs. Page and Miss Corey.

CHAUTAUQUA SUMMER SCHOOLS.

22. *Course for School and Kindergarten Supervisors and Advanced Kindergarten Teachers.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Mrs. Page.

23. *Kindergarten Preparatory Class.* Fifteen hours a week (July 6-26). Mrs. Page.

24. *The Teaching of Reading.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Mr. Clark.

25. *Children's Music.* Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Miss Brown.

26. *Manual Training.* Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Mr. Baker.

This course will combine theory and methods with as much of the practical construction as is feasible in the time allowed. The work will include cardboard construction, whittling, and the use of the ordinary bench tools. Teachers will also be given an opportunity to observe the children's classes in the clubs.

ELEMENTARY VACATION SCHOOL.

For children between the ages of six and eight.

These classes are intended for children too old to attend the kindergarten and not old enough to join the clubs. The work will be a combination of such formal school work as reading, writing and numbers, by the best methods, and out-of-door observation, games and constructive work. The aim will be to furnish enough interesting work to make the time valuable, without fatiguing the mind and body.

CLUBS AND CLASSES.

Classes for boys and girls in Manual Training, History, Nature Study and Music will be organized in connection with the Boys' and Girls' Clubs. The regular fee for full and half courses will be charged and only members of the Clubs will be admitted in the classes. An endeavor will be made to develop the pupils by practical application to subject matter and to provide for each the individual attention of the instructor. The classes will be in charge of competent teachers from well-known preparatory and grammar schools.

PRIVATE TUTORING.

In addition to the above courses in the Summer Schools, those desiring it may obtain private instruction in the Languages, Mathematics, History, Literature, etc., under competent tutors. Special attention will be paid to those preparing for college entrance examinations. This department will be under the charge of Mr. Percy H. Boynton, Amherst '97, Miss Emeline B. Bartlett, teacher in the Halsted School, Yonkers on Hudson, and others of the Chautauqua faculty.

NEW YORK STATE FREE SUMMER INSTITUTE.

JULY 6-26.

The New York State Summer Institute is open free to teachers of the state, including those from other states intending to teach in the state of New York during the year 1901-1902. Full information on application to Hon. Chas. R. Skinner, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Albany, N. Y., or The Chautauqua General Offices, Cleveland, Ohio.

VII. SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS PEDAGOGY.

IN COÖPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF SACRED LITERATURE.

PRIN. G. M. GRANT, PROFS. LINCOLN HULLEY AND COLIN A. SCOTT, DR. J. L. HURLBUT, MRS. H. ELIZABETH FOSTER, AND MISTES JOSEPHINE RICE AND MINA B. COLBURN.

1. *The Form and Essence of St. Paul's Teaching.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Prin. Grant.

2. *The Wisdom Literature.* Five hours a week (July 29-Aug. 16). Prof. Hulley.

3. *Religious Psychology.* Five hours a week (July 29-Aug. 16). Prof. Scott.

4. *Religious Pedagogy.* Five hours a week (July 29-Aug. 16). Prof. Scott.

5. *Primary Methods.* Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Mrs. Foster.

6. *Normal Class for Sunday School Teachers.* Five hours a week (Aug. 5-16). Dr. Hurlbut.

7. *Sunday School Teachers' Bible Class.* Five hours a week (Aug. 5-16). Dr. Hurlbut.

8. *Blackboard Sketching for the Sunday School.* Five hours a week (July 29-Aug. 16). Miss Rice.

9. *Primary Class.* Miss Colburn.

10. *Sunday School.* Mrs. Foster.

VIII. SCHOOL OF LIBRARY TRAINING.

JULY 11-AUGUST 16.

MR. MELVIL DEWEY, DIRECTOR, MISS M. E. HAZELTINE AND MISS ELIZABETH L. FOOTE, INSTRUCTORS, AND SUPT. H. L. ELMENDORF, MESSRS. W. R. EASTMAN, A. L. PECK AND MRS. S. C. FAIRCHILD, SPECIAL LECTURERS.

This school will seek to satisfy the growing demands made upon Chautauqua for special training classes in library science. The principles and rules which govern the best summer

library schools will be strictly followed. From the outset the work will be of a high grade and the best standards will be maintained throughout the course.

The course is designed for librarians of smaller libraries and library assistants who cannot leave their work for the extended courses offered in regular library schools, but who can get leave of absence for a five-weeks' course which will help them to gain a broader conception of their work and an understanding of modern methods. Therefore, only those candidates will be admitted who are already engaged in library work or are under definite appointment to a library position.

Applications for admission to the school must be made in advance to Miss M. E. Hazeltine, Prendergast Free Library, Jamestown, N. Y.

IX. SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

DR. H. R. PALMER, MESSRS. WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD, J. HARRY WHEELER, I. V. FLAGLER, SOL MARCOSSON, L. S. LEASON, CHARLES E. ROGERS, MISS GEORGIA A. KOBER,
MRS. E. T. TOBEY AND MRS. ANNA M. B. ROBERTSON.

Harmony. Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16).

- (a) Primary. } Mr. Leason.
- (b) Intermediate. }
- (c) Advanced Harmony, Counterpoint and Composition. Mr. Flagler.
- (d) Analytical Harmony. Dr. Palmer.

Voice Culture. (July 6-Aug. 16.) Mr. Wheeler.

Lectures and Interpretation Classes. (July 6-Aug. 16). Mr. Sherwood.

Piano Normal Classes. (July 16-30, Aug. 2-16). Mrs. Tobey.

Instruction on Piano, Organ, Violin, Flute, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar etc. (July 6-Aug. 16.)

For full information see catalogue. For schedule of tuition fees for the regular School of Music classes see page 30.

X. SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS.

MR. A. T. VAN LAER, MR. H. R. POORE, MR. HAROLD FRY, MISS LAURA A. FRY, MRS. L. VANCE-PHILLIPS, MRS. SARAH WOOD-SAFFORD, MISS M. M. MASON AND MRS. AUGUSTA BRIGHT WHITE.

1. *Drawing and Painting.* (July 6-Aug. 16). Mr. Poore.
2. *Lectures on Art History and Criticism.* (July 6-Aug. 16). Mr. Van Laer.
3. *Out Door Sketch Class.* (July 6-Aug. 16.) Mr. Van Laer.
4. *Wood Carving.* (July 6-Aug. 16). Miss Fry and Mr. Fry.

5. *Clay Modeling.* (July 6-Aug. 16). Miss Fry.

6. *Mineral Painting.* (July 6-Aug. 16). Mrs. Vance-Phillips, Mrs. Wood-Safford and Miss Mason.

7. *Pyrography.* (July 6-Aug. 16). Mrs. White.

XI. SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION.

PROF. S. H. CLARK AND MRS. EMILY M. BISHOP.

FIRST YEAR.

1. *Voice Culture and Vocal Expression.* Mr. Clark.
2. *Gesture Developed According to Psychologic Laws.* Mrs. Bishop.
3. *Literary and Dramatic Interpretation.* Mr. Clark.
4. *How to Teach Reading.* Mr. Clark.

SECOND YEAR.

5. *Advanced Vocal Culture and Philosophy of Expression.*
6. *The Use of Gesture in Artistic Rendering.* Mrs. Bishop.
7. *Literary Interpretation and Recitation as an Art.* Mr. Clark.
8. *How to Teach Reading.* Mr. Clark.
9. *Special Class in Vocal Culture.* Mr. Clark and Mrs. Bishop.

XII. SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

DRS. W. G. ANDERSON, J. W. SEAVER, W. S. BAINBRIDGE, ELIZA M. MOSHER, MESSRS. JAKOB BOLIN, H. S. ANDERSON, R. G. CLAPP, MRS. EMILY M. BISHOP, MRS. KING-ROE, AND TWELVE ASSISTANTS.

1. *The Normal Course.* (July 6-Aug. 16).
2. *Course in Athletics.*
3. *Americanized Delsarte Culture.*
4. *Corrective Gymnastics.* Remedial Exercises.
5. *Men's Class in Gymnastics.* One hour daily, 11 to 12.
6. *Boys' Class.* Three-quarters of an hour daily.

7. *Children's Class.* Light exercises and games.
8. *Girls' Class.* Ages twelve to fifteen.
9. *Women's Class.* General exercises.
10. *Public School Gymnastics.* For Public School Teachers.
11. *Personal Contest Exercises.*
12. *Aquatics.* Instruction in all forms of aquatics and swimming.

XIII. SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

MISS ANNA BARROWS, MISS S. MARIA ELLIOTT, MRS. ANNA PELOUBET NORTON, MISSES MABEL T. WELLMAN, EDNA D. DAY, SERAPH A. BLISS, ELIZABETH S. DARROW, PROF.
J. H. MONTGOMERY AND DR. W. S. BAINBRIDGE.

COOKERY.

The Department of Cookery. (July 6-Aug. 16). Miss Barrows and Assistants.

FIRST YEAR.

1. *General Chemistry.* Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Miss Wellman.
2. *Physics.* Five hours a week (July 29-Aug. 16). Prof. Montgomery.
3. *Physiology.* Three hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Dr. Bainbridge.
4. *Botany of Food Plants.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Miss Day and Miss Bliss.
5. *Sanitation.* Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Miss Elliott.
6. *Cookery.* Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Miss Barrows.

SECOND YEAR.

7. *Applied Chemistry.* Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Miss Elliott and Miss Wellman.
8. *Experimental Cookery.* Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Miss Barrows.
9. *Physiology.* Two hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Dr. Bainbridge.
10. *Bacteriology.* Five hours a week (July 6-26). Miss Elliott and Miss Day.
11. *Pedagogy.* Five hours a week (July 29-Aug. 16). Mrs. Norton.
12. *Administration of Households, Small and Large.* Five hours a week (July 6-Aug. 16). Miss Barrows and Mrs. Norton.
13. *Sewing.* (July 29-Aug. 16). Miss Darrow.

XIV. SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ARTS.

MESSRS. JOSEPH T. ROBERT, W. D. BRIDGE, CHARLES R. WELLS, WILLIAM H. COVERT, MISS FRANCES B. CALLAWAY AND MISS F. M. BRIDGE.

Parliamentary Law and Practice. (July 29-Aug. 10). Mr. Robert.

Shorthand and Typewriting. (July 6-Aug. 16). Mr. Bridge and Miss Bridge.

Business Training. (July 6-Aug. 16). Mr. Wells and Mr. Covert.

Letter Writing. (8 July-12 Aug.) Miss Callaway.

TENTATIVE TIME SCHEDULE.

[The following tentative time schedule of classes is subject to change, but may be relied upon in general by those planning their courses for the summer.]

NOTE.—The Roman numerals refer to schools as follows: I, English; II, Modern Languages; III, Classical Languages; IV, Mathematics and Science; V, Social Sciences; VI, Psychology and Pedagogy; VII, Religious Pedagogy; XIII, Domestic Science. N. Y. Inst. refers to the New York State Institute. The Arabic numerals in parentheses indicate the course numbers under each School, e. g., II (1) means School of Modern Languages, Course in Beginning German.

HOUR.

A. M.

8:30-9:30 I (5, 8); II (1, 3, 10, 12); III (1); IV (1, 6); V (1); VI (2, 5, 11, 12, 16, 19); VII (1, 2, 6); XIII (1, 2, 4); N. Y. Inst. (5, 6, 7, 13, 18, 25).

9:35-10:15 I (1, 3, 6); II (2, 7, 11); III (2, 4); IV (2, 5, 8, 9); V (2); VI (1, 3, 6, 9, 10, 13, 15); VII (3, 7); XIII (7, 20, 21); N. Y. Inst. (4, 6, 11, 14, 16, 26).

10:20-11:05 I (2, 4); II (1a, 8, 13); III (1, 5); IV (3, 7, 12, 13, 14, 15); VI (4, 14, 25); VII (4); XIII (3, 9, 12); N. Y. Inst. (2, 5, 6, 17, 21).

11:10-12:00 I (7); II (1, 7, 9); III (4); IV (4, 16); VI (7, 8, 18); VII (5); XIII (5); N. Y. Inst. (3, 6, 15, 18, 20, 21).

P. M.

12:05-12:50 II (2, 14); IV (17).

1:00-2:00 VI (17, 19).

2:00-2:55 VI (22); VII (8); XIII (6); N. Y. Inst. (6, 16, 21, 24, 25).

3:00-3:55 XIII (8); N. Y. Inst. (9, 10, 16, 19, 22, 26).

3:30 VI (20, 21).

4:00-4:55 VI (24); N. Y. Inst. (6, 8).

5:00-5:55 VI (23); N. Y. Inst. (1, 12, 23).





OTHER CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLIES.

More than one hundred and twenty Chautauqua Assemblies will be held this year, as indicated by the dots on the map above. The attendance will aggregate a million of people. These Assemblies advertise themselves as "Chautauquas," and are patterned in varying degrees after the Chautauqua plan, inspired by the Chautauqua idea and ideals. The permanent nuclei of the local Chautauqua Assemblies are Chautauqua Reading Circles in the territory tributary to the local Assemblies, with their readers, delegates, and graduates who frequent the local Assemblies where graduating ceremonies are consummated, Golden Gates erected, and Round Tables conducted. The Round Tables are distinctive features which flourish in the most prosperous Assemblies, and are in charge of leaders grounded in the C. L. S. C. courses, supported by the general Chautauqua System of Instruction. Typical assembly programs are made up of sermons, religious and ethical addresses, university extension addresses, popular lectures, dramatic readings and interpretations of plays, and stereopticon lectures and entertainments in great variety, arranged in such proportions as to give unity and positive educational value. Other assembly features are the Summer Schools, Bible Institutes, Teachers' Institutes, Study Clubs, Outlook Clubs, Girls' Clubs, Boys' Clubs, Gymnastic Training, Out-Door Classes, Athletics and recreations of a wholesome nature. The local Assembly is the successor of the old lyceum of winter, and brings lectures, concerts and entertainments of a high class to the people during the vacation season, and serves to educate and elevate the tastes of the local community in literature, art, music, science, and learning. But it is the Chautauqua membership, fostered and cultured by the round-the-year reading courses and by uplifting associations in literature, history, and art, which gives tone to the local Assembly and demands a higher form of mental food for the public taste than the circus, the dancing pavilion, and merry-go-round, furnishing in their place University Extension Lectures, inspiring music by skilled artists, physical education, and diversions systematically directed by trained experts. The International Chautauqua Alliance, organized two years ago, has defined an educational standard for Chautauqua assemblies and has established a central committee to serve as a clearing-house for information for the leading assemblies. Announcements given below come from sixty Chautauqua assemblies in the United States.

ASHLAND, OREGON.

The Southern Oregon Chautauqua Assembly is situated in the thriving little city of Ashland, at an altitude of little less than two thousand feet above the level of the sea. This assembly was organized in 1892, and has had the liberal support of the people of Ashland. The talent for the season of 1901 includes Dr. J. M. Buckley of New York, Polk Miller, the Parke Sisters, Prof. W. J. Whiteman, who has charge of the musical program, Mrs. W. J. Whiteman, soloist,

and Mrs. Alice Hamill Hancock, elocutionist. The annual Bible school and children's class will be continued. For full information and dates address G. F. Billings, Ashland, Oregon.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.: THE JEWISH CHAUTAUQUA.

The preliminary announcement of the fifth summer assembly shows the strongest program yet offered by this educational movement. The sessions are to be extended to

three weeks. Intellectual pursuits of varied kinds will diversify and enhance the pleasures of the seaside. The dates are July 7-28. The popular lectures and entertainments are of a high standard. Among those expected are Dr. H. M. Leipsiger of New York; the Chinese minister, Wu Ting Fang; Hon. Mayer Sulzberger, Philadelphia; President Chas. Cuthbert Hall, Union Theological Seminary; Mr. Leon H. Vincent; Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Portland, Oregon; and others. In the summer school Prof. Max Margolis of the University of California will give a course of studies in Job; Dr. K. Kohler of New York, in Jewish ethics; Mr. Gerson B. Levi of the University of Pennsylvania, in Hebrew. A school of practise for teachers will present the religious school in session. Various classes will convene. A kindergarten, with methods applied to religious instruction, will meet daily in the open air. Miss Corinne B. Arnold of Philadelphia and other noted teachers will participate in conferences on practical problems of the schoolroom. The department of Chautauqua Circles will include a course in post-biblical history by Dr. M. H. Harris of New York. This will be introductory to studies in American Jewish history, to be conducted by Prof. Richard Gottheil of Columbia University, Dr. Cyrus Adler of the Smithsonian Institution, and Hon. Simon Wolf of Washington. Studies of the Jew in English fiction will be presented by Mr. Abraham Cahan of New York, Rabbi Harry Levi of Wheeling, and Rabbi Jos. Leiser of Sioux City, Iowa. An important conference on "Social Settlement and Club-Work Among Jewish Immigrants" will be participated in by leading workers in this field. "The Social Side of Synagogue Life" will be the topic of another interesting conference. Detailed information is given in a prospectus which may be secured free, on application to the Jewish Chautauqua Society, Box 825, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

BAY VIEW, MICHIGAN.

On July 17, 1901, the fifteenth session of the Bay View Assembly will open to continue four weeks with a program rich in entertainment for all who will attend. The usual summer school will be held with Chas. E. Barr, A. M., of Albion College as president. The following departments will be under the direction of able instructors: the College of Liberal Arts, the School of Methods, the Conservatory of Music, the Bible School,

the School of Expression, the School of Arts.

The lecturers engaged are Mrs. Ormiston Chant of London, Hon. Dana C. Johnson, A. W. Hawks, Rev. John M. Brandt, Rev. Sam Jones, Rev. Thos. G. Soares, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, Rev. Russell H. Conwell, Mrs. J. M. Hyde, Rev. Thos. E. Green, Rev. David Beaton, Prof. G. W. E. Hill. Mrs. Eleanor Meredith, Miss Mabelle Campbell, Mr. J. C. Bartlett, and Prof. Fred Warrington have been engaged as soloists. Among the read-



CHILDREN'S DAY, BAY VIEW ASSEMBLY, MICH.

ers and entertainers are: Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker, Prof. P. M. Pearson, Louis Spencer Daniels, Germaine, the magician, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Labadie.

BETHESDA, OHIO.

Epworth Park is located near the beautiful village of Bethesda, Ohio, twenty miles west of Bellaire and about fifty miles east of Zanesville. The park is said to be on the highest ground between the Ohio river and Columbus. It is well shaded, and is supplied with pure spring water. The air is pure, and a beautiful artificial lake affords ample accommodations for boating and bathing. This is the eleventh year of the assembly. The cottages are, for the most part, beautiful homes, where some families spend almost the entire summer. Improvements are made on the grounds annually. Since last assembly the row of cottages on the east side of the auditorium has been moved farther east, thus enlarging the auditorium. Other improvements have been planned for this season. The program for the present season is one of unusual strength and attractiveness. Among the lecturers secured are: Rev. Sam P. Jones, Prof. Thos. H. Dinsmore, Dr. Dana C. Johnson, Dr. S. P.

Henson, Dr. A. J. Palmer, Herr Gustave Cohen, Dr. W. B. Slutz, Prof. Lou Beau-champ, Rev. Anna H. Shaw, and Senator J. B. Foraker. The entertainers are: Chicago Glee Club, Imperial Hand Bell Ringers, American Vitagraph Company, African Boy Choir, Prof. Karl Germaine, the magician, Ainsworth Concert Company, Scotch Singers, Eugene Page Concert Company, and Prof. Fred High. We have also secured as readers Miss Maude H. Bethel and Miss Edna T. Grimes; tenor soloist, Prof. Henry W. Newton; pianist, Prof. Francis McDowell. Rev. J. K. Grimes, D. D., of St. Clairsville, Ohio, will have charge of C. L. S. C. work and Sunday-school normal class work. The devo-

of conducting the Chautauqua on a guarantee of season tickets. The project met with a hearty response, and a beautiful resort called Houghton's Lake, one and a half miles south of the city of Bloomington, was selected as the place for holding the assembly. A large number of season tickets have been placed, and the indications are for a most prosperous assembly. The dates are July 26 to August 5. Full details of the program may be had on application to the secretary, R. F. Berry, Bloomington, Illinois.



CHAUTAUQUA BEACH, MARYLAND.

The second season for the Chesapeake Assembly at Chautauqua Beach, Maryland, opens July 1 and continues during the entire month. Its desirable and attractive location, surrounded by salt water, elevated some fifty feet above the beach, brings to it many residents from the nearby cities of Annapolis, Baltimore, and Washington. No pains are being spared to put this new assembly on the highest plane, socially and intellectually. An attractive program will be furnished during the session. The United States Naval Academy band and orchestra will play daily. Full details of this assembly will be furnished on application to Dr. Chas. C. McLean, 918 W., Washington, D. C.



EPWORTH PARK, BETHESDA, O.

tional services will be conducted by ministers from adjacent charges.



BIG STONE LAKE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

The assembly at Big Stone Lake offers a most attractive program from June 27 to July 12. The following departments will receive special attention: Bible school, Sunday-school normal, woman's club, young woman's outlook club, travel club, school of art, department of music, C. L. S. C. Round Table. The entertainments are of a high grade and include many prominent lecturers, readers, and musicians.



BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS.

The business men of Bloomington, Illinois, organized in April, 1901, a Chautauqua Association, and presented to the people a plan

CLARINDA, IOWA.

The Clarinda Assembly will be held this year from August 15 to 29 inclusive. On Recognition Day diplomas will be awarded to six graduates of the C. L. S. C.—the first class to receive diplomas at this assembly. Professor Squires of North Dakota will have charge of the department of English. Hervey Smith McCowen will conduct the C. L. S. C. work. Dean Wright of Boston will have charge of the department of Bible study. The staff of lecturers is especially strong, including Roberson, Packard, Towne, Booth, Stevenson, Bain, Northrup, and others. The entertainments promise to be better than ever; the music will be the best that can be obtained. The grounds are more beautiful

than last year, and the town is alive to the advantages of the assembly. All these things give promise of a most successful season.



CLINTON, ILLINOIS.

In December, 1900, the professional and business men of Clinton, Illinois, formed the Clinton Chautauqua Association for the purpose of conducting a ten days' Chautauqua



FT. TOTTEN INDIAN SCHOOL.
(Across the bay from Devil's Lake, N. D.)

at Weldon Springs, three miles from the city of Clinton, DeWitt county, Illinois. Weldon Springs is a delightful resort, with a lake of fifteen acres formed by flowing springs of pure water. The resort contains some forty acres beautifully situated. The Chautauqua was made financially substantial by securing orders for enough season tickets to pay for conducting the assembly. The dates for this assembly are August 16-26, and a partial list of talent secured embraces the following lecturers and entertainers: Col. L. F. Copeland, Col. Geo. W. Bain, Pres. U. L. Gilmer, Sam P. Jones, Rev. Anna Shaw, Mrs. Leonora Lake, Rev. Stanley L. Krebs, Eugene V. Debs, Dr. S. A. Steel, Governor Yates, Dixie Jubilee Singers, and Chicago Lyric Ladies' Quartet. Full particulars regarding the program may be obtained by addressing the secretary, Fred C. Hill, Clinton Illinois.



CREAL SPRINGS, ILLINOIS.

A new assembly will be held this year at Creal Springs, a resort about sixty miles north of Cairo, Illinois, July 4-11. The program has been arranged with great care, and includes some of the best talent in the country. It consists of readings, sermons, impersonations, lectures, and music. Special

preparations are being made for the Fourth of July celebration. Recognition Day will be August 10.



DANVILLE, ILLINOIS.

The fourth season of this assembly begins August 1 and continues for two weeks. The assembly grounds are located in Lincoln Park within the limits of the city of Danville. The average attendance is three thousand people. Dean Alfred A. Wright of Boston will deliver two popular lectures and conduct a daily religious parliament. He also has charge of the Bible and C. L. S. C. work. Recognition Day is August 13. The program includes among its lecturers and entertainers the following: Robert McIntyre, F. R. Roberson, Dr. A. J. Palmer, Henry Austin Adams, Gen. Ballington Booth, Prof. H. V. Richards, Prof. J. V. Coombs, Sam P. Jones, Rev. Anna Shaw, C. Egbert Grant, Dr. Brandt, Henry Austin Adams, Edmund Vance Cooke, Arion Ladies' Quartet and Dixie Jubilee Singers, African Boy Choir, Robertson's projectoscope.



DELAVAN, WISCONSIN.

The assembly at Delavan Lake opens July 24 and closes August 4. The program promises to be of unusual merit. Among the lecturers and platform orators are the following: Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus of Chicago, Dr. Russell Conwell of Philadelphia, Col. Geo. W. Bain of Kentucky, Dr. S. A. Steel of Richmond, Virginia, Dr. Morgan Wood of Cleveland, Ohio, Rev. Anna Shaw of Philadelphia, and others. The entertainers include Mrs. Isabel Garghill Beecher, W. Eugene Knox, impersonator, W. Hinton White, illustrated lectures, Russell Palmer, liquid air, Karl Germaine, magician. The musical features embrace the Dixie Jubilee Singers, the Hungarian Royal Orchestra, Mrs. Ada M. Sheffield, soprano soloist. Prof. Sylvester Burnham will have charge of Bible and Sunday-school work. Classes will also be held daily in domestic science and physical culture. Various improvements are being completed, which will add much to the attractiveness of the place and to the comfort of the patrons of the assembly.



DEVIL'S LAKE, NORTH DAKOTA.

The North Dakota Chautauqua is in the ninth year of its existence. The growth of the institution has been steady and rapid,

the session of 1900 exceeding that of any former year in attendance, improvements, and receipts. A new auditorium was erected at a cost of five thousand dollars. The auditorium has a seating capacity of three thousand, and a stage capable of accommodating one hundred to one hundred and fifty people. Extensive additions were made to the hotel, and a system of water works was put in, reaching to all parts of the grounds. Two large dining halls were erected, with a dining-room capacity of five thousand square feet. Ample facilities were provided bathers by the erection of a bath-house containing fifty or more rooms, with a band stand and "outlook" on the second floor. The coming assembly program contains the names of many musicians, lecturers, and entertainers. Special days are as follows: Grand Army Day, Federation of Woman's Clubs, Old Settlers' Reunion, State Bar Association Meeting, State Press Association, Farmers' Day, Modern Woodmen, W. C. T. U. Day.



EAGLESHERE, PENNSYLVANIA.

The sixth annual assembly of the Eagleshere Chautauqua will be held at Eagleshere, Pennsylvania, from July 18 to August 29. The session will be one week longer than last year, and the program will be better than any previous one. Among those who will appear are: Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Labadie, Edmund Vance Cooke, James S. Burdette, Dana C. Johnson,



DEVIL'S LAKE (N. D.) CHAUTAUQUA.

Katherine Oliver Concert Company, Miss A. Kate Wisner, Miss Helen B. Reed, Germaine the magician, the Boston Carnival and Concert Company, and the Edison Projectoscope Company. The high standard of the summer schools will be maintained. Schools of

photography and forestry will be new features this year. Mr. J. Horace McFarland has been secured to take charge of the school of photography. Instruction in forestry will be under the direction of Miss Mira Lloyd Dock, who is well known, not only in Pennsylvania but throughout the country, as an exceptionally well-informed and enthusiastic student of the natural sciences, particularly as they relate to forestry and landscape gardening. Mary Rogers Miller, lecturer on nature study at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, will be present during a part of the assembly to give instruction in nature study. Many improvements have been made on the grounds since last season. The water works and sewer system have been perfected, and additional electric lights have been placed throughout the grounds. Quite a number of changes for the better have also been made in the Chautauqua Inn. A fine new building designed especially for the use of the art department and the school of photography has been built. The art department, under charge of Prof. J. Wesley Little, has been most successful, and with its increased facilities much can be expected from it. Many fine new cottages have been built by private parties since last season. A woman's building designed especially for the use of women, is being arranged for, and will probably be built this season.

FRYEBURG, MAINE.

The various assemblies held this summer during July and August under the auspices and control of the Maine Chautauqua Union offer more extensive programs than similar assemblies, except those of the great mother Chautauqua in New York. They include: The Fryeburg Camp, July 2-30, Prof. J. B. Taylor, principal of Chauncy Hall School, in charge; the Fryeburg School of Methods, July 16-29, Rev. Ernest Hamlin Abbott, in charge; the Fryeburg School of Theology, July 31 to August 12, Rev. Thomas Chalmers of Manchester, New Hampshire, in charge; the Maine Chautauqua Union, August 12-24, Rev. Geo. D. Lindsay, D. D., of Waterville, Maine, in charge; Sunday-School Institute and Bible School, August 26-31, Rev. Addison P. Foster, D. D., Boston, in charge. All these assemblies are controlled by the Maine Chautauqua Union, under the recently assumed management of Mr. James H. Dunne of Boston. Under his efficient business methods the grounds have been thoroughly overhauled, and all the

OTHER CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLIES.

buildings repainted and renovated. Several pianos have been added for the school of music, which continues through the entire season, under Mr. Clarence E. Hay of Boston. Abundant apparatus has been supplied for the special course in physical culture, which Miss McKensie of the Posse Gymnasium, Boston, conducts through the season. The new and special features this season, in addition to the school of music and the course in physical culture, are: the camp for young people, under Professor Taylor; the school of theology, under Rev. Thomas Chalmers; and the Sunday-school institute, under Dr. Addison P. Foster. Important days are: Old Home Week, Governor's Day, Temperance Day, Young People's Day, Women's Club Day, G. A. R. Day, Grange Day. August 21 will be observed as Recognition Day. Rev. Geo. D. Lindsay, assisted by Miss Flora E. Baldwin, looks out for the C. L. S. C. reunions, and Rev. Thomas Chalmers of Manchester, New Hampshire, leads the Bible study class.

GRIMSBY PARK, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Being situated on the south shore of Lake Ontario, not far from Buffalo and the Pan-American, many will no doubt visit Grimsby Park who otherwise could not possibly do so. The company has just been reorganized and is now called "The Grimsby Park Company, Limited." Twenty-five acres of land along the railway have been added, making now about one hundred acres in all. New baseball grounds will be laid out on this new field, and many necessary improvements have been made to the athletic grounds. The program will commence on the 18th of July, and will continue until the end of August. Special attention will be given to recreative sports. Physical culture will be under the direction of Prof. A. E. Hurst. The musical department will be in charge of E. B. Jackson of Toronto, assisted by Mrs. Grace Awrey of Hamilton, both well-known and popular musicians. Rev. A. E. Lavelle will have charge of the children's illustrated Bible class which is a feature to be introduced this season. The Tennyson class will be under the direction of Mr. Wm. Houston of Toronto, and Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker of Philadelphia will conduct the school of elocution. Rev. F. S. Parkhurst, Rev. Dr. Edwin A. Schell, Rev. Chas. Edward Locke, Rev. Ward Beecher Pickard, Master Jack Cook, Rev. Dr. A. C. Hirst, and Rev. A. E. Lavelle will be the principal preachers and lecturers.

Many of Canada's distinguished artists will assist in the grand concerts. Band concerts and special entertainments will complete a carefully prepared program. Official programs are now ready, and will be sent to any



CHAUTAUQUA GROUNDS, FRYEBURG, ME.

address on application to H. B. Andrews, Box 524, Toronto.

IOWA FALLS, IOWA.

The Iowa Falls Chautauqua Assembly will hold its annual meeting at Iowa Falls, Iowa, August 4 to 16, 1901. An interesting program is being provided. In the different phases of Bible study the assembly will be led by Rev. J. K. Richardson, D. D., of Des Moines, Rev. J. W. Cathcart, Ph. D., of Humboldt, Rev. H. A. Porter of Cedar Rapids, and Rev. T. W. Powell, D. D., of Chicago. A line of church history will be taken up by Rev. A. B. Chaffee, D. D., of Des Moines, and classes in parliamentary practises will be conducted by Hon. J. J. Powell of Cedar Rapids. The music will be made a prominent feature, and will be under the direction of Prof. F. E. Percival of Oberlin, Ohio. The Round Table will be in charge of Rev. A. B. Chaffee, D. D., of Des Moines. The Sunday-school work of the assembly will be under the direction of Mrs. L. Craven Wilton of What Cheer, and Rev. T. W. Powell of Chicago. Several popular

lecturers, among whom may be mentioned Rev. G. E. Gowdy of Lebanon, Ohio, and impersonator Fred High of Oil City, Pennsylvania, have been secured.

INDIAN SPRING, JACKSON, GEORGIA.

A Chautauqua assembly will be held this year at Indian Spring July 7-13. The annual campmeeting will unite with the assembly, and the tabernacle, which has a seating capacity of over five thousand, will be used for Chautauqua gatherings. The properties of the water attract a large number of visitors, and the directors plan to make the assembly a permanent feature of this most popular resort. Some of the most prominent lecturers in the country have been secured, the program announcing the following: Thos. Dixon, Jr., Hon. Henry Watterson, W. Hinton White, Hon. Ralph Bingham, Hon. F. H. Richardson, Gen. John B. Gordon, and Mrs. Gielow. The Georgia State Band and the Chicago Glee Club will be in attendance the entire week. Departments in Bible study and pedagogy will be conducted by able leaders, and C. L. S. C. work will receive particular attention.

ISLAND PARK, ROME CITY, INDIANA.

The twenty-third annual session of this assembly begins July 24, and will continue twenty-one days. The four weeks' summer normal institute opens July 1. - The school of music and voice, under Prof. C. A. Woodcox, the art school in charge of Miss Mary Mullikin of the Cincinnati Art School, elocution and physical culture with Miss Ella Keel,

ing will again be in charge of the Bible and Sunday-school institute. Rev. J. H. Myers, Ph. D., of New York, will conduct a Moody Bible school and ministerial institute for the study of the Word and deepening of spiritual life. The Epworth League school of methods for practical evangelistic work will be conducted by Rev. L. J. Naftzger of Kokomo, Indiana. Round Table and C. L. S. C. work will be carried on during the entire session.

Among those who will lecture and preach during the session are: Rev. Sam P. Jones, Gen. John B. Gordon, Hon. W. J. Bryan, Senator Dolliver, Rev. J. V. Coombs, Hon. Wallace Bruce, Rev. E. F. Albertson, Dr. H. J. Becker, Col. Robt. Cowden, Dr. C. Marshall Lowe, Dr. W. F. Harding, Prof. H. V. Richards, Bishop Hoytt, Hon. J. E. Wiley, Dr. G. H. Mosher, Rev. M. Swadener, Mr. A. A. Small, Rev. C. A. Vincent, Rev. Aaron Worth, and Frances J. Beauchamp. Music will be furnished by the Ariel Sextet, Smith Sisters, the North Eastern Normal University band and orchestra, the Davenport Quartet, the African Boy Choir, Mr. J. H. Balmer, and Miss Elsie Clark, Herr Christian Oelschlagel, violinist, Mr. Harry Parry, Rev. Hanawalt, Prof. F. W. Kraft, Miss Cora Hanawalt, Miss June Nafe, Miss Swintz, and Miss Katharine Lytle, soloists, Miss Jessie Patterson, of the Cincinnati School of Music, pianist. Four grand concerts will be given by the assembly chorus and orchestra. Entertainments will be given by Mr. Ellsworth Wlumstead, impersonator and reader; Alton Packard, the distinguished humorist chalk-talker; Professor Richards, with electricity; Chas. Egbert Grant, monologist; Miss Blanche Breneman, impersonator and reader; and Louis Spencer Daniel, impersonator. Special lectures: "Works and Haunts of Artists," by Miss Mary Mullikin, of the Art Academy of Cincinnati; "Visions of Manhood," by Dr. W. F. Harding; "The Word and its Power," by Rev. J. H. Myers, Ph. D. A federation of women's societies will be addressed by Miss Fannie J. Beauchamp, Mrs. Elizabeth Stanley, Mrs. Eunice Willson, Mrs. Jennie Erwin, Mrs. Rev. Commack Gibson, and others. The W. C. T. U. and woman's congress will be under the supervision of Mrs. Mary E. Balch, secretary of the state W. C. T. U. A W. C. T. U. and women's club house is in process of construction, more than twenty cottages are already completed, and the prospects are flattering for this the oldest Chautauqua in the west.



AUDITORIUM AT GRIMSBY PARK (ONT.) ASSEMBLY.

of the Emerson school, of Boston, and the kindergarten under Miss June Nafe, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, will continue during the entire assembly. Dr. Wm. F. Hard-

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

The Lake Champlain Chautauqua Assembly and School of Methods is the outcome of a strongly expressed desire on the part of many to see in Vermont a summer Chautauqua gathering similar in its general plan to the many summer Chautauqua schools in other states, but adapted to the desires and needs of Vermont teachers and students. The program of the assembly is divided into two parts—the Chautauqua Assembly and the School of Methods. The latter will offer almost all of its work in the morning, and will give instruction in English language and literature, modern languages, history, botany, zoölogy, oratory, kindergarten theory and practise, music, Sunday-school methods, physical culture, and other subjects. The purpose of the Chautauqua assembly which occupies the afternoons and evenings is to furnish to the members and to the citizens of Burlington and vicinity four weeks of excellent lectures and entertainments at a moderate price. A list of the lecturers and entertainers already engaged includes Dr. H. W. Thomas of Chicago; President E. H. Capen, Tufts College; President A. W. Harris, University of Maine; President C. W. Emerson, Emerson College of Oratory, Boston; Dr. Lee S. McCollister, Detroit, Michigan; Rev. J. J. Lewis, Chicago, and many others. Dr. Geo. D. Lindsay, a Chautauqua worker of much experience, will have charge of C. L. S. C. interests. The dates of this assembly are July 10 to August 6.

LAKE MADISON, SOUTH DAKOTA.

This assembly lies in a region of much natural beauty, and efforts are being made by the directors to add to the attractiveness of the place from year to year. A commodious hotel adds much to the comfort of the visitors. The program for the season, beginning June 26 and ending July 12, will be largely devoted to social and reformatory questions. Music will be a strong feature, while the Round Table and class work will have increased interest under able direction. Recognition Day will be July 11. Edward L. Parks, D. D., will conduct the Bible School, Rev. R. V. Kratz, the Sunday-school normal; Prof. E. R. Moses, the school of oratory; Prof. L. G. Kratz, music. Special conferences of all interested will be called to discuss questions along the lines of *modern Christianity*.

LAKE ORION, MICHIGAN.

Lake Orion Assembly is situated thirty-five miles north of Detroit on one of the most beautiful lakes in Michigan. This lake lies six hundred feet above Detroit, and thirteen hundred feet above sea level. Three years ago a Chautauqua assembly was inaugurated in this picturesque location, and beautiful buildings, hotels, and villas dot the islands. Telephone and mail accommodations contribute to the comfort and convenience of the guests. The association is erecting its own electric light plant, and is putting in a system of water works. A large boat recently



LAKE ORION (MICH.) CHAUTAUQUA.

launched will ply the waters of the lake this summer. The dates for the season of 1901 are August 1 to 22, and the program includes more than forty sermons, lectures, concerts, and entertainments. The summer school is also one of the prominent features of the assembly. It is designed to meet the wants of students of every grade and will be distributed among the following departments: science, language, art, literature, elocution, oratory, mathematics, music, and a special normal department for teachers. C. L. S. C. Recognition Day will be observed Thursday, August 9.

LAKESIDE, OHIO.

The assembly at this attractive Lake Erie resort opens on the evening of July 10 and continues until August 31. A full and comprehensive program is announced. Russell H. Conwell, May Wright Sewall, Gen. Ballington Booth, Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, Lorado Taft, and Rev. Anna Shaw are among the lecturers; while the musical talent includes Mary Davis Hahn, violinist, Parke Sisters Quartet, the Interstate Grand Concert Company, the Lyric Concert Company, Miss Pauline Fieber, Katherine Klarer, Oscar

Ehrgot, Asa Howard Geeding. Miss Katherine Oliver and the Oliver Dramatic Quartet, Prof. S. L. Connor, Ellsworth Plumstead, Katherine Eggleston, and Isabel Garghill Beecher appear for readings and impersonations. The usual summer school will run for the entire session. C. L. S. C. Recognition Day will be August 9, at which time there will be a gathering of the Lakeside alumni and the annual election of officers.

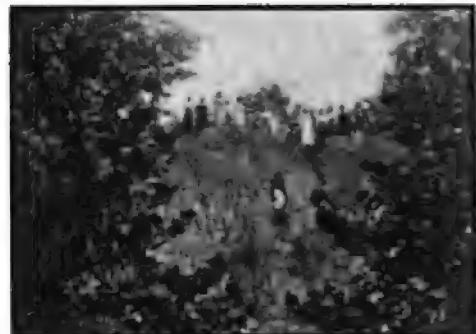
LANCASTER, OHIO.

The Lancaster Assembly will be in session August 10-18. The C. L. S. C. Round Table meetings will be held in the cottage which has been fitted up as headquarters for the young people. Miss Finie Murfree Burton will be in charge of the kindergarten and normal work during the assembly. Miss Wiant will have charge of the class in elocution, and will also take part in the public entertainments. Dr. A. J. Palmer of New York, Senator Dolliver, Dr. J. F. Berry, and Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus are some of the lecturers. Tuesday, August 15, will be observed as Recognition Day.

LITHIA SPRINGS, ILLINOIS.

This assembly is near Middlesworth station on the "Big Four" route, five miles from Shelbyville, Illinois. The grounds consist of two hundred acres of woodland through which runs a creek in a beautiful valley enclosed by rugged hills. The managers are Rev. Jasper L. Douthit & Sons. The senior

During that time all the land was mortgaged in order to improve the ground and pay the expenses of the meetings. Finally, friends of the work, under the lead of Dr. Edward Everett Hale and others, have raised eight thousand dollars — enough to clear the land of all encumbrances — so that this year the two hundred acres are to be formally dedicated and set apart for Chautauqua purposes.



NOTCH CLIFF AT LITHIA SPRINGS, ILL.

Governor Yates of Illinois and other distinguished persons are expected to be present. Hon. John D. Long, secretary of the navy; Booker T. Washington, and Dr. Hale are some of the members of the advisory board. Among the talented persons engaged for this year's assembly (August 10-26) are Senators Chas. A. Towne of Minnesota and W. E. Mason of Illinois, Leland T. Powers, Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker, Rev. Anna H. Shaw, and Mrs. L. Ormiston Chant of England. Professor Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago gives the Recognition Day address. C. L. S. C. Round Tables will be held daily, and classes will be conducted daily in science and literature, good health, cookery, physical culture, kindergarten, nature study, etc.



VIEW AT LITHIA SPRINGS, ILL.

manager is a native of the vicinity, and has labored as a missionary in that region for forty years. He began religious and temperance meetings at Lithia Springs over a dozen years ago. For ten years he struggled in poverty to hold the annual assemblies and develop Chautauqua work.

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA.

The dates for this assembly are July 15 to 26 inclusive. Recognition Day has been fixed for July 26. The new methods adopted last year have been encouraging, and the outlook for a renewed interest in the assembly was never better. The program for this year's assembly will furnish an opportunity for discussions and lectures on subjects which have both a local and national interest. The Forum Hour and Round Table are to be made prominent. The plan for Bible study has been arranged with special reference to the needs of young people's societies. The summer school work for this year will

OTHER CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLIES.

be chiefly conducted on the lecture plan, and will be free to all holding assembly tickets. There will be special classes in music, elocution, domestic economy, and art. The great number of teachers who spend their vacation at the beach makes it possible for classes to be formed and instruction to be given in any department desired.

MARINETTE, WISCONSIN.

This assembly on the shore of Green Bay will hold a twelve days' session beginning August 1. The Chautauqua work is to receive especial attention, and a competent leader has been secured for the Round Tables. Full information regarding this assembly may be had on application to Rev. A. J. Benjamin, Appleton, Wisconsin.

MIDLAND, DES MOINES, IOWA.

Midland Chautauqua is planning to give the strongest program that has been presented in its history. The engagements for talent are not yet completed, and some places will be held open until the very last moment, to be filled in case certain very desirable talent can be secured. A feature has always been Music Festival Day. More extensive plans have been made for this than usual. Among the leading speakers already engaged are: Governor La Follette, Senator J. R. Burton, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Chant, Gen. Zach Sweeney, Prof. H. V. Richards, Gen. Chas. King, Rabbi Hirsch, Jane Addams, and Maj. E. H. Cooper. Of the musicians and entertainers, the following is a partial list: African Boys, Ottumwa Male Quartet, Edmund Vance Cooke, Imperial Hand Bell Ringers, Isabel Garghill Beecher, Chas. Egbert Grant, Karl Germaine, Robert Fullerton, and N. L. Baker. Recognition Day will be July 16, the address to be given by Geo. E. Vincent. Chautauqua work is to be pushed to the front this year. The Round Table is under the supervision of the Chautauqua league of Des Moines and Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut, who will be present the entire session. Dr. Hurlbut will also have charge of the Bible school. In addition to the Bible school, there will be conducted a school of domestic science, which will consist of twelve lectures to be given by Maria Parloa. These lectures will be accompanied by demonstrations, and will constitute a most valuable course on scientific housekeeping. Leon Vincent will give a course of lectures on literature, and there will be a school of health, including classes in physical culture,

conducted by competent persons from Battle Creek sanitarium.

MONONA LAKE, MADISON, WISCONSIN.

The assembly at Monona Lake opens July 18 and closes August 2, giving a session of sixteen days, two days longer than in previous years. Dr. Geo. W. Case will have charge of Round Tables and C. L. S. C. work, and on Recognition Day, August 1, an address will be delivered by Arthur Fallows of London. Such well-known speakers as Dr. MacArthur, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, John Temple Graves, Thos. Dixon, Leland Powers, and Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus assure the patrons of this assembly a most admirable program.

MONTEAGLE, TENNESSEE.

Monteagle will open its nineteenth assembly on the summit of the Cumberlands in Tennessee, on July 3 and will continue its sessions for fifty-seven days. The leading feature of the early part of the season will be the dedication of the splendid new audito-



CASINO AT MONONA LAKE (WIS.) CHAUTAUQUA.

rium, costing ten thousand dollars. This building, designed by Mr. Morrison H. Vail of Chicago, is a reproduction, with many improvements, of the Rock River and Lake Monona auditoriums. It will accommodate on special occasions about five thousand people. It is built upon a solid foundation of Cumberland mountain sandstone. It has, besides the great audience room, a large number of apartments for officers, dressing rooms, orchestra room, etc. The "Chautauqua Temple" will also be inaugurated. This dainty little building will afford room for Chautauqua work, and will be headquarters for all associated interests. Mrs. A. E. Shipley of Des Moines, will be in charge of

this department. She will conduct a number of Round Tables, and will otherwise direct and stimulate Chautauqua interests. The summer schools have been amply provided for. Among the leading instructors will be Dr. Alexander Patterson, Chancellor Summey, Mrs. Crafts, and others, in Bible work; Dr. William Spencer Currell in English literature; Dr. Lynes in languages; Dr. Jas. A. Lyon and others in sciences; Dr. Henry G. Hanchett in music; Mr. F. Townsend Southwick and Mrs. Genevieve Stebbins, principals of the New York School of Expression, in expression; Miss Willette Allen, in kindergarten work. Much attention will be paid to biblical instruction. The platform will introduce many distinguished lecturers and entertainers, prominent among them Dr. McIntyre, Governor Taylor, Colonel Denby,

The handsome new auditorium dedicated last year was pronounced by all to be perfect in its adaptability, and a model in its beauty. It seats five thousand people comfortably, without an obstructed view. A great many new cottages are being built for the coming season, and never before have there been so many applications for cottages. Dr. W. L. Davidson, who has been for eleven years superintendent of instruction, has this year prepared the best program ever offered his patrons. Among the lecturers for this season are the following: Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Father Francis C. Kelley, Dr. Morgan Wood, Mrs. L. Ormiston Chant of London, England, Dr. P. S. Henson, Senator J. P. Dolliver, Hon. Lou Beauchamp, Col. Homer B. Sprague, George Wharton James, Maj. James B. Pond, and Bolling Arthur Johnson. Miss Katherine E. Oliver and sisters, Mr. Adrian M. Newens, Mrs. Olivia S. Hall, Prof. James P. Whyte and wife, Louis Spencer Daniel, and P. M. Pearson are the readers. Dr. W. H. Pontius will be in charge of the chorus. The Royal Hungarian Gypsy Orchestra will be present during the entire session. Miss Donna Adair, Miss Marie Carter, Miss Louise Ainsworth, Miss Genevieve Wheat, Edwin Charles Rowdon, and Delmore Cheney are the soloists. The Schumann Lady Quartet and the Mendelssohn Male Quartet

ROAD TO DEER PARK, MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, MD. THE MOUNTAIN CHAUTAUQUA.

Professor Daniel, Professor Leon H. Vincent, Dr. Homer T. Wilson, Hon. Lou J. Beauchamp, Mr. Cleveland Moffet, Mr. Spillman Riggs, Mr. Edward P. Elliott, Mrs. Isabel Garghill Beecher, Madame Eppinghausen-Bailey, Mrs. Aline Blondner, and many others. Many handsome new cottages, new bridges, and other improvements will be seen on the mountain. Everything points to a more successful season than ever.



MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, MARYLAND.

The Chautauqua assembly at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland, will hold its nineteenth annual session August 1-28. All modern improvements have been introduced, without having disturbed in the least the unrivaled beauty of "The Paradise of the Alleghenies."

will each be present for a week. Miss Benadine Smith and Miss Gretchen McCurdy Gallagher are the violinists; Anna Berger Lynch is the cornet virtuoso. The following will give entertainments: The Boston Carnival and Concert Company, the Imperial Hand Bell Ringers, the Hawthorne Musical Club, the Elysian Entertainers, Rosani, in feats of jugglery, Karl Germaine, the magician, moving pictures, and Hendrickson, the famous magician. C. L. S. C. Recognition Day will be August 15; address by Dr. Robert S. MacArthur. Round Tables will be addressed by J. Arthur Fallows of England and others. The summer school includes twenty departments of important school work, in charge of teachers from the best universities and colleges. Devotional hours are a feature of the assembly, and this year there will be



exposition by Dr. Stanley O. Royal, Dr. S. W. Gamble, Dr. B. F. Beazell, Dr. T. C. Beach, Dr. T. N. Eaton, and others. Everything indicates that the Mountain Chautauqua will have its very best session.

MOUNT GRETNNA, PENNSYLVANIA.

The management intends to make the assembly of 1901 a notable one in its history. A session of five weeks will be held from July 2 to August 8. Many improvements have been made in all the departments. The department of instruction will be stronger than ever, offering courses of study in science and mathematics, ancient and modern languages, literature, history, art, music, pedagogy, domestic science, and physical culture under the most popular professors in the state. The department of entertainment offers a most varied program. A band or orchestra will be in attendance daily, besides which some of the finest vocal and instrumental organizations in the country have been engaged for concerts and entertainments. There will be many illustrated lectures of travel, interspersed with moving pictures, chalk talks, impersonators, dramatic monologists, and other novelties by the best artists. All these are free to everyone on the grounds. Prof. L. E. McGinnes of Steelton, Pennsylvania, will have charge of the C. L. S. C. department. Recognition Day will be August 1.

NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

The fifteenth annual session of Connecticut Valley Chautauqua Assembly at Laurel Park, Northampton, Massachusetts, will be held July 9 - 19, inclusive. The new electric line enables patrons to come and go as they please, and brings thousands daily. No assembly in this country does more dignified C. L. S. C. work than this one. Round Tables are held daily, and this year will be conducted by Prof. A. H. Evans. The year's work will be discussed, and there will be lectures by Mr. J. Arthur Fallows of England, on literary themes and biography. A large class is always graduated and many readers secured. This year Recognition Day will be July 17, with Dr. W. L. Davidson to address the class. The Chautauqua program this year is the best ever offered to the patrons at Laurel Park. Among the lecturers are: Rev. Sam P. Jones, Dr. Morgan Wood, Father Francis C. Kelley,

Hon. Lou Beauchamp, Dr. S. A. Steel, Maj. James B. Pond, Col. Homer B. Sprague, Mrs. L. Ormiston Chant, and J. Arthur Fallows. Mrs. Olivia Sanger Hall and Mrs. Addie Chase Smith are the readers. Hendrickson, the magician, Willard Gorton, and G. Paul Smith are the entertainers. Prof. J. E. Aborn will have charge of the chorus. Music will be furnished by the Weber male quartet, the Hawthorne Musical Club, and a fine band. Anna Berger Lynch, cornet virtuoso,



NORMAL HALL, CONNECTICUT VALLEY CHAUTAUQUA,
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

will be present. The summer schools will have many departments of work along various lines. Dignified and helpful work will be conducted in the Sunday-school normal department. Great stress will be put upon the Bible study, the exposition being in the hands of pastors in the vicinity. Dr. W. L. Davidson, so many years the superintendent, will again have charge of the program and the platform.

OCEAN PARK, OLD ORCHARD, MAINE.

The Chautauqua-by-the-Sea for eastern New England at Ocean Park, Maine, promises to eclipse all previous sessions with its opening-century program. A broad range of subjects will be discussed by lecturers of wide reputation. There will be several special courses, illustrated and otherwise. Various unique features with fine talent will be brought out on the special days of the assembly, all of which will be not only entertaining but highly educative and uplifting. A fine course of Round Tables will be presented, child-study being their most prominent feature. The dramatic recital work will be by the best talent. A large corps of excellent musical artists will render the concerts very attractive. The summer school of oratory and physical culture will keep well up to its standard of excellence.

Several new teachers have been secured in Bible study, and all grades from the biblical institute down to the primary class will be ably conducted. The assembly dates are July 26 to September 2. Recognition Day, August 9, will be replete with good things. Rev. Dr. English will be orator of the day. The C. L. S. C. alumni banquet will be one of its pleasing attractions. At the grand concert in the evening the beautiful cantata, "The Building of the Ship," will be rendered by five artists and a full assembly chorus. Funds are being raised for a memorial of the late superintendent of the assembly, Rev. E. W. Porter, who for nearly a score of years was actively identified with the work of the Ocean Park Assembly. A substantial building to be erected on the site of the old tabernacle will be a permanent expression of regard from the patrons of this assembly.



OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY.

The Ocean Grove Assembly will hold its seventeenth annual session at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, July 8-18. B. B. Loomis, Ph. D., D. D., is again to be superintendent of instruction, and will be assisted by a full corps of able instructors and lecturers. Thursday, July 18, will be Recognition Day, when all members of the C. L. S. C. Class of 1901 who may be present will be entitled to pass through the Golden Gate and under the Arches, and will receive their diplomas from the hand of Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald, the president of the Ocean Grove Association. The systematic study of the Bible will be an important feature of the work of the assembly this year.



OTTAWA, KANSAS.

This assembly will be in session from June 24 to July 5. Forest Park, Ottawa, Kansas, where the assembly is held, has been greatly improved. The removal of the circular drive to the northward, and the opening of the grounds formerly included within it, for tenting, has wonderfully improved both the beauty and convenience of the grounds. A forward movement in the Boys' Club has been inaugurated. The Chautauqua Boys' military camp will be near the Boys' Building, and a splendid program under the direction of Dr. James Naismith and Rev. W. G. Seales has been prepared. The Musical Festival Day will be a special attraction. The choral unions of Emporia, Lawrence, Ottawa, and other cities will unite in

the oratorio, "Redemption." Mrs. Geneva Clark Wilson and Prof. Glenn Hall of Chicago will assist in solo work. The Y. M. C. A. of the state will hold their summer Bible congress in connection with the assembly. A Sunday-School Day program has been prepared with Gov. W. E. Stanley as chairman of the day, a children's chorus of five hundred, and an address by Dr. W. A. Quayle of Indianapolis. On the Fourth of July the program will include orations, by Senator Charles A. Towne and Congressman Charles Landis, and other patriotic features. July 3 is C. L. S. C. Recognition Day, and President Whitford of Milton College, Wisconsin, will deliver the address. Mrs. L. B. Kellogg will continue as superintendent of the C. L. S. C. department, with Round Tables and class reunions. The Woman's Council, with Mrs. Noble Prentis as superintendent, will hold daily meetings. Lectures on art will be given by Miss Montgomery, and on literature by Prof. Vernon Squires. Professor Hamill of Illinois will have charge of the classes in normal Bible study and Sunday-school methods. Lectures on biblical literature will be given by Dr. Alex. Patterson of Chicago. Popular morning, afternoon, and evening lectures will be given by the leading lecturers of the country. Professor Hulett's orchestra of Kansas City, with a full assembly chorus, and the First Regiment Band will furnish abundant music. Liquid air experiments, Edmund Vance Cooke, humorist, and the American Vitagraph Company are among the features provided for entertainment. Among the new features are a Missionary Hour presided over by Dr. Julia Smith of India, a school of shorthand, Y. M. C. A. Bible school, and the boys' camp.



PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA.

The Pacific Grove Assembly, in common with all the Pacific coast assemblies this year, has on its program large numbers of the notables who will visit the Pacific coast in connection with the International Convention of the Epworth League. The chief features of the program will be made up from those who will attend the convention. Bishop C. C. McCabe, Dr. J. M. Buckley, Dr. J. W. Bashford, and Dr. W. A. Quayle will appear on the program; Polk Miller has been engaged; and the Park Sisters of New York, and the Juanita Glee Club of Chicago will furnish music. Dr. H. M. Hamill of the International Committee will carry the Sunday-school normal work. An

OTHER CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLIES.

alumni association of coast Chautauquans was formed last year, and that body will give a reunion and banquet at the opening of the assembly, as a reception to the undergraduates in attendance. Field Day with a Round Table on the shores of the Pacific is one of the annual features of this assembly. Round Tables are carefully planned, and a Forum Hour is conducted every morning, which is a free platform for discussion of timely topics.



PALMER LAKE, COLORADO.

The Rocky Mountain Chautauqua Assembly which holds its sessions at Glen Park, Colorado, offers an especially attractive program this season. Using the Chautauqua Assembly as a basis, Glen Park has enlarged its scope until it has become an all-summer educational and family resort where choice spirits are sure of pleasant fellowship, and where various Christian and philanthropic organizations

tauqua secretary of Iowa, will deliver the address, and Rev. Robert Coltman, D. D., will present the diplomas. The superintendents of departments are: Bible normal, Rev. B. B. Tyler, D. D., of the International Sunday-School Lesson Committee; Sunday-school normal, Mrs. J. A. Walker of the International Sunday-School Committee; science, Prof. I. E. Cutler of the University of Denver, and Prof. E. Bethel, Director of Academy of Science, Colorado; oratory, Mrs. Mabel W. Edwards; musical director, Monsieur Claude A. Rossignol; literature, Mrs. A. E. Shipley of Iowa; microscopy, J. B. Kinley, M. D.; kindergarten, Miss Frances Shiland. A ten days' Y. M. C. A. Junior camp in which all the associations in the state will participate will be held about the middle of June. The Chautauqua Assembly proper will be held July 5 to August 9. The Sunday-School Institute for training teachers will hold sessions July 8 to July 26. The Y. M. C. A. Conference and Bible

school will meet from August 11 to August 18. The studies of the Bible by books, nature study out of doors, and literature will be emphasized in the course. Among the prominent speakers already secured are: President Aylesworth of the Agricultural College; President J. H. T. Mains of Iowa College; Rev. E. K. Chandler, D. D., of Bishop's College, Marshall, Texas; Mrs. A. E. Shipley, state Chautauqua secretary of Iowa; Dr. A. B. Hyde of the University of Denver; Dr. B. B. Tyler, D. D., of the International Sunday-School Lesson Committee; Claudius B. Spencer, Editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, Kansas City; Dr. Crowell of the Moody Bible Institute; Dr. A. B. Harsha of New York; and J. F. Tuttle, Jr.



PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

A new assembly to be known as The Twentieth-Century Assembly is to be held at Assembly Park, Peoria, Illinois, July 2-11. The funds for the establishment of this assembly are donated by the generous citizens of Peoria. The park is located three miles from the city, and contains one hundred and six acres. Hon. Henry Watterson will deliver his new lecture "America Afloat," as illustrated in the life of Paul Jones, on July 4. Other lecturers on the program are:



VIEW ON CONNECTICUT CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY GROUNDS, NEAR PLAINVILLE, CONN.

make their home. The Public Comfort building erected last summer, containing post-office, long distance telephone exchange, bath rooms, barber shop, retiring rooms, etc., proved a great addition to the park. The resort opens June 1 and closes October 1. President J. H. T. Mains of Iowa College will deliver the opening address. The opening concert will be given by the Tuesday Musical Club of Denver. Concerts during the season will be given by the Monday Musical Club of Colorado Springs, the Monday Musical Club of Pueblo, the College of Music of University of Denver, the Dawkins Violin Quartet, Joseph Newman, Glen Park chorus under direction of C. A. Rossignol, and others. Recognition Day is Friday, August 9. Mrs. A. E. Shipley, state Chau-

Prof. D. B. Towner, Col. Geo. W. Bain, Dr. A. A. Willits, Dr. D. F. Fox, Dr. Theo. G. Soares, Dr. Wayland Hoyt, and Rev. John L. Brandt, the latter in an illustrated lecture on "The Passion Play." The Slayton Jubilee Singers have been engaged for five days, and entertainments will also be furnished by the Ottumwa Male Quartet, Elias Day, impersonator, Chas. J. Carter, the magician, and many others. Mrs. A. E. Shipley of Des Moines, the state secretary of the C. L. S. C. for Iowa, will conduct C. L. S. C. Round Tables, and will also direct the girls' outlook club and the women's council.

 classes can meet. The program provides for Bible work each day for both juniors and seniors. The latter class will be under the direction of Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D. D. A "Church Congress" will convene at ten o'clock each morning. Three lectures are provided for each day, unless the evening hour is given to a concert or an entertainment. Especial attention will be paid to chorus training. C. L. S. C. Round Tables and Councils will be held daily at four o'clock. While the program promises that every day shall be a great day, especial preparation is being made for

PETERSBURG, ILLINOIS.

The Old Salem Chautauqua Assembly, located at Petersburg, Illinois, has a twelve days' session from August 8-20. A complete new waterworks and sewerage system has been installed, and the sanitary conditions are perfect. A large dining hall with kitchen is in process of construction. In addition to these improvements there will be an entirely new fleet of pleasure boats on the river. New cottages and church headquarters are being built, and indications are for a prosperous season at the assembly. The program contains such names as Governor Hubbard and Governor La Follett, Lorado Taft, the artist, Dr. George E. Vincent, who will speak on Recognition Day, August 16, General Gordon, Dr. Chapman, Russell H. Conwell, J. DeWitt Miller, Rev. Anna Shaw, Dr. R. S. MacArthur, Hon. Chas. Denby, Professor Richards, and a large number of other speakers, entertainers, and musicians of note. A summer school will be organized, and the Bible courses will be in charge of Prof. H. M. Hamill.



RIVER LANDING, PONTIAC (ILL.) CHAUTAUQUA.

 Thursday, July 25, which is designated as Connecticut Day, when Governor George P. McLean will speak. Recognition Day occurs Wednesday, July 31. The address will be given by Dr. J. L. Hurlbut. This will be the first Chautauqua Recognition Day ever celebrated in Connecticut, and promises to be an occasion of great interest. The regulation Golden Gates and Arches will be in position, and the original order of graduation exercises will be followed. At the close of the Recognition services there will be a reunion of Connecticut Chautauquans.

PLAINVILLE, CONNECTICUT.

The Connecticut Chautauqua Assembly will hold its first session July 24-31 upon the grounds near Plainville and Forrestville, Connecticut. The grounds are located in a large tract of primeval forest most delightfully cool and pleasant, and admirably adapted to assembly work. There are a hundred or more comfortable cottages, a beautiful open-air auditorium, and a number of halls where

PONTIAC, ILLINOIS.

 The Pontiac Chautauqua Assembly of Pontiac, Illinois, holds its fourth annual session at Riverview Park for fourteen days, commencing July 25. A great deal of thought and attention has been given to the arrangement of the program, and it is conceded that the one for this year is the strongest yet given. Last year there were two hundred and eighty-six "white homes" erected, and every indication is that this record will

be beaten this year. Among the lecturers engaged are the following: Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D., General Ballington Booth, Dr. Charles A. Crane, Herr Gustavus Cohen, Rev. Russell H. Conwell, Dr. A. P. Cobb, Thomas Dixon, Jr., Dr. E. L. Eaton, Maj. A. W. Hawks, Sam P. Jones, Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Prof. C. M. Lowe, Walter Thomas Mills, George L. McNutt, Dr. A. J. Palmer, Prof. N. N. Riddell, Col. Z. Sweeney, Dr. Anna H. Shaw, Dr. S. A. Steel, and Prof. A. H. Yoder. Illustrated lectures will be given by Bolling Arthur Johnson and W. Hinton White. Dr. A. J. Palmer, Dr. John Henry Barrows, Dr. Charles A. Crane, and Dr. E. L. Eaton will preach. Entertainers are: the Boston Carnival and Concert Company, Imperial Male Quartet, Schumann Lady Quartet, Isabel Garghill Beecher, Karl Germaine, and Prof. Lee G. Kratz. Mrs. A. E. Shipley conducts the assembly Round Tables. Recognition Day is August 6, the address being given by Dr. E. L. Eaton. There will be classes in art, astronomy, chorus, boys' clubs, citizenship, cooking, elocution, free parliament, girls' outlook club, health, kindergarten, ministerial conference, normal Bible, physical culture, sociology, and woman's council.

PIASA, ILLINOIS.

The beautiful grounds of this assembly are situated on the banks of the Mississippi river, and can easily be reached by boat or rail. Boating, bathing, and fishing add to their attractiveness. The annual session of the assembly is from July 18 to August 15. Many improvements have been made during the past year, and several new cottages have been built. A Sunday-school teacher's conference and normal drill for ten days will be under the direction of Prof. H. M. Hamill. Schools in kindergarten, music, art, and languages, embracing New Testament Greek, will be held the entire session. C. L. S. C. Round Tables will be conducted by competent leaders, and Recognition Day will be held August 8, with Rev. Chas. Crane of Boston as orator. A new feature is College Day, with a reunion of college students. The platform talent engaged is of the best, and lectures will be given by Hon. W. J. Bryan, Senator Chas. A. Towne, Prof. A. W. Hawks, Hon. J. Nick Perrin, Hon. J. H. Littlefield, Prof. Dana C. Johnson, Mrs. Lenora M. Lake, Mrs. Nellie C. Berger, Rev. Eugene May, and Rev. H. A. Orchard. Readers, moving pictures, chalk talks,

and musical attractions complete the program.

ROCK RIVER, DIXON, ILLINOIS.

The Rock River Assembly at Dixon, Illinois, will be held July 24 to August 8. This is the fourteenth annual meeting, and promises to be an improvement upon its predecessors. The grounds were never in better condition. All the buildings are new, and hence no marked improvement in that line can be noted. Recognition Day will be observed on August 1. The officers are planning to put new life in the Chautauqua work during the assembly. The general program is full of interest. Rabbi Cohen, Col. Geo. W. Bain, Rev. R. H. Crossfield, Rev. F. B. Roth, D. D., Rev. D. F. Fox, D. D., Rev. Russell H. Conwell, and Rev. Sam P. Jones are among the principal lecturers. Entertainments will be given by the Imperial Bell Ringers, the Labadies, Mrs. Isabel Garghill Beecher, Miss Sybil Sammis, Germaine, the magician, and others. Liquid air and Edison's projectoscope will be features of the assembly. Frank R. Roberson will present China and South Africa in illustrated lectures. The schools this year have been transferred to the management of the newly organized Midland University. Part of them will be held on the assembly grounds, and part in the Steinmann College buildings adjoining. Rev. Chas. W. Heisler, D. D., president of Susquehanna University, will give twelve morning lectures on the life of Christ, and Rev. H. A. Ott of Topeka, Kansas, will give six exercises illustrative of the proper use of the blackboard in the Sunday-school.

SELLERSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

The assembly committee has decided not to hold a session this year, but Saturday, July 13, will be observed as Recognition Day, and a general rally of C. L. S. C. members is expected. Several members of the Class of 1901 will receive diplomas at this time, and the occasion will be one of interest to C. L. S. C. readers in the community.

RUSTON, LOUISIANA.

The Louisiana Chautauqua Assembly will begin its tenth season July 1, and continue four weeks. Since its first regular assembly in 1891, it has steadily improved and expanded its work, and the coming season



In Your Room

Wash delicate things—handkerchiefs, laces, doilies, etc., things which one cannot send to the ordinary wash—in Pearline's way, viz.: Soak, rinse, squeeze—directions on each packet. Spread smoothly, while wet, on a mirror or window-pane. When dry they require no ironing.

Grand advice for bachelors, maidens, boarders and hotel guests, and for fabrics too delicate and valuable to risk to others' hands.

Pearline is trustworthy for washing and cleaning wherever water can be used.

Avoid Imitations.

Marion Harland (Christine Terhune Herrick), in her book "First Aid to the Young Housekeeper" (Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.), says:

"There can be little doubt that soaking the clothes lessens the amount of rubbing that must be done, if the clothes are put into lukewarm water to which has been added a small quantity of some trustworthy washing powder. In the former days, unadulterated washing soda was used by unscrupulous washerwomen who did not care how much damage was done to the fabric, so long as the dirt came away easily, but the injury is (even in such a case) often less than the wear the goods would receive in being rubbed into cleanliness on a washboard."

Pearline is proved trustworthy.

promises to be rich in attractions and opportunities for culture. Col. R. G. Pleasants of Shreveport will deliver the address on Recognition Day, July 17. C. L. S. C. reunions and Round Tables, conducted by Mrs. M. H. Williams, will be held each week of the assembly. The summer school will embrace the following subjects: mathematics, science, civics, psychology, pedagogy, methods, art, music, physical culture. Bible study will form an important feature of the work. Platform lectures, concerts, and

entertainments are planned for that large class of people who seek recreation under the favorable atmosphere of a Chautauqua gathering. Gov. J. D. Sayles of Texas will be present on July 4, and will assist in the great patriotic celebration of the day. Among the lecturers and entertainers engaged are: Dr. William Caldwell of the Northwestern University; Dr. Thos. E. Green of Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Dr. J. T. McFarland of Topeka, Kansas; Mrs. J. B. Sherwood of Chicago; Miss Theodosia G. Ammons, Rev. Sam P. Jones, Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker, Miss Katherine J. Everts, Polk Miller, Dawkins Violin Quartet. Mrs. Noble L. Prentis of Kansas will have charge of the woman's department. Mrs. A. E. Shipley, the state secretary of the C. L. S. C. for Iowa will present the Chautauqua work. Copies of *The Chautauqua Journal*, devoted to the interests of this assembly, may be had on application to J. W. Freeman, Denver, Colorado.



PARK SCENE AT TULLY LAKE (N. Y.) ASSEMBLY.

entertainments of a varied and attractive nature will be given, making the season one of the best in the history of the association.



TEXAS-COLORADO, BOULDER, COLORADO.

A six weeks' session will open at this attractive Rocky mountain resort on July 4. For three years the educational departments of the Colorado Chautauqua have been carefully developed, and each season they have been better adapted to the needs of the people. The educational committee has arranged with a corps of specialists from various parts of the country for a school of five weeks, beginning Monday, July 8. All the principal subjects taught in summer schools, and those most necessary for teachers who wish to advance to higher positions, will be included in the courses of study at Boulder. Language, literature, science, history, music, pedagogy, art, elocution, physical culture, domestic science and the allied subjects will be presented by competent instructors. The auditorium enter-

10th to the 25th of August at Assembly Park, New York. Recognition Day will be Thursday, August 15. The park will be much improved, several new cottages having been built. The important features of the program will be the regular annual stay of Fanny Crosby, our poet laureate; debate on political and economic topics, addresses by Dr. W. T. S. Culp, Rev. C. B. Smith, Dr. Edward Hayward, Passion Play, Alton Packard, Dr. N. M. Waters, Dr. J. W. Phillips (Recognition Day address); Hon. Wallace Bruce, F. M. Ackerson, and others. Entertainments by Jubilee Singers, Hearons Sisters' Orchestra, Empire Concert Company, "Mackie" the magician, Utopian Mandolin and Banjo Club, Aeolian Male Quartet. Elizabeth Snyder Roberts will again have charge of the C. L. S. C. department. Other features are Bible study, musical department, and W. C. T. U. school of methods. The summer school will be in session from July 15 until August 8. This department does work in preparing teachers for all of the New York state examinations. It prepares for college, normal schools, training classes, etc.

TULLY LAKE, NEW YORK.

The Central New York Chautauqua Assembly holds its 1901 session from the

A black and white illustration of a Quaker man, an elderly man with a white beard and mustache, wearing a tall black hat and a long white coat. He is holding two boxes of Quaker Oats, one in each hand. The boxes are labeled "QUAKER OATS" and "2 POUNDS". The background features a decorative scroll banner with the text "PURE Quaker Oats". Below the banner, there is descriptive text about the nutritional value of Quaker Oats compared to wheat foods, followed by a seal and the company's name.

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SHASTA, CALIFORNIA.

Perhaps the most unique in the whole list of assemblies is that held in the canyon of the Sacramento river at the base of Mt. Shasta. This is its sixth session. Attendance is not large, owing to the fact that the assembly is three hundred and twenty-five miles from San Francisco, and that there are no nearby cities. The assembly is maintained largely by the talent that serves the Pacific Grove assembly, four hundred and fifty miles distant. This talent makes a recreation trip to the mountains after that assembly. The Shasta Assembly has a fine tabernacle, and this year adds generous hotel accommodations. The course this season includes lectures by Dr. Alfred Kummer of San José, Dr. W. C. Evans of Stockton, Miss Kate Whitaker, John Ivey, Dr. S. D. Hutsinpiller, the Colonial Quartet, and others. Recognition Day is July 5, when Rev. Eli McClish, D. D., president of Coast Branch, C. L. S. C., will speak.



URBANA, ILLINOIS.

At Crystal Lake Park, Urbana, Illinois, August 16-25, will be held the sixth session of the Twin City Chautauqua Assembly. Special attention will be given to C. L. S. C. Round Tables, and the Recognition service has been placed for August 23. Father Cleary, Eugene V. Debs, DeWitt Miller, and Prof. Riddell are among the lecturers; and Ritchie, the magician, the Dixie Jubilee Singers, and Robertson's moving pictures will contribute to the entertainment.



URBANA, OHIO.

The Urbana Chautauqua is a new assembly at Urbana, Ohio, which holds its first session from July 21 to July 31, under the superintendence of Rev. W. L. Davidson, D. D. It is located on the grounds of the Urbana Campmeeting Association. There are nearly two hundred and fifty cottages, a fine hotel, and a handsome and commodious auditorium already on the grounds. The following excellent attractions may be mentioned: Rev. Sam P. Jones, Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur, Jahu DeWitt Miller, Dr. S. A. Steel, Mrs. L. Ormiston Chant, Dr. E. L. Eaton, Dr. M. M. Parkhurst, J. Arthur Fallows, and Herr Gustavus Cohen. Mrs. Olivia Sanger Hall is the reader. Soloists are Miss Louise Ainsworth and Prof. Harry J. Fellows. Professor Fellows is also chorus director for the present season. The

Imperial Hand Bell Ringers, the African Boy Choir, and the Boston Carnival and Concert Company are among the musical offerings. Recognition Day will be July 30, with Dr. S. A. Steel as speaker. C. L. S. C. Round Tables will be held daily, with helpful addresses on biography and literary themes by J. Arthur Fallows. Summer school will be conducted along many important lines, and Sunday-school normal work will receive attention. Great emphasis will be laid on



CHAUTAUQUA GROUNDS AT WATHENA, KAN.

Bible study, with exposition by Dr. M. M. Parkhurst and Dr. E. L. Eaton.



WATHENA, KANSAS.

The new Wathena Mid-summer Chautauqua Association completed its reorganization in February. The assembly of 1901 promises to be the greatest in its history. Among the talent engaged are: Frank C. Bruner, Dana C. Johnson, Thos. Dixon, Jr., Dr. D. F. Fox, Prof. T. H. Dinsmore, Father F. Clement Kelley, Polk Miller, DeWitt Miller, Father Nugent, D. W. Robertson's moving pictures, Schubert Quartet. N. L. Baker will be superintendent of platform. Mrs. Anne Hobbs Woodcock has charge of the young people's normal class. Recognition Day will be Friday, August 2, and Mrs. Anne Hobbs Woodcock will address the graduates. Mrs. Woodcock will also have charge of the C. L. S. C. Round Tables during the entire session, and the C. L.-S. C. headquarters tent will be looked after by Misses E. Jeanette and Fannie Zimmerman.



WATERLOO, IOWA.

At Cedar River Park, Waterloo, Iowa, from July 10-24 the tenth annual session of the Waterloo Chautauqua Assembly will be held. The program includes such well-

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have been used at the Chautauqua Assembly to the exclusion of all others for *eleven consecutive years*.

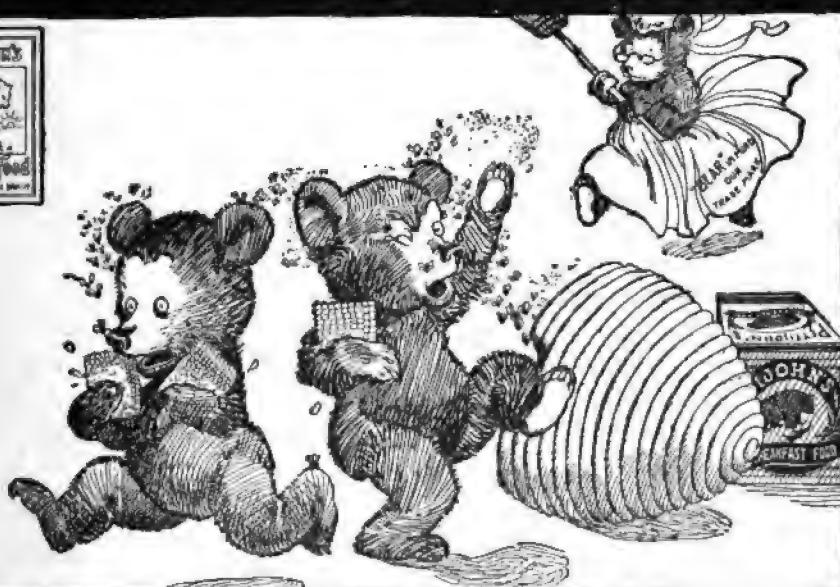
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known lecturers as Jahu DeWitt Miller, Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, Frank R. Roberson, Dr. Anna H. Shaw, John Temple Graves, Dr. Russell Conwell, Dr. Robert McIntyre, Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Herr Gustavus Cohen, and A. W. Hawks. The readers and musicians engaged are Miss Gay Zenola MacLaran, Mr. Adrian M. Newens, Miss E. Grace Updegraff, Madam Cecelia Eppinghausen-Bailey, Mrs. Evangeline Grace Moody, Ruth Anderson, Miss Georgiella Lay, the African Boy Choir, the Meyers Family Orchestra, the Ainsworth Entertainment Company, and the Waterloo Glee Club. Dr. Geo. S. McNutt will give a series of talks on sociological subjects. Dr. Solon Bronson of Garrett Biblical Institute, Northwestern University, will have charge of the Bible study. Mrs. A. E. Shipley, state secretary of the C. L. S. C. for Iowa, will have charge of C. L. S. C. Round Tables, as well as of the women's conference.

WILLAMETTE VALLEY, OREGON.

This assembly is located at Gladstone Park, Oregon City, Oregon, and will hold a ten days' session beginning July 3. Recognition Day exercises will be July 11, when diplomas will be awarded to a large circle of readers.

WINONA, INDIANA.

The Winona Assembly and Summer School is entering upon its seventh season. The

dates are July 1 - August 9. C. L. S. C. Rallying Day will be observed July 19, and Recognition Day August 6. Dr. John M. Coulter of the University of Chicago will deliver the address on Recognition Day. The talent engaged for the platform includes as lecturers: Rev. Russell Conwell, Thos. Dixon, Jr., Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, Dr. A. J. McArthur, Rev. Sam Jones, A. W. Hawks, S. A. Steel, Rev. Anna Shaw, Dr. Robert McIntyre, Rev. G. L. Mackintosh, F. R. Roberson, Burton Holmes, John L. Brandt. Readers and entertainers announced are: Leland T. Powers, Isabel Garghill Beecher, Bertha Kunz-Baker, Katherine Oliver, the Oliver Sisters Quartet, Germaine, the magician, D. W. Robertson's moving pictures. Wireless telegraphy, spelling matches, and pronunciation matches will also vary the program. The music consists of concerts by the Imperial Hand Bell Ringers, Boston Carnival and Concert Company, Hungarian Gypsy Band, Madame Cecelia Eppinghausen-Bailey. The Winona orchestra will be present during the entire season. The summer school offers instruction in language, science, mathematics, music, art, oratory, pedagogy, domestic science, physical culture, kindergarten, stenography, and typewriting. Details of program will be furnished on application to Rev. Sol. C. Dickey, 910 Stevenson Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS.

"THE RIVALRY OF NATIONS."—JUNE.

1. A division of Oceanica, comprising Australia, Papua, Tasmania, New Zealand, New Caledonia, Bismarck Archipelago, and some lesser islands; often regarded as comprising only the Australian colonies of Great Britain, including New Zealand, Tasmania, and Fiji; sometimes equivalent to *Oceania*. 2. Pierre Paul Leroy-Beaumien is a noted French political economist, born at Saumur, France, December 9, 1843. He became professor of political economy at the École Libre des Sciences Politiques at Paris in 1872, and in the same year founded *L'Économiste français*. Among his works are "De l'état social et intellectuel des populations ouvrières" (1868), "Traité de la science des finances," etc. 3. The defeat of De Tourville at La Hogue, in 1692, by an English-Dutch fleet under Russell. The naval victory gained by the British under Hawke at Quiberon bay over the French under Conflans in 1759. The defeat of the French fleet under De Grasse in 1782 by the English under Admiral Rodney. The victories of Nelson at the battle of the Nile (1798), and at Cape Trafalgar (1805). 4. A political work by J. J. Rousseau, published in 1762. The influence of this book on the literature and life of the period was remarkable. Its theories were at the foundation of

Jacobin politics. (See C. L. S. C. required book "The French Revolution," page 67.)

"A READING JOURNEY IN THE ORIENT."—JUNE.

1. At the approach to the isthmus is the place where the robber Sinis used to catch hold of pine trees and draw them down. Then he would tie his vanquished foes to the trees and let the stems fly up. Whereupon each of the pine trees dragged the captive towards itself, and if the cords did not give way in either direction, he was rent in sunder. Sinis himself perished in this way at the hands of Theseus; for Theseus cleared the road from Troizen to Athens of the rogues who infested it. 2. A promontory on the southeastern coast of the Peloponnesus. 3. The discovery of the sunken shipload of Greek statues lately made there. (See page 299 of June Round Table.) 4. Biton and Cleobis were the sons of Cydippe, a priestess of Hera at Argos. During a festival, the priestess had to ride to the temple in a chariot, and as oxen were not at hand, Biton and Cleobis dragged the chariot containing their mother forty-five stadia to the temple. In answer to the prayer of their mother to Hera to reward this act of filial piety with the greatest boon for mortals, the two sons, who had fallen asleep,

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never awoke. Herodotus makes Solon relate this tale to Croesus. 5. At the beginning of the Trojan war, Palamedes was sent to urge Ulysses to join the Greeks. Ulysses, who had married a cousin of Helen's, Penelope, was happy in his wife and child and loth to embark in the enterprise. When Palamedes arrived at Ithaca, Ulysses pretended madness, and yoking an ass and an ox together to the plow, began to sow salt. The ambassador, to try him, placed the infant Telemachus before the plow, whereupon the father turned the plow aside, showing that his insanity was a pretense. Ulysses then joined the undertaking and lent his aid in bringing in other reluctant chiefs, notably Achilles. 6. Herodotus (in Book VI., 61 and on) tells how Aristoy tricks his bosom friend out of his beautiful wife, whose beauty far surpassed that of all the other women in Sparta, and what was still more strange, she had once been as ugly as she was now beautiful. For her nurse, seeing how ill-favored she was, and how sadly her parents, who were wealthy people, took her bad looks to heart, bethought herself of a plan, which was to carry the child every day to the temple of Helen at Therapua and there to place her before the image and beseech the goddess to take away the child's ugliness. One day, as she left the temple, a woman appeared to her, and begged to know what it was she held in her arms. The nurse told her it was a child, on which she asked

to see it; but the nurse refused; the parents, she said, had forbidden her to show the child to any one. However, the woman would not take a denial; and the nurse, seeing how highly she prized a look, at last let her see the child. Then the woman gently stroked its head and said, "One day this child shall be the fairest dame in Sparta." And her looks began to change from that very day. The Spartan Cinderella thus becomes the mother of King Demaratus. 7. When Lord Elgin exhibited the Elgin marbles in England, he met with great opposition from jealous art critics, who refused publicly to acknowledge their value. The leader of this party, Mr. Payne Knight, so influenced public opinion that the marbles were stored in a shed for many years and efforts to get the English government to buy them were neutralized. Finally a committee was appointed to consider the question. One member of this committee was B. R. Haydon, the painter, then a young man. When everything seemed to be going against Lord Elgin and Haydon was not allowed even to give his opinion, he wrote a scathing letter for the press, attacking Payne Knight and presenting such an overwhelming weight of testimony in favor of the marbles, that he won the day, and they were bought by the government, though for a sum much less than Lord Elgin had expended in securing them.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK.

Piero Della Francesca. By W. G. Waters, M. A. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8. \$1.75.
 Experimental Psychology. A Manual of Laboratory Practice. By Edward Bradford Titchener. Volume I. Qualitative Experiments. Part II. Instructor's Manual. 6 x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$2.50.
 Talks on Civics. By Henry Holt. 5 x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.25.
 Domestic Service. By Lucy Maynard Salmon. Second Edition. With an additional chapter on domestic service in Europe. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$2.00.
 An Introduction to the Industrial and Social History of England. By Edward P. Cheyney. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8. \$1.40.
 The Evolution of Immortality. By S. D. McConnell, D. D., D. C. L. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.25.
 The Books of the New Testament. By the Rev. Leighton Pullan. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$.
 Notes for Teachers of English Composition. By G. R. Carpenter. Pamphlet. .25.
 Politics and the Moral Law. By Gustav Ruemelin. Translated from the German by Rudolf Tombo, Jr., Ph. D. Edited with an introduction and notes by Frederick W. Holls, D. C. L. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7. .75.
 The Blaisdell Speller. Book I. By Etta Austin Blaisdell and Mary Frances Blaisdell. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. .16.
 Tennyson's Idylls of the King. Edited with introduction and notes by William T. Vlymen, Ph. D. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6. .25.
 Europe and Other Countries, with Review of North America. (Tarr and McMurry Geographies.) By Ralph S. Tarr, B. S., F. G. S. A., and Frank M. McMurry, Ph. D. With maps and illustrations. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$.

ABBEY PRESS, NEW YORK.

Studies in Eschatology; or, Existence after Death. By Ulysses S. Bartz, A. M. 5 x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. .50.
 A Daughter of the Prophets. By Curtis Van Dyke. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8. \$1.00.
 Christian Science and Kindred Superstitions. Their

facts and fallacies. By Rev. Charles F. Winbigler, Ph. M. With an introduction by Rev. J. Herndon Garnett. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8. \$1.00.
 Health and Hygiene for the Household. By John Joseph Nutt, B. L., M. D. 5 x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. .50.
 The Heroine of Santiago de Cuba (A Sequel); or, What Followed the Sinking of the Merrimac. By Antoinette Sheppard. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8. \$1.00.
 A Mistress of Many Moods. By Charlotte Boardman Rogers. Translated from the French of André Theuriet. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8. .50.
 The Soldier's Revenge; or, Roland and Wilfred. By Florence Nightingale Craddock. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8. \$1.00.
 A Romance in Meditation. By Elaine L. Field. 5 x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. .50.
 The Mystery of the Marbletons. A Romance of Reality. By M. Mackin. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8. .50.
 The Doomed Turk. By E. Middleton. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8. .50.
 Thoughts in Verse. By Duncan Francis Young. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8. .75.
 From Clouds to Sunshine; or, The Evolution of a Soul. By E. Thomas Kaven. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8. \$1.00.
 In Love and Truth; or, The Downfall of Samuel Seele, Healer. By Anita Clay Munoz. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8. \$1.00.
 The Little Crusaders. By Isabel Scott Stone. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8. \$1.00.
 Hallie Marshall: a True Daughter of the South. By F. P. Williams. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8. \$1.00.
 Pharaoh. A Historical Romance of Ancient Egypt. By Boleslaus Prus. Translated and abridged by Mary De Mankowski. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8.
 Ten Years in Cossack Slavery; or, Black Russia. By Julian Jasienyck. Translated by Mary De Mankowski. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8. \$1.25.
 D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON.
 A French Grammar. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) By H. W. Fraser and J. Squair. 5 x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.12.
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Surplus,	3,543,126.81
Paid to Policy-holders since 1864,	42,643,384.92
Paid to Policy-holders in 1900,	2,908,464.03
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life)	1,586,652.20
Life Insurance in Force,	109,019,851.00

GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900.

In Assets,	\$3,167,819.96
In Insurance in Force (Life Department Only),	8,685,297.06
Increase in Reserves (Both Departments), (3½% basis)	2,484,392.52
Premiums Collected,	6,890,888.55

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 Heath's Home and School Classics: Crib and Fly, Paper. 10, Cloth .20; Edgeworth's Waste Not, Want Not, .10, .20; Ingelow's Three Fairy Stories, .10, .20; Martineau's The Crofton Boys, I. and II., .10, .30; Motley's Siege of Leyden, .10, .20; Muloch's Little Lame Prince, I. and II., .10, .30; Nursery Rhymes, I. and II., .10, .30; Segur's Story of a Donkey, .10, .20; Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors, .15, .25; Shakespeare's The Winter's Tale, .15, .25; Tales from Munchausen, .10, .20, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. Marie-Louise et Le Duc De Reichstadt. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) Par H. A. Guerber. Edited with notes by the author. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$. .25.
 Materials for French Composition. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) By Sarah Brigham. For pupils in their second year's study of French. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$. Paper, .12.
 Sudermann's Johannes. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) Edited with an introduction and notes by F. G. G. Schmidt, Ph. D. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$.
 De Gil Blas De Santillana. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) By J. Geddes, Jr., and Freeman M. Josselyn, Jr. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.00.
 Michelet's L'Histoire de France. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) Edited with introduction and notes by C. H. C. Wright. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$. .30.
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 Every Day Birds. Elementary Studies. By Bradford Terry. \$1.00
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 John Marshall. By James B. Thayer. Ulysses Grant. By Walter Allen. Lewis and Clark. By William R. Lighton. Nos. 7, 8, 9, Riverside Biographical Series. Each .75.
 The Rape of the Lock, An Essay on Man, and Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. By Alexander Pope. (Riverside Literature Series.) Edited, with introduction and notes by Henry W. Boynton, M. A. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$. .15.

THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, WASHINGTON.

Seventeenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. 1895-1896. By J. W. Powell, Director. In two parts—Part I. $8 \times 11\frac{1}{2}$.
 Eighteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. 1896-1897. By J. W. Powell, Director. In two parts—Part I. $8 \times 11\frac{1}{2}$.
 Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, showing the operations, expenditures, and condition of the Institution for the year ending June 30, 1897. Report of the U. S. National Museum. Part II. $6 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$.

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, showing the operations, expenditures, and condition of the Institution for the year ending June 30, 1899. Report of the U. S. National Museum. $6 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$.
 Second Report of the United States Board on Geographic Names. 1890-1899. Second edition. $6 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$.

M'CLURE, PHILLIPS & CO., NEW YORK.

Five Years of My Life. 1894-1899. By Alfred Dreyfus. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$.
 The Children of the Nations. A study of colonization and its problems. By Poultnay Bigelow, M. A., F. R. G. S. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$.
 The Book of Genesis in the Light of Modern Knowledge. By Rev. Elwood Worcester, D. D. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, CHICAGO.

Spelling Reform. A Discussion by E. O. Vaile, Slosson Thompson, Emerson E. White, William T. Harris, et al. Formal Discipline. A Discussion of an Address by Professor L. B. R. Briggs on "Some Aspects of Grammar-School Training." By Dr. William T. Harris, Commissioner of Education, United States.

LAIRD & LEE, CHICAGO.

The 20th Century Handy Cyclopedie Britannica. By Alfred B. Chalmers, Ph. D. Illustrated. $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. .25.
 Laird & Lee's Vest-Pocket "Kaiser" Dictionary. German-English; English-German. Pronunciation and idioms. By Prof. Ludwig V. Zorn, Lit. D.
 Laird & Lee's Time-Saver and Souvenir-Guide to the Pan-American Exposition. Cloth, .25.
 Laird & Lee's Guia de Bolsillo de la Exposicion Pan-Americana. Recuerdo Conmemorativo de la Ciudad del "Arco Iris." Paper, .15.
 Laird & Lee's Vest-Pocket Electric Sparks. Electricity in all its Branches and Applications. By Prof. James A. Beaton, A. M. 116 illustrations. Leather, .75.

JENNINGS & PYE, CINCINNATI.

The Foundation Rock. A Story of Facts and Factors. By Sarah M. De Line. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.25.
 The Motherhood of God. A Series of Discourses by Louis Albert Banks, D. D. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.25.
 A Modern Knight of the Cross. Extracts from the Writings of William Stockton Heacock. Compiled by his Parents and Sister. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.00.
 Baptism. A Discussion of the Words "Buried with Christ in Baptism." By William H. Williams, LL. D. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6$. .25.

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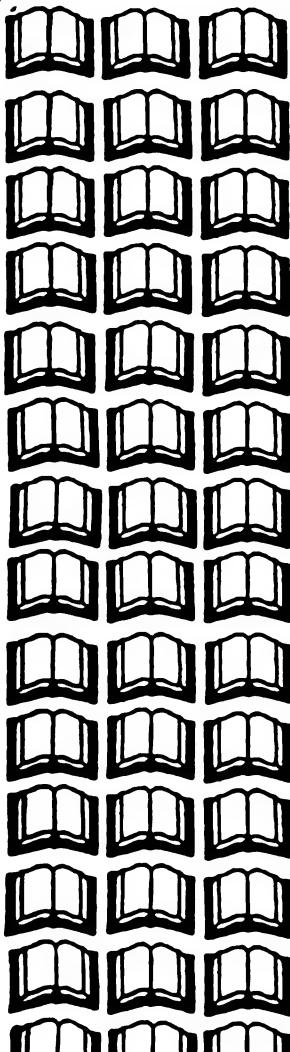
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CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY:

BUREAU OF PUBLICATION: WILLIAM S. BAILEY, Director.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Entered according to Act of Congress, August, 1901, by CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

Yearly Subscription, \$2.00. Single Copies, 20c.

Registered at Cleveland Post-Office as Second-class Mail Matter.

See page 497.

THE PUEBLO OF ZUNI, NEW MEXICO.



THE CHAUTAUQUAN,

A Monthly Magazine for Self-Education.

VOL. XXXIII.

AUGUST, 1901.

No. 5.



HE movement for public ownership and operation of public utilities, within the municipal sphere at least, is certain to be considerably strengthened by the franchise controversies in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. In the latter commonwealth a "rajd" upon the streets of Boston by an elevated railway company was prevented by an executive veto. The corporation sought a forty-year franchise for a subway on terms so one-sided and unfair to the city that Governor Crane felt himself constrained to forewarn the legislature (from which the grant was asked) that he would approve no act conferring the subway franchise which did not contain a provision for a reference of the question to the voters of Boston. Home rule is not guaranteed by the Massachusetts constitution to the cities of that state to the degree elsewhere enjoyed, but there are many precedents for the use of the referendum in cases involving the property rights and interest of municipalities. The Massachusetts legislature disregarded the warning, and passed the subway bill. A veto promptly followed, and the message which accounted for the governor's action was so searching, so masterly, so conclusive, that about sixty of the legislators who had voted for the bill declined to override the veto. The press of Boston was divided, and some papers accused Governor Crane of "usurpation," interference with the legislature, and demagogical "play to the galleries." But the hollowness of these charges was patent to all fair-minded men, and the governor has received general commendation for his manly and courageous defense of popular rights and home rule. Governor Crane is a business man, not a politician, and he can neither be corrupted nor deceived by sophistry. But how many executives would have acted as he did in similar circumstances?

An infinitely more flagrant—and, unfortunately, so far successful—attempt to vote

away invaluable franchises has been made by the "machine" politicians of Pennsylvania. Bills that had not been discussed or even heard of were suddenly introduced in the legislature providing for the incorporation of companies for the construction of surface, elevated, and underground railways in all places where the authorities may consent to exclusive occupation and perpetual ownership of the streets and highways of their respective localities. No provision for compensation, reduction, or regulation of fares, or for resumption of ownership by the local governments was made part of the bills. The charters, moreover, were expressly made marketable commodities for the first seven years. No such sweeping, reckless grants of property and power have been tolerated anywhere in recent years, since the widespread recognition of the principle of compensation for franchises and proper control or regulation of public service corporations. But Pennsylvania has suffered from legislative meddling and executive interference in local affairs even more than Massachusetts. The constitutional guarantees of home rule are wholly inadequate. They have not even saved Pittsburg, Allegheny, and Scranton from the "ripper" acts which legislated popularly elected mayors out of office and put "recorders" appointed by the governor in their places.

With but few exceptions the press of the state bitterly denounced these bills as "legalized plunder of the public," political steals without a shadow of excuse in economic or moral necessity. The bills passed, the Republican majority being reinforced by Democratic spoils-men. Governor Stone signed them without so much as the formality of a public hearing. The beneficiaries of the measures did not lose any time. Scores of applications for "omnibus" charters were forthwith filed. The mere payment of the required fee to the state gave them effect. Thereupon the scene was shifted to Phila-

delphia. Fourteen ordinances were introduced in the city council for railway construction within that city. They covered one hundred and twenty miles of streets and highways. The council was, of course, entitled to impose certain restrictions and conditions,



THE LATE PROF. JOHN FISKE,
Noted Lecturer and
Historian.

deal more. He has also offered three-cent fares for the early hours of the morning and evening and the acceptance of a clause giving the city the privilege of acquiring the system of street railways at the actual cost of the investment. But this, of course, has likewise been ignored by the officials and franchise holders.

The courts are to be appealed to, but the possibility of relief from that quarter is rather remote, for the present constitution and laws of Pennsylvania invite spoliation and assaults upon home rule and public property. The events in the two states under discussion should have an educative effect.



The Cuban problem, for the present at least, is solved. The constitutional convention of the island, after much private discussion and no little public resentment, reconsidered the vote whereby the so-called Platt amendment was accepted with a certain number of qualifications, interpretations, and explanations, and voted—sixteen to eleven—for the adoption of that piece of congressional legislation in the form in which it passed and received the president's signature. This unconditional acceptance has produced a favorable impression alike in the United States and in Cuba, though it must regretfully be admitted that there are alleged statesmen among us who persist in laying highly offensive epithets to the mem-

bers of the convention and the Cubans generally, and who, apparently, are not satisfied with the restrictions imposed on Cuba's sovereignty.

In truth and candor, Cuba is not and will not be—unless the Platt amendment is repealed or modified—a sovereign nation. The series of restrictions she has been compelled to accept implies dependence upon the United States. We are to exercise the authority of a "protecting" nation, and Cuba is virtually a protectorate. She may, indeed, be regarded as a highly autonomous colony of the United States. Eventually she may win complete independence, and some of those who have strongly advocated the Platt amendment have explicitly asserted that it was intended as a provisional and temporary arrangement, to be terminated as soon as Cuba should demonstrate fitness for stable and orderly self-government. On the other hand, there are many who believe that annexation to the United States is, more than ever, Cuba's "manifest destiny," and that after a relatively brief trial of limited independence the islanders themselves will be knocking at our gates for incorporation.

That there is much probability in the latter view is not to be denied. Cuba's paramount need at present, according to her best representatives, is freer access to American markets. A liberal reciprocity treaty with the United States is regarded as necessary and just, but the sugar and tobacco industries of this country are certain to oppose material concessions to the Cubans. A forty per cent reduction of present rates is mentioned as the proper concession, but congress may deem it too radical. If Cuba shall fail to obtain industrial relief and improvement through reciprocity, a powerful impetus will be given to the annexation movement.

Of course, no treaty or trade reciprocity can be negotiated at present. A native government must first be elected and installed. The constitutional convention has yet to draft and adopt an election act, but with that its task will be completed. It has no authority to do anything more. However, as long as it remains in session it is free to reconsider any part of the adopted constitution. It is reported that the provision for universal suffrage is likely to be redrawn and amended, and that a property or educational qualification for voting may be prescribed. The census figures indicate that such a qualification would mean minority suffrage. It would, moreover, disfranchise many of the patriots who have participated in the long struggle for independence. The debate upon the

suffrage proposition bids fair to be protracted. No immediate withdrawal of the American army of occupation is contemplated. There is some talk of submitting the Cuban constitution to congress for examination and approval or disapproval. The president, under the Platt resolution, is under no obligation to consult congress with regard to his course in Cuba, but he may desire to divide responsibility with congress, and in that event the establishment of a native government in the island will be delayed considerably.

Civil government has been proclaimed in the Philippine Islands by an order of the war department, and Judge Taft, the president of the civil commission, has been appointed governor. The power exercised by the commanding general of the American military force in the Philippines terminated on July 4, and, excepting those parts of the archipelago where insurrection still exists or where order cannot be maintained without military intervention, the administration will be purely civil.

Nominally, however, the Philippine government will remain under the direction and control of the war department. This condition is the result of the late supreme court decisions in the "territorial" tariff cases. It was held in those cases that a territory ceded to, annexed, and fully occupied by the United States becomes domestic in every sense by virtue of such annexation and occupation, and that the general laws for the United States extend thereto by their own force, remaining in operation there until congress, under constitutional authority, enacts different laws (so far as it may do so) for the inhabitants. Since congress has not passed any laws for the government or taxation of the Filipinos, the serious ques-

tion has arisen whether the tariff duties now levied on goods exported from and imported into the archipelago under the Dingley act are legally imposed and collected.

Unless there be something in the Philippine situation to distinguish the question of American-Philippine trade from that of American-Porto Rican trade, it is plain that under the De Lima decision the present tariff against the Philippines is invalid. But the fact that the supreme court rendered no opinion in the Philippine case before it, coupled with certain theoretical considerations, has led to belief that the Philippine tariff may be upheld. It has been suggested that the Philippines, though annexed by treaty, are not "a domestic territory" as yet, owing to the insurrection and the military rule which the president has had to maintain there. The cession by Spain has been followed by native resistance, and the occupation of the territory has not been complete. This may be taken into account by the supreme court in deciding the status of the archipelago.

At any rate, the administration, in the absence of authoritative judicial guidance, has not deemed it advisable to change the apparent legal situation in the Philippines. For this reason the civil government has been placed under the control of the war department. But no interference on the part of the latter is said to be intended. In all sections of the archipelago where peace prevails and American authority is recognized the government is to be truly and purely civil.

Meantime insurgent chiefs are surrendering one after another and taking the oath of allegiance. The civil commission has adopted a code of procedure and has established courts — general and local, including a supreme court, with a native chief justice — throughout the islands.



Courtesy Detroit Photographic Co.

THE LATE HAZEN S. PINGREE,
Formerly Governor of
Michigan.



A \$100,000,000 STEAL.

— Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The merit system has been applied to appointments in the civil service, and with unusual strictness, according to the testimony of Judge Taft himself.

The commission has had to decide a curious language question. It appears that the



THE LATE SIR WALTER BESANT,

Noted English Novelist and Critic.

in all written pleadings and papers. Judge Taft declared during the debate upon this law that "it would be wrong to take away the only medium of prayer for justice which may be heard effectively. In five years the Filipino lawyers and judges will master the English language, but the population will hardly make much progress in that direction. The law, however, may be extended for another term of years."



We have already referred to the revival "all along the line" of the tariff discussion. Public men have freely been expressing their opinions regarding the need, propriety, and timeliness of a revision of the Dingley law, and the debate, though by no means one-sided, is disclosing some extraordinary developments. The question is of course broad and complex, but its natural subdivisions appear to be these:

1. Reciprocity.
2. Repeal of duties on goods controlled by trusts (the proposition embodied in the Babcock bill).
3. A general reduction of duties and perhaps also an enlargement of the free list as a means of keeping our foreign trade and extending our markets abroad.

There are some Republican statesmen who are opposed to all three propositions. They object even to reciprocity, on the ground that the senate and executive have no constitutional power to modify revenue laws,

which must originate in the house. This argument is very shallow, since the Dingley law itself expressly authorizes the negotiation of reciprocity treaties, and prescribes the limits within which the ordinary rates may be modified. The house has given its consent in advance, and that such qualified delegation of power over legislation is perfectly proper has been determined in important litigation in the federal courts.

The Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia has passed resolutions deprecating tariff agitation and favoring reciprocity only with respect to products not raised or made in this country. This would narrow reciprocity to insignificant proportions, and destroy its value almost entirely as a promoter of foreign trade. The latest Republican platform and the Dingley law go much farther, and recognize the application of the principle to all products.

The second proposition is more vigorously disputed, but it finds many earnest advocates in the middle west. Scores of Republican newspapers have endorsed the spirit of the Babcock bill and denounced protection of trusts and industries like iron and steel as an abuse, and perverse of the original principle of encouragement for home industries.

The American Protective Tariff Association and the Home Market Club (the latter a New England body) have vehemently attacked the Republican tariff reformers, and have demanded the repudiation by the congressional Republican organization of Congressman Babcock, for years the chairman of the



The Naval Board of Rewards has stamped Sampson's face on the medals which are to be worn by all who took part in the fight.
—Minneapolis Tribune.

national congressional committee. The chief argument against the Babcock proposal is that, instead of injuring the powerful combinations and increasing competition, it would cripple the smaller, the independent competitors of the trusts, and that it would result in more concentration and monopoly than exist now. The trusts, it is urged, are fully able to dispense with protection, but the smaller concerns in the same industries need it as much as ever, and a repeal of the duties on the goods produced by them would drive them out of the field—to the detriment of the consumers and the workingmen. That there is force in this argument is admitted by leading economists, but it is certainly far from being conclusive.

However, the most significant contribution to the lively discussion is that of the National Manufacturers' Association, a strong, representative body, most of whose members have been aggressive protectionists. At its recent annual convention at Detroit the association adopted resolutions favoring wide reciprocity, the limitation of protection to such industries as actually needed it, and an elimination of the abuses of the protective system. Many of the delegates expressed radical views on the future trade of the country, declaring that the high rates were no longer an aid, but rather a hindrance, that protection was of little use to them, and that we must open our own door to foreigners if we wish to increase our exports. To many, reciprocity was too slow and unsatisfactory a method of promoting foreign trade. It was resolved to call a special convention for the purpose of arousing public sentiment and compelling the senate to ratify the pending reciprocity treaties. Counter-meetings are said to be intended by the militant and extreme protectionists.



Nothing could be more gratuitous and inopportune than the agitation by public men of the question of a presidential third term. Senator Depew broached the suggestion of a renomination of Mr. McKinley, and it was promptly endorsed by Senator Quay and others. The anti-third term tradition was characterized by these gentlemen as a superstition and foolish anachronism. The fear of Cæsarism was declared to be senseless. If a man serves the people faithfully and well for eight years, why, it was asked, should he not be reelected for a third term? Is it "practical" and businesslike to set aside a tried and approved guide for an experiment? As for Washington, it was intimated that in declin-

ing a third term he made a virtue of a necessity; he knew that he could not be elected again, in other words, and preferred to lay down the reins of power without loss of prestige.

Much more of this sort of thing was said by the third-term champions. The press, however, almost without exception, and irrespective of party affiliation, vigorously, almost vehemently, repudiated the idea. The arguments *con* were as various as the minds from which they proceeded. That there was danger of Cæsarism in three successive terms was admitted, but equally grave, if not more insidious dangers were pointed out. If three terms, why not four, five, even life tenure?

What would the American people think of a party which virtually admitted that it had but one man fit and trustworthy enough to be made president?

As a matter of fact, thoughtful Americans have been considering the expediency of a constitutional amendment limiting a president to a single term of six years. Ex-President Cleveland and Senator Hanna have endorsed this suggestion, and it is understood that the National Civic Federation has recently made it the subject of a "referendum" to hundreds of eminent Americans. Our scale of expenditures, the growth of patronage and offices, and the increasing importance of the executive branch of the federal government seem to many to render an amendment of the nature indicated not only advisable, but necessary to the preservation of the independence of congress and the delicate system of "checks and balances" which the constitution established. There has been no "usurpation," but the steady and irresistible growth of executive influence is not to be denied. In this tendency there is serious evil, which only the superficial fail to discern.

President McKinley has taken the question out of the category of "practical politics" by announcing in a direct and unequivocal statement to the people that he would not, under any circumstances, accept another nomination and that the third-term proposi-



THE LATE ROBERT W.
BUCHANAN,

English Poet, Playwright,
and Novelist.

tion is repugnant to his deep, long-standing conviction. But the academic discussion of the question still continues, though nothing worthy of the slightest consideration has been advanced by the opponents of the "unwritten law" dating from the days of

Washington and Jefferson. The really significant fact is that so few influential Americans in public life (including the editorial field) have weakened in their opposition to the third-term proposal.



HERBERT W. BOWEN,
Of New York, new United
States Minister to
Venezuela.

single Taxers, and advocates of public ownership of monopolies. The party will interest itself in Missouri politics, but the aim is to give it a national character and place a presidential ticket in the field in 1904. The platform adopted by the delegates who formed this party contains the following planks:

Government issue of all forms of currency and the abolition of the national bank circulation.

A graduated income tax.

Direct legislation through the initiative and the referendum.

Public ownership of all public utilities, such as railroads, telegraphs, telephones, gas and electric light plants, etc.

Popular election of United States senators.

The taxation of franchises as real estate and of corporations generally at the rate imposed on farms and other property.

Honest ballot laws.

What invests the birth of this party with special interest is the continued inability of the Bryan Democrats and the Cleveland or sound-money Democrats to reach an understanding. There is much talk of Democratic reorganization, but Mr. Bryan and his stanch adherents view it with suspicion and apprehension. They fear that the "bolters" of 1896 and 1900 will secure supremacy, repudiate the platforms of the last two national campaigns, and alienate more Democratic voters than they will win back into the fold. Mr. Bryan has disavowed responsibility for the new party, but he is supposed to sympa-

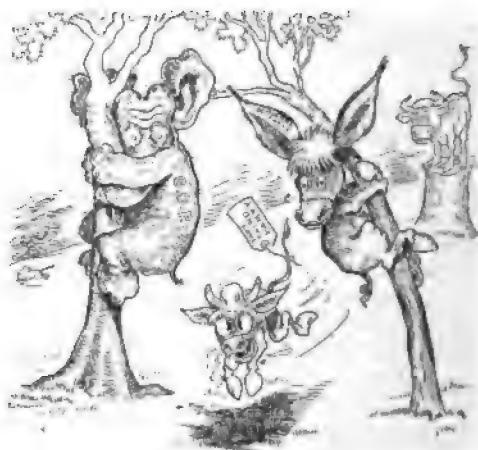
thize with its principles and objects. A split is deemed inevitable by many former Bryan Democrats, and the new party may serve as the refuge for the radical elements.



It is rather sorry fun that the English cartoonists and comic paragraphers have had this summer over the irrepressible invasion of American ideas. When the Anglo-Saxon alliance was first talked of three years ago in the war-summer, they made graceful cartoons representing that great gentleman J. Bull, Esq., wooing the willowy maid America in her star-spangled frock. Later, when the crisis in South Africa was on and England faced a hostile Europe, Mr. Bull did not conceal his satisfaction that the lady on whom he had so suddenly and completely bestowed his affections was possessed of considerable means in her own name, and might prove quite a respectable helpmeet should occasion arise. But since the lady developed a disposition to assert her power in the old homestead and rearrange the furniture and pictures, there has been a manifest change of attitude. The *Saturday Review's* ill-tempered contributors are allowed to say about us and our money-grubbing ways all the bad things they can think of — as if we were the original "nation of shop-keepers." And even *Punch* under the guise of good-humor scarcely conceals his irritation over the present situation. In one of the summer numbers was a long article thus introduced:

"Now that Great Britain in general, and London in particular, is becoming rapidly Yankeeified, we hasten to apprise our readers of the following political and social developments."

From the column of items the following



GREAT GUNS! WHAT IS IT?

—Minneapolis Tribune.

are interesting to American readers as specimens of British humor:

"On June 12 a Tammany meeting for the appointment of ward bosses and captains will be held in the Guildhall to fill the vacancies caused by the retirement of the lord mayor and corporation.

"The national hymn, 'My Country, 'tis of Thee,' is now sung at the close of work in every school.

"The Frohman-Lederer Dramatic Trust has lately acquired the whole of the West End theaters and roof-gardens, where in future only American talent will be employed, with the exception of histrions Irving and Tree, who are engaged to do a cake-walk in ragtime.

"The L railroad running from East Twenty-third street to Westminster Abbey has caught on terrifically, the fare being only two cents all the way, while for a quarter one can be jerked round London in the vestibule cars of the regenerated underground. Folk who formerly traveled any to the city will rejoice at the extinction of hansom and 'busses. If you want to go a block or two, there is the moving sidewalk.

"The new county abbreviations are quite popular. It is so much smarter to write Ke., Sy., Che., Shro., Wi., Du., that we wonder at the old-time addresses.

"On and after Thursday next the *Times* will appear as a one-cent yellow journal, with an illustrated Sunday edition.

"We like the new double-decked stern-wheeled ferry-boats that have just debuted on the Thames, which is now a businesslike river at last, with its fringe of thirty-story skyscrapers, grain elevators, and aerial gangways in place of the obsolete bridges.

"The baggage-check system is working well on all the lines, though there are complaints of the customs regulations at the ports of entry.

"We give, with no reserve, the menu at the Tenniel banquet: rockaways, clams, bluefish, terrapin, canvas-back duck, canteloupe on ice, pop corn, ice cream soda, and Huggins punch."

The despatches from England have afforded pleasant reading to Americans for some months past. It was altogether a new sensation for us to read that Mr. Morgan had purchased outright a great fleet of British steamships, and coming after the taking of the British loan by American capital, and the success of our bridge-makers and locomotive-manufacturers in selling their goods to British customers in Egypt and India, it capped a climax very effectively. Even the acquisition of the London underground railway by Chicago capitalists and its transformation into an electric "tuppenny tube" on the American plan, was less of a shock to the conservative Briton than the purchase of the Leyland line. "Britannia Rules the Wave" is a song which still has its admirers. Englishmen have not acquiesced in these Yankee commercial aggressions without speaking their minds, and some of the discussions, notably the heated give and take argument over the purchase of American locomotives by the Indian government, have brought out matter of considerable interest on both sides of the water. Thus Lord George Hamilton, Secretary for India, ex-

plained the obnoxious transaction in locomotives on the ground that the English makers were kept out of the competition by the labor troubles prevailing at the time, so that the Indian railways had no choice. Other purchases had since been made because the American goods were cheaper and the deliveries more prompt. The direct inference was that British iron-masters and shippers were behind the times. They replied by raising the point that the American locomotives in Egypt had proved a dear bargain, as they required one-fourth more fuel and lubricant to keep them up to their work. This prompted an American to retort that the additional running

expense per mile was not a real fault, since the American machine would draw a much heavier load, per ton of fuel consumed. He adds the parting sting that, however much Britons may be influenced by prejudice, it cannot be doubted that in the neutral markets of the world, where cheapness and power are alone considered, and patriotism weighs nothing, the American locomotive is driving out the British machine.



THE LATE ADELBERT S. HAY,
Formerly U. S. Consul at
Pretoria.

Those persons — especially the labor agitators — who were successful in pushing the Chinese exclusion act through congress about ten years ago, are now greatly agitated over the "alarming" increase of Japanese immigrants entering our ports, particularly those of the Pacific coast. That this country is proving more and more attractive to the Japanese may be seen from the fact that in 1880 there were only one hundred and forty-eight of them in the United States, and in 1890 only two thousand and twenty-nine, while during the last ten years the influx from the land of the chrysanthemum has been unusually large, a thousand Japanese sometimes coming on a single steamer.

Just how many of them are now here cannot be learned definitely until the census report for 1900 on that point has been announced. Naturally the great majority of the Japanese remain on the Pacific coast, and the movement for a Japanese restrictive

act finds most sympathy and support in that section. There is a vast difference between the Chinese and the Japanese immigrant. The former is far from being the highest type of the Chinese common people, while the latter is of much better grade. The



L. G. GRISCOM,

Of Pennsylvania, new United States Minister to Persia.

law, which ceases to be operative by limitation on May 5, 1902. It is to be expected that the Pacific coast agitators will use their utmost endeavors to place the Japanese under the ban along with the Chinese — a proposition which deserves to fail, because the Japanese are by far better fitted to enjoy the rights, privileges, and immunities of residence in this country than are the citizens of many other countries against whose coming there are no prohibitive restrictions.



Miss Mary E. Merington of New York City sends to THE CHAUTAUQUAN the following interesting study of the word "Aguinaldo":

For a month past the name of the young leader of the Filipinos has been constantly on the tongues of a multitude of people; probably comparatively few of these know the interesting history of this name which is of ancient origin. It is this:

Some fifty years before the birth of Christ, Cæsar and his great Roman armies entered Gaul and the island of Albion. In these two countries they found the Celts, whose manners and customs differed greatly from their own. As, for instance, the Romans worshiped in temples, the Celts out in the beautiful oak forests which abounded in their lands. Their religious rites were conducted by priests who are known to us as Druids. At the winter solstice it was the custom of

these priests to lead a procession through the woods, singing and shouting in honor of the great Teutates, their sun-god.

What a picture this must have been! The tall and venerable Druid priests dressed in long white robes and crowned with leaves, the bards with their harps, and the *vates* swaying in prophetic ecstasy as they chanted the praise of the giver of light and heat, and foretold his benison for the coming year. Led by young student-priests came two milk-white bulls whose horns were wreathed with garlands, and behind them marched a throng of rude Celtic warriors with their warlike wives and sturdy children, all shouting, "To the mistletoe, for the new year cometh. Lead to the mistletoe!"

When they got into the woods the arch-Druide strode up to an old oak tree, on the trunk and branches of which grew a curious plant with narrow, dull sage-green leaves and viscous, milk-white berries; the mistletoe we call it. Amid singing and cries of praise the bulls were tied to the tree, the chief priest climbed, or was raised, until he could reach the mystic parasite; then, during a solemn hush, with a golden sickle he cut off bunches of the plant and dropped them down to a priest who caught them in the folds of his robe, broke them into twigs, and distributed them to the people.

Eager hands caught the sprays and held them carefully throughout the ceremonies, and after the bulls had been sacrificed and more hymns had been chanted the people carried the mistletoe home and hung it over the doorway of their dwellings to ensure health and good-luck in the new year. Probably they ended the short northern day by burning cheerful logs and by feasting.

"To the mistletoe, for the new year," was their cry, uttered in Celtic two thousand years ago. For many decades the festival was kept up until priests came from Rome, converted the people to Christianity, and diplomatically induced them to celebrate the Christmas that commemorated the birth of the Christ child at the season in which their heathen rites had heretofore been held.

However, though they turned Christian, our Cymric forefathers continued to give each other good things to eat and drink at this time, and in a new language that was partly Roman, partly Celtic, the poorer class went about calling, "*Au gui l'an neuf*" (O-ghee-long-nerf), which means "To the mistletoe the new year," and their richer brethren gave them money or other Christmas gifts.

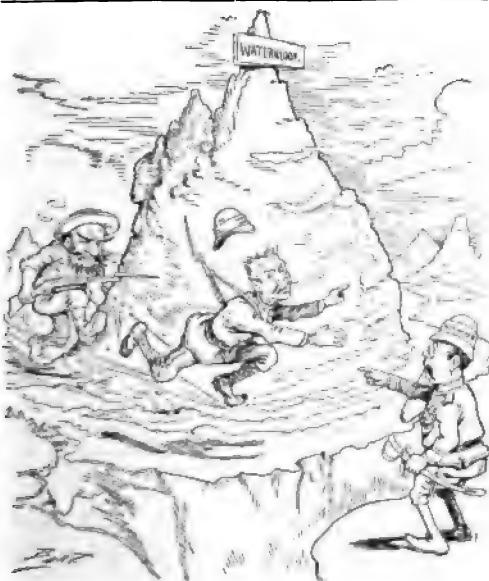
Now the pronunciation of the illiterate

poor is never classical, and since, as time went on, they did not always know what they were shouting, they merely repeated garbled sounds. The consequence was that "*Au gui l'an neuf*" became "*Aguilanneu*" in one part of France and "*Hoguinanno*," or "*Oguinano*" in others, while in Scotland it changed to "*Hogmanay*" and in the north of England to "*Hagmena*."

In some places December 31 is still called Hogmanay. At this time when Scotch children go round crying "*Hogmanay*" they get nice oat cakes given to them; when the French peasants call "*Aguilanneu*" they get pennies; and the young Spaniards receive a Christmas box when they go begging for an "*Aguinaldo*"; for this is their way of pronouncing the old Druid cry, "*Au gui l'an neuf*."

The modernizing of the Holy Land continues at so rapid a pace that we are told it will not be many years before, in some sections at least, the country will have lost its ancient oriental aspect. This transformation is due largely to American ingenuity and commercial activity. Somebody has said that if one of the prophets had returned to Palestine a few years ago he could have looked upon the scenes of his earthly career and would have been able to recognize them. But that time has passed away.

The railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem was



PURSUING THE BOER.

GEN. KITCHENER — "Hi, Tommy: there's your Boer."
TOMMY ATKINS — "Yes, General, I'm just goin' around the mountain to 'ead 'im off." — *Minneapolis Journal*.

the entering wedge in the modernizing process, and now other lines running up and down the valley of the Jordan are to be connected with this road. Jerusalem is becoming in many respects a modern city. Electric lights, telephones, phonographs, sanitary plumbing, modern stores, and many of the comforts of civilized life are now found there. It will not be long before one will be able to ride from Jerusalem to Bethany, Bethlehem, the Sea of Galilee, Samaria, Jericho, Nazareth, and many other historic places by trolley. One of the United States consuls states that over two hundred phonographs were recently sent into the Holy Land, half of

them going to Damascus and the rest to Jerusalem and other places. One wonders why phonographs should go in such quantities to these places, and the wonder increases when we are informed that the best customers for these machines are the Moslems of Beyrut, Jerusalem, and Damascus, who purchase them for their harems. A large number of American windmills have gone into Palestine, as well as irrigating machinery of various sorts. A large assortment of articles of American manufacture are steadily pouring into the Holy Land, among them being cotton fabrics, bicycles, rope, shoes, clocks, wire nails, paints, hardware, well-drilling and agricultural machinery, mechanics' tools, canned meat, and corn meal. There seems to be a movement on foot to secure control of the once fertile valleys of the country and to transform them once more into a land flowing with milk and honey. The people connected with this movement are said to be Zionists, whose supreme purpose in life seems to be the reestablishment of the Jews in their ancient heritage.



FRANCIS B. LOOMIS,
New United States Minister
to Portugal.

The news of the pardon of Arabi Pasha, who was sentenced to life exile in Ceylon for treasonable connection with the Egyptian outbreak of 1881-82, brings to mind a critical moment in the development of British policy in the Mediterranean. Arabi was an officer in the khedive's army, a native Egyp-

tian of peasant ancestry, whose opposition to the employment of Turks as officers had made him a favorite in military circles and with his countrymen generally. The joint control of the finances of his country by French and English commissioners in the



EX-SENATOR THOMAS H.
CARTER,

Of Montana, President of
the Louisiana Purchase
World's Fair National
Commission.

French and English ironclads to Alexandria. Arabi's attempt to put that port in a posture of defense precipitated the bombardment of July 11, 1882. The two months' campaign which followed ended with the English attack on the earthworks of Tel-el-Kebir. Arabi was arrested and was held on the charge of treason. Powerful influences were exerted in his behalf, and he was induced to plead guilty, on the understanding that his sentence should be commuted to exile on the full pay of his military rank. He was sent to Ceylon by his own choice. He sank out of sight at once, and his return now will have no political consequences. Arabi Pasha will find a changed Egypt awaiting him. In the place of the joint control he will find England not only in undisputed command of the finances, but apparently permanently entrenched in the valley of the Nile. The Suez canal, built by a French engineer with French capital, he will pass through as an English ditch owned and controlled by England, and looked upon as a main gateway to her eastern empire. He will see no more of France in his native country, but he will everywhere find evidences of the energy and intelligence of the Englishmen he fought. It has been suggested that Arabi, the honored graduate of the great

Mohammedan university at Cairo, will see the hand of fate in all that has followed his short-lived rebellion, which was in a certain sense a failure. As an effort to substitute native influences for foreign its failure was indeed complete. But its very collapse brought with it consequences of the most revolutionary sort, vitally affecting the political and economical condition of his country, of the Sudan, and (through the "Cape to Cairo" project) of the whole vast British imperial policy in Africa.



Interesting statistics as to land or farm tenure in the United States have been published, with certain deductions and comments, by Chief Statistician L. G. Powers of the Division of Agriculture in the Census Bureau. They furnish material for the economist and the sociologist. The number of farms in the country in 1900 was 5,700,000, against 4,564,691 ten years ago. What percentage of these farms is operated by tenants instead of by independent proprietors, and what percentage was so operated in 1890? The following table gives the answer:

	Per cent.
1880—North Atlantic states	16.0
1890—North Atlantic states	18.4
1900—North Atlantic states	20.0
1880—South Atlantic states	36.1
1890—South Atlantic states	38.5
1900—South Atlantic states	45.0
1880—North central states	20.5
1890—North central states	23.4
1900—North central states	26.0



BECOMING AN ISSUE.

THE OCTOPUS—"That little canteen question is getting so swelled with his importance that he'll soon think he's in our class."

—Minneapolis Journal.

	Per cent.
1880—South central states	36.2
1890—South central states	38.4
1900—South central states	45.0
1880—Western states	14.0
1890—Western states	12.1
1900—Western states	13 to 20

Of all the farms added in the last decade, Mr. Powers concludes, substantially one-half will be tenant-operated. This will be an increase of from forty to forty-five per cent, he says, or nearly twice the increase per cent of the population of the country, four times that of the agricultural population, and twice that of farms operated by their owners.

Does this mean that landlordism is rapidly growing in the United States, and that the conditions have become such that men who, ten or twenty years ago, would have owned their farms, are now forced to accept the far less satisfactory position of tenants? Mr. Powers does not draw this conclusion. He holds that the extraordinary increase of tenant-operated farms is the result of the uplifting of "farm hands," or agricultural laborers, to the status of tenants. The validity of this comforting explanation is doubted by certain writers. In the south Atlantic states, where the farmer families include many colored people, a rise of former wage-laborers has unquestionably taken place, but the evidence that this has also occurred in the north Atlantic, north central, and western states is held to be far from adequate. Much closer study and more detailed information are necessary to a proper determination of the significance of the figures above given.

At this writing the commencement season—the educational harvest time—is drawing to a close. Eloquent orators have dwelt on the splendid growth of the American system of education and on the unprecedented beneficence and generosity which have made this progress possible. Nearly every institution has made the expected announcement of the gifts made or promised to it by philanthropic citizens of wealth. But in the grand symphony of gratulation, praise, and rejoicing there were not wanting notes of solemn admonition and warning, passages directing attention to flaws and defects in the educational activities and the larger life of the nation. Some of these utterances have been criticized as unduly pessimistic and ungenerous, if not unjust, to the American people, but in the main their wholesome quality has been recognized in the more thoughtful comments.

Thus President Thwing of the Western Reserve University pointed out with regret that the effect of university training on the literary life is not as pronounced and immediate as it was formerly. Our colleges no longer graduate writers, publicists, and poets, and culture is declining in consequence. President Thwing was quoted as follows:

"The reason lies in the absorption of things material. In former years men gave themselves to ideas, now they give themselves to things. The reason is that this is an age of materialism. It is a time of the reign of the exterior senses. The voice of the imagination is hushed. The altar fires of the creative imagination are burned out. In their place we have the fires of the steamship, boiler and mogul locomotive. I also wish to say, with some diffidence, that there is reason to believe that the colleges are not now giving so effective a training in the creative faculty of thinking as they did a quarter of a century ago. College studies are in dire peril of being made simply descriptive, having picturesqueness and the motive of interest as the primary consideration and not being made interpretative and comparative of the more fundamental relations of man and nature."

President Schurman of Cornell candidly, and in "portentous words"—as he expressed it—deplored the want of creative imagination in the United States and the comparative neglect of "the humanities," the higher speculation, and the cultivation of philosophy and art. America, he said, has not produced even one man whose name will live and shine with Raphael, Dante, Shakespeare, Newton, Goethe, and Darwin. Intellectually and artistically, he continued, we are dependent and inferior.

"The rush and stress of life have left little time for leisure and meditation, and without leisure and meditation genius will not soar into the empyrean. The ideal man of America, we might as well confess it, is not the patient, laborious scholar and profound thinker, but the quick, vigorous, versatile, and commanding man of affairs. The social atmosphere is not favorable to the production of poets, artists, scientists, and philosophers. It is a land of engineers, inventors, financiers, and manufacturers."

There was much more in the same strain, and the moral of it all is the need of greater attention to the cultural functions of the universities. Commercial instruction is now demanded of the colleges, and industry is insisting upon technical and business train-



REV. RICHARD D. HARLAND,
Elected President of Lake
Forest University.

ing. There is danger of excessive materialism in education, of a narrow utilitarian conception of knowledge. But the severest arraignment of American life and thought was contained in an address by Archbishop Ireland. If not misreported, he declared

that the men of America devote themselves almost entirely to things material, and that to women alone must we look for the preservation of the spiritual side of existence. He further was represented as saying that our education lacked seriousness, and that there was neither depth nor consistency in it, with the result that intellectual levity pervaded American society.

WILLIAM E. DODGE,
Of New York, New President
of the Y. M. C.
A.'s of North America.

It is reported that the trustees under the will of the late John Nicholas Brown of Providence, Rhode Island, have decided to give to Brown University the matchless library of *Americana* known as the John Carter Brown collection. With the gift, which he valued at five hundred thousand dollars, will pass a fund of equal amount to provide for its care and increase. There is also a gift of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a building. The library was founded in the middle of the last century by a private citizen of Providence, whose great wealth enabled him to gratify to the utmost his passion as a collector of rare printed books, maps, and pamphlets relating to the early history of America. Mr. James Lenox, who was engaged in the same pursuit in New York City, and Mr. George Brinley of Hartford, were his principal rivals. The ultimate sale and dispersion of the Brinley library sent many of its chief treasures to New York and Providence. The Lenox Library, which was guarded almost ferociously during its author's lifetime, now forms a part of the New York Public Library on the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations, and its hoarded volumes may be seen and handled, under proper restrictions, by any one who cares for and deserves the privilege. The Carter Brown Library, which in the opinion of experts,

even the Lenox in its array of first

editions of the source-books of American history will now pass into semi-public control. The university owes its name to the father of John Carter Brown, the Nicholas Brown whose success as a merchant in Providence a century ago laid the foundation of the great fortune from which the university profited in his lifetime, as it does now at the hands of his descendants. Brown University is to be congratulated upon an acquisition which will make its library the mecca of advanced students of American history.



Dr. Isadore Singer, an Austrian Jew who tramped over Europe in an unsuccessful attempt to find a publisher for a Jewish encyclopedia, came to the United States five years ago and succeeded. Now he proposes a Jewish university of theology, history, and literature, to be located in New York and to have, as an interesting experiment, chairs of both progressive and conservative Judaism. Some funds are in hand, and a good deal of faith is felt in Dr. Singer to get the rest. There is a progressive theological seminary in Cincinnati and a conservative one in New York. Founders of both died not long since, and with them went much of the prestige of their respective institutions. An effort was made to endow the Cincinnati seminary with \$800,000 as a memorial to the late Dr. Isaac M. Wise, one of the greatest of American



THE MACMILLION.

Mr. Carnegie has given £2,000,000 for the establishment of free education at four Scottish universities.

—*London Punch*.

Judaism leaders, but only \$100,000 has been secured. The argument is made that while millionaires will not contribute to small things, they will to big things, such as the proposed university. An office of the undertaking has already been opened, and negotiations are under way with scholars thought fit for deans of the several faculties.

Translation of the Bible into Philippine dialects is going on under the joint supervision of British and American Bible societies. When Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila bay there were lying in store in Hongkong ten thousand copies of the Book of the Acts in Tagalog. They had lain there for a dozen years, but they were sold before the end of the year of the Manila bay victory. St. Luke's Gospel has been translated into Bicol, Pampanga, and Ilocano, and into the last-named St. Matthew and St. John are now being completed. The American society is having the New Testament translated into Visayan de Iloilo and Visayan de Cebu. Copies of the first editions in Ilocano and Pampanga have just reached this country. It is interesting to know that these translations are made from English or Spanish, and that it is only when the native churches get large and strong that translations from the original Greek and Hebrew are attempted. Three or four revisions are often made. Early editions are never large, since it is always found that revisions have almost immediately to be made. After the Gospels and the New Testament, sometimes before the whole of the latter, the Proverbs are generally translated, the missionaries finding their worldly wisdom especially helpful to them in their work among these new peoples. The Proverbs have not yet been translated into any of the Philippine dialects, but they will be as soon as possible.

A conference has just been held in the city of Mexico looking to the union of Presbyterian interests in that republic, and the organization of an autonomous church. Presbyterian effort there has long been in charge of both Presbyterian North and South, and while there was no conflict there was a loss in a division of counsels and in the presentation of two fronts. Furthermore, it was Presbyterian effort from the United States. Now there is union, and a Presbyterian church that is Mexican. An important part played by this and other religious work in Spanish countries has been, of late, the furnishing of missionaries to

mission boards desiring to open work in Cuba and the Philippines.



Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston, who died at his home in Ticonderoga, New York, in June, was for many years one of the most widely known public lecturers of this country. He was a graduate of Harvard College and of Andover Theological Seminary. After some years of travel and study abroad, he became pastor of a Congregational church in Boston. His famous Monday lectures in Boston, given through a long period of years, established his reputation as a deep thinker upon some of the most vital questions



THE LATE JOSEPH COOK,
Distinguished Lecturer and
Author.

of the day, and attracted crowds of listeners to Tremont Temple. He delivered courses of lectures at Chautauqua and at other educational centers in this country, and in his famous lecture tour abroad appeared before audiences in almost every English speaking country. He was a man of deep convictions, and his influence through his long career was far-reaching.



The Rev. Dr. Marcus Dods, an Edinburgh professor, who is visiting and lecturing here, says the great problems before the churches of Scotland and England are how to reach the working classes and the classes below them, and what to do for the cause of temperance. The two questions are closely allied, for Prof. Dods declares that Scotland and England are steeped in strong drink, and the only hopeful thing in sight is the fact that Great Britain is thoroughly aroused. When John Bull gets awake and says something must be done, something generally is done, observes the professor. The drink habit is there a great deal worse than here, he says. As for the working classes, they are as far from the church as they were a quarter of a century ago.



Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, as the head of the Northfield Extension, has given new courage to religious leaders who feared for

evangelization work when Dwight L. Moody died. Mr. Morgan is an educator rather than an evangelist, and he will do his work in his own way, not in the way Mr. Moody might have done it. He began at Northfield with the Student Conference at the beginning



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REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

extension work, which will have to do with individual churches and relate to Bible study and kindred educational propaganda. Upon his departure from England he was tendered an enthusiastic Godspeed in City Temple, London, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker making the principal address. Northfield's schools are larger than ever they were during Mr. Moody's time, and the conferences show no falling off in interest or usefulness.

A division of the country is proposed by Episcopal leaders, grouping dioceses that are contiguous and placing over each group an archbishop, who shall have no powers above the other bishops spiritually, but shall have some jurisdiction in matters temporal and administrative. It is also proposed to have a primate. Now, the bishop oldest in date of consecration attends to the duties of presiding bishop, but otherwise is not recognized as primate. The suggestions are not new, but are up again with new advocates. The Episcopal church is growing, and the coming general convention will divide several large dioceses. Administration of affairs larger than diocesan is found to be cumbersome, and provinces seem to be demanded. It is stated that there is little likelihood that bishops will surrender any of their power.

Baptists and Presbyterians have long followed the plan of getting many of their

missionaries in foreign fields directly supported by some certain church, society, or individual at home. Baptists have held back to some extent because of objections to the plan, but Presbyterians have fully six hundred of their seven hundred foreign missionaries thus maintained. Recently the American board entered upon the plan, and to further it held at a resort on Lake George early in July a conference of business men, the outcome of which was a joint recommendation of the plan. In spite of objections against all special gifts, it is claimed by these Congregationalists that they are more than outweighed by the increased interest which direct support leads to, and by the fact that contributions of churches are left free for general work. In mid-summer, and very hot weather, it was possible to get to this conference a large number of men, some of whom pledged themselves to undertake such support, and to urge others to do the same.

Sulpicians will erect a House of Studies in Washington, to be affiliated with the Catholic university there. They will be the fifth society to plant affiliated colleges around the university, the other four being the Paulist, the Marist, the Holy Cross, and the Franciscan. Trinity College for women is also adjacent to the university, but not affiliated with it. Sulpicians are almost the only considerable order not having a superior-general resident in Rome. Their headquarters are in Paris, and they have in Rome a procure, located near the Canadian College, where many American visitors are entertained. Their headquarters in America is St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

Four of the five large organizations of young people within the churches held conventions during July. Christian Endeavorers in Cincinnati were affected by the weather, and by the fact that many preferred the Epworth League convention in San Francisco, because of the Pacific Coast trip. The Epworth League had the largest and best meeting in its history. Baptist Young People met in Chicago, where there was an unusually strong delegation from the south. A few years since, when it was proposed to bring southern Baptists into line with northern there had to be much secrecy as to plans and much discretion as to program. Now all is changed, and young Baptists are nationally one, if older ones are not. American and Canadian Brotherhoods of St. Andrew met together in Detroit this year, as they did in Buffalo in 1897.



VIII. AT THE END OF THE SEA.

 WAS found in the morning by men from the *Dulcette* who were descending from the ruins of the temple of Ching-ling.

When I recovered consciousness I was lying in my berth. The first sound that came to my ears was the throb of the flabby drum driving the devils out of the bay again!

I was exhausted in body and mind. Whenever I have looked up that rugged side of Lynx Island since, I have wondered how I escaped with a whole bone in my body. As I have reviewed, over and again, the days that succeeded that night, I have wondered of what stuff my brain was that it never gave way.

All was destroyed. By dimmest daylight Captain Kepneff and his men peered fearfully through the mists that lay in the canyon upon the smouldering ruins of the temple. Not a timber was left standing. The spot could not have looked more desolate, for the building had been mined and the entire foundation had been blown out. Red-hot timbers lying above and below the great stones made the terrified villagers flee away at first sight.

As these facts came from Kepneff's own lips I felt a great responsibility shifted quickly to my shoulders, and I started from bed regretting the day was lost. My message to Oranoff must be corrected immediately and I must hasten back and render Li's sad report of failure. Thereupon orders for the postponement of the funeral could be circulated. The eighteenth was still four days off, and oriental statesmen are prolific in excuses.

"I must get to Han Chow, sir," I said to Kepneff, "telegraph Oranoff, and then hurry on to Tsi and Keinning."

"You will go to Han Chow by horse quickest. It is on the Khan river. I will be at the mouth of the Khan by morning."

The captain spoke from certain knowledge, and decidedly. It was late in the afternoon, and I could not lose a moment, though I was far more fit for a hospital than a twenty-mile ride in the dark.

I breathed my horse in the dusk on the hills behind Wun Chow, where my Cossacks had awaited my fiery signal from the rocky pinnacle across the bay. As I looked I could see the dull glare of the live coals reflected on the rocks, and through the gray of the gathering night a thin column of smoke still rose above the tomb of the cremated queen. But the trailing smoke of the *Dulcette* running out between the sentinels of Lynx Island into the heavy seas beyond warned me not to linger.

The road was much like that from Keinning, though as it struck inland it bore me away from the capital toward the southern promontory of the land which the *Dulcette* was striving to double. The clouds broke and the moon shone out, or I should never have reached Han Chow that night. As it was, I only arrived by early dawn, my horse crippled by many falls.

I dismounted in the open court of the long low building from which the wires ascended to the line of posts which ran zigzag over the mountains toward Keinning. A boy sleepily answered my shout, and I entered

the paper door to a large room which I saw at once was the operating room.

"Can I send a message to Keinning?" I said hurriedly.

The lad stood speechless. A voice in the next room spoke a surly monosyllable, and the boy answered:

"Yes."

I turned to the table and composed the following:

"Message carried by Cossacks premature. Am returning on *Dulcette* alone. Postpone funeral indefinitely. Martin."

After re-reading, I re-wrote this in cipher and handed it to the man who now appeared, adjusting his raiment. It was all I thought best to say. It was unnecessary for Oranoff to know that his worst fears had been realized. This I thought (and much else) as I held out the paper to the lazy fellow who began to blush and back away. I was angry in a moment, and with good reason. I roared out to the man, who then spoke again to the boy. Then the boy said to me:

"He says *you* asked if *you* could send a message."

Whereupon the fellow pointed to the instrument, nodding wildly.

I wanted to knock the nodding head off the man's shoulders, in my anger. He was holding it in his hands where he lay when I crossed the room. The boy had fled. In my despair I touched the instruments. I fondled the shining little bars. I opened the key. I shut it. Each motion was recorded on the receiver. Then the receiver began to sing alone monotonously, and then it stopped for a reply. Sweat poured from my face, and I thought of putting my mouth down and of shouting my message into the instrument. Then I arose, crossed the room, and kicked down the paper walls.

Cautiously the boy returned with a man who could explain the situation. A new "Minister of Interior" had recently been appointed, and, to satisfy a great host of relatives, even the telegraph service had to be invaded, capable operators being thrown out and novices put in their places. They had held office a month, now, and not a message had passed over the Imperial Quelpartien Telegraph line. All this I learned as I stormed out of the building, past my useless horse, and down the straggling street to the village, cursing my ill fortune.

Consider my desperate plight. A hundred mountainous miles from Keinning, and out of connection with it, no horse to ride — imperial funeral but three days

off, not to be postponed until I could come and declare that there was no queen's body to bury!

It so happens to a fellow sometimes (and happily for his sanity) that failure becomes so overwhelmingly apparent that he feels he is being led providentially into ways he would never otherwise have entered. As I ran to the shore of the Khan and was being taken down-stream toward the mouth of the river, it was a relief to stop and assure myself that none of the luckless train of unfortunate events had occurred through any conscious failure of my own. I could not see where I should have done other than that I had done. Had I not played a poor hand well?

These reflections fortified me to meet Kepneff and his dark face — for they had had a fearful night and were loath, I saw at once, to hurry out to sea again. The *Dulcette* had come up the river to escape the heavy sea. I stated my plight to Kepneff as clearly as possible without revealing my secret. His gloomy face grew darker. He looked downstream and asked if I could not go by land. Then he went and studied his charts and instruments and left me alone in agony.

Day broke, and with it came the tide, moon-led up the great rivers of Quelparte — that tide of the end of the sea.. As I sat on the deck of the yacht and stared gloomily before me, what I saw matched my sickening brain. We were (while the great tide of the Yellow sea was out) thirty feet under the high-water line. A thousand slimy roots lay exposed to view, covered with black mud which slid off continually and dropped into the water below. A thousand hateful crawling things were wriggling back into the river. Banks of reeking mud lay open to view, sagging, stinking, slinking into their own unfathomable depths. The cavern of Avernum has never been pictured so horrible as the unbared sea coast and river banks at the Yellow sea end of the sea.

Then, silently, a change came. Our little boat drifted to the other side of its anchorage. Reeds and grasses and branches, mud-coated, swung leisurely up-stream, by the order of the setting moon. The drifting became a flowing and the flowing a flood-tide sweeping swiftly inland from the storm-tossed sea. One by one the great mud banks disappeared from sight, and the crawling things and the black roots were covered by murky boiling waters. Lower and lower the land seemed to fall as our little craft shot thirty feet and more into the air, and on the wind which followed the rising waters came the noise of the

incessant clamor and crash of the sea where the waves pounded the black sea-wall.

When Kepneff woke me his face was still dark, for the poor man knew he could not weather that sea, and had to tell me so. But he had pushed up the river to Han Chow, and as I opened my eyes I saw at the water's edge two horses, saddled. I knew the rest.

But why tell it? After two terrible days and nights Kepneff's servant and I reached Keinning. The first night we slept a few hours in a deserted hut near a village where we had made an unsuccessful attempt to purchase new mounts. Our horses broke down in the middle of the afternoon, and we had pushed on this far afoot. The second day our experience was similar, though the horses gave way sooner on the rough, unused road along the mountain ridges. We walked

on. At last we stopped on the summit of a precipitous ridge and built a fire. My man had brought a little rice with him and we put it to boil before trying to push on to the nearest village. After consuming our meager dinner, we both went into the valley to the brook and then retraced our steps to the road.

On a stone by our fire lay two freshly baked loaves of Chinese bread! We were too thankful to question gift or giver, though nothing could have been more miraculous. At a venture I drew from my belt a roll of Japanese yen and weighted them down with a little stone on the rock where our manna had been found. How little do we know of the far-reaching effect of our actions! That afternoon we procured more ponies, and at dusk passed the imperial mausoleum outside of Keinning.

IX. THE CAPITAL OF QUELPARTE.

The capital of Quelparte was arrayed in its barbaric best. And with what hopelessness I looked at a distance upon flag and pennon, heathen banner, and savage symbol, the reader may easily conceive. Each emblem fluttering from roof and pillar spoke to me of the deep-seated superstition of the people. The haggard faces which peered at me as I made my way through the crowds little dreamed, I am sure, of the horror with which they filled me.

"Our king will become insane and the dynasty will fall," I read in every countenance. Try as I would, that haunting thought would never leave me. "And why," I asked myself, "may not their idiotic myth be true? Had graves never been rifled in Quelparte? And if the relatives became insane, was it the effect of a cause, or merely a ghastly coincidence?"

I take it there is as great difficulty in telling the truth to ourselves, oftentimes, as in telling it to others. For this reason it comes about that, now and again, we take the rich comfort of owning up to our own hearts the actual facts of a case, and of making a clean breast of it to ourselves. This was my mental condition as I entered Keinning. I was determined that Oranoff should know the whole truth—and the king, too. The foolishness of the Quelpartien tradition must be proved to him and he must be placed above its superstitious effects. Having determined upon this, I felt very much better in mind. I was near dead as to body.

In the green vale without the walls of Keinning many oval cones on the hillsides marked a great burial ground. As I passed, a wild creature in native feminine dress suddenly leaped from the ground and ran down the hill. Falling beside my little pony, she seized the skirt of my military cloak and clung to it, uttering lamentations fearful to hear. So weak was I that I could not keep my balance, and I came off awkwardly and heavily on the ground as my horse started forward at the pressure of a spur. By this time a crowd had gathered and a man seized the woman's arm and threw her from me. A boy who passed me said:

"Leave her, she was made crazy by grave openers."

Coming at that moment, those few words frightened me beyond expression. My weak condition, no doubt, was responsible for my nervousness and made me more than susceptible to the terrible implication. If one was crazed, why not a thousand—all? With a sickening distrust in myself and in the advisability of my conclusion to tell the story of the tragedy of Lynx Island, I entered the gates of the Russian legation and made way to my room, supported by my boy.

For a space I lay exhausted on my bed, conscious but speechless. If I opened my eyes I saw the servants stepping noiselessly about. But I knew that now and again a woman's hand was on me and a woman watched by my side. At length, coming from my stupor, I looked up to

Dulcine. Clad in the tattered clothes in which I rode from Han Chow, I made the effort to sit up.

"Lie down, Robert," she said softly, "you are ill. The doctor is coming now."

"I must not be ill. Where is Colonel Oranoff?"

"At audience with the king,"—she hesitated, and then added reluctantly—"who has just sent for you."

"Good!" said I, with a spirit I did not possess (for I was nearly exhausted), "I must go at once"—before the doctor comes, I thought to myself.

Dulcine went out sorrowfully. I sent a boy for a decanter of wine, from which I drank abundantly, desperately.

Then I asked to be taken to the king.

The room looked as it did that night I proposed to Dulcine on the throne. The king was sitting carelessly on the tiger skins, smoking a cigarette. His cabinet was ranged before him. Oranoff sat at the head of his table. The Russian minister was addressing the "throne," amid cigarette rings which the king could blow as well as any wise man. The message brought by my Cossacks had put all in good cheer, and, as I entered, the minister ceased speaking, and I was given a royal welcome. I suppose my bedraggled appearance added luster to the heroic rôle I had, seemingly, assumed. There was a clapping of hands, led by the king (his nobles mimicking him), as I advanced and knelt.

The wine on my empty stomach was at once my friend and my foe. It gave me strength—especially of sight!

"The temple of Ching-ling has been destroyed, I hear," said the king, diplomatically. Then he laughed, and drew at his cigarette.

"Yes, sire," I replied thickly, "the temple of Ching-ling has been destroyed." I stopped here for I could not quite remember how I had planned to break the awful news. But then I went on, for I was determined to tell the whole truth.

"General Ling was burned with the temple," I said. I felt Oranoff's eyes on me.

"Ling lost," echoed the king, drawing at his cigarette; "faithful Ling; he was such a man as kings need—sometimes," and he leered significantly toward Oranoff.

This king of Quelparte was no novice and no fool, and he had a pretty wit all his own.

"He has a son in the army, sire," I said, keeping my promise, most unexpectedly, "as faithful as his father. I pray you

remember him." The king immediately called Prince Ching and whispered to him.

I felt Oranoff's eyes burning into my back. And I hurried on with my miserable tale, for, as the king lived, I had to hold one eye shut to keep from seeing two of him. And I knew the strength the liquor gave me was all the strength I had.

"Colonel Li was lost too," I said. This affected his majesty.

"Li lost?" he said, sitting up. "It must have been a sudden fire!"

"It was, sire; God knows it was sudden—" And here, again, the king cut off what was on my lips to say, by laughing:

"Accidental fires are sudden, sometimes."

I heard these words as in a dream, and knew not what he meant, if anything. In fact, I knew nothing more, for I sank forward on my face before telling that the dynasty had perished with Ling and Li! And, though I heard cheering which sounded as if it were at a great distance, I could move neither hand nor foot nor lip to tell the truth!

If it seemed I was unconscious, I was not. I knew when the doctor came. I knew when more wine was poured down my throat. I knew when Oranoff came and stood by my bed and spoke now and again to Dulcine, my faithful, self-appointed nurse, and I could hardly keep from taking the girl's hand to my lips before them all for the brave answers she gave him.

"What does all this mean?" he said at first, in French and sharply.

"I do not know," she replied simply. "It was a hard trip through the gale."

"Gale!" Her father quite hissed the word. I felt him raise the skirt of my coat. "Did he swim to Tsi—the *Dulcette* did not bring him?"

I did not blame him for the sarcasm. My delay and silence had been cruel under the circumstances.

"But here he is," said his daughter quietly.

"And the queen's body?" he burst out, hopelessly.

Poor man! my heart was wrung with pity. But never a heart so wrung beat louder than mine as I awaited Dulcine's answer. For I felt, instinctively, that her words would be oracular.

"It is within the new sarcophagus," said Dulcine.

"Already?"

"Already," echoed his daughter, without a tremor.

Then Colonel Oranoff strode out of the room. A head was laid on the pillow near my own. I felt the tremble of the bed and understood what it meant.

But from the moment Dulcine uttered that word, I knew my course. I had done my best to bring the queen's body. I had done my best to send word to postpone the funeral. I had done my best to come and bring the explanation for disaster and delay. Flesh had been too weak. It was too late for explanation or postponement. With the thousands now gathered for the ceremony, and the extravagant preparations made for it, postponement was impossible.

The pageant must go on!

I could hardly lie still while my mind ran rapidly through these calculations and reached this conclusion. Dulcine wept on.

What was to hinder the celebration? Who would dare question the burden of a royal catafalque? Who would question the contents of a royal bier? Surely no one. To go on with the celebration was, at least, the lesser risk.

Dulcine arose, and I felt her tenderly smoothing the covering. In a moment she would be gone. I moved, then opened my eyes. A pleading face was looking down upon me.

"I am glad you wakened, Robert. I was going without saying good-night." We clasped hands.

"Come back," I whispered. "I must see you alone, tonight."

"You shall, Robert; but—" and the girl paused. I thought I knew what she meant. I was wrong. "Father was to see you when you were strong enough to talk. He is very worried. Robert, where is the cargo of the *Dulcette*?"

I marveled at her diplomacy. She had just heard her father say the *Dulcette* had not arrived.

"In the new sarcophagus," I answered readily, and I watched her eyes open wide.

"Then father need not come. *Au revoir.*"

"No," I replied slowly, and I accented the fourth word, "your father need not come."

X. DULCINE.

There are times when we know a crisis has been passed, but it is rare that we know the exact moment of its passing. As I look back from the end to the beginning of the story I remember plainly—aye, best of all—the moment when Dulcine Oranoff raised her proud head and deliberately gave her father that desperate lie. For lie it was, and yet was not; there was intention to deceive, but there was also a saving quality of faith in me as deep as love itself. It was impossible for the girl to think I had failed. Then, where else could the queen's body be but in the casket prepared for it?

I am very far from sorry that my eyes were not firmly closed when Dulcine uttered those thrilling words, for if I have one picture of her more worthy of the admiration of the curious than another, it is that of the lithe, trim girl fingering the lace of my pillow as she looked straight over me into her father's eyes and told him I had done the task which I had miserably failed to do. It is, withal, a somber picture, for Dulcine was her mother's girl in face and figure, and her dress that night was dark as the twilight beneath her lashes or the night of her hair.

It is a picture portraying not only a girl of grace and beauty but a woman of magnetic power, a woman to dare and do and

make others like herself. I would have wondered that Colonel Oranoff could take those startling words at full face value, had I not seen the firm, true lips, the steadfast eyes of the one who uttered them and believed them to be true. Seeing this, I wondered not that the man turned upon his heel without a word, as though he had just looked into the very sarcophagus itself.

But the effect of the girl's words and all the depth of their unconscious deceit was even more marked on the man who lay on the bed before her. And as I looked covertly upward for the second while the film of my memory was exposed to this picture, I became thrilled until every unstrung nerve throbbed and then was steeled. I saw clearer than before our terrible plight, and saw my duty clearer, too. Yet, through the vision there came courage.

I lay like a man dreaming when Dulcine left me. But soon with my boy's help I arose, shook off my bedraggled garments, and in bath robe and dressing-gown threw myself into a chair before the fire. Things were running free and fast down an unknown course. Determined in my own mind to tell of the tragedy at Lynx Island, I had never a thought of such an alternative as Dulcine's daring words had thrust upon us. But now

I saw no other course was possible, for anything else risked far too much. The whole Russian *coup* in Quelparte was at stake. How absurd my idle plan to prove to the king the foolishness of his Quelpartien tradition!

Deliberation made me feel sure that the deception was safe and practicable. The daring of it made it so. Yet of nothing was I surer than that for which I had asked another audience with Dulcine. She must know the truth. I knew not the future and I trembled at the thought of a *dénouement* which might leave her ever to believe that I had played her false. Moreover, I needed a confederate and an adviser, and there was none other than she; aye, but had there been, who would have wanted a bolder ally?

It was near midnight—I was ungallantly dozing when she came—when a hand enfolded mine and gently wakened me. Behind her stood the stolid Cossack sentry who watched her door that night. I arose (my strength was returning) and gave her my chair.

And there in the wavering firelight I told Dulcine all that had happened since we sat together on the king's tawny throne. Now and again she started, frightened; once she buried her face in her little hands. I thought what I said to her that other night was the hardest thing I would ever have to say. But this was harder. For that which makes one unhappy is always hard to tell, especially to a friend. Yet as I came to the close of my story a change came over Dulcine. She leaned forward excitedly, her thin hands betrayed her nervousness, but there was bravery in her face.

With a shudder she turned suddenly upon me, blanching:

"The sarcophagus lies in state tomorrow in the throne room, Robert, and the king only may close its lid."

It was my turn to shudder.

But my mind ran on quickly to the logical end of our deception.

"Then a body must be in it." I spoke firmly though wholly at random. "Wrapped in embalming robes, one woman is like another?"

The daring of this plan was as fascinating as the recklessness of its deceit. My words fairly raised the girl to her feet. Trembling hand and foot, Dulcine looked at the fire, at me, and then, like a guilty person, around the dimly lighted room. We both looked into the fire and then steadily into each other's eyes. I am sure the same thoughts passed through our minds. Tonight (for it was the eighteenth; the booming of the

Great Bell had sounded the midnight hour) the king would look upon his queen for the last time, as the sarcophagus lay in state on the great catafalque in the throne room. It was all too late now to prevent or postpone. For the sake of the Russian protectorate about to be announced in the morning, for the sake of Colonel Oranoff, whose reputation was at stake, for the sake of my own name and honor, the imperial funeral must go on *over a counterfeit body!*

I sat down in the chair, my head in my hands. Dulcine stood quiet by herself a moment. Finally she whispered:

"Robert, you are right. It must all go on without quibble. You have done your full duty, now let me do mine. I know a woman who will play this part for us."

This took me utterly by surprise. The girl saw it.

"You will trust me, Robert?"

It was not lack of trust, God knew, that made me hesitate.

"You can embalm the body?"

"Apparently."

"You know a woman you can trust?"

"I do."

"Who would dare to die, if necessary, for us?"

"Yes."

"You can have the ante-chamber cleared and place her in the sarcophagus?"

The girl steadied her eyes into the fireplace and then answered, slowly: "You can do that for me, Robert, and better than I."

Then I paused to think. Dulcine found questions to ask in her turn.

"And where would the woman be freed?"

"At the Altar of Spices," I answered after a moment's thought. "At three taps of my scabbard on the sarcophagus let her raise the lid within, and I will slide the cover. Until then, let her move not."

"At five o'clock the body will be lying at the end of the hall leading to the ante-chamber of the throne room, behind the curtains of the alcove. You will place it where it belongs."

I offered Dulcine my chair again, and, to my surprise, for I thought she would be going, she took it and we sat many minutes in silence, thinking. Anon we spoke of dangerous possibilities and discussed them rapidly in low tones. I asked Dulcine once more of her purpose and again she gently chided my lack of faith in her, and I said no more. I then told her that my own command would guard the bier on the long journey to the tomb. More than once the

possibility of her being betrayed occurred to me and I could not help saying:

"If your woman plays us false?" And I spoke slowly, for I hoped the girl would interrupt me.

"Kill her where she lies!" Dulcine whispered, trembling. Then she admitted it was possible that under the terrible strain an involuntary movement might be detected and prove disastrous. Evidently the thought of my taking the woman's life overcame the girl, and she hid her face on my shoulder. But when she arose, presently, there was no sign of tears in her dark, steadfast eyes. I kissed her good-night. But then she did not go. All our happiness, even our very lives, it seemed, hung in a trembling balance. Dulcine was to join a house-party at the British legation in the morning, and attend the funeral with the legation ladies. I knew I might never see her again, for accidents happen in desperate games.

"When we meet again—" I said. But I could not complete what I had begun. A great gulf seemed to yawn between us already.

"We will never part, Robert."

At last I took her arms from my neck, for she clung to me tenderly—as though she were praying. Thank God for the tenderness of that farewell!

At four o'clock I was at the Quelparte barracks. My company of "Russian trained soldiers" were promptly aroused. But I left them shivering in the dim morning air

and went into the officers' quarters and sent a messenger for the son of Ling.

A strong, sober youth of perhaps eight and twenty answered my summons. I was pleased even the moment I looked upon him. The quiet, grave face assured me that the father had not misjudged the son. I told the lad of his father's prayer to me and of my words to the king. The youth drew from his breast an appointment he had just received. It was that of Secret Chief Guardian of the Queen. He had been informed of his father's death and that he was raised to his father's position. Just what that position was he had not, as yet, been informed, though he was to begin duty the day of the funeral—today. Meantime he was under my control and—as I admired his stolid presence and sober intelligence—I ordered him to accompany me. I needed aides, then, if ever!

I marched my company to the Russian legation, halting at the entrance of the king's wing. Entering, I ordered the ante-chamber of the throne room to be cleared. The sarcophagus stood in the center of the darkened room. As the last eunuch disappeared, I led Lieutenant Kim to the curtained alcove. There lay a figure in gray ceremonial still and rigid on the floor. We raised it and bore it to the ante-chamber and placed it in the sarcophagus. Instantly the room became heavy with the sickening odor of spices and balsam. But as I turned away a figure in spotless white stood at my shoulder.

It was the king.

XI. THE QUEEN INCOGNITO.

What may have seemed to his majesty abject obeisance was little less than a swoon, for, though I sank to my knees, the action was wholly due to the weak condition of my nerves suddenly unstrung at the sight of his majesty.

It was a moment before the king spoke, but a moment long enough for me to determine to hold fast to the hand we were playing until I knew it had been exposed. I rose with clenched teeth and hands, even saluting with a closed fist. I placed one hand irreverently on the sarcophagus and I had a dagger in it. If our woman played her part poorly, through fright or hysteria, I was determined that her genuine corpse should grace the occasion!

The king's first word, spoken in that jaunty, leering tone with which I was familiar, dispelled my fears, and I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving.

"I slipped in, Captain Martin, while the room was cleared. I like cleared rooms."

I wondered if the king of Quelparte was ever serious. "I was taking a turn before bedtime," he went on, after laughing covertly at his own jest, "and heard you were here. I want to thank you for ably completing Colonel Li's mission."

He was looking at the sarcophagus now, and my hand curled tightly over the blade it obscured from view. "But permit me to warn as well as thank. The announcement—"

He paused again until I nodded significantly. "Yes, this announcement. It may make trouble. You should be on your guard. Certain so-called patriots, imbibing your eastern ideas, pose as statesmen and breathe revolutionary sentiments. Usually they only breathe—sometimes more. But, more or less, be on your guard."

And that was all.

With one glance at the sarcophagus, he went to the door where his bodyguard instantly surrounded him again.

Throughout the long day preparations for the event of the night went on. The city was crowded with countrymen, and troops were needed everywhere. Nobles and rural governors with their attendants kept pouring through the gates with the throngs of commoner type from every portion of the kingdom — all anticipating keenly the great event “treasured up in talk and dreams” since the death of their queen. At sundown the Great Bell of Keinning would be struck for the initial ceremony in the throne room when the king would close the glass lid and draw on the golden cover. Then the march to the tomb would begin.

I had hurried to the Japanese quarter of the city to quell, with a show of Cossacks, a slight irruption in the never-ending feud between the Japanese and Quelpartiens, and was returning to the barracks when Lieutenant Kim came to meet me with a note given him by a legation boy who had hunted for me futilely all day.

I tore it open and read:

“Remember the Altar of Spices and the Signal of the Scabbard. For a day I am Queen of Quelparte incognito. D.”

I sat utterly speechless on my horse. With my own hands I had laid Dulcine Oranoff in the queen’s sarcophagus!

I had sufficient presence of mind to send Kim to the barracks and turn my horse on the gallop for the Russian legation. As I rode I cursed myself for thinking the girl could have trusted such a secret to another. The degree in which she had deceived me testified to the degree in which I trusted her — but what is love but another name for faith?

I rode as though I could undo what had been done. Perhaps, in my bewildered state of mind, I believed I could. If so, the idle thought was banished from my brain by the booming of the Great Bell — the signal for the king to close the sarcophagus. The royal funeral had begun!

None too soon. The government *Gazette*, published at noon, contained the terms of the agreement between the king of Quelparte and the czar of Russia, whereby the latter (out of pure humanitarian considerations) took it upon himself to become more closely identified with the Quelpartien kingdom, by taking charge of the financial and military departments of the government.

The success of Colonel Oranoff’s *coup d'état* in Keinning had been as complete as that of Prince Tuen’s emissaries at Lynx Island. But while Tuen was victorious, of what fruit was his victory if it were kept a secret and the imperial funeral went on? And, though Oranoff might have achieved a success, that success bore no fruit if it were kept secret. The promulgation of the agreement was imperatively necessary to the success of the Russian *coup*.

So far as matters behind the scenes were concerned it had been smooth sailing. A Russian was at the head of the customs department, virtually premier of Quelparte. A Russian was in control of the national mint; another in control of the military department. A Russo-Quelpartien bank had been established and the national treasury removed to it from a native bank. If there was friction anywhere, the parts were oiled with roubles and all went well. The king of Quelparte was shaved!

But, as with Tuen, so with Oranoff, to succeed was not all of success. The present pageant was foisted upon the populace to drug its conscience and to counteract any demonstration which might follow the announcement of the Russian protectorate. Here and there, as I had watched the seething crowds, one read to another the proclamation in the *Gazette*. Some stood silent; others, partially intoxicated, railed on them with many a truthful cut and taunt. Among the surging masses the papers could be seen trampled under foot, waved over heads, crushed and torn by angry hands, or folded carefully and placed in robes for future consideration. Somehow — we are all superstitious, now and then — I began to loathe the sight of those white sheets. And once as I looked back during a blockade I saw a man in a little group pointing to me with his finger. He fell back as I looked his way and was lost in the drifting human tide. I, too, was one of the Russian thieves!

This set my fervid mind to thinking of the agents of Tuen. What thought they of the imperial funeral? Could they trust the legend to be effective without telling of the tragedy of the temple? This I dared not hope. If not, then, surely, suspicions of the contents of the bier would be scattered among the drunken crowds. And Dulcine might better be thrown to Siberian wolves than exposed in this crowd, once maddened by the knowledge of our stupendous deceit!

But my courage returned as I rode up the broad avenue before the legation and heard

the steady tramp of my columns, hastened by Kim from the barracks. I knew my control over them. While the ammunition dealt to others might be blank cartridges, my men carried heavier shells. The men knew it and respected themselves and me the more. And we were to surround the bier on the march to the tomb.

We are apt to go to extremes in times of trying suspense. As I rode forward at the head of these hundreds of well armed men who respected me, I laughed at my fears.

We drew up in hollow square in the plaza before the king's wing. Within the antechamber and the throne room were seething masses of servants, royal eunuchs, military officers, palace officials, and aides—all hurrying to and fro silently, but, to the eye, in utter confusion. Far up the room, before the throne, stood the elaborate catafalque banked with lotus leaves and chrysanthemums. Upon it lay the magnificent sarcophagus glittering and resplendent in the swinging lights. Around it moved three stalwart eunuchs in gorgeous apparel. To it my eyes ran and on it they rested long.

It seemed as if I had not begun to realize Dulcine's situation before. Without food or water, now, for twelve hours, a single movement, a cough, or sneeze would cost her her father's reputation and mine and doubtless her own life. Perspiration streamed from my face. I sank on a chair and prayed God to guide and guard.

A roll of drums brought me to my feet. The king was coming. Impulsively I pressed forward to be as near Dulcine as possible until my troops could surround her. My very audacity in approaching so near the catafalque was my credential. Dejneff's uniform, which I detested, stood me in good stead, and I advanced unchallenged.

At last I could see within the flower-strewn casket. Far beneath a long glass cover which lifted on golden hinges a form in musty gray cerements lay still and calm. So loose was the upper robe that the motion of breathing could not be detected. The

face, bound closely in flaxen bands, seemed calm as in death. As I looked, the matchless bravery of the girl overcame me, and for a moment I delighted in the daring of the farce. I knew not what a short step there might be between farce and tragedy!

Amid another roll of drums the procession entered the throne room, the king sauntering behind his head eunuchs. Beside him walked the crown prince. I stepped down quickly from my position of vantage on the steps ascending to the throne, and by me as I knelt passed the royal party to the throne, on which the king took his seat. Finally, after an age of heathen mummery, Whang Su descended the broad steps from the throne to the catafalque, dropped the glass lid and drew the golden cover, gracefully, jauntily, as his majesty did all else. The girl lay as dead before him, but I felt sure that when the heavy cover shot into place her nerves gave way from the terrible strain. I was glad the great cover was hollow, allowing the prisoner air, for she could raise the glass lid herself and sit upright within her magnificent cell.

My heart, too, was in the queen's sarcophagus—smothered by the dense fragrance of flowers and spice.

As the king passed out the imperial watch took its stand around the sarcophagus, dressed in the brilliant uniforms of Quelpartien army officers; but I saw at once that they were gendarmes in disguise. Dejneff was with them, and I spoke to him as he handed me my orders for the night.

“Those men are armed?”

“To the teeth.”

“With powder and ball?”

“Powder, ball, rapier, and dagger,” said the man swiftly, and I saw he, too, sensed trouble in the wind. And he looked at me significantly as he moved away.

I went out to arrange my command according to the orders he had given me.

If Dejneff was anxious, who thought all was right, how was it with me, who knew everything was wrong?

XII. THE IMPERIAL FUNERAL.

As I entered the plaza before the king's wing of the legation, I found to my surprise that it was night. I had forgotten even the time of day during that ordeal in the throne room.

The aspect of the heathen city had been wonderful by day. The great crowds, the

flying pennons and banners—this nation on a holiday—was a sight never to be forgotten, unless one had seen the night which followed—this nation on a holinight.

The crowd became more dense as the sun went down. To the quarter of a million inhabitants was added a visiting quarter of

a million. Cities and towns were deserted for a space fifty miles around. The gates of the city had been crowded all day, the grinning monkeys on their gables admitting governors and beggars, dukes and mountebanks, priests and criminals, indiscriminately, from seashore, mountain, and valley.

The sight presented by this half million people was indescribable. The absence of lights made the appearance of the city doubly significant, for there were no lights save the candle each man carried in a little paper lantern.

And so there was light—a burning glare, but low down as a man's knee. From where I stood in the plaza of the legation it seemed that the city was illuminated by red-hot pavements, a ruddy glare distinctly marking the direction of all the main avenues.

The sound of this moving host was indescribable. The hard limestone streets were covered with tiny pebbles which rolled and crunched under each falling foot. What was the tumult arising from a million moving feet? It was a sound unknown even to the sea. It was not the continual grind of gigantic glaciers. It was like nothing that ever met my ears. I stood entranced a space, looking on those streets of flame, and listening to the murmur of that million of sandalled feet.

My orders were to flank the imperial route from the legation to the center of the city where the Great Bell hung. The crowds had already divined the route and this avenue was the seething center of the city. It was men's work for my column to plow through to the Bell, but they went through like men. My lines once established on either side the avenue, the crowds were admitted, temporarily, between them. Here and there along the route elegant lanterns were suspended from staves thrust into the hard ground. The silken net-work of each was four feet long with a center of red and a border at the bottom and top of blue. Within each, thus thoroughly protected from the wind, a candle burned on a sharp iron finger.

It may have been nine o'clock when my lines were established from the legation to the Great Bell. The funeral procession was advertised to start at nine. I was advised to expect it promptly three hours later, at midnight.

For three hours—though they were anxious hours—I was an interested spectator of the scene before me. Through my lines

surged the countless throng. Now it was brushed lightly aside as a company of Quelpartien infantry trotted down on the double quick, formidable in appearance and sound. No sooner was it again in motion, in "pursuit of happiness," to quote the humorous irony of our constitution, than a shrill scream rent it asunder, as a Quelpartien nobleman on a spotless pony, preceded by busy henchmen, paced by to his place in the imperial cortége. A sackcloth Quelpartien hat covered his netted hair. A rope, an inch in diameter, surrounded his waist. Another, smaller in size, was caught about his hat. Such was the imperial mourner's habit. Beyond, in the plaza of the Bell, was the vortex of the surging human billows which were sweeping the city. In that maelstrom peddlers with trays, supported by strings about their necks, were reaping a rich reward, and thieves a richer. The soldiers guarding the plaza had broken ranks (their officers were in the neighboring drinking houses) and were seated on the ground nodding before their fires of sticks and grass, their rifles stacked about them. Gambling being legalized for the time, many were playing games of chance. Thus the hours dragged on.

The first sign of the approaching pageant was the arousing of the soldiers to clear the avenue. It was soldiers' work, too. Piercing the street in the center the multitude was crowded back to the houses. The forward lines being pushed out by those behind, the soldiers pounded the faces of those in the rear with the butts of their guns. Slowly a way was cleared. In some places it was twenty feet in width; here narrowing, there widening. Then in the center of the opening was laid a thin line of earth, all the way from the Russian legation to the imperial tomb—for in Quelparte it is beneath the dignity of the king to walk upon earth that has been desecrated by other feet. Thus wherever the king goes fresh earth is strewn which no foot may touch until he has passed. The sight of this faint trail had a miraculous effect upon those surging thousands. They became quiet and expectant, each suggestion of the coming pageant being greeted with delight. Heads of departments began flying back and forth on official duties. A Quelpartien general and staff tittupped along the route, inspecting, at a proper distance, the line of fresh earth, to see that it was laid properly to the destination. And when at last the old ringer entered the Bell house and the beam was

swung twelve times upon the Great Bell, a hush fell over the city and every heart knew the appointed hour was at hand. Instantly a Cossack trumpeter on the balcony of the Russian legation blew his clear signal. And when the echoes of the bugle had died away in the ravines of the mountains, the funeral cortége was in motion.

Believe me, I saw all that I have described. Believe me, also, there was not a moment in which I was not thinking of Dulcine. It is quite as true that in this crisis my mind wandered back over the past week and recalled its strange experiences to prove to myself I was awake and not dreaming. Again I saw Wun Chow and heard the chanting in the temple of Ching-ling. Again the tragedy of that subterranean vault was enacted, and again I was running madly down Lynx Island in the dark. Now I was shouting to a telegraph instrument in a delirium, now I was walking on from a fallen horse through a valley from which the tide had just gone, and bargaining for a loaf of bread from an unknown friend. Again I tried to tell the king on his throne that his dynasty was ruined and that he was to become insane. I talked with Dulcine before the fire. I laid the body in the sarcophagus. I watched the king draw on the great golden cover. If I needed more proof, my anxious heart could have given testimony for I had been subjected to surprises—and no sleeper is surprised in his dreaming.

No, this was not a dream.

Before the Great Bell struck the hour of midnight, I had taken my station at the door of the king's wing. Within the king's apartments confusion reigned during the last hour before the pageant started. But without, behind the legation, where the pageant was forming, confusion was worse confused. The rendezvous of any circus parade is a trivial affair compared to what was enacted there. For blocks in each direction spread the outlandish paraphernalia—banners, carriages, carts, ensigns, flags, shields, lanterns, horses, troops, the most illustrious collection of horribles human eye ever viewed; attendants fighting for precedence; coolies struggling to maintain position against newcomers; men with bannerless poles and men with poleless banners, fighting for that which each lacked; horses frenzied with fear; mules, richly caparisoned, braying for water, and supervisors of the pageant, at their wits' end, charging about reckless of life and limb.

From this pandemonium of heathendom, I

passed by the guards at the door and entered the throne room. All was quiet here. In the dim light I saw the imperial watch, standing motionless by the catafalque. Though I knew they were Cossacks I went no nearer. There was nothing I could do, however much I longed to make my presence known. And so I, too, stood watch over her.

As the night wore on, I became calm and resolute. The trying scene in this room, following immediately upon the receipt of Dulcine's note, had played havoc with my weakened nerves. The cold night air and the exercise had strengthened them.

At the first boom of the Great Bell I went out into the plaza and mounted my horse. One company in my command which flanked the four sides of the plaza, was to surround the bier and guard it. At the head of this company I took my place as the glittering line of the imperial cortége rounded the farther wing of the legation and came slowly by.

Two Quelpartien dukes on great white horses led it. Twisted ropes surrounded their waists and hats. Men at their sides bore silken banners, some in plain and some in mixed colors, flying on long poles raised high up in air. All kept wide of the little trail of earth in the center of the road. Even the horses seemed to know it meant death to step there. Then came a host of yellow lanterns—imperial yellow—borne by coolies for whom it was the event of a lifetime, a memory to be handed down to children's children. Behind the lanterns came prominent Quelpartien generals. Immense red plumes fell back from their glittering helmets. They wore no sackcloth. Behind them rode a squad of cavalry officers in their flowing scarlet sleeves. The sleeves of their uniforms are made of this color so that, when charging, sword in hand, the spurting blood of the enemy will not disfigure their apparel to sicken the brain. Then came the royal eunuchs of the palace—in heaviest sackcloth. The splendid horses of the cavalry officers were not better than those ridden by these imperial household officials.

All these went wide of the earthen trail. The great guilds of the land were represented in the pageant by monstrous banners thirty and forty feet in length, borne on veritable masts under which the most powerful men staggered painfully, but proudly. These banners contained tributes to her majesty. Streamers fastened to the top

tended to steady them and ease the labors of the bearers.

The coming of the king was heralded by a swarm of yellow banners carried by footmen. Behind them a bodyguard of Cossacks surrounded his majesty who was riding a white horse with characteristic grace and jauntiness. The white stallion walked fairly in the center of the narrow trail of hallowed earth, and proudly, as though conscious that before his own dainty foot none other had touched it. Whang Su seemed as unconscious of danger as his horse. Now and then he talked with Dejneff who rode watchfully behind him, a hand ever at his belt.

Behind the king, at a proper distance, swarmed a host of coolies wearing yellow coats. On their backs rested a platform made of bamboo poles. Upon this rested the covered chair used by her to whom this raree-show was a tribute. I am sure I never saw such a thing on the streets of Washington or on the boulevard to Mt. Vernon, but I repeat what the honest Kim affirmed, who stood at my elbow explaining to me the signification of all the insignificance of the passing pageant. The four silken sides of the chair were covered with bangles representing peacock's eyes which in Quelparte are always used to denote the presence of the gentler sex. Behind the chair came a crowd of coolies bearing yellow silk parasols on elongated handles. The fringes of these parasols were of rarest lace and the spectacle afforded by their bearers the most ridiculous conceivable. If Dulcine were enduring a thing no mortal was ever doomed to experience before, she was certainly missing a spectacle no mortal could ever forget.

Interest now became intense as the resounding foot beats on the hard avenue announced the coming of the army, in the center of which the royal bier would be borne. Rank after rank passed by and in good order, for in the past fortnight the troops had been drilled hourly for this review. It was plain the result was satisfactory to the crowd, if not to the officers.

But at last the funeral car was caught sight of and the soldiers were forgotten. No sooner was this before the door of the king's wing than the sarcophagus was borne to it on the shoulders of many servants. About it my company closed instantly, and we were on our way to the mausoleum after hardly a moment's delay. The rear was brought up by the cavalry regiments.

The funeral car in which the sarcoph-

agus was placed would have added dignity to any procession. It rolled on two great golden wheels. It was drawn by ropes each fifty feet long and in the hands of scores and scores of coolies in mourning dress. Upon only those nearest the car did the work fall. A few of those in front on either side drew the vehicle; those nearest behind steadied it on an incline. All the rest marched proudly, holding the slack rope in their hands and gazing to the right and to the left. The car was perhaps seven feet in height. Above it in the center was a great golden ball, an imposing crown piece. Its length may have been ten feet; its width four. At the corners of the fluted roofing, large golden lotus leaves curled upward from beneath, and upon them golden dragon heads were fastened. From the open mouths great silken cords hung down and heavy tassels at their ends swept the ground twelve feet below. But all this beauty was not for the vulgar eye, for beside the car (when they could keep up with it) marched tall men carrying poles to which were fastened long silken screens to shield the bier from view. Before, beside, and behind, coolies walked carrying poles with flying banners on which were inscribed the graces and virtues of her within the car. Some of these Kim translated to me. They were all news to me, though she had graces and virtues unnumbered, I knew.

The pageant was a splendid success. Before we passed out the eastern gate it was evident that the nation saw and was pleased. Even as we passed through the Chinese quarter of the city there was no outbreak. An absence of holiday regalia and hundreds of sober faces, only, greeted us there. I breathed more easily when the city gate was reached.

Just beyond, now in sight, rose the mausoleum and the city of a night about it. My heart leaped at the sight of it reflected in the glare of the thousand lanterns. Once safely there, my forebodings and anxieties were at an end. Dulcine would be easily released and the drama in which we were more prominent actors than was generally supposed, or than we wished to be, would be over. Already I thought of Japan — and home!

The inspiration of these blessed hopes gave me strength to play my part to the end. And I needed strength, for the strain was telling on me. Kim, even, spoke of the pallor of my countenance, and I knew my hands and knees trembled.

XIII. A CITY OF A NIGHT.

If the city of Keinning, three thousand years old, was marvelous in appearance, the City of a Night at the foot of the imperial mausoleum was no less wonderful.

Looking from the eastern gate, an avenue of fire led through darkness to an illuminated mountain three miles distant. Here and there in the gloom on either side of it little lights shone like will-o'-the-wisps in the paddy fields where lonely travelers, coming from the north or south and skirting the crowded city, made their way by candle light toward the great white tomb. The avenue of flame was a moving wall of humanity—a nation going to the grave-site chosen by the imperial soothsayers. The line of red lanterns and the trail of fresh earth left the main avenue as it neared the goal, swinging out and around to the mound and the Hall of Spices where the sarcophagus would rest before being entombed. The sight was of bewildering beauty.

The army encamped around the outskirts of this magic city. The stacks of arms made a glittering wall about it. Avenues were left open between the camping companies where thousands wandered and warmed themselves by the soldiers' fires. Nearer the tomb and around it stood the temporary buildings erected by the king, at an expense of many thousands and for but a single night, in which to house himself and the guests invited to his imperial wake. Beside the mound and altars were buildings for his cabinet, the legations, and a general guest house. In each building a dining room was provided, and in each an elaborate dinner was served immediately upon the arrival of the pageant. Every person was fed, from the ambassador to the poorest coolie who had been freezing beside his sputtering red lantern.

At the very center of the perfect circle of stacked rifles arose the mound of earth which I had passed on my journey with Colonel Li to Wun Chow. This I may have described as an oval mound fifty feet high within which was built the solid granite tomb. On the summit of the cone of earth could be seen the great tablet poised on end. On the side of the mound toward the Hall of Spices an inclined track of smooth wood was laid, up which the loads of cakes and spices and fruits were to be drawn; after them the golden casket itself.

My company marched to the Hall of Spices and surrounded it and the sarcophagus was borne within. Mountains of cakes and spices

which were to be placed within the tomb for the soul to feast upon, arose on every side, flanked by great piles of fruits. Masses of candy and spices were ranged behind cake and fruits. I wondered where all this was to be stored, and, while personally stationing my guards, I entered the staging which held the great poised tablet and looked down. Eight feet below I saw the mouth of the tomb. This was a round room perhaps thirty feet high and as wide. A low marble pedestal was erected in the center upon which the sarcophagus was to be placed. Around about ran a wide marble ledge upon which cakes and candies, fruits and spices were already being placed by black-gowned servants.

No one was permitted to descend into the vault but these grim-looking men, who, Kim informed me, were those who built the tomb. They spoke not to each other, but signalled like dumb men. One yawned in my face. I understood. Their tongues had been cut out. No one might enter that vault and tell its secrets to another!

I hastened back to the Hall of Spices. The time was fast approaching when I could give the signal and release Dulcine. Until now the household ministers were busy over the sarcophagus. And I was still longer delayed. The final honors to the dead were to be performed. The palace women came by, heavily veiled and moaning loudly. After them came the cabinet led by Prince Ching. Then followed the ambassadors of the foreign nations, stepping forward one by one and bowing to the casket which lay behind parted yellow curtains. This over, the curtains were dropped.

It was still an hour before sunrise, and the tomb was not to receive its imperial burden until that time. More rites to the dead were to be performed by priests in another portion of the building, and soon the dias before the sarcophagus was quite deserted. The releasing of Dulcine behind the yellow curtains would be but the work of a moment. My time had come. I took the hilt of my sword in my hand and mounted the steps.

At that moment a voice spoke my name. I started, frightened, for I thought I was alone. I looked in the direction of the sound. On the lowest of the three steps which surrounded the building and holding back the long silken curtain by one hand, stood Colonel Oranoff. In the dim light I thought I must be mistaken. I closed my eyes and then

opened them, shading them from the light of the nearest sputtering torch. And yet there he stood, dressed in the great coat and silk hat I had seen often on the streets of Keinning. The face seemed so pale and ghastly that my throat choked with fear and my heart stopped beating. Did he know our secret? Had others discovered it? That face so changed and altered—oh, what could it mean?

I was left but a moment in anguish. Then he spoke again. The voice was equally unreal:

"She is not there. If you love her, follow me."

If I loved her! Then she was elsewhere, and in danger? I could not have believed these words from any other lips than those which uttered them. I would have left that dias for no other man on earth than Oranoff. The curtains came together. Oranoff was a man of few words. The retreating footsteps were his. "*If you love her!*" I hurried after him.

I had not seen Dulcine's father since I marched before the king and virtually told a lie by failing to tell the truth. I had heard him speak to Dulcine across my bed when she retold the lie I acted, but I looked only at her. I tried to believe he had been with the British legation party, and, missing her, had come to me. But his few words implied that he knew where she was. His face showed he was crazed with grief.

I attempted to overtake him, but I quickly perceived he did not desire this for he regulated his pace with mine and remained in the lead. We passed around the mound. And now I saw he also took precautions against being recognized by others. I dumbly followed his example. Each of his peculiar actions I noticed carefully as the fear which filled me burned deeper and deeper into my heart. At

length we reached the soldiers, and he whom I believed was Colonel Oranoff chose one of the darker avenues or spaces between the companies and passed through the line of burnished rifles and into the gloom. I could see the forms of several persons in the distance, toward whom he was hastening. They had little ponies with them. They soon began to advance to meet us. Oranoff slowed as they came up and I ran to his side, forgetting the others, and seized his arm. He turned upon me.

False hair and false imperial were now in the creature's hands—I gazed into the grinning face of a Chinaman, filled with the cruel light of triumph!

And a blow from behind drove me senseless to the ground.

The sun was just rising when I opened my eyes. Perhaps the torture of the cords which bound me hastened the return of sensation. At least of the sting of their wounds I was first conscious, then of the jog of the pony to which I was bound. I gazed blankly into the valley from which we had climbed and at the sun just gilding the crest of the far-off rocks.

Then a weird sound settled down upon us. It was too great to come from any one direction. It rang in the valley and along the mountain like a roll of tiny drums. At last the echoes beat themselves to death among the cliffs and dropped lifeless at their base.

The sound was as though a gigantic hammer had struck a mountain peak. It chilled the blood in my veins and started my staggering brain from its dreaming. My reason returned.

The great tablet had dropped forever upon the royal mausoleum, burying Dulcine Oranoff within it, alive!

(To be continued.)

PIRACIES INCIDENT TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

 N December 28, 1793, Captain William Talbot, a citizen of Virginia, and commander of a sixty-ton schooner called *L'Ami de la Pointe à Pêtre*, appeared before Mayor Andrew Courtois of the town of Pointe à Pêtre, Guadaloupe, and with the aid of an interpreter, "Citizen J. Caille," declared to the mayor that he wished to become a citizen of the French Republic.

The wish, so far as the mayor could comply with it, was immediately granted. "William Talbot lifted up his hand and swore to be

forever faithful to the French Republic and to its laws, and to support the constitution with all his power." This done, he signed a register with Citizen Caille, the interpreter, and at once became a citizen of France, according to the custom then prevailing in Guadaloupe.

Talbot had brought his schooner from Charleston, South Carolina, where she had been fitted out as a privateer. He took the oath of allegiance to the French Republic in order to evade the law that prohibited citizens of the United States engaging in war

with any nation at peace with the United States. And to further evade that law he made a nominal transfer of the schooner, which was really owned in Charleston, to "Citizen Samuel Reddiek, resident at Pointe à Pêtre."

Then, on January 8, 1794, "Citizen Talbot" appeared before "George Henry Victor Collet, Major-General of the Armies of the French Republic, Governor of the Islands and their Dependencies," who issued to him a commission for the schooner authorizing her to cruise as a privateer under the French flag "against the enemies of the Republic of whatsoever nation they may be." And with this commission Talbot went cruising.

Meantime, it should be told that when Captain Talbot took his schooner to Guadalupe, another schooner, called *L'Amour de la Liberté*, commanded by Captain Ballard, also a Virginian, went along as a tender. Presumably to save the fees demanded by the mayor and the governor at Guadalupe, no papers were obtained for *L'Amour de la Liberté*, but she sailed on the cruise with *L'Ami de la Pointe à Pêtre*, and when the two were off the coast of Cuba she captured a Dutch brigantine called *De Vrouw Christiana Magdalena*, and held her until Talbot with his commissioned schooner could beat up from leeward and take charge of her. And when Talbot had placed a prize crew on the Dutchman, all three vessels sailed in company to Charleston. There Talbot reported his supposed prize to the French consul, who at once condemned the Dutchman for sale.

But while Talbot and the French consul were thus engaged, Capt. Joost Jansen, commanding *De Vrouw Christiana Magdalena*, appealed to the United States district court for justice; and when all the parties had been heard the captain received back his *Vrouw*, and Talbot and Ballard were held for trial as pirates. The court distinctly held that Talbot's oath of allegiance to the French Republic was a sham, and that the alleged transfer of the schooner was a fraud founded on perjury.

The facts given above are taken from Volume II. of Wait's "State Papers." On page 54 of the president's message of May 20, 1826, it appears that Citizen Genet arrived at Charleston, South Carolina, on April 8, 1793, as the minister of the French Republic to the United States. Soon after his arrival there, a number of vessels were fitted out by American citizens to cruise as French privateers, and *L'Ami de la Pointe à Pêtre* was one of them. Genet landed at Charleston,

instead of at a port more convenient to Washington, in order to send these cruisers afloat. And when he went north he caused several cruisers to be fitted out on the Delaware.

Of the latter the case of one may be mentioned. The *Cassius*, otherwise known as *Les Jumeaux*, became especially noted. She was owned and was fitted out in Philadelphia in December, 1794. When the local authorities tried to prevent her going to sea, her crew, under the orders of Capt. Samuel B. Davis, an American citizen, manned her guns and drove away the legal authorities. She then went to San Domingo, where her captain went through with such formalities as Captain Talbot did; after which she went cruising, and captured the schooner *William Lindsay*, owned by Yard & Kentland of Philadelphia. The *Lindsay* was taken to San Domingo and condemned as a good prize, presumably (the proceedings of the French court are lost) because she had British goods on board.

Many volumes have been written to describe the anarchy prevailing in France after the execution of Louis XVI. in January, 1793; but not one, so far as I know, to tell of the utterly lawless condition of affairs then found on the waters around the colonies of France in the West Indies. It is well known that the people of France were in dire distress for want of even the plainest food; but, if the fact is not so well known, the distress in the French West Indies was equally great. In Paris, the hungry, in mobs, stormed the legislative chamber; or, when more orderly, formed in lines at the bakeries. But in the West Indies they sought relief in piracy that was carried on under sham forms of law.

On May 9, 1793, the French National Convention considered certain aggressions of the British on neutral cargo ships. The Danish ship *Mercury*, with wheat for Bordeaux, had been captured and condemned by the British. So had the American ship *John* and other vessels under similar circumstances. To retaliate, the Convention decreed that French ships of war and privateers might "arrest and bring into the ports of the Republic" all neutral ships found transporting any property of the enemy or any food to an enemy's port. "There does, indeed, exist a treaty which stipulates that American vessels shall neutralize the merchandises," said a member of the Convention, "but this treaty is disastrous to the French Republic." And it was disregarded.

In this decree was found the beginning of the French aggressions that I have called piracy. Other decrees more sweeping followed, until a climax was reached in that of March 2, 1797, which enacted, among other things, that "all merchandise of the enemy, or merchandise not sufficiently proved to be neutral, shall be confiscated"; and "every individual known to be an American, who shall hold a commission given by the enemies of France, as well as every seaman of that nation making a part of the crew of enemy ships, shall by that act alone be declared a pirate, and be treated as such, without being allowed in any case to allege that he was forced to it by violence, menaces, or otherwise."

Of the possible effect of these laws, if impartially and conscientiously enforced, nothing shall be said here, for they were never so enforced; but the reader may be reminded that, in 1797 the British navy contained several thousand native Americans who had been impressed, and were held to slavery in spite of their utmost endeavors to escape. What is to be considered here is the fact that the actual effect of the course of legislation begun in 1793 was to let loose on the high seas and among the West India islands a horde of pirates who went hunting everywhere for American ships, and took the ships of every other nation where they supposed they could escape the just penalty of their deeds.

The case of Captain Talbot of *L'Ami de la Pointe à Pêtre* was one of the earliest recorded. The case of Talbot and that of the *Cassius* and of other American ships so fitted out, are also interesting in that they show the moral status of many American shipowners of the day. Many of them were ready and even eager to risk their property in a war in which they had no real interest, in order that they might prey on the property of merchants who never had done them or any one else any harm. They were so eager for plunder, in fact, that they would encourage the shams of which Talbot was guilty, and then prey on their own neighbors, as did the Philadelphia owners of the *Cassius*.

But, blush as an American must over the story of such transactions by American merchants, these deeds were but the lightest as well as the first of a long series of robberies committed under the French flag. The fact that men like Talbot and Davis and their armed ships were welcomed by the French authorities in the West Indies, was told

wherever ships sailed. Any one with an armed ship could obtain a commission at Guadaloupe, and straightway pirates of every hue headed away as if for a promised land. I had almost said that all the pirates of the earth flocked to the French West Indies, but that would not have been quite true. Every sneak and coward among the pirates went there, sooner or later, but some had black-flag courage and felt as hearty contempt for those who would rob under a sham form of law, as all honest people felt and must feel. These few continued their war on all commerce as before.

No list of the commissions issued to these piratical cruisers has been or can be made, but we may learn from French authorities something of the number afloat, while abundant statements made under oath tell of the work done by them. In February, 1797, MM. Santhonax and Raimond, commissioners of the French government in San Domingo, wrote to the minister of marine in Paris saying that, "having found no resource in finance, and knowing the unfriendly disposition of the Americans, and to avoid perishing in distress, we have armed for cruising; and already eighty-seven cruisers are at sea; and for the three months last past the administration has subsisted and individuals have been enriched with the products of those prizes. . . . We felicitate ourselves that American vessels are taken daily."

This letter was written five months before the commissioners heard of the decree of March 2, 1797, and, as the dates show, nearly a month before that decree was passed. Yet Santhonax, on going to France, "was received as a member into one of the legislative councils."¹

To facilitate this deliberate spoliation of American commerce, the Guadaloupe authorities, on February 1, 1797, decreed that all vessels bound to or from the French islands that had been taken by the English should be good prize, and that "every vessel which shall have cleared out under the vague denomination of West Indies," should also be good prize.²

In proof of the assertion that mere pirates were deliberately sent afloat under the French flag, we may quote the preamble to a decree of the National Convention dated July 31, 1798. It says that "information recently received from the French colonies and the

¹See p. 434-5 of documents with message of president, May 20, 1826.

²See p. 384, message and documents of May 20, 1826.

continent of America leaves no room to doubt that French cruisers, or such as call themselves French, have infringed the laws of the Republic . . . and that foreigners and pirates have abused the latitude allowed, at Cayenne and the West India islands, in order to cover with the French flag their extortions."

A few cases illustrative of these "extortions" will be found interesting. Thus the East India ship *New Jersey* was captured and taken to a port in San Domingo. Her owners, in order to release the ship and her very valuable cargo, paid \$200,000 in coin to General Hedonville, the special agent of the Executive Directory. In connection with this it must be said that when the piratical cruisers continued at sea after the expiration of their so-called commissions, and brought in prizes, it was the practise of the officials to condemn the prizes and pocket all the proceeds, including the shares that would have been allowed to the cruisers had the prizes been taken before the commissions expired.

Even the French minister of marine was not above participating in this piracy. While the American ship *Hare* was lying at London with a valuable cargo belonging to Americans on board, her master, one Captain Hayley, an American citizen, developed a plan for obtaining a large share of the value of ship and cargo for himself. Crossing the channel to France, he went to the French minister of marine in person and obtained from him a commission as master of a privateer that had no existence. With this in his pocket he returned to London, took the *Hare* to sea, and sailed her into a French port, where she was condemned by the court "as a good prize to this renegade."¹ It is elsewhere shown that French admiralty judges were shareholders in French privateers, so-called.

As said, there are many stories, told under oath, of the ill-treatment our crews received at the hands of these pirates. That they were robbed of their cash and clothing scarcely need be told, but Volume III. of Wait's "State Papers" has many stories of such petty stealing. The Yankee crews learned to consider themselves well off when nothing worse than robbery happened to them. The ordinary treatment received is very well portrayed by the following extracts

from page 291 of the volume just quoted:

" Schooner *Phœbe*, Webb, was taken on her passage from New London to Jérémie and carried to Petit Guave, where she was detained ninety days and the greatest part of her cargo taken *without a trial*. They even refused giving a receipt for what property they took, and the commissioners refused Captain Webb provisions to subsist his sick people.

" At Petit Guave on the 10th November [were] seven American vessels. . . . They had been lying there from two to three months, during which time their cargoes were taken from them without the form of a trial; more than three-fourths of the men (captains and sailors) fell a sacrifice to the fever, and the remaining fourth were more like walking ghosts than men. . . . There were then lying in the several parts of the Bite 51 sail of Americans, which had been brought in by privateers; and at a moderate computation half of their crews had died."

Elsewhere (p. 173, for instance), this volume shows that American crews were "beaten, insulted, and cruelly imprisoned." They were turned adrift without food on the southwest coast of Porto Rico, in many cases. They "were exchanged with the British for Frenchmen," and thus forced into the British navy. William Martin, master of the *Cincinnatus*, was tortured because he refused to aid the French captors in their spoliations. Two of the crew of the ship *Endeavour* "were mangled in a most shocking manner, and one of them was mortally wounded," because they asked to have the clothing of which they had been robbed returned to them. Though bloodshed and torture were not common, there are several other cases on record.

For five years — in some respects it is the most remarkable period in the history of American commerce — the people of the United States suffered these spoliations to continue without so much as striking one blow in self defense. What was then done to resist spoliation cannot be told here for lack of space, but the extent of the spoliation may be indicated. In a report of the secretary of state in 1884 on the "French Spoliations," no less than 183 pages of the octavo pamphlet are devoted to a list of claims, and the number of claims on a page averages sixteen and a half; in all, there were not far from two thousand seven hundred cases of spoliations by the piratical French cruisers, the papers of which were on file in the state department in 1884. How many cases of spoliation had been abandoned as hopeless in the intervening time, and how many were never pressed because the sufferers died on the beach in the West India islands, can never be ascertained. The total amount of the losses in the cases filed, no interest being allowed, was \$7,290,774.32.

¹See p. 432, message and documents of May 20, 1826.

²See p. 438 of message and documents of May 20, 1826.

³Ibid., p. 152.

THE RECORD OF A LOST EMPIRE IN AMERICA.

BY EDWIN ERLE SPARKS,

(University of Chicago.)

"The river on which we embark is called Meskonsing [Wisconsin]. It is very wide; it has a sandy bottom, which forms various shoals that render its navigation very difficult. It is full of Islands Covered with Vines. On the banks one sees fertile land, diversified with woods, prairies, and Hills. There are oak, Walnut, and basswood trees; and another kind whose branches are armed with long thorns. We saw there neither feathered game nor fish, but many deer, and a large number of cattle buffalo. . . . We saw a spot presenting the appearance of an iron mine; and in fact one of our party assures us that the Ore which We found is very good and very rich. . . . We safely entered the Mississipi on the 17th of June, with a Joy that I cannot Express."

SITTING in the log hut attached to the mission of St. Francis Xavier at Green Bay, Wisconsin, the attenuated figure of

Father Marquette leaned over such crude materials as he could command while placing in writing his recollections of the wonderful four months' voyage which Joliet and he had made down the "mighty river that runs cross-wise to the course of the sun," as described by the Indians, and back through the famed "region with a quantity of Buffalo." The priest, ill from the hardships of this life in the woods of North America, his

long black gown torn by the bushes, his Jesuit's cloak and hood stiffened with many a beating rain and winter's snow, was yet content with his apparent hard lot. For while the priests of the other orders of the church were satisfied to bury themselves in cloisters or to cultivate vineyards, had not Father Loyola founded the Society of Jesus as a kind of skirmish-line against sin, ready to be sent wherever the "général" might will? If not the Indians of North America, it might have been the Indians of Brazil or of Paraguay, the coolies of China, or the swarming millions of Hindoostan. Had he not baptized a dying Indian child on this incursion into the unknown land lying to the south of the Great

Lakes, and was not one soul saved worth the life of a poor Jesuit priest?

Eight years afterward, this report of Marquette was printed in Paris—so long did it take for even important news to pass through the successive Jesuit officers from the woods of Wisconsin to Quebec and thence to France. The value of geographic discovery was secondary to the petty tribulations and wants of the missionaries, which filled the thousands of reports sent over concerning the progress of the work among the Indians. Yet the civil officers of Louis XIV. were not blind to the importance of the discovery of a river which might lead to Mexico, thereby giving the Grand Monarch a foothold against the Spanish on the south and circumventing the threatening English on the east.

It was therefore an easy matter for the Sieur de La Salle, a native of Rouen, who had spent two years wandering about the Great Lakes, to secure on a special trip to France a commission from the king to make discoveries, to build forts, and to open trade along the Mississippi, if possible following it to its mouth.

Traversing the great stream and its tributary waters, often sleeping at night on the frozen hummocks of swamps, securing the favor of Indians by lending them his blacksmith and forge, at times compelled to rob their winter caches of seed corn, deserted again and again by his men, La Salle penetrated the country of the Illinois, planted his short-lived Fort Crèvecoeur near the modern Peoria, and crowned the hundred and twenty feet of the later "Starved Rock" with the heavily barricaded fort of St. Louis. With every fort the French chain was being slowly welded about the sluggish English.

Accompanied by his faithful lieutenant, Tonty, whose artificial substitute for a member lost in the Sicilian wars had gained his



COAT OF ARMS OF THE MISSISSIPPI COMPANY.



A DUTCH CARTOON ON THE MISSISSIPPI EXCITEMENT.

Indian name of "the man with the iron hand," La Salle was carried by the strong current of the Mississippi out into the Gulf of Mexico. Landing his more than decimated company of explorers and priests on a high knoll, he hewed a triumphal column from a tree trunk and on it nailed the coat of arms of France made from one of his copper kettles. Amid cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" and the rattle of musketry the column was erected. Solemnly a Te Deum was chanted, followed by the hymn "*Vexilla Regis.*" The customary leaden plate was buried containing the claims of "Louis le Grand, Roy de France et Navarre," to the land. The great monarch's restless captains had won for him the heart of the North American continent, and to it they gave a name derived from that of their king — "Louisiana."

The death-bed repentance of the king was but a slight compensation for leaving in the royal treasury only one-ninth the sum necessary to liquidate the debts of the kingdom. Instead of sitting down in despair or awaiting the slow savings of ordinary labor, the French imagination saw relief for the empire in the ready-made riches of the new Louisiana. Every ray of the sun reflected from Gallic enthusiasm transformed into gold the very stones of the new world upon which it chanced to fall. The dream of a French colonial empire in America began. It seemed likely at one time to be realized through the activity of French explorers. This New France was intended to

be but an auxiliary part of Old France.

Yet it was only a dream, acted out with the impracticability of dreamers. The new land was to be exploited and developed solely to enrich further the glorious rule of the Bourbon kings and to render still more magnificent a court which even now was dazzling all Europe. All this was to be accomplished not by the slow method of clearing the forests, developing agriculture, and planting colonial homes, as the English had begun on the commonplace Atlantic coast plain, but by shoveling gold, silver, copper, and tin out of mines; by determining proper uses for the wonderful "green earth"; by dredging pearls from the waters of the gulf; by weaving marvelous and enduring fabrics from the wool of the wild oxen; and by taking rich and costly furs from the animals of the backwoods. Even the labor necessary for gathering this wealth was not to be performed by Frenchmen in this new life beyond the seas, but by negro slaves brought from the French African possessions.

Only such dreams could have made possible the speculating craze known as the "Mississippi bubble" which raged until 1721, begetting thousands of companies for all kinds of visionary schemes in far-off "Louisiana," and sending seven thousand whites and over six hundred slaves into that land of enchantment. Maps were issued by the Mississippi Company, bearing such legends across their faces as "Full of mines," "Here are salt springs," "Rock salt," etc.

Contemporary cartoons show the speculating mania which filled the streets of Paris with people hawking all kinds of gambling stocks.

Disgusted with the hundred irregularly placed cabins for quarters for the troops, with the mean dwellings, and the unfinished

progenitors of which the French supposed had come from some wrecked vessel on the gulf and had been extended from tribe to tribe. Occasionally a horse was seen which had come from the Spanish in the southwest.

The colonists on the Illinois found a way prepared for them by the long and arduous labors of the Jesuit priests. At the junction of the Illinois with the Mississippi stood the mission to the Kaskaskia Indians. Farther up the Mississippi stood the village and mission of Cahokia. On the middle Illinois was the intermittent mission of the Peorias. The whole country had been taken away from its Quebec affiliation during the excitement of the Mississippi scheme and made a part of Louisiana, although without definite bounds, as the contemporary maps demonstrate. Boisbriant, carrying his commission from Louis XV. as commandant at the Illinois, rowed his laborious way up the Mississippi from New Orleans with a detachment of troops to construct a fort for protecting the coming Illinois colonists. Selecting a site above the Kaskaskia village on the Illinois side of the Mississippi river, the men constructed a timbered fort on which they planted the cannon of France, and named it "Chartres" in honor of the then regent of France. Near the fort the village of New Chartres arose, and at a short distance southward Prairie du Rocher sprang



LOUISIANA ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI.

(From a contemporary map.)

warehouse constituting the recently founded city of New Orleans, many of the colonists whom the Mississippi Company had allured to New France passed up the Mississippi to the "country of the Illinois." Father Marquette on that first voyage had said of the land lying along the Illinois river: "We have seen nothing like this river that we enter, as regards its fertility of soil, its prairies and woods; its cattle, elk, deer, wildcats, bustards, swans, ducks, paroquets, and even beaver." Other Jesuit "relations" described the swans and ducks feeding on the wild oats until suffocated by their own fat. Wild apple trees and wild plum trees had been found on which slips from the cultivated trees of France could be grafted. Mulberries abounded, although not so large as the cultivated fruit. A nut called "pecan" could be gathered which was declared superior to many of the nuts of France. Also an edible fruit was found something like the medlar to which the name of "piakimini" had been given, and another, the "recemina," which was twice the length of the finger and as large as an infant's arm. Wild grapes were found, but only in the tops of trees. None grew about the Indian towns because the aborigines, in order to get the grapes, were accustomed to fell the trees on which they grew. The Indians cultivated beans, melons, squashes, and "Turkish corn," as the French called the maize. also raised hogs and chickens, the



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SIEUR DE LA SALLE.

up. Inheriting the idea of clustering together for mutual defense, which to this day makes the French a village people, these colonists with unlimited space at their command built their log houses close together

with narrow streets and no lawns. The logs were set on end, fastened at the top by beams, and the inside was plastered with mud held together with straw or Spanish moss.

Soon the fertile alluvial bottom opposite what is now the city of St. Louis, bearing the marks of prior civilization in numerous pre-historic mounds and fortifications, was dotted with French villages, each having its common pasture land. The tillable land was allotted in long narrow strips, a few arpents in width, and extending usually from the bluffs to the river.

Before the fort was completed, the rush of settlers began. Renault, the director-general of the India Company, reached the Illinois with two hundred and fifty miners and several hundred slaves. Slavery was not a novelty in the region. The Indians had held captives as slaves before the arrival of the whites, and the latter easily adopted the custom. Marquette had been given an Indian boy slave on his first visit to the Illinois Indians. The black was found much superior to the red slave, but was more rebellious. At one time a dozen were hanged at New Orleans to suppress an insurrection.

Renault set his miners and slaves to work searching for the reputed mines. He knew that two ingots of gold had been sent from the Illinois to France, but soon began to suspect that they had been brought originally from Spanish New Mexico. Enthusiasts had reported a mine "at the beginning of a mountain which is ten leagues long and all apparently of the same character. It is on the bank of the river, does not produce a single tree, and is constantly enveloped in mists, even in the finest weather. The soil where the ore is extracted is green." Some thirty thousand pounds of this copper earth was sent down to New Orleans and four thousand pounds of the richest was sent thence to France. Barring this and some lead, no mineral in paying quantities was found. The first enthusiasm soon died out. The Mississippi "bubble" collapsed. Those who had been allured to the Illinois country turned their attention to small farming and trading. Their flatboats carried pork, flour, bacon, tallow, hides, and leather down to New Orleans, and brought back rice, indigo, sugar, and dry goods.

Life was simple; government was light; and, judging from the letters and reports, Indians and mosquitoes were the only pests to be experienced. Gravier on his voyage had declared that in the month of March the mosquitoes darkened the air in the Missis-

sippi valley, and persons could not be distinguished at ten paces. Poisson once wrote: "The mosquitoes have caused more swearing since the French have been here than had previously taken place in all the rest of the world." Among invoices of goods sent out one frequently finds "stuff for making awnings against the mosquitoes."

Commanders changed rapidly in the district of the Illinois, next to the largest and most populous of the nine districts into which Louisiana had been divided. Boisbriant was followed by De Tisné, De Siette, St. Ange,



LOUIS XIV.

and D'Arteguitté in rapid succession, the latter being burned at the stake by the Chickasaws in an unfortunate expedition which he made against them. The civil offices were more stable positions. De la Loire was for many years intendant of the district, and each year made a tour from New Chartres through the villages to examine and *paraph* the records kept by the various notaries. Or some years the notaries may have found it a diversion to mount a *calèche* and drive to the fort with the precious records in their pig-skin covers most carefully wrapped up. Or they may have come on this official business rowed in a pirogue by the sturdy arms of a *coureur de bois* — wood-ranger.

Like the French dream which they represent, these old records were ruthlessly scattered and destroyed by the conquering Americans, when they invaded Illinois. Many

have gone to kindle fires in some petty clerk's office. Others have been thrown from court-house windows during rebuilding to be burned in the adjacent alley as rubbish. Occasionally one is preserved through the care of some appreciative official.

In the office of the clerk of the circuit court at Belleville, St. Clair county, Illinois, thirteen miles from St. Louis, is a little pile of old court records among which is a quaint volume bound in stiff hide upon whose sides, yellow with age, is inscribed in faded ink but with a large hand, "Régistre des Insinuations des Donations aux Siège des Illinois"; that is, "Register of Reports of Gift Conveyances at the Seat of Government of the Illinois."

Perhaps this book was sent, freshly bound in its durable cover with two small strips of leather on each side to tie across the front, from France to New Orleans, and was then despatched with other supplies to the Illinois where it became a part of the public prop-



BARROIR'S OFFICIAL SIGNATURE.

erty entrusted to one Bertlot Barroir. He was the notary at Kaskaskia, or "aux Cas," as he usually abbreviated it. Once, in a burst of energy, he wrote "aux Cascakias." A similar abbreviation of "aux Ca" for Cahokia led to the later American imitation of the sound in "Okaw," by which a stream near that village was for some time known. Okawville is still on a map of Illinois.

One spring day of 1737, Barroir, the notary of Kaskaskia, opened his new record book, now time-stained, ragged of edge, and rat-eaten, to record the marriage contract entered into between Normand Labrière and Catherine Clement, "for the great friendship that the future husband entertains for his future spouse." Neither seems to have had any worldly goods with which to endow the other, but they agreed that in the event of having no children the survivor should possess all the property. This contract and many similar ones seem to be a kind of supplement to the French law which provided for the disposition of property in the case of children.

Other marriages bear evidence in the record of better worldly standing. Jean Françoise Poture are inc
a

and maternal sister of the bride; several brood hogs by admiring friends; and "iron fittings for a dwelling to be delivered at the call of the couple." One bride brings a cow, one thousand pounds of flour, and eight hundred livres as dowry, on condition that "the prospective husband shall pray for the repose of her soul if she die first." A bridegroom endows his future bride with "a furnished room, household furniture, linen, rings, and jewelry for her sole use."

In one marriage contract recorded by Barroir a widow brings a thousand livres on condition that "the future husband shall protect her children in their persons and property the same as their true father would have done." Indeed, the frequency with which *veuve* (widow) follows the names of brides impresses one with the hazardous life of the frontier. "Joseph Somminville, killed recently by the savages, our enemies," is an entry indicative of many similar cases failing of record. Perhaps only the marriage contracts of widows were entered since they were more likely to hold property. Or some of these "widows" may have been *filles des cassettes* (girls with the boxes), who were sent out frequently to Louisiana, each carrying the box containing her meager bridal outfit.

There was a constant demand in America for marriageable women, and the Illinois district was no exception. Marriages with the Indian women were discouraged, although only too common at first. At one time Monsieur Michael Chassin, commissary at Fort Chartres, wrote to a minister of state at Paris: "If there happens to be any young woman of your acquaintance who wants to make the voyage for love of me, I should be much obliged to her and would do my best to show her my gratitude."

Sometimes Barroir recorded a kind of joint-stock partnership between unmarried men, adventurers, who "having lived together for a long time in a perfect union and having during that time mutually assisted and aided each other in their needs . . . and having no relatives to receive their estate," agree that the survivor shall have the entire property. Sometimes a merchant, "being about to go down the river to New Orleans," shows his appreciation of the perils of the journey by willing all his earthenware to a friend if she will give two hundred francs to the church for prayers for his soul. Frequently a single man reaching old age wills all his property to a friend on condition that he be kept well and in clean linen, lodged, fed, and warmed, all his life.

l by the brother-in-law

On one page, Louis Thomas, of Fort Chartres, "considering the ailments to which he has been reduced and the maladies and sicknesses of this country of which he is frequently afflicted, and wishing to dispose of the property which God has given him to those who will care for him to the end of his life, and wishing no longer to exert himself with any labor except that which he is pleased to do, and having no intention to

twelve thousand livres, almost two and a half thousand dollars, apparently in cash.

Slaves frequently appear as property, perpetuating slave-holding in Illinois, which had not died out according to the census in 1840. "A little Indian slave named Pierrot" must have been a mischievous chap. "An Indian man, two Indian women, and one little Indian girl aged seven" were willed by Francois Lacroix in 1755. In one place two

slaves are described as "*rouge nez de la famille*," which may mean Indian slaves of the tribe of red noses, or may refer to some such bibulous mark on the face of a half-breed slave. The high price which some of the slaves in Illinois brought may be learned from the record of the receipts at a public auction conducted by a notary. "I, the notary public," begins the record, "having in person gone in front of the chief entry and exit door of the church, the people coming out in great numbers, and, being accompanied by the constable, having read, posted up, and cried aloud in an intelligible voice that I was about to execute a writ of sale," etc. Estimating five livres to the dollar, Geime, a blacksmith, and his forge complete brought \$1,327; a half-breed, Marie, \$733; a negro man, woman, and child, \$1,020; a mulattress, Cateau, \$531; a negress, Catish, \$590; a small negro, Francois, \$531. Among the other property sold were an old ax, a pair of andirons, candle molds, hammock, and a stuffed easy chair, broken.

A feather bed brought some-

thing over \$20, and a mirror a little less.

Little cared these simple farmers, or the small tradesmen who brought up their goods from New Orleans, or the chance visiting *courreurs de bois*, for the affairs of state. Fidelity to the church, fidelity to the king, and frequent saint and festal days rounded the sum of their desires. They were never considered more than pawns on the diplomatic chessboard of Europe. As time went on, news of the fertility of the soil of "Luciana" and the "Mischacebe" valley reached the English along the Atlantic coast, and stimulated them to make good their paper claim to land "due west to the South Sea."



BARROIR'S RECORD BOOK.

work except for the salvation of his soul," gives all his property to M. Gagnon, a priest.

Although these subjects of the king of France were in the wilds of a new country, surrounded by savages and half-breeds, they were always Frenchmen. Jewelry seems to have been as highly esteemed in front of *une maison de poteaux* (a cabin built of logs set on end in the earth and joined at the tops) as it would have been on the boulevards of Paris. "One silver spoon and one silver fork" are left by a woman to each of her daughters. "To have and possess according to the customs of Paris" is not an infrequent phrase. One will disposes of

The first evidences of the coming conflict between the hereditary enemies, the French and English, for the possession of the Mississippi valley, reached the Illinois in the shape of a regiment of French troops under Chevalier de Makarty, a major of engineers.



AN OFFICIAL APPROVAL IN BARROIR'S RECORD.

They soon transformed the peaceful scene into one of toil and haste. Quarrying huge blocks of stone from the bluffs east of Fort Chartres, they transported them in scows across an intervening old river bed to replace the wooden fortification erected many years before. Four acres of ground were enclosed by solid stone walls eighteen feet high with bastions at the corners, making a stronghold against the threatening English.

Scarcely was the fort completed when one of the captains with a company of troops went up the Ohio to Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburg, where he joined another body of French from Canada, making a force "as numerous as the pigeons in the wood," according to the accompanying Indians. Surrounding "Monsieur de Wachensen," as the French despatches called him, they compelled the young Virginian to surrender, and so introduced the French-Indian war. The company returned in triumph to Fort Chartres to boast of this victory over Washington and his Virginians. "For God and the king" the Illinois Catholic farmers gave flour, pork, and other provisions to the commissary, while the unemployed enlisted as volunteers against the invading Protestant English. Illinoisans were numbered among

the troops who embarked sadly on the Ohio and looked back at the burning Fort Duquesne, which they were evacuating under pressure of their advancing foemen. They were represented at the disastrous defeat of the French at Niagara of which Makarty said,

"It cost me the flower of my men." Everywhere the blue of France gave way before the red of the English in the woods of America; and in February, 1763, Louis XV. placed his signature to the treaty which forever shattered the dream of a French colonial empire in America. It was revived but once and then for a moment only in the fertile brain of Napoleon.

Louis XV. had signed away every foot of mainland—from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, over the Great Lakes, through the Illinois country, even to the mouth of the Mississippi—all was lost. The leaden plates buried with such pomp and circumstance, the coats of arms nailed to trees in var-

ious places, the cross of the church erected at prominent points, the proclamations read three times in a loud voice accompanied by a bit of the soil raised in the hand as a token of possession in the name of the Most High, Most Renowned Monarch, Louis, Most Christian King of France and Navarre—what had it all availed against the westward progress of the English speech across the continent?

Louisiana, for whose retention its aged founder, Bienville, pleaded with tears, was surrendered with the rest. Like a thunderbolt fell the news upon the French in the Illinois. The rejoicing with which they would have welcomed Pierre Laclde, bring-

DE LA LOIRE'S PARAPHR.

ing a fur-trading colony to settle among them, was turned to sullen despair; and hundreds followed the newcomers across the Mississippi to some high ground just below the mouth of the Missouri—the beginnings of the modern city of St. Louis. Even when they learned that this part of

Louisiana had been signed away to Spain as that on the east had been given to England, they yet preferred the rule of the Spaniard to that of the Englishman. Others in the Illinois country placed their few household goods on flatboats, and, bidding a tearful farewell to their little cottages and the peaceful times that had been, floated down to New Orleans under the false hope that it still remained a part of New France.

Only the helpless and the bewildered were left in Illinois to await the delayed coming of the conquerors. The veteran St. Ange, a Canadian who had been about the Illinois for half a century, abandoned his post on the Wabash, where a village had sprung up about the trading post of Monsieur Vin-

and withdrew to his fellows at St. Louis, where he took commission under Spain.

The French remaining in the Illinois found their fears speedily dissolved. No friction marked the transition to English rule except a duel between a French and an English officer, said to have been rival suitors, an event which has thus far escaped the historical novelist. The Record of Gifts shows no evidence of the transition of allegiance. Barroir had been replaced by other notaries as time passed, and another civil judge than De la Loire had "paraphed" the pages with their proper numbers as each year passed. But the entries continue in French to the year 1769, when the pages were exhausted. Indeed, so little was the local government of the Illinois country interfered with, that some records of courts were kept in the French language so late as 1791, although the control in the meantime had passed from the English to the Americans, through George Rogers Clark.

The present surroundings of the old French record are little indicative of the old régime in which it played its little part. It is tucked away in the office of a circuit court clerk instead of a parish notary. About it is heard the hissing English tongue instead of the flowing Gaelic. No judge of marine comes annually with paternalistic powers to "paraph" the records, since the American



OLD FRENCH SURVEYS ON A MODERN LOCAL MAP OF LAND SURVEYS IN ILLINOIS, SHOWING FORMER COMMONS OF FRENCH TOWNS.

cennes, and retreated to Fort Chartres where he placed himself at the head of a handful of remaining troops to turn over in a becoming manner the sovereignty of the Illinois and to pay the last sad rites to the dying lilies of France. It took the English two years to persuade the warrior Pontiac that he could not revive the conflict and save his beloved allies, the French. Meanwhile, St. Ange daily paraded his little guard at the fort and waited, smiling grimly at the delay. Finally on a bright October day, 1765, a company of the famous Highlanders, the Black Watch, landed near the fort, having come by water from Fort Pitt, and with brave display piped their way into the stronghold of the west. Dignified to the last, St. Ange lowered the colors of France

system makes the official responsible to no one save the American public, and that only in the shape of an investigation. The law dominating the building in which the record rests is the English statute instead of the French common law. The county, a division unknown to the French, bears neither the name of Marquette, nor of Boisbriant, nor of St. Ange. Instead, it is called St. Clair, from the first American governor of the Northwest Territory. The name "Belle-ville" alone remains to recall the French town on the Rhone. To the north in St. Clair county, one finds the Celtic towns of O'Fallon and Caseyville; to the south, the Teutonic names of Millstadt, Darmstadt, Heinrichtown, and Freeburg. Only the township name of Prairie du Long remains

to show the departed glory of France. Commerce has encroached upon and bids fair to sink the picturesque old French town of Cahokia in a manufacturing suburb of growing St. Louis. The fickle Mississippi, as if to sport with its discoverers and to mock the ambitions of its first *exploiteurs*, has carried away almost the last vestige of the site of old Kaskaskia where Barroir kept his record of gifts. A century ago it washed away a part of old Fort Chartres, and the incoming Americans, finding building stone so ready to hand, completed the work of demolition. On a local map of land surveys, one may find the former commons of the French towns stretching in narrow strips from the bluffs across the old river beds to the Mississippi, although surrounded by the rectangular system of the American surveys.

The American of today measures the westward march of the people across the continent by remembering that almost one hundred and eighty years elapsed between the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, on the coast and that of Marietta, Ohio, west of the mountains and north of the river. Few realize that the French had set up a well-ordered government in the heart of the continent

nearly one hundred years before the founding of Marietta; that the lilies of France waved triumphantly from Quebec to New Orleans and from the Alleghenies to the Rockies, while the English colonies formed but a thin fringe along the Atlantic coast, penetrating the interior at no place more than one hundred and fifty miles. There were French forts along the Mississippi tributaries before Georgia, the last of the thirteen English colonies, was planted. French commanders exercised their troops in the middle west before Washington was born. Barroir was keeping his record of gifts at Kaskaskia when John Adams was only two years old. Trade and hunting, with a small kind of agriculture, were as vigorous one thousand miles inland as on the coast.

If the French dream in America had been realized, the heart of the continent might today be controlled from France in the old feudal way by which power was concentrated in the officers, while the common people remained purely subjects. It is unlikely that a tithe of the glorious career of America would have been realized. How many French colonies have become free republics? If the French dream had been realized—but to the last it was only a dream.

WOMEN DEANS OF WOMEN'S COLLEGES.

BY JANE A. STEWART.

 O recognize that the ability of women as educators is equal to that of men, is characteristic of the present times. This tendency began to grow during the century just past, although the higher positions and better paid posts of authority have usually been reserved for men. In this respect the new century will probably witness an important further growth and change. And no forces have done more to bring about a reversal of public opinion as to women's capacity than those women who, through signal ability and rare qualities of mind and heart, have dignified high offices in educational institutions.

This can be said of no other women educators more properly than of those who from the ranks of professors have risen to posts of greater responsibility as deans.

All the women deans of the country would not constitute a large body, numerically.

In coeducational institutions men are placed as heads over women's

departments. But the term dean, generically, applies as well to women as to men. In its original significance, it was derived from monastic and civil uses of Roman times. The *decanus* was the head of ten, and the *centurion* was the head of ten tens.

In its ecclesiastical application the *decanus*, or dean, becomes head of a group of ten monks, or of a chapter or body of canons. As far back as the eighth century we find mention of the female dean, or *doyenne*, the head of a body of canonesses following the rules of St. Augustine, or secular, and bound by no permanent religious vows. These chapters became very numerous in France and Germany, and included only those of royal, princely, or noble birth.

In colleges, the office is one that may be traced to the monastic dean, and is chiefly disciplinary. The function of the dean is distinctive from that of the teaching duty of the tutor, and includes the supervision of conduct and studies, attendance at chapel, and the control of all matters pertaining to

graduation and discipline. In a university, the dean of a department is practically the president of that department.

In the different American colleges for women where the office has been established, the duties vary greatly. In some institutions of learning for women the office seems to follow closely the model of a purely disciplinary and administrative post; in others these functions have been combined with those of the teacher. The duties of a dean do not seem to demand in all colleges the establishment of a distinctive office, the responsibilities being sometimes shared, as at Vassar, by the woman principal and the secretary. The woman principal in this case assumes charge of the social side of life, of permissions for absence, and of the chief portion of the discipline. The secretary has in hand the management of the educational machinery, the arranging of classes, consultation with students in regard to their courses, deficiencies, etc. Both officers are voting members of the faculty, though having no class-room duties.

In carrying the responsibility for the direction and management of a woman's college, Miss Agnes Irwin, as dean of Radcliffe, assumes all the responsibilities of a college president. Though Mrs. Louis Agassiz, honorary president, is still interested in the work, her advanced years and ill health combine to prevent active service. Miss Irwin has proved to be the right person in the right place, in the supervision of the students, in the fulfilment of the functions inhering in the governing boards—of all of which the dean is a member—and in carrying out the duties of the president in her absence or illness.

Miss Irwin's remarkable intellectuality and her notable ancestry give her unusual prestige. Her father, Hon. William Wallace Irwin, was appointed minister to Denmark by President Polk, where the family removed when Miss Irwin was one year old. Her mother was a member of the noted Bache family, direct descendants of Benjamin Franklin. On the maternal side is a long list of names, including well-known American statesmen, authors, men prominent in military and naval service, and in the professions. The influence of her association during her youth in Washington with men and women of affairs has not only contributed to a wide culture, but also has had its broader influence on Miss Irwin's work as an educator.

Miss Irwin's teaching career began in New York in 1862 in a private school. In 1869 she

became principal of a private school in Philadelphia, a post she ably filled for twenty-five years. She assumed the greater responsibility offered when Radcliffe College was opened in 1894. Miss Irwin's training for the important work in which she is engaged has not been on purely academic lines. Her own initiative as a student has been stimulated by large opportunities in extended travel, and in social experience through a wide acquaintance with noted men and women. Her thorough scholarship,



MRS. MARTHA FOOTE CROW,

Dean of Woman's Department, Northwestern University. keen mentality, and deep spiritual nature undoubtedly make her peculiarly fitted to set the educational standard at Radcliffe on a plane with the requirements of a national university for men.

The function of the dean at Radcliffe is not to teach. The lectures are delivered by the corps of instructors at Harvard. As a director to young women in their choice of studies, as an exemplar to them of rare scholarship combined with womanly charm, as a guide to lead them to higher concepts of life and to the higher planes of living to which intellectual acquirements are only the stepping-stones, Miss Irwin is filling a great place and reflecting credit upon the noble body of American women educators.

There is no better known coeducational

institution in all the middle west than Northwestern University. The first dean of its woman's department was the late Frances



MISS MARGARET J. EVANS,
Dean of the Woman's Department, Carleton College.

Willard, LL. D., who had completed there a brilliant educational career before entering upon the reform and philanthropic work to which she devoted her later life. Northwestern has had other able women deans, but none of greater scholarship than the present occupant of the deanship, Mrs. Martha Foote Crow, Ph. D., who has a reputation as a Shakespearean scholar which is international. Dr. Crow is a daughter of a Methodist divine, the Rev. J. B. Foote of Syracuse, New York. Her husband was a well-known archæologist. One of the most talented women upon whom Syracuse University has ever conferred a degree, Dr. Crow has since her graduation in 1876 been a very busy woman as teacher, writer, and lecturer. She has been associated with many colleges, including Wellesley. At Iowa College she was woman principal, and was assistant professor of English literature at the University of Chicago before accepting the deanship of Northwestern in 1900, which also includes the chair of English literature.

Mrs. Crow is unique as a student, extending her studies through a broad range. She research work at the British Museum "eian library. Her specialty lies

in the Shakespearean period, in which she is recognized as an authority, her assistance as associate editor being asked by the English editor of the Warwick edition of Shakespeare, recently published in Edinburgh. On commission from the Bureau of Education at Washington some years ago, she made a report of her investigation into the university education of women in Europe, which was published by the government.

In addition to her work as dean and instructor, Dr. Crow is continually putting forth literary products in both poetic and dramatic form. For several years she has devoted considerable time to an edition of the "Elizabethan Sonnet Cycle," the most important of her works.

Miss Mary Alma Sawyer of the Western College for Women, Oxford, Ohio, is a noble woman, an admirable officer, and a fine type of dean of a woman's college. She is of both Revolutionary and Puritan stock, her family having settled in Massachusetts about 1632. She was born in Windsor county, Vermont, and grew up in the wholesome atmosphere of a New England village. Her college preparatory work was done at Black River Academy, Ludlow, Vermont. After several years of study and of teaching Miss Sawyer entered Mt. Holyoke College with advanced credit procured by examinations. Her record was a brilliant one. In three years



MISS MARY ALMA SAWYER,
Dean of Western College for Women, Oxford, Ohio.
she completed the course, graduating in 1879.
Miss Sawyer taught at Northampton, Mas-

sachusetts, and at Demill College, Ontario, before her association with the Western College, where she became instructor in chemistry. When the office of dean was created in 1895 she became the first dean.

Although always a teacher of remarkable success, it is in the difficult position of dean that her powers have been seen to the best advantage. Her wise tact is constantly evident in the management of college affairs. She has, to a marked degree, the ability to influence and inspire those with whom she comes in contact. Many a girl has been led to complete her college course and undertake labor in responsible fields through her influence. Dean Sawyer is a woman of broad culture. She has added to her acquirements by graduate work in the leading universities, and she has traveled extensively in Europe and America.

To Miss Ellen Pendleton has lately come the honor of being elected dean of Wellesley, although she will not begin her duties until next September. Her appointment is a merited recognition of ability. Miss Pendleton is at present secretary of Wellesley, from which she was graduated in 1886. She became instructor of mathematics in 1888, and has been a member of the faculty ever since. In 1889-90 she studied at Newnham College, Cambridge, England. She received her degree of master of arts in 1891, and was appointed secretary in 1897.

Miss Pendleton was born in Westerly, Rhode Island, where she received her early education and preparation for college. During her college course, she held prominent positions and was elected to several posts of honor, displaying marked executive ability. At the beginning of the past college year Miss Pendleton succeeded Miss Woolley, who was called to the presidency of Mt. Holyoke, as head of College Hall. The office of dean at Wellesley, it appears, has been vacant for two years since the withdrawal of the former dean, Miss Margaret Stratton.

Another graduate of Wellesley, Dr. Alice H. Luce, has recently been promoted to a deanship, having been called to fill the place at the head of the Woman's Department of Oberlin College. Miss Luce was prepared for college in the Edward Little High School, Auburn, Maine, and entered Wellesley in 1880, graduating with the degree of bachelor

of arts three years later. She taught in the high schools of Putnam, Connecticut, and of Wellesley, and later at the Girls' Latin School in Boston, where she was instructor in English and mathematics for eight years. From 1893 to 1895 she studied philosophy and English philology and literature at the University of Leipsic and then matriculated at the University of Heidelberg, from which



MISS ALICE H. LUCE,
Dean of the Woman's Department, Oberlin College.

she received her degree of doctor of philosophy, *magna cum laude*, in 1896. Returning to her native land, she became professor of English at Smith and at Wellesley.

Dr. Luce is possessed of teaching powers of high quality and has succeeded in an unusual way in commanding the respect and admiration of her students, by whom she is also greatly beloved for her winsome qualities. Her scholarship is of a broad order and she is noted for enthusiasm and splendid powers of work. Her love of administrative work is very pronounced, and is finding greater opportunity in the new field. "Her character is frankness and sincerity itself," says Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer. "She is perfectly straightforward in her speech, and

businesslike and accurate in her dealings with others." These traits, combined with perfect health and adaptability, peculiarly fit Dr. Luce for the responsible office of dean.

Since 1892 the graduate department in Brown University has placed women on exactly the same footing as men. In respect to instruction, examinations, and degrees, the two sexes are treated precisely alike. Pembroke, like Radcliffe and Barnard, gives a type of collegiate education which has the advantages both of separation and coeducation. These coördinate colleges, as they have been well designated, offer to women the best that is given to men and under the best conditions, it is claimed. Pembroke, until last October, had always had a man as dean. For the first time a woman now occupies that post — Miss Annie Crosby Emery, Ph. D. At her inauguration Pembroke was filled with alumni and friends of the college and a number of distinguished guests participated, among whom were Miss Caroline Hazard, president of Wellesley, and Miss M. Carey Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr. Dr. Emery is a native of New England, having been born at Ellsworth, Maine. Her father is Hon. L. A. Emery, a justice of the state supreme court. Her record as a student is a notable one. She has won successively every honor in the gift of the faculty or students of her *alma mater*, Bryn Mawr — bachelor of arts, master of arts, doctor of philosophy, European fellow of her year, first holder of the then newly created academic office of secretary to the president of the college, one of the signers of the original charter of self-government granted by the trustees, and by the unanimous vote of fellow students, first president of the self-government itself during the first and most critical year of its existence. Her European year was passed at the University of Leipsic. Dr. Emery received her degree of doctor of philosophy in 1896, and in 1897 she became dean of women and assistant professor of classical philology in the University of Wisconsin. By inaugurating as dean a woman who has completed a long course of academic study, the trustees of Brown University have given evidence of their belief that educated women are needed in women's education.

"It has been recognized from the first,"

says President Thomas of Bryn Mawr, "that positions of authority and influence in colleges for men must be held by college-bred persons of high standing as scholars, and we are slowly coming to understand that colleges for women cannot be controlled effectively in any other way."

Miss Thomas was among the first women who lived in Sage College when it was opened as a women's dormitory by Cornell University, and says that she knows from experience how unsuitable it is to gather together a body of college women without putting at their head an educated woman whose opinion they can respect.

Dr. Margaret Hoy Washburn, the present head of Sage College, is a graduate of Vassar College, a native of New York City, and a



MISS MARION TALBOT,
Dean of the Woman's Department, Chicago University.

woman of great learning and literary ability. She did postgraduate work in Columbia and Cornell, receiving her degree of doctor of philosophy from the latter in 1894. For six years Dr. Washburn was professor of psychology and ethics at Wells, and during that time published many original articles in psychological journals on various phases of

her special theme, as well as two volumes of translations of Wundt's *Ethick*.

In view of all that women have accomplished as educators, it was not surprising that the trustees of Chicago University, in looking about for a chief executive for the woman's department of that institution, should have given woman's ability due recognition. Miss Marion Talbot, the present

of the great northwest is Miss Margaret Evans, dean of Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, a position she has held for a quarter of a century. In point of seniority by length of office, Miss Evans would become the dean of women deans in the United States if such an office could be conceived. Loyalty to the institution in which she has been so potent a factor for so long, has held her to the post despite the many tempting offers from larger and better known educational institutions. Miss Evans's training at Lawrence University has been supplemented by two years of study abroad, in Paris and Berlin, Oxford and Heidelberg. Miss Evans's first experience as a teacher was at Downer College, Wisconsin, where she taught German and history. The next year she became woman principal and instructor in Latin, Greek, and German at her *alma mater*. In 1894 she was made dean of Carleton College.

The busy life of dean has not prevented Miss Evans's participation in the wider interests of women through the great organizations. She has specially interested herself in the various lines of work having for their object the betterment of social conditions, the uplifting of humanity, and the spread of Christianity. Her interest in missionary work was appropriately recognized by the American board when, two years ago, it chose her as one of the two women first elected to corporate membership in that august body. As chairman of the educational committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Miss Evans wields a wide influence in promoting educational work



MISS MARGARET FLOY WASHBURN,

Dean of the Woman's Department, Cornell University.

dean, was educated at Boston University, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and in Switzerland and Germany. Her professional record includes that of teacher at Lasell Seminary, and instructor in domestic science at Wellesley. In 1892 she became dean of women and associate professor of sanitary science at Chicago University. In the work of sanitary science she has been recognized as an expert. Miss Talbot is representative of a high type of the educational executive. Her splendid organizing powers, clear brain, and originality find vent in the great western institution where she has full authority in the direction of all the varied interests of the women students.

Among the best known women educators

throughout the country. She has been for four years president of the Minnesota State Federation of Women's Clubs and was at the last biennial elected second vice-president of the General Federation.

Possessed of ability as a writer and speaker, Miss Evans frequently responds to calls for platform duty. She is a woman of remarkably strong character, high Christian principles, and is thoroughly devoted to her profession.

Miss Laura D. Gill is the new dean of Barnard College, which has had no regular dean for the past year owing to the resignation of Miss Emily James Smith, now Mrs. Putnam. Miss Gill is a thoroughbred college woman, a graduate of Smith College, where she after-

wards took a master's degree in biology in 1885. She studied also at Leipsic, Geneva, and the Sorbonne, making a specialty of mathematics and mathematical astronomy. She has served in various capacities at the Burnham School, Northampton, Massachusetts. Miss Gill is not only a broadly equipped educator, but a humanitarian as well. At the breaking out of the recent Spanish-American war, she went to Cuba under the auspices of the Red Cross Society, and did good service in executive work connected with the nurses'

auxiliary. Since the close of the war, she has been for two years in charge of the work of the Cuban Orphan Society in Cuba.

Many leading women's colleges have men still at the head who are doing noble and effective service. But the best results, it is probable, are obtained under the superintendence and direction of cultured women of insight and sympathy, especially trained for the work of leaders in educational enterprises for women.

LETTERS FROM "LILLIPUT"

Who was a Little Girl.

INTRODUCTION.

BROTHER had been very ill, and was trying to gain strength in the Adirondacks. The young man and his baby sister found it hard to be away from each other, and the letters from "Lilliput," as Lilian P— used sometimes to be called, indicate with what faithfulness the child fulfilled her share in the correspondence. Week by week the little one, who was just turned six and could neither read nor write, dictated to a member of her family letters which in every case the amanuensis reproduced verbatim, often with the aid of shorthand. Only extracts may here be published. Very soon after the last letter was sent away, "Lilliput" had gone out of the sight of her friends.

THE LETTERS.

DEAR BUDDIE: * OCTOBER 19, 1898.

Your little lover is glad you have a nice place. I've been over to Gertie's today. We played picnic. We had for candy, acorns; for sugar, broken-up, tiny sticks,

* at name for "brother."



"LILLIPUT."

The next day she dressed them; makes them new clothes the next day; plays they're sick the next day. Next day she made some cake, and next day, I'm sad to say, she went to church, and they had a stomach-ache.

Three little wee-wees sat in a row.
One said he'd put on his bonnet, and go;
One said he was lazy, and preferred to stay;
And one with a sailor-cap ("I'm going to be like Papa") ran for a bubble-pipe and smoking ran away.

They was once two little girls — Birdie and

We had a funny little block for cheese. We had some really boiled chestnuts, though the picnic didn't like chestnuts.

I thought I would tell you a story instead of a letter. Once there was a little girl. She had nothing to do. She was sick of dolls and many toys, but she would play dolls; and this is what she did. She took pillow, and bedding, and her two chubby hands, and washed them with dress, and petticoat, and flannel petticoat. Then the next day she ironed them with her young flatiron and clothes-line, — (oh, don't say "clothes-line"!) — I mean — then hung them up on her little clothes-line.

The next day she dressed them; makes them new clothes the

Katherine. They were very happy because their Papa and Mama had come home from a long visit. One day they went down in the kitchen, and there was Maria baking cookies. Cried Birdie and Katherine: "May we, Maria, bake some, too — some teeny-weens, you know?" Then they both scampered for their rolling-pins. They began to make them as hard as they could. Then, of course, tea was ready. Ting-a-ling! went the bell. Thought the little children: "How nice it would be to have beefsteak and pumpkin pie!" Then the little girls went to bed and slept till the next morning, heartily — happily, I ought to say.

Dear Buddie, good-by.

NOVEMBER 6.

DEAR BROTHER BUDDIE:

Oh, see the apples, high in the trees;
They swing like sugar-plums out of their ease.
How we like to climb up, up,
And not be afraid that they don't belong to us.
We care for them like a baby fair,
That comes with brown eyes and golden hair,
That goes and clucks like a little hen,
And by baby language talks,
Like the crickets in the glen.
Bright they sparkle, little things,
Eyes they are, and shine like kings.
And robes of flannel bright,
In the mother's bosom with delight.

It is a very pleasant day, only it was raining this morning. But now it has clear offed and the sun may shine a little brighter, though nearly it's past time to go to church. Play it was! Dolly wears a cloak for a dress, and a necktie around her waist for a sash. But I, with a clean gingham apron on, sit writing to you. Dolly had a black spot on her face, and she had to be washed — her face washed — and put in a window to dry. Meanwhile, I played with a doll's pillow, dressed up and tied onto Minerva's body, dressed nicely was my favorite.

Please make some kisses when you write, and fix them beneath the paper. Fix them at the bottom of the paper, it means, you know. Make them have grinning faces, and tongues that stick 'way out, like those funny pictures you used to make for me. I think a good deal of fun, and how I wish you were here to be here for Christmas! O, how I'd like to have you play a dance for me! The sky is gray, and mebbe it may rain.

Good-by, from your little friend,
From you little sister, rather.

NOVEMBER —.

I couldn't write to you on the train, because there wasn't a scrap of paper in the house. I was on the train when I remem-

bered I said, as I went, I wanted something to put into my bag. Then I was sitting in the cars, and Miss W — handed me a shragged old bundle. I opened it, and in it sat a pretty little doll. It was rag, but I didn't care. It had nice little clothes on. I was very much pleased, just as you would be if you were a little child like me.

This afternoon I went out for a walk with Mama, but I didn't go in, and stayed out with Mamie.

Your loving little friend, Buddie's sister,
BABY.

["Lilliput" was looking at pictures in the *Youth's Companion*.]

NOVEMBER —.

I'll write you a story, and give you a kiss. Dear me! What was the child to do? She had no use of her hands and feet. Her name was Bertha Kenworthy. She had no use of anything. She could not play, nor hold even a rattle in her hands. Bertha did nothing but laugh, and coo, and smile every minute, and hardly had a chance to cry when she was hurt, for the smile crept right over again.

By and by she learned to creep, and then she could feel a little of her was useful to her play. When she grew older, she also knew how to walk by people's hands, and as she grew older, on to six, did nothing but talk baby talk all day.

Her clean white dress was dirty every day. Either chocolate ice-cream was spilled over it, or her cup of milk had run down it, and so she did not have any of it. She lived with her Aunt. She was born with her Mama, but her Mama had a little boy, so she couldn't take care of the baby, and she gave it to her Aunt.

When she grew older her Mama grew sick, and she had to go with her Aunt, to see her. That time she was seven years old, and quite large for her age. She spelt her name so funny. She'd never been taught to school, but her Aunt taught her in such a funny way that I never knew what she meant if she recited it to me. It sounded like German or French, but it was really some of the alphabet.

Then she went a-startin'. "Choo, choo, choo!" the cars said as they jig-a-de-jiggled along, and "Ding, dong!" the bell rang, and last of all the whistle blew, "Foo!" At last they reached her Father's house. How greeted they were to find their little daughter safe at hand! Brother and Papa and Mama all kiss her. She was glad, too, and so was Mama to see her dear old friend

again—Aunty. And, last of all, a great big kiss from Papa, and Jane Maria, who had taken care of her all the time, was glad to see her little tot back again, though she had taken care of her all the time her Mama was sick.

Dear Buddie (this is continued), dear Buddie, and in the next letter she will be a young lady. I hope you are getting on very well. How is the Adirondacks? Is it happy for you? It's been a pleasant day all the day, but I thought it was raining and dreary, too, this morning. Hope you will return safely to our home next spring, and how I wish to see you!

NOVEMBER 20.

I went up to the church where you used to crawl down when you were a little boy under the seats and look around.

Now I will write the rest of the story of Bertha Kenworthy. In the quiet town where she lived it was very pleasant. Now she was a young lady and she had a Thanksgiving party once in her life. The Thanksgiving party was held on Thursday evening, a little while from her own birthday in October days, when the golden leaves fell upon the ground. There was a great pile of leaves gathered for the Thanksgiving party, covered thick with white snowflakes.

At ten o'clock they gathered. It was real quite late; it was not *very* late, but she had never wakened up quite so early. Bertha was delighted with her new trial. She wore her fine red and white checked silk waist. She looked very fine, her blue eyes sparkling in the electric lights themselves (Don't put "themselves" in), her black silk skirt and her pretty black hair waving in the wind as she skipped along over the ground, to the next neighboring house. Stood side by side, Bertha's and the next house. And then her rosy lips chattering with whom she played and cared for and loved dearly. Gathering her heart together, she felt very kindly and amused. They had ice-cream and cake, chicken and venison. Delighted with her travel, bright Bertha Kenworthy. And her rally and fun was done. Bertha crept into her bed.

Busy I hope you be, 'cause then it won't take your mind with good times all the time. Your dear little sister.

NOVEMBER 24.

DEAR MR. BUDDIE:

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were going to have Thanksgiving dinner in a hurry. They was no stop, but the maid had to hurry

with the dinner, 'cause Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were invited out that afternoon. It was a bright and merry day. Mr. Johnson enjoyed this day best of all his days. Mrs. Johnson was glad to hear that, and I'm afraid I can not tell any more, for they won't be time for four more stories I got to write you, dear "B—".

Now this is the next story.

This is a verse:

Hurrah for the puppet show!
High-ding-doe!
Listen while the merry tells!
While the children come pell-mell!
Hark! the cake is being eaten!
Do you think there will be time enough for
after tea?
Hark! Do you hear such a merry laughter,
clatter?
Such a merry tinkle, laughter?
Yet the laughter-fun goes on,
Studying in the mind of the children.
Now, the eyes are being shut!
Now the clattering's ceasing!
Listen while the soft kiss in the dark
Ceases. All things quiet;
The puppets being gathered up.

Now begin another story.

SWING, BABY SWEET.

Won't you come and swing with me, Birdie? Swing, swing, baby, swing! Fear not of falling. While the birdies rock to sleep you must rock in dosing. Think, the dolly rocks and swings like you rock in cradle. Swinging sweetly, rocking you up and down. That's the end of that story.

ANOTHER KIND OF A SWING.

The sun has risen behind the hills. Dark no longer, surely. Hark! did you hear that bird singing in the apple-boughs? Surely, they have beat the morning drum. Dress quickly! Join your allies. They are calling, "Playmate! Playmate!" They have called to bobolink in the grass, "Bobolink, come join us." Listen! Hark! Among the breezes! Some are startled, some are sad! Some are happy, some are bad! Listen! Quiet! Hark! the bulrush! There's our playmate's golden curls. No more breezes join their allies. Bobolink, hush your chattering.

She is safe and with a sneer.

Hush! The swinging dolls appear. Now, my darling, join your allies. They have called you, there you are. Dancing, singing with the sunflowers. Listen, hark, and then a chatter. [Direction to amanuensis: You must have that very soft and low, you know.]

CHIP-PE-WEE.

This is a story. We call him Chip-pe-wee 'cause he was so small, and round, and furry. He was not a pretty bird, or either handsome. One day a tiny brown bird appeared at the window. "Sh!" we said. "We don't like birds that tease in summer." But he squeaked and showed us the thick, heavy snow on the ground. "It was in April," he seemed to say, "and they's no way with that heavy blanket." We knew what he said, and he said politely: "If I'll sing a pretty song, will you?" We nodded our heads and said, "Yea, dear little birdie, you are." Chip-pe-wee was our friend ever afterwards. I can't tell this story any more, I dare.

A ELEKANT KIND OF A SWING.

It was a elekant kind of a swing.

Swing, swing, swing! (This is a verse.)
For you know
There's nothing so nice as a swing!
Heigh-ho!
Screaming frights
Make only delights.
Just think! Birds are listening!
Even sparrows kiss the merry brows
With their soft cushioned bills.
Then merry hearts grow freer
On the merry children brows.

NOVEMBER —.

This afternoon is Sunday. It's very delightful, but I can not go out. This afternoon I dressed up. I put on Mama's skirt and her old plaid waist; waltzed up and down stairs.

Mr. Harrison* leaves crackers out of their boxes, sometimes, nearly on the floor—on top of the boxes—and I go and get the crackers and we put them in Mamie's coat pocket, and eat them. I found in Harrison's a red prune—a pink prune.

I wrote a letter to Santa Claus the other day. I told him I would like a dollie who dresses in baby style. Too, I would like a little dollie's bed in the set of furniture I would like. I would like a little go-cart; don't you know, these half like a baby carriage. I would like a little doll's bureau, a pair of mittens, one big, lovely paper doll, and that's all.

I'm so sorry you're sick. [To amanuensis: Say it in that kind of a tone, you know.] I'm glad you're getting better. [Cause I do want to see him; I really want to see him. He made such funny plays.]

I'll tell you a story now.

Far, far away,
In "the pleasant Land of Play"!—
O, how the happy little people live in "the
pleasant Land of Play"!
Far, far away.
And my cousin lives there,
But she leaves me all behind.
O, dear me!
If I could be
In that pleasant Land of Play,
Far, far away.
Where the golden apples grow,
I would like to rise and go.
Tiresome are the days here,
For Candy Land is very near.
This is the end of the story,
Ha, ha, ho!

Dear Brother, good-by.

*The grocer.

†Mamie, aged twelve when this letter was dictated, is "Lilliput's" sister.

‡This verse is full of the spirit of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses," "Lilliput's" best-loved book.

"Lilliput" had been ill, and when a letter to Brother was proposed, she said she would like to write, although "the thoughts had all gone out of her head."

JANUARY 1, 1899.

I went outdoors today. It's a lovely day. Uncle Frank is very fat. We played dominoes, dumb Crambo, and Jenkins up! the first night he came.

This is a story. "Tommy's Visit" it's called.

Tommy was called to a wonderful tea in the shoemaker's shop—man that made shoes, you know. Tommy accepted it in great joy, though he was willing to go for one day.—O, I meant to say he loved his Papa and Mama very dearly and he was willing to go for one day. There he stood, with coffee boiling on his little gas stove, with a big white cup and saucer on the table, as big as the coffee pot's stove, at least.

Tommy was very happy till dinner came. Then the old shoemaker said, "I forgot you're coming" (he was colored, you know), "and have not a cupful. Go up to old Granny and get one. When you get up there, you'll find Granny a white woman."

"All right," said Tommy. Granny accepted him—gave him a tiny cup and saucer. "Well, good-by, Mr. Shoemaker," said Tommy, "I must go home now."

Good-by. Your loving little friend.

JANUARY 29.

How are you? I write here on a sofa in Miss G——'s room, with a great heavy afghan over me. I went to church this morning. Miss G—— is going to take my picture asleep to send you. I must tell a story.

OUR FRIENDS THAT CANNOT TALK.

These [shown in a magazine picture] are our friends, that cannot talk, and belong in the eighteenth volume, in the right hand poplar's dictionary.

The friends had not eyes, or mouth, or nose, but dressed in finest warm brown silk, and dwelt in a brown shell house, near a large barn, where Mr. Spiny's children often picked them and liked to eat the kernels from inside. Now guess these pretty friends of mine. Guess them. . . . The sweet beechnuts!

And so I must say "good-by" to this story, and maybe find another one that will suit you better.

This is Katie, taking her bath;
Here is Jack and Mary, playing at blocks;
This is Rosamund sturdy, pouring tea;
This is Nellie, going for a walk;
This is Helen, going to church;
And here comes our Bertha, learning her lessons;
This is our Tommy—he sings in the choir;
This is our Ralphy, talking and waiting for dinner.
Sherbet, Angelica, Emma, and Rose;
And last of all are Anna.
Then comes sweet Lilian, dressed in a frock.
Ready for her evening walk.
Here comes Rita, scowling in dismay;
This is Bartholomew, walking in the park;
He thinks he will rest, and eat a tart.
Here's Willie and Carol, Nannie and Kate,
Ruth and Harold, Elinor and Jack.

Her's Alice and Mary, and Sarah and Lute,
And Emilie and Douglas, and all are complete.
So shall I send you a sweet little tale —
Ends with our Douglas, a smiling face he.

Your loving little sis.

FEBRUARY 22.

There's been a great big snowstorm. Once it was seven below Zero in the afternoon. We are very comfortable in the house. This afternoon we waxed maple sugar, and Mamie had the stomach-ache, and me, too. The fire is going and I'm very hot. I'm lying on the lounge to write this letter, in Miss G—'s room.

I went down town on the sled and got my sleeve all full of snow once or twice, and had to stop to take off my mittens to shake it out.

This morning we had a tea-party. Nobody but Emily* and I were in the house, and only the dolls and Emily came. Pug was there; Bun, Polly Wogg, Dinah Wogg, and Mamie Lucy Wogg, and Martha Lilian Wogg, and Annalena Wogg. It was in Aunt M—'s room, by the fireplace, with the stool with the pillow on it for a table. I and Annalena sat on a pillow at one end, and Bunnie and Mamie Lucy sat on a pillow. Bun had a sheet, I forgot to say, and didn't have part of the pillow. Poll and Pug had a blanket, Dinah and Martha Lilian had a fine pillow, and we ate crackers, apple, popcorn. We had the pop-corn for dessert.

Dear Buddie, come home quick and hear the "Just-So Stories" of Kipling. They're very, very, very funny — about the whale, and the camel, and the rhinoceros.

HOW DOLLY CAN DO BETTER THAN CHILDREN CAN.

"Gladys," said her Mother, "you must study your lesson."

Said Gladys: "I can't tell it from B, but Dolly can. She can from Z up to A, of the 1, 2, 3. And, Dolly," then she said, turning her twisted head, "Dolly, come and do it."

Dolly shook her curls and said: "Yes, Mama, I do it." Then she took her to her little desk, and planted her on a chair, and, putting a pin within her hand, she did her lessons well, with Kipling marks in everything. The Kipling marks are just little things like this. [Quotation marks.] I thought Buddie would know that.

But pretty soon the Mama said: "Are your lessons done?" And then she came and had the curls combed with many tears and snarls, but after a while the deed was done, and Dolly, once relieved, was dressed in tiny white frock and set upon the pillows, while she had to do her lessons over again on the slate. And Dolly then was 'vited for bread and milk to eat. O, but alas! What is our maid a-weeping so in tears? But Dolly's head is cracked in two, but what will worse be happening?

Good-by, dear Buddie.

*The colored maid.

FEBRUARY —.

It has been raining this morning, and cleared off this afternoon.

We have a club. It is a very nice one. I will tell you now about it. We have eight people. Miss G— is one, myself is two, Lilian [a cousin] is three, Mamie is four, Annalena is five (she's my doll, you know). Miss P— is six, Auntie —'s seven, Aunt M—'s eight. We have a lovely, lovely time about it, 'cause it is a missionary club. I have thirteen cents in my mite box; Mamie hasn't any.

Last Sunday we had a meeting that was just beautiful. We voted for President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer. That left three members of the club. Annalena* has not joined yet. This Sunday she sat up and sang with us — as well as I could. "Bringing in the Sheaves" she sang. Sitting on the stool, she sat in front of us. You know, I'm going to earn pennies by dusting Miss G—'s chairs.

I'll read you this story now:

FAIRY BUBBLE.

One night a man was dreaming in a corner of his house, when he heard a little noise within his room, where he hastened to destroy it. But when he went, he felt nothing in the dark. But Fairy Bubble, of Holland, went straight back to her Holland home, in the Land of Flop-Doodle-Do, where witches dance all night with a skip and a bump and a jump.

On the way a scattering bubble she threw, like shining diamonds, and looked like icicles as they dashed. And now and then the sun it flashed, and melted it away. Or perhaps the wind had blown it to a farther part away.

With feathered hat, and gown, and pink silk sash, and brown as nuts her pretty hair, with braided queues flowed down her back — pretty Holland Fairy Bubble. But when the sunlight touched the diamond, her gown threw back, and rosy cheek turned white and pale. O, pretty Fairy Bubble! And so good-by, my Fairy Bubble, and I hope to meet you again.

Good-by, dear Buddie.

Your loving little sister.

JUNE —.

The birds have laid six eggs, and it's awful funny, because the papa bird cleans house.

There are lots of roses. I've got a bush, and they's a big bed of Aunty's — red, white, and pink, and pink-and-white ones.

Miss G— took one to a poor old organ-woman.

Today is Children's Day. I've been, this morning, to Miss G—'s church; tonight I'm going to my own church.

Now I'll tell you a story. (Aside): It seems kind of silly, my letters do. It seems sort o' babyish, the words do, and not good

*A large rag doll.

grammar. After I get into it I like it pretty well, when I think of what it will do, and what pleasure it will give. Then I like it.

THE BREAD AND BUTTER.

The bread-and-butter story is a queer thing.

They was once a little girl whose name was Ros. And her Mama would not work in the kitchen, and her two sons used to eat bread and butter in the kitchen's back porch. And one day her mother came out in a clean white apron. And so the little girl—Ros—was

working hard in her gingham dress. So the little Ros lived a happy life for a long while.

There was a kangaroo.

His friend, the big Billy-goat,
Was rather queer, and yote.

He used to go to the sea every day.
He lived on the farm

Of the yarn.

The kangaroo poured water so high
That it spilled on the table.

I must say good-by.

Good-by, dear Buddie, for next Sunday.

THE STORMING OF AWATOBI.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

HE North American Indian of the pueblos of Arizona lives a life so far apart from us that it is hard to realize him stirred to great depths of passion and frenzy. The Indian is revengeful, but stolid—we say and think. To see him in action, those of us who know him, is to know he is far from stolid. He has a power of reserve, a habit of mental concealment, that is entirely different from our noisy and chattersome exposure of what we think and feel. It was this power of reserve that deceived the Spaniards who first visited the Hopi and made them believe the Indians were submissive, and it was the same reserve that later lulled the priests into a sense of false security when the Indians were preparing to revolt and murder them.

Zuni was the first pueblo conquered by Coronado in 1540. Then Coronado's lieutenant, Tobar, visited the province of Tusayan, where the Moki, or properly, the Hopituh, dwelt. The first village Tobar saw was Awatobi. It was perched, like its western counterpart, Oraibi, high up on the summit of a rocky mesa. Stealthily, in the night, Tobar scaled the heights, and when morning came, after a short and sharp encounter, he whipped the Awatobians into submission. In succession the other Hopi towns were subjugated, but nowhere did the Spaniards ever gain such a foothold as here. When the Spanish priests settled down in the Hopi towns they chose Awatobi, Walpi, and Shimopavi as the places to be honored with mission churches.

The Hopi are essentially religious—in their way. They have inherited, or evolved, or both, a most complicated system of religious forms and ceremonies, to which they adhere with a conservatism and tenacity that are heroic and grand. They believe they are living in the favor of the gods, and

that that favor has been earned and won by centuries of devotion to the religion their ancestors handed down to them. At Walpi and Shimopavi the missionaries, therefore, made no converts, except those who perforce came to service and professed with their lips, while hatred burned in their hearts. And to this day the people there will relate stories showing their fierce hatred of the "long-gowned" men. They say their ancestors were compelled to go to the San Francisco mountains, over the frightful wastes of the Painted Desert, a hundred or more miles, there to cut down trees to be used in building the churches. And then, when the trees were cut, they were harnessed as oxen to the great logs, twenty, fifty of them, and compelled to drag those fearful burdens over that wearisome, shadeless trail to the places where they were required.

Nor was that all. With the introduction of the new, the old worship was forbidden. The prayers for rain, the snake dance, the basket dance, the flute dance, the dance of the great plumed serpent, dances and ceremonies of all kinds connected with their worship of all the objects and powers of nature, were suppressed. Sometimes their secret meetings were disturbed by Spanish priests and soldiers who, after punishing the attendants, compelled them to disperse. This, the Hopituh say, naturally angered the gods, and the rain did not come, their crops failed, and starvation decimated their villages. It was, doubtless, when they were under some such stress of circumstances that the emissaries of Popeh, the pueblo George Washington, reached the Hopituh villages. Stealthily they arrived, and stealthily they delivered their message. It was to the effect that on the 10th day of August, in the year 1680, all the inhabitants of the

pueblos of the Rio Grande, the Acomas, the Zunis, and themselves must revolt, and, without mercy, slay every hated white man, whether a soldier, a farmer, or a wearer of the long robe. At Walpi and Shimopavi the revolutionists were heard with delight and unmixed zeal, but at Awatobi a good priest, Padre Porras, by his kindly life and forebearance had won many hearts into a love of himself, and though his religion was hated by a few, there were those who had been led by his tolerance into a kind of acceptance of Christianity. This party was by far the most powerful in Awatobi, but, somehow, the plans of the insurgents were carried out, and all the priests and Spaniards were slain.

Then came the dread of Spanish retaliation. Those who favored the priests fostered the idea that the white men would come again and visit them with a terrible vengeance, and whenever Walpian met Awatobian the latter was sure to prophesy a speedy and fierce punishment. Thus it became known to all the Hopituh that the Awatobians looked for the return of the hated white men, and hoped to gain their favor by declaring themselves ready again to submit to their control.

Angered beyond measure, the various Indian priests assembled time and again to see what could be done to bring the Awatobians to justice. Was there no hope of bringing them back to the true way of their ancestors? The Awatobi chief, Tapolo, still followed the old way, and he loved his people and pleaded for them. They would come to their senses ere long, he said. He did prevail upon them to restore their ancient dances and ceremonies. But it was a half-hearted worship, and quarrels between Tapolo and the Awatobians soon became common.

At last the dreaded Spaniards did arrive. In 1692 Don Diego de Vargas reconquered the revolted pueblos, and, with a band of priests, reached Awatobi. With some of their old love for Padre Porras revived at the sight of the new "long gowns," and in fear of what might happen, the Awatobians refused the counsel of their chief, Tapolo, who urged that they fight the newcomers, and, instead, went out and welcomed the strangers, and brought their children to be baptized. At no other of the Hopi villages did the Spaniards receive aught but hatred and sullen submission, and it did not help matters at all when they saw and knew the unpatriotic spirit shown by the recreant Awatobians. At the other villages, if submission were shown, it was unwillingly and

only out of fear of punishment, but at Awatobi many of the people seemed glad to forsake their old religion and ways and follow those of the foreigners. The result was that Tapolo and the believers in the old religion were soon at open enmity with the "perverts." At last, about the year 1700, angered beyond further attempt at reconciliation, Tapolo and his fellow chiefs determined upon their entire destruction.

Calling upon friends of his at Oraibi, a force was sent to kill the evil Awatobians, who, because they had forsaken the foot-steps of their forefathers in religious matters were called "witches" or "sorcerers." Unfortunately large numbers were slain on both sides, but so well did the defenders hold their village entrances that the attacking party was compelled to retreat without gaining a foothold within the walls.

Tapolo was furious. What he could not gain by force, he now resolved to gain by treachery. Making overtures of friendship, he was again received into the village and everything seemed to be amicably adjusted, but at the same time whenever he had an opportunity he secretly incited the people of Walpi and the other villages to take summary vengeance upon the wicked "sorcerers" of Awatobi, as soon as the time was ripe.

"Are you cowards, you people of Walpi and Shimopavi? Will you let these people of Awatobi persist in their evil courses, who, because they are larger in number than yourselves, think you dare do nothing to them? They stop your hunters and steal their game from them; they have even slain your brothers, sons, and friends because they refused quietly to submit; your corn fields have been robbed, and even trampled upon; your wives and daughters insulted and yourselves mocked and taunted! Will you submit any longer? I, their chief, bid you slay them! Smite them, kill them, burn their houses, destroy their town, lest the anger of 'Those Above' fall upon the whole of the Hopi people, and we be swept from the earth."

By such warlike speeches as this the anger of Tapolo communicated itself to his hearers, and it was finally agreed that at the great feast of the *kwakwanti*—which is still celebrated by the Hopi in November—an attack should be made upon the pervert Awatobians.

How little did Foxe think, about the very time when he was writing his "Book of Martyrs," that in the heart of the American continent—or, to speak more correctly, on the western edge of the Great American

Desert—a whole town and its people were being destroyed for toleration and kindness shown to the missionaries of the Cross.

This special feast seemed foreordained for the easy carrying out of Tapolo's vindictive designs. The purport of it was to ceremonially admit the young men of the town to the councils of the elders. After undergoing certain ordeals, and answering the questions put to them to the satisfaction of the elders, the young men enter the *kivas* and participate in very sacred and secret rites, which last for several days. The closing ceremonies require the attendance of every man in the town at the *kiva* to which he belongs, and no one is allowed to leave the place until sunrise.

It must be borne in mind that these *kivas* are underground chambers, most of them hewn out of the solid rock, and the only method of entrance or egress is by the ladder through the hatchway in the ceiling. Hence it is apparent what Tapolo's plan meant. If these men could be surprised while in their *kiva* ceremonies, and the ladders withdrawn from the hatchways, rats in steel traps were never more surely exposed to the designs of their captors than these unhappy Awatobians would be to the frenzied and fanatical hatred of their religious foes.

To Tapolo was left the planning of the attack and the gaining of entrance to the *mesa* town. Successfully he avoided awaking the suspicions of his townsmen. By sweet soft words, adroitly spoken, he stilled their anger, and with craft and guile went about his work of betrayal. Somehow he managed to let the shamans at Walpi know when the *kwakwanti* was begun. These men assembled their most trusty and careful messengers and thus charged them: "Haste, thee to Shimopavi, thee to Shipauluvi, thee to Mashongnavi, and thee to Oraibi. Tell the shamans of The Trues that the power of the whirlwind, the heat of the sun, the death of the lightning, and the flames of the fire are to break upon Awatobi before two more sleeps are over. Bid them assemble the bravest, the most crafty, and the strongest of their warriors. Let every man be well prepared with many war arrows. Bid the shamans prepare them by prayers and supplications for the keeping of Those Above. Let each warrior bring his spear and battle-ax and come with deadly hatred in his heart against those who for so long have defied the gods of our ancestors, have brought disaster to the 'people of peace' and shamed them in the presence of their enemies, the hated Navaho, Paiuti, and Apache."

The messengers sped away in the darkness of the night. The purple blackness of the heavens seemed made as a perfect background for the twinkling stars, which, in this clear atmosphere are far larger and brighter than anywhere else in the world. Serenely they shone and twinkled just as if there was no hatred in the hearts of men.

At the appointed time, while the Awatobians in their confident simplicity were performing their rites in the *kivas*, the warriors of the different villages were assembling at Walpi. Between one hundred and fifty and two hundred of them came, well armed, and—sinister suggestion—each man likewise had a large bunch of shredded cedar bark, splinters of piñon full of resin, bunches of dry greasewood that flames like paper soaked in kerosene, and, worse still, pouches of pulverized red peppers.

In one of the Awatobi *kivas* Tapolo sat with the chiefs, singing the songs, praying the prayers, dancing the dances of his fellows. Goodness was on his face, his lips, his tongue; but murder was in his heart.

Yonder, to the northeast, was the church of San Bernardino, erected by the hated Spanish priests of the long robes. Below it, as a protection from attack, the Spaniards, long ago, had built a high and strong wall, in which was a heavy door. Not yet, Tapolo, need you go to the door! There is still time. Sing on your treacherous songs; lull the fears of your fellow-townsmen more securely to sleep by your earnest and fervent prayers that the blessings of Those Above may always rest upon Awatobi. For yonder, under cover of the dark night, the merciless, pitiless stars silently looking on, the silver crescent moon never suggesting a thought of the crawling and creeping Death that quietly approaches Awatobi, nearly two hundred warriors, with clenched hands, set teeth, fierce eyes and wrinkled brows, and unrelenting murder in their hearts are rapidly nearing the spring below the wall of protection. Step by step they approach the gate.

Now, Tapolo, thine hour of triumph is come! Pray one more prayer before thou goest out to thy damnable work. Sing one more sweet song of peace and brotherliness before thou goest forth to betray thy brothers. With a gleam of triumphant hatred that would have sent fear into many a brave Awatobian heart had it been observed, the traitor Tapolo stole up the ladder and secretly hied him to the door of the Spanish wall. Alas! no warning voice prevented him, no guardian angel sent forth a message to some woman to intercept

him. Even Those Above were asleep. They had abandoned Awatobi, because of its complacency to those who would have destroyed the time-honored worship.

The door was opened. The foes stealthily sneaked in. The warriors, like shadows of evil, breathlessly moved to the *kivas* allotted to them. Carefully they avoided passing near where the women were at work cooking the feast to be eaten at sunrise when their sons, husbands, and brothers came from the sacred *kivas*. Alas! those fires were to help on the murder of their loved ones; that food, so lovingly prepared, was to nourish those whose devilish cunning had slain those for whom it was made ready.

At a signal, howls, yells, shouts, cries, burst upon the ears of the sleeping or praying bands in the *kivas* below. Not a soul of the male sex but was in one of these traps. In a moment the ladders were withdrawn, and men with bows and arrows, spears and battle-axes stood ready for any who might dare to attempt escape. The cedar barb, and the greasewood, and the piñon splinters were ignited at the cooking fires. Arrows were shot to keep back the warriors below from putting out the flames when the burning material was thrown down the hatchways. Great fires were thus speedily kindled, giving out intense heat and dense floods of smoke which rolled about the helpless victims, stifling, choking, and blinding them. But religious fury stops not at ordinary punishments. When the flames were at their height, each warrior above took from his pouch handfuls of the powdered red peppers and cast them upon the fires. Ah! the cruelty of it. As the fierce, burning, acrid fumes reached them, the helpless victims shrieked in their agony, to the accompaniment of the triumphant yells and horrible laughter of their enemies above. Dante's visions of genius never conceived tortures of hell more diabolical than those perpetrated

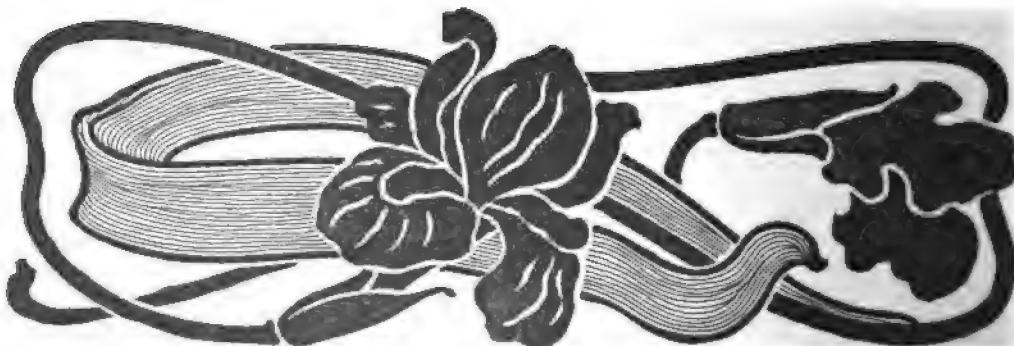
here. As the fires declined, the few helpless wretches in whom a spark of life was still left were dragged forth, and made to struggle across the valley to Mashongnavi. Here, after being whipped and hacked and pricked with cactus needles, made to swallow dirt and filth, they were ruthlessly slain, and their bodies, after being mutilated and desecrated, were left for the buzzards and vultures.

But what were the Awatobi women doing while all these dreadful proceedings were going on? Tapolo had arranged for them. A contingent had burst upon them, some at every house, and soon there was not a woman or girl who was not bound hand and foot. When their husbands or brothers were being driven to Mashongnavi, or were left dead in the burning *kivas*, they were taken as prisoners to Walpi.

Before the warriors left Awatobi every house was set on fire or battered down, the church was totally destroyed, and thus, in one night, a village of not much less than a thousand souls was completely swept out of existence.

That was two hundred years ago, and only within the last eight or ten years was the site recognized and explored. Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, the eminent ethnologist of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, visited the place, made excavations, found the burned remnants of the *kivas*, discovered piled up mounds of bones of the unhappy victims just as they perished, and many other evidences of the truth of the tradition, and the scant history left by the Spaniards. To his account I am much indebted, although I have heard the story much as I have told it from Hopi lips.

The women were divided as prisoners of war, and in a few years in their new homes and with new families were made to forget that horrible night in November when their town and name and people were destroyed from the living peoples of the earth.



SONNET AND SONNETEER: A STUDY.

BY GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

"The melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief;
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow." —*Wordsworth.*

"I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of
Songs and Sonnets here."

—*Slender in "Merry Wives of Windsor."*



AREZZO, the birthplace of Guido (the musical), of Guittone, and of Petrarch, was also the birthplace of the sonnet. In this memorable old city, in the earlier half of the twelfth century, it is generally believed that the poet-monk, Friar Guittone, brought to its existence this most melodious of poetical constructions; thus giving to the world of literature a form unsurpassed in significance and grace.

The word "sonnet" is derived from the Italian, meaning to sound. Of all the versified compositions this is the most dependent upon form, the laws that govern its construction being as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The history, or rather the biography, of the sonnet is of deepest interest to the student of literature. As to the construction, Leigh Hunt has given, in many respects, a most reliable treatise on the subject, which should be read by every aspirant to this method of versification. Other and later works could also be studied with profit. In this article only a condensed outline can be attempted, but, so far as possible, points of epochal interest have been given prominence and a logical historical sequence has been preserved.

One hundred years after Friar Guittone had given to the world his masterpiece of literary conception, amid the same surroundings, a later and greater master of the sonnet first saw the light—"Fraunceis Petrank, the laureat poete"—his birth having taken place at Arezzo in the year 1304. The son of an exiled Florentine, Petrarch inherited his marvelous powers from a race of singers, of lovers, and of poets. Destined to hold high rank as second in Italy's great triumvirate of poets, his name is chiefly preserved to the world by his sonnets to Laura—his beautiful Avignonese love.

"Pace non trovo e non ho da far guerra"

sang Petrarch in his one hundred and fourth sonnet, and all the race of lovers and of poets heard, and have listened through the centuries; for Petrarch is the acknowledged master of every successful writer of the love sonnet.

"I find no peace, and all my war is done" closely translated Wyatt two hundred years afterward, since it was not until the beginning of the sixteenth century that this form of poetic composition was introduced into English versification.

In the first half of the sixteenth century, Wyatt or Surrey, or both simultaneously, transplanted the sonnet to English soil, where it has flourished till this day, often disfigured, but always with sufficient vitality to tide its growth until the nurture of some essentially poetic mind could again bring it to its perfection of form.

Neither the sonnets of Wyatt nor Surrey conformed to the laws of the legitimate construction, and were the progenitors of a mighty host of illicit verses, purporting to be sonnets and flourishing in collections bearing such ingenious titles as: "A Small Handful of Fragrant Flowers," "A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions," "A Handful of Pleasant Delites"; and many others, ending with "England's Helicon," published in the year 1600. The only striking exception to the general illegitimacy of the sonnets in these collections is to be found in the "Divine Century of Spiritual Sonnets," written by one Barnabe Barnes who was contemporary with the poet Churchyard.

These so-called sonnets, however, are not worthy of consideration, since we are now privileged to turn our attention to the first great master of the form in the English language—Sir Philip Sidney. He, rather than Barnabe Barnes (who in his time was so designated), should be called "Petrarch's scholar." He, like the great Italian, favored of fortune, honored and uplifted, found in an unrequited passion the key to a lasting fame. The name of Sidney lives in literature rather through his "Astrophel and Stella" than by his "Arcadia"; his sonnets being read where more extended works would long since have been discarded. Sidney's masterpiece is the sonnet on "Sleep," which, magnificent as it is in

poetic sentiment and fervor, is not of the legitimate Italian construction.

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light;
A rosy garland and a weary head;
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt, in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

Next after Sidney comes Spenser, who was an inveterate sonnet writer of the illegitimate order. His second series of sonnets called "Visions of the World's Vanitie," written in 1591, is so uniform in its irregularity as to give rise to a certain construction called the Spenserian sonnet. Unlike Sidney, Spenser's foundation of popularity does not rest so much on his shorter as on his longer works. Next in order comes the name of that bright light in the Elizabethan era — Sir Walter Raleigh. The most famous sonnet of this writer is found introducing Spenser's "Faerie Queen," and is as follows:

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faerie Queen:
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen;
(For they this Queen attended); in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce;
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And cursed the access of that celestial thief.

Again a host of sonneteers flood with their illegitimate productions the market of English verse; Daniel, whose sonnet on "Sleep" is, in some respects, a worthy companion to Sidney's; Drayton, Constable, Barnfield, Smith, Griffin, and others. And now we come to one worthy of mention, illegitimate in construction as the rest, but strong enough in his own genius to create a form and hold it — the play-actor William Shakespeare, who has given to the world, in his one hundred and fifty-four specimens of this line of verse, what is known as the Shakespearean sonnet — three elegiac stanzas and a couplet. Thus we have besides the legitimate Italian form, the Spenserian and Shakespearean sonnets.

Since the time of Solomon with his matchless epithalamium — the Song of Songs — love has been the great theme of the poets; and on this theme, old as birth and immutable as death, does Shakespeare build his finest attempt at sonnet writing — the one hundred and sixteenth in the series.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star of every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even unto the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Ah, William of Avon, how separate is the life of man from the holiest of his beliefs! Only two other names worthy of mention in connection with the English sonnet are to be brought to notice here — the Earl of Sterling, William Alexander, and William Drummond — Drummond of Hawthornden. Thus endeth the first era of the sonnet in English verse, or rather, should I not say, one phase of the era; for another and greater name is yet to claim our attention before we close — the name of John Milton, whose sonnets, written during the years between 1631 and 1658, are of a distinct type, and little allied to the essentially amorous compositions which had previously borne the name. The lyric poem — the song, the ode — is a poem of emotion; the sonnet is a lyric of condensed emotion. Previous to Milton, the emotion had been, as a type, individual — that of personal passion in the form of amorousness. To this master of the epic was left the honor of bringing to the requirement of form in the sonnet, a muscular sincerity of thought and breadth of vision which has never departed from it.

With the first half of the eighteenth century another epoch begins. The name of the first master is that of the man whose "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" still holds its charm for the sensitive and introspective mind. The sonnets of Thomas Gray have in them that healthy and vigorous element which is still the characteristic of the English and American form.

After Gray come the following: Edwards, Warton, Bampfylde, Brydges, Bowles, and, in the year 1784, Mrs. Charlotte Smith — a somewhat shadowy forerunner of that other woman in sonnetry — the inimitable Mrs.

Browning. Now come Cowper, Coleridge, Lamb, and Wordsworth, whose more than half a thousand sonnets are, with a few notable exceptions, relegated to the limbo of wornout stage furniture. The best of Wordsworth's sonnets are, however, exceptionally fine—in fact finer than those of almost any other English master. One of the best among them is:

The world is too much with us; late and soon.
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune:
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn:
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Another of his finest sonnets is to Milton, and another to Sir Walter Scott.

Next in order follows Kirke White, whose memorable joke on the wiseacres of his time was far more successful than his sonnets; Byron, whose sonnet introducing "The Prisoner of Chillon" must rank among his masterpieces, scornful as he assumed to be of the form; Thurlow, who deserves a better place than is usually allotted to him; and, at last, that triumvirate of later genius—Shelley, Keats, and Hunt. I do not remember the exact number of Leigh Hunt's productions in this form of verse; but John Keats wrote fifty-three in his short and pathetic career—some of them ranking with the very foremost in the language. The best-known sonnet of this writer is, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer":

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Another, nearly equal to this in popularity, is the one "On the Grasshopper and Cricket," written in that famous literary contest with Hunt, held on December 30, 1816. After Keats, it is hardly worth our while to dwell on the work of minor sonneteers. We shall

pass by, with one word, the reputable sonnets of the brothers Tennyson, and mention with respect the work of that erratic son of an erratic father—the younger Coleridge; the delicate insight of whose sonnet on "November" held an indescribable charm for me in my childish reading. The poem will bear repetition here as the first nature sonnet in the course:

The mellow year is hastening to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Of't with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed,
Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows:
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine,
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define;
And the gaunt woods, in ragged scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

Thus we come to the name, than which there is no greater in the annals of sonnet writing—that of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Never has the height and breadth and depth of human expression been mastered as by this woman in her series of "Sonnets," purporting to be "From the Portuguese." There are forty-four sonnets in the series, and I give the fifth and sixth:

I lift my heavy heart up solemnly,
As once Electra her sepulchral urn,
And, looking in thine eyes, I overturn
The ashes at thy feet. Behold and see
What a great heap of grief lay hid in me,
And how the red wild sparkles dimly burn
Through the ashen grayness. If thy foot in scorn
Could tread them out to darkness utterly,
It might be well, perhaps. But if instead
Thou wait beside me for the wind to blow
The gray dust up . . . those laurels on thine
head

O my beloved, will not shield thee so,
That none of all the fires shall scorch and shred
The hair beneath. Stand farther off then! Go.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of Individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forbore,—
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And, when I sue
God for myself. He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes, the tears of two.

Shall we search farther for a master?
And now the question arises—What of the
sonnet in America? Space will admit of but

one representative name and one sonnet. Where are we to find the writer who most vitally personifies this form of verse in our own country? Emerson's reply to this question would have been the name of Helen Hunt Jackson, whose sonnets, especially the one on "Thought," elicited his highest commendation.

SEALED ORDERS.

When ship with "orders sealed" sails out to sea,
Men eager crowd the wharves, and reverent gaze
Upon their faces, whose brave spirits raise
No question if the unknown voyage be
Of deadly peril. Benedictions free
And prayers and tears are given, and the days
Counted till other ships, on homeward ways,
May bring back message of her destiny.
Yet all the time, Life's tossing sea is white
With scudding sail which no man reefs or stays
By his own will, for roughest day or night:
Brave, helpless crews, with captain out of sight,
Harbor unknown, voyage of long delays,
They meet no other ships on homeward ways.

So much for the chronology of the sonnet, now for its construction. It is a poem complete in itself, in the iambic pentameter and consisting of fourteen lines. It is in two divisions, the first, of eight lines, being called the octave; the second, of six lines, the sestette. In the strictly Italian form there is a change of sentiment going with

the change from octave to sestette; but in the modern version the thought is carried on directly to its climax. The arrangement of lines in the legitimate form is thus: octave—*a b b a a b b a*; sestette—*c d e c d e*, or *c d c d c d*. To explain more fully, the octave admits of but two rhymes; the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines rhyming with each other; the second, third, sixth, and seventh carrying out, in their turn, the same intimate relation. In the sestette there is more liberty, either two or three rhyming sounds being admissible—thus, the first and fourth, the second and fifth, the third and sixth lines may rhyme, or the first, third and fifth, the second, fourth and sixth. The couplet is not legitimate, although it exists in the work of some of our greatest masters; the arrangement in Shakespeare being *a b a b c d c d e f e f g g*.

And this is the history, chronological and structural, of that perfect form of versification called the sonnet, which has held its own since the earlier half of the twelfth century. Through how many famous epochs has it held sway! But now, the queen is dead, the Victorian era at its end, a new century before us, great things in keeping!—What will be the future of the sonnet?

THE TRAVAL OF EARTH'S CHILDREN.

BY LILIAN TRUE BRYANT.

"To bear; to rear; to lose. This is Life."

 ABY mustn't sleep with so much wind blowing in upon her. I wish you would close the window, James."

Atherton laid down his newspaper, glanced at his wife, then at the sleeping child on the opposite seat, and finally at the narrow car window in question. Then rising with the air of a man who prides himself upon concealing his irritation under the most trying circumstances, he gave the window a sudden jerk. A shower of dust sifted lightly in. A book carelessly balanced upon the ledge fell upon the seat below, and the baby awoke to its own discomfort and weariness, and cried—a shrill, strained cry that mothers fear. Atherton frowned as his wife gathered the tired child into her arms and patiently began the task of soothing it into drowsiness once more.

"Where's Phœbe?" he asked abruptly.

"Sleeping behind us. She has been awake all night."

"Supposing she has. Isn't she paid for it? I've no patience with you for wearing yourself out with nursing, when you're tugging a maid all over the south for that very purpose."

His wife made no reply. The baby put her fist into her mouth and looked piteously up at her mother, as if questioning the necessity of pain. We all do that later in our lives, although most of us have no mother then to whom we can turn. If we have been trained, we reach out toward a higher power in those hours; if not, we learn to endure alone.

Atherton took up his paper, only to put it down again vexedly as a man's voice asked: "Teethin'?"

He stared coldly at the figure in the seat ahead—at the foppish clothes contrasting ludicrously with the patient, worn old face—at the brilliant red tie under the fringe of white whiskers, and the wrinkled chin. The southern train stopped at that moment to

give greeting to the passenger from the middle-west, filled to overflowing with boy-soldiers. Windows were alive with heads, platforms became suddenly crowded, and snatches of songs and cheers burst out here and there. Catching the enthusiasm, Atherton swooped the pile of magazines and cheap novels from the train-boy's hands, and, crowding his way to the front, flung them into the blue-uniformed crowd. It was all over in a moment, and then he sank back into his seat, half ashamed of his enthusiasm. The baby still wailed on, and the rest of the car settled itself in resignation to the dust and heat as before.

"Teethin'?" said the man in the front seat again, coming back to the point with strange persistence. It was annoying to be accosted by strangers, and with quick selfishness Atherton crept into his shell again; but his wife gently nodded her assent.

"Shouldn't wonder if I'd just the thing," said the man, reaching under the seat for a gaudy dress-suit case ornamented with silver. He busied himself for a moment, then rose and came toward Atherton, his face glowing with kindliness. In one hand he held a large slice of cake; in the other, a large red celluloid ring. The baby's wail wavered and finally ceased, and she put out her hands for the toy.

"No?" murmured the man disappointedly as Mrs. Atherton viewed the cake with disapproval in her eyes. "Mebbe she's too young? Well, the train-boy can have it. Young man!" addressing that twice-astonished youth, "here's somethin' to eat." And thus summarily disposing of the rejected lunch he held out his hands to the baby.

"She never goes to strangers," said Mrs. Atherton, drawing back with unconscious pride; while Atherton at her side gave an unmistakable shrug of irritation. "You see what you've brought on yourself," was as clearly expressed as if it had been put into words. But the baby leaned forward, her eyes fast fixed on the red tie, and in another moment she was swung safely into the kindly grasp of the stranger. He crooked one arm into cradle curves, tucked in the little feet, guided the red ring in the child's wee hand toward the swollen, aching gums, and before she knew it, was crooning her softly into the Land of Nod with a quaint old-fashioned gypsy song, as out of place on his lips as the scarlet tie and the crush opera hat at his side.

"Most extraordinary thing!" thought Atherton. He dared not look at his wife.

"She's got prickly heat comin' on," said the man after a time, smoothing the soft rings back from the baby's brow and looking down at her flushed face. "But she's asleep. My baby's asleep too. She's out in the baggage car."

Atherton started involuntarily, but the old man was looking at his wife. He had forgotten the other's existence.

"Yes, Emmy's out there. She's seventeen tomorrow, Emmy is. I go out there and set with her a spell; then I come back in here and stay as long as I can stand it—most generally seven stations. We've jest passed the third now, so I've got some time to wait. It's hot, ain't it? I'm some het up myself."

He cautiously lifted one arm from the sleeping baby and rubbed his sleeve across his brow. Atherton, following a swift impulse, took his silver drinking-cup from his pocket and strode down the car to the ice-tank, where he hurriedly filled it and brought it back.

"You'd better take this," he said awkwardly, offering it to him. "I dare say it's not cold, but it's better than nothing."

"Much obliged," said the man quietly. "Don' know's I've had a man wait on me jest like that, not since Son left us. Emmy and I are goin' home to Son, soon's we can get there. Home's where your folks stay, so we're goin' back to the old place. Mother liked it real well. She helped fix it up herself, and there wan't nothin' but happiness there till Son got ready to go to the ministry. Then Mother made his shirts, and I sold the crops to give him a fair start-out, and that night we knelt down together and thanked the Lord for givin' us such a boy. And jest six months from that night we knelt down again, and Mother thanked Him for takin' him away. But I didn't. I stood up and says:

"God be damned!"

"Them's my very words, my awful, blasphemous words. I says: 'Who's believin' in a God that would take a man's only boy who was learnin' his best how to do good, when the world's full of eatin', drinkin', cussin' men sellin' their souls every day, and fillin' the cities with wickedness. I, for one, ain't takin' stock in any such a God. To hell with him.'

"Amrah," says Mother, gettin' onto her feet, her face shinin' with a white, awful stillness; "Amrah, come with me."

"It was nigh onto November, and the trees were bare. The air was like needles

and a skurry of snow had fallen and drifted into the fence posts and along the rails, and the stars overhead were like points of blue flame. She led me down the steps, out into the garden, out into the night and the open field where we could see for miles around.

"'Amrah,' says she, in that same white, still way, 'who gave His only begotten Son to be wounded for our transgressions; to be bruised for our iniquities? Look up at those stars,' says she. 'Look up at that great white pathway of God. Do you s'pose He would stop with makin' this one little world, so small that folks with money enough to pay for their tickets can sail clean around it? Those are all worlds—worlds for the poor needy, starvin' wretches that have broken laws in this life, and now've got to face them in the next. Don't you see where Son's place was? Don't you see why he went? Amrah, say what I'm sayin'.'

"'I believe in God, the Father Almighty. Say it, Amrah!'

"I said it.

"'Maker of heaven and earth.'—

"'Maker of heaven and earth,' says I.

"'And in Jesus Christ His only Son.'—

"'And in Jesus Christ His only Son,' says I; and then I cried like a baby, fallin' down at Mother's feet, and buryin' my face in her gown.

"'Poor Amrah!' says Mother, 'poor Amrah! he didn't mean nothin'. He didn't sense his words. He's goin' to come out here every night and look up at that great white star that's shinin' so pitiful down at us right now, and he's goin' to talk with Son every night. Son needs him. A man-child needs his father, wherever he is.'

"So I did. Every night when the readin' was over, I'd slip out and tell him how things was goin'. By and by I got so I told him everythin'. All about the crops and everythin' else. Didn't seem wicked; seemed right. But Mother never would come. I used to wonder at it; but I can see now why 'twas. Mother's love has been always round me. Mine never went but part way round her; but I loved her. Then the next winter our Lucy went too. Same road—consumption; and mother looks up through her tears and says: 'Son will be so happy now, won't he, Amrah? We won't mind bein' lonesome, will we, dear?' And after I'd looked into her face and read the grievin' under the love, there wa'n't nothin' to do but to hold onto each other and look up and not ask why it had to be so.

"But we still had Emmy—little laughin',

cuddlin' Emmy, as sweet a soul as ever blossomed into the world. Dancin', singin', smilin' all day long. Wishin' she'd been born before, 'stead of waitin' so long after Mother and me. Runnin' away when she was too little to know any better, to set with me in the hayin' field and make Mother hunt her up. Trottin' out with molasses and ginger and water for me to drink out of her little green pail when 'twas hot, and stubbin' her toe and spillin' it all 'fore she could get to me, and then gettin' up and trudgin' back to the house, without a word, for some more. Bringin' up mice that Mother'd find in the ironing blanket with a sponge and some milk, and a hot water bottle to keep their toes warm; and then havin' funerals under the rose bush in the garden when they all died. Makin' dolls' clothes and sewin' 'em up where they ought to be left open—We've got 'em all now. Got all her things, too. Little shoes and sun-bonnets and aperns and all her fixin's, clear down to her first box of writin' paper. We've got most of that, too. And Emmy grew to be quite a girl, and we had all those lovin' years together, and then one day Mother called me to her and says:

"'Ain't we glad we've got Emmy! Ain't she enough to make any man happy all his born days, and glad he's lived, and thankful to his heavenly Father for givin' her to him? Amrah,' says she very softly, with mother-tenderness, 'Amrah, by and by I'm goin' to stay with Son and wait for you there.'

"That night I lay all night, face down, in the wet grass. I didn't have Mother's hands to cling to. Mother's hands, worn and hard, and wrinkled from slavin' to keep the home and give the children their schoolin' the years when I couldn't earn much. Mother, who'd worked day and night for all of us; who'd stood by me through plantin' and hoein' and harrerin', and then tried to make me ready to begin all over again when the sun dried the heart out of the crops, or the frost turned them dead and limp.

"Emmy was asleep that night. 'Twas jest as well. Everythin' was quiet. There wa'n't nothin' but the stars shinin' down at me that knew. I tried to feel that Mother and Son were lookin' down at me. I remembered Mother's face when she led me out to that very spot. I could hear her say, 'Poor Amrah!' And I stood up.

"'God,' says I, 'I believe in Thee, our Father Almighty.' And then it all come over me that there were years and years ahead, and it didn't seem as if I could stand

it; and then I got to fearin' that Mother would feel I was backslidin', and I says:

"I'm holdin' on, Mother. I'm doin' my best. I know I ain't fit to be chosen yet, but don't wait too long, and ask Him to take Emmy first."

"But I didn't know what I was sayin' about Emmy. I never sensed it till one day, about a year after that, I was settin' in the kitchen watchin' her get up the dinner, and she gave a quick little hackin' cough. I rushed across the room and grabbed her arm.

"Emmy!" says I, stern-like. "What you doin'?"

"Nothin', Daddy," says she, "cept gettin' dinner." And she dropped the cookin' cup and began to cry. "What made you scare me so, Daddy?" she says, pitiful.

"I didn't mean to, little lamb," I says; and then I stumbled out doors and sat down on a block of wood with a thousand icicles freezin' my heart out. There'd been some men round for three or four days, pokin' and pryin' and starin' at my back fields.

"None of their darned business what's out there," says I to myself. "The farm ain't good for much, but they can let it alone."

"Well, today one of them came walkin' in toward me. I planted myself in the middle of the path. There wa'n't no call for them to see any one but me, and Emmy was in the kitchen.

"Good-mornin'," says he, terrible polite.

"Howdy-do," I says, without passin' much notice.

"I've been lookin' at your back, pastures," he says.

"So I mistrusted," says I, sarcastic.

"Thinkin' of sellin'?"

"I hadn't calculated to," says I. "Never shall sell the house. Might the land if I was driv'."

"How much'll you take?" he asked, settin' down.

"I got out my knife and cut a sliver of leather off my boot. I can dicker better when I'm whittlin'."

"How much'll you give?" says I. "There ain't no use beatin' round the bush, far's I can see. Plank out what you've got," says I.

"He hitched and hawed and hemmed as if he was settin' on an ant-hill, and finally says, slow-like, as if 'twa'n't the way he meant to work it:

"Five thousand dollars."

"I like to hev cut my whole boot off, I was so taken aback. 'Land o' Goshen!' thinks I, 'there's a cat in the meal, for sure.'

"No," says I aloud, and with what I cal-

culated to be considerable firmness. "I'm goin' to see my lawyer and talk matters over." And upon that he flew right off the handle.

"Well, the long and short of it is, there was ile. Ille enough to light Emmy and me for some time. I got a good thing; so did he, and we ain't through yet. But, land—where's the use. Ain't nothin' to work for if you ain't got no folks.

"The next day I went in and says: 'Emmy, we've got some money to spend. Let's go spend it. What'll you buy first?'

"A pink silk dress," says she, laughin' and holdin' onto her side, and coughin' till my heart squeezed right up.

"Come and get it," says I.

"So we went travelin' from that time on. Emmy had the dress. She used to wear it in the city afternoons when we went walkin'. White lace, pink parasol, and white satin shoes. Folks used to look at her considerable. They knew real silk when they saw it, and they knew most folks couldn't buy white satin shoes for everyday common wear, too. But Emmy never used to put 'em on mornings, only jest afternoons. She'd read in her lady-book that too much dressin' before dinner wa'n't proper. Emmy was like her mother, some ways.

"Then, nothin' would do but I must be rigged out. Soft hat that flattened out when you pressed it, shiny boots that needn't be blacked, long-tailed coat and some genteel red and blue ties. This is one of 'em. Tasty, I think. Well, by and by she got tired of buyin' and tired of havin' new things and of seein' things, and of wanderin' from city to city. She was too weak to stand up much more, so we took the rockin' chair and come down to Floriday, *incognito*. Emmy was great on humor. After we'd got fixed up, she says:

"I'll be Lady Vi'let Montague, and you'll be Sir Montgomery Welch, and we'll have those for travelin' names." Folks stared a good deal when they heard us callin' out Lady Vi'let and Sir Montgomery, so careless-like; but that wa'n't nothin'. We had as a good a right to be *incognito* as anyone else.—Emmy's out in the baggage car, now.

"So we took the rockin' chair—always carried that with us—and settled down. Folks stared at that, too; but 'twas Mother's. Black and old and used up, and the paint all worn off; but we got to needin' it when Emmy wa'n't able to do much but lie and look out of the winder.

"That last night she said: 'I'm tired, Daddy. Take me up. Let's not play *Lady*

Vi'let ever again. Let's be jest plain Daddy and Emmy together for a little while.' So I sat down in the rockin' chair—plush sofas and mirrors and gilt fixin's all around—I had the best money could buy for Emmy. And then I took her up in her little pink wrapper and the pink slippers with the white fur around them, and then I shut my eyes. Seems if I couldn't open them.

"Sing "I'm the Maid of the Mountains," Daddy," says she. And then I knew.

"Mother used to sing that when Emmy was jest long enough to tuck her head under one arm and her little feet, in their stubby-toed shoes, around under the other. Well, I couldn't do it.

"Emmy's hair lay all bright and curly over my arm and her little white face, with violet shadows in it, was against my cheek. She put up her thin little hand and held my face close to hers. 'I love you, Daddy,' she whispered.

"The rockin' chair creaked back and forth, and the jasmine came in through the winders, and down-stairs on the big piazza folks a talkin' and laughin'; but up there 'twas all still, 'cept for the chair swayin' back, then forrad, while the shadow kept time in the mirror.

"Goin' to sing, Daddy?" she asked again, movin' a little.

"It didn't seem as if I could. I put my face down and held her for a minute, all warm and breathing; and then I got a hold on myself.

"Emmy'd never known anythin' but love.

Emmy'd never had any knocks. There wa'n't no one but me to see that she wa'n't left alone to get scared for the first time in her life jest as she was leavin' it. 'Twa'n't no matter about my feelin's. I hadn't any business to have any, anyhow.

"Mother likes that song, too, don't she, little darlin' lamb?' I says, lookin' out toward the stars, soft and misty down here, 'stead of clear and bright like they are at home. 'You jest shut your eyes tight, Emmy, and Mother and Daddy will sing it to you, the best you ever have heard it. Won't that be nice, precious little lamb?' says I.

"When I'd finished, Mother had taken her."

He put the sleeping baby into Atherton's arms. "I'd like to trot her a little when she wakes up," he said. "Emmy had that same bright, curlin' hair."

The conductor lifted his hat reverently as the bent figure walked unsteadily down the swaying car. Two young men behind him nudged each other, laughingly pointing at the crush hat and flaming tie. Atherton could have killed them. His wife suddenly buried her face in the baby's curls, then lifted it as her husband's hand closed firmly over hers. A dull red, as of shame, swept over his face as he met her brimming eyes. The baby stirred slightly, her tiny fingers closing more firmly around the red celluloid ring, while the loud metallic song of the car wheels rose steadily, insistently, lulling her into deeper dreams, as the train rushed onward, on its way toward the northern states.

THE CLIMBER.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

How should he know, who hath not won
Sure victories from sun to sun —
How can he know, who hath not tried
The peril of the mountain-side,
What strength of arm is his — what zeal
In combat with the brave to deal?
What prowess and what skill he hath
To find his footing on the path —
To cling, and cling, and always keep
His hold of faith along the steep?
Who tries is also tried. Who dares
To scale the heights, their danger shares.
But on the cliff's uneven face
He finds each day a higher place.
His strength expands; he thrills to know
How broad the breathing-places grow;
And every hour some gain is found,
Some view from wider vantage-ground.

BEN AUSTRIAN, PAINTER.

BY GUSTAV KOBBÉ.



OME time ago there was handed to me the following letter from the Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters:

"In the window of M. Knoedler & Co., Thirty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, you will find on exhibition a painting called 'A Day's Hunt,' by Ben Austrian, a young man of twenty-nine, who until two years ago ran a laundry, and by his own instruction has in a short time become one of our greatest artists. This picture was sold some time ago in Philadelphia for two thousand five hundred dollars, being the largest price ever paid to an American artist for still life. The picture will be taken away on Thursday. I wish you would make it a point to see this remarkable picture."

This letter well epitomizes Ben Austrian's career, for, two years after he had given up running a steam laundry, "A Day's Hunt" was purchased by J. H. Sternberg of Reading, Pennsylvania, for two thousand five hun-



"A DAY'S HUNT."

dred dollars, which is believed to be the largest price paid, in America at least, for a still life. Mr. Sternberg, who is a wealthy man, soon after the purchase of the picture, gave a reception at his mansion in Reading in Mr. Austrian's honor. Certainly this was a swift rise for the former laundryman.

At the time of the sale, the picture was on exhibition in Philadelphia, where it is

estimated that it was viewed by thirty-five thousand people. Afterwards it was sent to New York, where I saw it. It is highly realistic, and in part an optical illusion. It shows a lot of game tied by the feet, hanging upon the shutters of a barn window. As a matter of fact, the window-frame is a real

one. The shutters and all the rest of the composition are the work of the artist. But where the real window stops and the painted canvas begins is a problem that confronts all who view the painting, the shutters and hinges are treated so realistically. In fact, part of the hinges are real and part painted, for the hinges are iron up to an inch inside of the canvas. Then there is an actual depression in which the imitation of the rest of each hinge is painted. The

imitation is so perfect that it cannot be distinguished, except by touch, from the real iron. When I first saw the painting, I said to the owner of the gallery who was showing it to me, "Of course the shutters, as well as the window-frame, are real?" Then he led me up to it, and I saw that the shutters were painted canvas. The same realistic effect is produced in the game — a bunch of rabbits,



MR. AUSTRIAN AND ONE OF HIS MODELS.

pheasants, and partridges. Many people who saw the picture believed that real rabbit's hair had been fastened to the canvas. They were obliged to satisfy themselves by actual touch that they had been deceived by the painter.

Mr. Austrian painted "A Day's Hunt" in two weeks. He never trusts to his memory or to his imagination in painting animals, but always uses models. As the fur and feathers of dead game become limp, and lose their fluffiness in a very little while, he had men out hunting every day so that he could paint from freshly killed game while at work on "A Day's Hunt." At the start he did not intend to create an optical illusion with the window-frame, shutters, and hinges. His idea was to paint a game piece which should be so like life that observers would not know it at first glance from a real bunch of game. It was while the work was in progress that he conceived the idea of creating the illusion mentioned, and he then had the framework of a window torn out of an old barn near Reading, where he has his studio, and stretched his canvas upon it.

What adds to the cunning of the artist's method in creating this picture is his signature. It seems to have been painted over a crack in the shutters. People look at the signature, and declare that the crack and the shutters must be real, and then express the suspicion that the artist possibly has hung a few dead rabbits and partridges with the painted ones. Yet, barring the frame and part of the hinges, the surface is perfectly flat. I should think that, in looking at it, even the painter himself would get a little mixed in trying to distinguish what is real and what portion of it he did with his brush.

A remarkable circumstance in Mr. Austrian's career is the fact that he is wholly self-taught. When he was five years old and living in Reading, a box of water-color paints was given him as a chance present. From the very moment he received it, he set to work painting, haunting the attic of his modest little home to find back copies of magazines and illustrated weeklies, the pictures in which he colored. In those young days, as since, the power behind him was his



THE PAINTER IN A COZY CORNER OF HIS STUDIO.

mother. From her he received constant encouragement. She thoroughly believed in him, and when he would beg her for a strip of muslin from her ironing board, or a bit of other material, it was given to him. Then he would tack it up for a canvas, and paint on it. He was in rather delicate health, and during his school vacations was sent to a farm at Bower Station near Reading. There was an old ore shaft near by, and lying around it were heaps of varicolored clays. These he mixed up with milk, and with the resulting pigments painted little landscapes and barnyard fowl. Before this he had learned to mix paints in the shop of a sign maker who let him have the skimmings of the pots, and with these he painted on his muslin "canvas" stretched over little wooden frames he had made himself. In recounting his career, he still recalls the ecstasy he experienced when he first painted an object which somebody besides himself could distinguish. "Since a shaver," he said to me, "picture painting has been my hobby. Even now that it has become my profession, it still is my hobby."

While he was yet in knickerbockers he painted in Reading a scene from the Bible, which he called "Wedding Appointments." It was hung in a shop window, and he used to loiter outside to hear what passers-by might say about the picture. He overheard one man who stopped say, "That fellow has talent." It made his little heart swell with pride. And so he kept on painting and painting, and drawing and drawing without an instructor to guide him or any one to give him so much as a suggestion. Perhaps this is the reason he draws so directly and so faithfully from nature. Added to lack of instruction was the frequent necessity of interrupting his efforts. He was obliged to go to work to contribute to the family's support. Among other occupations he went on the road to sell goods, but his conversation with a possible customer was more about art than about what he had to sell, and whenever a customer gave him an order, he stopped to paint a picture for him as a mark of his appreciation. His father, who was a steam laundryman, becoming ill, the young art enthusiast was obliged to manage the



WORKING WITH LIVE CHICKENS FOR MODELS.

business. One can readily imagine how distasteful the work must have been to a youth with artistic aspirations. But for the time being Ben Austrian abandoned his art and managed his father's business with due care. He had a brother living in New York who knew how distasteful the work was to Ben, and sent him a book on success—"Pushing to the Front; or, Success Under Difficulties"—with a letter in which he advised him to read the book, as it might put new life into him. The artist-laundryman read, with the result that his ambition was so stirred up that he felt he could no longer remain in the business. Concentrating all his efforts upon a painting which convinced his mother that he was bound to make a success of his art, she permitted him to sell out the laundry business. Having done this he turned the money over to her, and settled down to work as a professional artist.

He first became known outside of Reading through a picture entitled "After the Race." It showed the head of a thoroughbred looking over his stall. Near by hung a curry-comb, a jockey's cap, and a score card. It

was bought by a large New York hotel, in the lobby of which it hangs. Possibly, however, Mr. Austrian has been most successful and has become most widely known through his pictures of chickens. Some one has said that any old hen would recognize Mr. Austrian's chicken pictures as real scenes from barnyard society. Most artists who are not landscapists paint from the human model, but Mr. Austrian has real live chickens for his. He has in his studio hens which he has trained to pose for him, and chicks which are attending, as promising pupils, this curious school for artists' models—probably the only school of its kind in the world. The hens are Dames Julia and Pauline and the Coal Black Lady. These hens he hatched in his studio from an incubator. After they came out of the eggs he kept them isolated. They never saw other chickens. They knew only him, and they grew to know him remarkably well. "When I enter my studio," he said to me, "they get up in their nest and cluck at me in the friendliest way; and they obey me as intelligently as human models. If I pose one of my hens she will



MR. AUSTRIAN AT WORK ON "EXPECTATIONS THAT PANNED OUT WELL."

not move until I snap my fingers and chirp to her. They remain in any position I choose for them, and are very patient and never restless. Moreover, they don't talk while posing. I think most of my painting will be along this direction. It is the memories of my childhood vacations on the farm that inspire me. But I also am very fond of still

life work." "A Day's Hunt" was, by the way, a remembrance of an impression received early in his life.

The hen which he has named the Coal Black Lady posed for a picture of the same title. This painting represents a black hen whose eyes and attitude express the deepest concern for the welfare of the brood of tiny, downy chicks which surrounds her. The picture was purchased by Mr. John Wanamaker for his private collection, a fact which gave Mr. Austrian considerable prestige. Dame Julia posed for Mr. Austrian's "Motherhood," which shows an old hen and her brood in a nest, the old hen looking up defiantly, apparently at some passer-by. "The Intruder" is a pretty picture of a cunning chick which has come between a dear little long-haired, clumsy pup and its pan of mush. It is one of those pictures which holds your interest while it makes you smile with amusement. "The House Warming" represents pictorially the good old country custom of bringing the lately hatched chickens to the fireside to keep them warm. Some of them have gone to sleep in a slip-



"EXPECTATIONS THAT PANNEO OUT WELL"

per, several roost among the extinguished though still warm embers, while the majority are in a basket padded with a red shawl. "The Center Rush" shows eleven chicks running forward like a tiny "flying wedge."

Mr. Austrian is about thirty years old. Though small of stature, he is rather striking looking, because of the fact that, while his face is smooth, almost boyish, his hair, worn rather long, is iron-gray. He has a Roman nose and bright gray eyes. He works rapidly when in the humor, but never attempts work when he is not. He does not believe in the methodical practise of art—so many hours a day, day after day, at the easel. He spends a great deal of his time out of

doors and is fond of riding, enjoying nothing more than a canter through the country in the sunlight and past the farmyards.

About the only one of his pictures I know of in which the human figures is entitled "Music." It shows a piano on which rests a violin and a flute and some threadbare books and music. To the left of the picture is a background of gorgeous peacock feathers fading away to a tinted haziness, wherein appears dreamily suggested a woman's head.

Mr. Austrian is now abroad for the first time in his life. He is not thinking of making a change in the class of subjects which he has been painting, but he wants to study them amid new surroundings.

THE TUMBLER'S OFFERING.

BY CAROLINE SHELDON.

The tumbler paused upon the way,
His eye caught by a little shrine,
O'er-draped by many an ivy-spray
Close-twined about a figure gay
With gilt and color, all ashine
With gems, and breathing odors sweet
Of wildwood flowers, the tributes meet
Of country-folk who daily came,
Paying their reverence to the Virgin
Mother's name.

"Hail, Mary, among women blest,
Mary, worthy of all praise!"
Spake the tumbler, then: " 'Twere best
I should here an offering raise
To our sweet Mother, like the rest.
What shall I give? I have no store
Of gold and gems, no skill in song, no lore
Of books. Lone and untaught have been
my wandering days.

"And yet, one trifling talent I possess—
I can make little children's glee;
And oft the weary mothers bless
My coming, shower praises free
For all the nimble tricks wherewith I chase
The tears away, and wreath in smiles each
dimpling face.

"It is a homely gift, and I quite humbly here
Will make an offering of it to the dear
And holy Mother. May the prayers
I lift up, kneeling by these rock-hewn
stairs,
Be heard, as I with lowly heart draw
near."

And there in solemn silence, quite alone,
His faithful soul with reverence all aglow,
The tumbler with clasped hands bowed low;
Then made an offering of his best, his
own
Dear art. With many a fall and vault
and agile bound,
Weary at last he fell, a deep sleep
wrapped him round.

But as he slept, a wondrous dream
Enfolded him: the Virgin from her shrine
Stept down, and all about him was the
gleam
Of a dim, sweet radiance divine;
She laid her hand upon his brow, his eyes
Half-opened, and he said, "Our Lady
doth incline
Her ear unto my prayer, accepts my sacrifice."

DISMAL SWAMP AND HOW TO GO THERE.

BY HARRIET E. FREEMAN AND EMMA G. CUMMINGS.

WE, two enterprising New England women, visiting Virginia, determined to see Dismal Swamp before our return. We were led to do this because we knew that some years ago the Geographical Society of Washington thought it worth while to make this trip. Upon first inquiries regarding the journey, we could learn nothing more than that a boat would be running by the first of May. When we reached Old Point and inquired of the hotel clerk our best method of reaching Dismal Swamp, he laughed and said he guessed we would find it dismal enough if we got there. He referred us, however, to the agent of the Old Dominion line, who might be found on the wharf near by. We interviewed this agent, who knew the boats were running, but for further information he advised us to telephone to Norfolk, to the agent of the Norfolk & Southern Railroad. In this way we learned that the boats were running through the Dismal Swamp canal from Norfolk to Elizabeth City, North Carolina, leaving Norfolk Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and returning Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

It really seemed now as if our long talked of trip were possible, and we made preparations to take the boat leaving Norfolk Thursday morning at half-past nine o'clock. In

were told that it did not go to Norfolk, and that there was no boat which went there at that hour. The boat going there would not leave until half-past eight, and by that we should just miss our connection with the Dismal Swamp boat.

We rushed back to the hotel office to have this statement confirmed, and the clerk



HAMPTON INSTITUTE, SOUTHEASTERN VIRGINIA.

calmly said that the conspicuous schedule was of no use and that the running time of the boats had changed. Again we had to seek the Old Dominion agent, who was familiar with the region, and he advised us to cross on the next boat and take a train for Suffolk, a little town twenty miles away, where we could find a launch which would take us into Drummond lake and show us the best part of the swamp. We followed his directions, and eleven o'clock found us at Suffolk. We took a carriage at the station and drove to the office of Mr. S—, to whom we had been directed, only to learn that the launch had not been running for three or four years, owing to the filling in of the stream which connects with Drummond lake. The only possible way of making the trip from that point was to go in canoes or dugouts, this slow process requiring ten hours for the round trip. We should be obliged to have two boats, sit four hours without a possibility of change, carry our lunch, go into a lonely region, and start at daylight in order to connect with a train to Norfolk on our return. This did not seem feasible for two women alone. The only other plan was to return to Norfolk, take



PORTESS MONROE, SOUTHEASTERN VIRGINIA.

order to do that, we had to take a boat from Old Point across to Norfolk at eight o'clock, according to the schedule posted in the hotel office. With our baggage at the pier we were all ready to get on the boat which came up at the appointed hour, when we

the train to Elizabeth City and return the next day by boat, thus making the canal trip in the opposite direction from what we had first intended. But the train for Norfolk had just left, and no other went that day which would enable us to make our connection. The only thing left was to drive to



RUINED VILLAGE OF JAMESTOWN, SOUTHEASTERN VIRGINIA.

Norfolk, and by starting directly we could just get the train. We must plan for our lunch and eat it on the way, for it was then too early for a hotel dinner, and there was no restaurant without a bar in town. There was not a place where we could go to buy anything to eat, and we were indebted to Mr. S—— for getting us some sandwiches. He also procured for us a comfortable carriage and a pair of horses. We drove away, thanking him for his kindness; while he, on his part, bade us tell the Old Dominion agent not to send down any more women without an escort to go into the Dismal Swamp from that point.

Our drive took us through a flat country, partially cultivated. The vegetables raised on these farms are sent to the northern markets; just now spinach is being shipped in large quantities. The most interesting part of the drive to us was where we came to a small stream where there were many cypress trees—

Taxodium distichum. The peculiarity of these trees is the enlarged trunk, sometimes hollow near the base where they slope out, looking like inverted vases. These

stood in the water and on the borders of the stream. They were just coming into leaf, for although conifers they lose their leaves in winter, and are called bald or deciduous cypress. Another characteristic is the curious growth on the roots, called cypress knees. These are hollow projections, rising to the height of a foot or more at short intervals, giving, at a distance, the effect of low stumps. This feature cannot be constant, for we did not see it on the trees in this small stream. One theory is that these projections serve to furnish air to the roots, another is that they serve to anchor the tree in the wet, spongy soil.¹ These trees are grown near Boston in cultivated grounds but do not there exhibit these peculiar features. The foliage is very delicate and fern-like, and its beauty makes the tree desirable for cultivation.

Our observations lead us to conclude that there are two forms of growth, the fastigiate and one with a more spreading outline. We already knew the trees in cultivation and there they always showed the pyramidal form, as we noticed them again on our return, in Central Park. But the trees as seen in the Dismal Swamp had a broad summit and rounded outline.²

We arrived in Norfolk just in time to take the train for Elizabeth City, about forty-five miles distant. A coach at the station took



PASSENGER BOAT IN THE DISMAL SWAMP CANAL.

us to the hotel, where we found ourselves the only women guests, the house being well

¹ *Garden and Forest*, Vol. III., p. 21.

² "Silva of North America."

filled with men, as the court was then in session. As it was still light, we thought best to see the boat for ourselves, but the proprietor deterred us by saying the boat was not yet in. It was to leave at six in the morning, so all plans had to be made the night before, and we should have to eat our breakfast on the boat. The proprietor said, with some surprise: "Do you think you had better go back that way?" and was about to make some plan for us, when we replied decidedly that it was for that very purpose that we came. He wanted to know where we came from, and when we told him from Boston, he said we had come a very long way for sightseeing.

We were called at five in the morning, and when we got into the coach for the boat we found the judge and four lawyers were to be our traveling companions. We learned from their conversation that, though often in Elizabeth City, they had never taken the trip before, and we secretly believed they were led to do so because travelers thought it worth while to come from such a distance to do it.

We found the boat very small, with a tiny cabin in which our breakfast was served. The canal which connects the Pasquotank river, the first part of the route, with Deep creek, the last part, was built soon after the Civil war, but being unprofitable was soon abandoned. Three years ago the New

to about the middle of April averaged five hundred dollars a day. This indicates that many boats avail themselves of this inside passage during the stormy months. The payment for the passage of a little boat like ours was nine dollars.

The first ten or fifteen miles of our trip



A CYPRESS TRUNK BETWEEN SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK.

was on the Pasquotank river, which grew narrower as we ascended it until we were close to the banks on either side. The cypress trees were numerous and conspicuous, and were everywhere coming into leaf. Some trees were reddish-brown and some yellowish-green in color. In contrast with this delicate green were the brilliant red

keys of the red maple, which were abundant everywhere through the woods and made a beautiful scheme of color. We also saw a few examples of the cypress knees. We started up several of the great blue herons, which were nesting on the stakes of the small weirs. From the woods came myriad sounds of bird voices, and among them we heard the songs of cardinals, Peabody-birds, Maryland yellow-throats, and others whose notes we could not recognize.

We were disappointed in leaving the river for the more prosaic canal, which stretched out in a narrow straight line before us. The length of this canal is



DREDGING MACHINE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP CANAL.

York Central bought the property at a cost twenty-two miles. During this passage of about two million dollars, dredged the canal, and once more opened it for travel. The fees received from the first of November upon the banks, making them very

THE HOME OF THE WINDIGO.

unsightly. More than this, the drainage trips made to it; and it can only be visited of the adjoining land takes the water by parties hiring a launch at Norfolk and away from the roots of the trees, and their bare branches showed that hundreds of them had been killed in consequence. These dead trees and bare mud banks extend for miles. In some places not recently dredged plants had got a foothold, conspicuous among them the gelsemium, now trailing over the ground with its yellow blossoms, or climbing on some other plant.

A small side canal, two miles long, was pointed out to us which led into Drummond lake, probably the most interesting point in the Dismal Swamp, for there the cypress knees show to best advantage. It is difficult for travelers Dismal Swamp, which did not prove to be to see this lake, as there are no regular dismal at all.



REFLECTIONS IN A CYPRESS SWAMP.

About midway on the canal we came to a lock and were raised to a higher level. After some miles of this travel we came to another lock and were lowered. From time to time we passed tiny villages composed of less than a dozen houses, for there is a population scattered throughout the swamp, and in some places there are large farms.

From the canal we passed into a stream of water known as Deep creek, and after seven miles of this reached Norfolk. Thus ended our long-talked-of trip through the

THE HOME OF THE WINDIGO.

BY CHARLES A. BRAMBLE.

WITHIN eighteen hours' journey of Madison Square there exists one of the least known and yet one of the most interesting mountain chains in the world. I was unaware of it until a few months ago, the Laurentians being to me a name and nothing more, but during the summer and autumn of last year I passed several weeks in this most delightful wilderness, with no companion save my Indian or French canoe-man, and no society except the wild creatures of the woods. Yet time seldom hung heavy on my hands. The delights of that roving existence were many and the drawbacks few. Sometimes when the hunger of the black fly at sunset seemed inexcusably ravenous, or the passing shower had given us too short warning of its approach, I felt rebellious, but no sooner had the insect ceased its attentions, or the sun turned the raindrops on the spruce needles

into gems, than all my tribulations were forgotten.

The outer marches of this region of delight may be visited during a week's leisure, and during a month's vacation valuable exploratory work may be done by any properly equipped party. Nor need the purse notice the drain, for of all summer resorts known to man none is cheaper than the Canadian backwoods.

The Laurentians are nine hundred miles long and three hundred miles wide. This area of two hundred and seventy thousand square miles—a region equal in extent to ten states of Maine—is practically uninhabited. I do not believe its population, could an accurate census be taken, would be found to exceed one person to ten square miles. Before my visit, I, probably in common with many others, imagined the Laurentians to be a region of worthless rock and swamp, with a climate

too vile for aught save the Innuit and the polar bear; instead, I found most wonderful hardwood forests, lakes teeming with fish, and summer and early autumn weather such as I had never known.

By consulting my note-book and photograph album, I retrace, with scarcely an effort, that delightful jaunt through the forest-covered divide, between the waters of the Rouge and Lièvre, and the hundred-mile run in a birch-bark canoe down the latter stream. Then there was that longer and more exciting exploration of the little known Rivière du Diable and the Mattawin, but of none of these is it my intention to write. I shall merely attempt to tell of a glorious scramble up the steep sides of Trembling mountain, and of the views from its highest peaks, some two thousand feet above the St. Lawrence.

On June 26 I arrived at a small flag station beyond St. Jovite, on a branch railroad which connects Montreal with Labelle, a village beside the Rivière Rouge, a hundred miles northwest of the commercial capital of Canada. From this station Trembling lake is reached by driving two and a quarter miles.

My men—father and son—were awaiting me with the light camping outfit I had

est, respectful, and frugal, the boyhood years he passed at Oswego, New York, have by no means shaken his conviction in the superlative excellence of all things Canadian. He is about five feet two inches tall, and has been in his day a powerful, deep-chested,



OUTLET OF TREMBLING LAKE.

pocket giant; but years are beginning to tell their tale, and Moïse will hardly be able to follow his dearly-loved trapping many more seasons. This will be a good thing for the bears of Trembling mountain, as his deadfalls and steel traps are said to have accounted for no fewer than seventy-nine in the past sixteen years.

During our short acquaintance I learned almost to love the old fellow, but I never could quite get over my distrust of his pistol. This terrible weapon might be duplicated in most hardware stores for a dollar and a half. It carried far and inaccurately; in fact, when it went off nothing within fifty yards was safe. After he had shot at a mark, the second day out, I gave up hiding behind tree-trunks (for did it not shoot around a corner?) and merely closed my eyes and committed myself to the care of an overruling Providence whenever he pulled the trigger.

The road to Trembling lake is through a fine belt of hardwood forest. The trees are large and encroach upon the road on either side. Until within a few hundred yards of the lake the outlook is bordered by the forests through which the road has been cut, but at length the reward comes, and it is great. Trembling lake, in all its picturesque beauty, is taken in at a glance, and the eye sweeps over the long slopes, the gorges, and



VIEW TOWARD THE SOUTH FROM A POINT 1250 FEET ABOVE TREMBLING LAKE.

directed them to procure. Old Moïse is a character; a *habitant* of the better class, with all the peculiarities of his people strongly accentuated. Hard-working, hon-

peaks of Trembling mountain—forest-covered, grim, and savage.

Our bark canoe was soon afloat, and as great lake trout have been taken from the lake, I let out my trolling line and phantom minnow. All adown that long and exquis-



COMING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

itely satisfying ribbon of clear water—it is six miles long, and the pebbles thirty feet below the surface may be seen on a bright day—the paddles beat a steady rhythm, only interrupted when I had hooked a trout. After a time the stops became too frequent, and I reeled in my line. None of the fish caught was much over six pounds in weight, mere babies of their race.

I had decided to climb the north peak of the mountain, and, if possible, to make my way along a ridge, which seemed, from the lake, to connect it with the northeast and south peaks. So, to be near our starting point, our camp was made in an abandoned cabin on an islet near the northern end of the lake, known, as I subsequently learned, as Cedar island. Although I had expected to remain here but one night, I could not tear myself from the fishing, and put in an extra twenty-four hours in this haven of rest. I am glad I did, for I found a nook in the notched shore line where the red trout dwells—and when you catch a *fontinalis* in Trembling lake you may be sure it will not be a fingerling.

Before turning in I found my way each evening to a strip of sandy shore; there I

would pace to and fro, puffing a cloud to keep the midges at bay, and reveling in the tender tones of those summer skies. After the sun had set far to the northwest, the gloaming would linger for hours. No mortal eye has ever rested on a fairer scene.

But now the time of dreaming has passed, that of hard work has arrived. Moise has his open-air fire going by sunrise, and after a hasty dip in the lake—cold and clear—I am ready to enjoy the good things he has prepared. As we pushed off I noticed on the mainland the roof of a deserted cabin, just showing above the raspberry bushes and straggling fire-weed of an old clearing. It was a few hundred yards out of the direct route, but when I had been there I felt amply repaid for the loss of time. It was the exemplification of solitude. For thirty years one of the most famous hunters of the now almost extinct Iroquois tribe had made it his home. In those days the old rafters rang with the laughter of childhood, and the constant patter of small, dusky feet kept the pathways through the little clearing free from encroaching weeds. But the forest is ever watchful to reclaim its own, and now, less than ten years since the old chief's death, thrifty birch and balsam trees struggle for the possession of his deserted home.

We had a difficult task ahead, and we started up the steep slope at a fast pace. For two hours we climbed in Indian file, seeing nothing but the rocks underfoot and the branches overhead, until we stood at the foot of a steep granitic ramp, whose slope was covered by a treacherous carpet of wet



A GLIMPSE THROUGH THE TREES.

moss. On nearing its top we had to use extreme caution.

This point was thirteen hundred feet above the lake, by aneroid reading, and although

the view is by no means equal to that from the summit, I found one here so much more beautiful than I had anticipated that it would by itself have been sufficient reward for the climb. Trembling lake seemed within a stone's throw; south, a panorama of blue peak and sunlit waters merged into a misty horizon, just where I knew the Ottawa ends its seven-hundred-mile journey through the forest. Due west, the rocky cliffs bordering the Gatineau were plainly visible. But it was not until I turned toward the north that the full force of the scene burst upon me. Thousands of square miles of absolute wilderness, with never a sign of man or his works, lay below me. For one day at least I was the vedette of civilization — though any one coming upon me unawares would

more probably have mistaken me for the rear-guard of savagery. Mount Job, a peak similar in many respects to Trembling mountain, and probably but little inferior to it in elevation, was not by any means the limit of our view, though it must have been fifty miles away as the northern raven flies. We could see far, far beyond; perhaps almost to that little known height of land from which the waters flow both ways.

After a half hour of easier climbing we

vestige of animal life. On the lower slopes we had noticed many a deer track, and not a little moose and bear sign, but up here we found nothing but a stunted vegetation, wet



BACK TO CIVILIZATION.

and sodden from the frequent embraces of the passing clouds.

"Moise," I said, "have many people been up here?"

"*Pardonnez, monsieur,*" replied the old hunter, "*on ne vient jamais jusqu'ici.*" And I believe him; at least no one had passed that way for many and many a long year or the trained eyes of my men would surely have noticed some token thereof — a scar on the trunk of a tree, a blackened spot where a fire had been, or the decayed tops that had known the hunter's ax, — and none of these things was there.

Neither the Indian nor the habitant cares particularly to visit the mountain, for it is of evil repute. Years ago, when the Iroquois and the Ojibway struggled for the ownership of this rugged land, some deed of blood must have been done under the shadow of these peaks — for even to this day the fisherman on the lake and the farmer gathering his crops in the fertile valley of the Rouge hears awesome sounds from the mountain. This, according to folk-lore, is the true home, perhaps the last abiding-place, of the "Windigo," or evil spirit, whose presence is misfortune, and whose spell is death.

From a limited knowledge of geology, I should explain these noises in a very matter-of-fact way: those blocks of stone lying



A MORNING'S CATCH OF LAKE TROUT.

reached the summit of the north peak. Our little dog tent was soon pitched amid some stunted birches, two thousand feet above the sea. At this elevation there was not a

beneath every scarp and rock race must surely have shaken the earth as they fell, and sent vibrations far and near—but it would be a waste of time to suggest this to a native; besides, I have too real an admiration for the mountain to wish to filch any of its glamour.

There is a vast difference between the appearance of a peak from afar and that which it presents when one is actually on its summit, and the little jaunt I had laid out proved very much more arduous than had been expected. From Cedar islet the ridge joining the north, northeast, and south peaks seemed fairly level. We found this to be far from the case, numerous deep gullies, with almost precipitous sides running at an acute angle to the general tend of the mountain. It took twelve long hours of the most arduous walking and climbing to do what we

had undertaken. But in the end will and muscle triumphed, and at eight o'clock in the evening we threw down our packs at the foot of the south peak, too tired to cook a meal or to pitch a tent, and in a few minutes each wornout man was in his blanket and fast asleep, with the sky for a canopy and the bare ground for a couch. But what matter? The night was superb, and I for one hardly moved, until, rising with the sun, I shook the hoar frost from my coverlet.

We had left our canoe miles up the lake. But nothing daunts a woodsman, and in an hour the men had built a catamaran of dry cedar poles, on which we could cross. This ended a delightful week of exploration, and when I had paid Moise and his son the few dollars they said I owed, I yet felt heavily in their debt, for they had shown me the way into a great sanctuary.

THE SECOND PROBATION OF REV. KID McHUGH.

BY WILLIAM FUTHEY GIBBONS.

 HERE had been a first probation of the Rev. Kid McHugh as well as a second, but perhaps the less said about the first probation the better. It had to do with police courts and reformatories, and it had neither begun happily nor ended happily. Mr. McHugh himself never referred to it, either publicly or privately; why should other people? His first probation was a thing of the past when he had reached his fifteenth year. At that age he had been pronounced by some well meaning people to be past redemption. The last written record of his life up to that age is the following entry on the ledger of the Anthrax Reform School, under date of April 20, 1885:

Archibald McHugh. Charge, obtaining money under false pretenses. Parentage, unknown. Age, about 15. Height, 4 feet 10 inches. Weight, 92 pounds. Prepossessing in appearance. Reads fairly. Has never learned a trade. Has followed the races.

A line below gave the additional information:

Escaped from school, May 16, 1885, and evaded recapture.

But what the police courts and reform schools could not do was done by the kindness of one obscure man, whose name is never likely to be known; while that of Kid McHugh has become famous in the city of Carbon,

The Rev. Kid McHugh was a genius, and the crowds in the lower parts of the city found it out. Nobody knew exactly when he came by the title of "Reverend," conferred on him by the newspapers, but there was no doubt in the minds of his congregation that he deserved it. A man who preaches in livery stables by night for the pure love of the work, and who can hold a crowd about him for a quarter of an hour in the cold on the corners of the streets is not likely to be criticized by his hearers for his ignorance of Hebrew.

Two prominent members of his flock were Lemuel and Theodosia Keenan, otherwise Limpy and Teed. These two represented, if not the wealth, at least the piety of the congregation, and certainly the devotion of the people to their pastor. They were his first converts, and they had followed him through the various experiences of street preaching, until they were all now snugly established in the Front Street Mission Rooms, with Teed as housekeeper. Limpy was messenger for an express company, and Mr. McHugh was a hack-driver by day and a missionary by night.

On this day of the second probation of the Rev. Kid McHugh, Limpy and Teed were overwhelmed with sorrow. The Front Street Mission was going to lose its pastor, and they were simply heartbroken. Mr. McHugh was to be taken off his hack and transferred

to some large business called a Parish House, so they understood, where he would have plenty of money and hosts of friends and helpers. There could be no mistake about it; Teed had heard the strange man in black clothes explain the whole plan. Mr. McHugh was to speak in Grace Church that very night, so the folks could hear him and judge whether he would do for the place they wanted him to take.

While Limpy ate his dinner, Teed told the story:

"He come into the Mission Room this mornin' and ast me where was Mr. McHugh —"

"A-r-r-r-h! What 'd u tell him f'r?" interrupted Limpy savagely. "I'd 'a' told him he was out o' town. It wouldn't been no lie, neither; f'r you know he went across the river."

Teed was far too sad to quarrel with Limpy, or even to reproach him for this proposed evasion of the truth. So she only said slowly:

"Pretty soon there was another dude in a gray business suit come in by appointment to meet the black one, an' he told the gray one all about it, an' says that they couldn't do better 'n get McHugh as superintendent of the Parish House, because he was such a hustler. And they said what a good thing it would be f'r him, an' what big crowds he'd have; an' I was so proud of him. But oh, Limpy, what'll become o' us?"

Teed could say no more, but bending over her brother's chair, she hid her face on the brown patch on Limpy's shoulder, where the strap of his satchel had worn a hole through his faded blue coat.

"Don't cry, Teed," he said gently. "We got along all right onc't before, an' we c'n do it ag'in."

"You know it ain't that," she sobbed. "You're away so much, Limpy, that you don't know how much he done f'r us when he took us in to these rooms o' his'n an' give us this home."

"Yes, I do know. You weren't old enough, Teed, to know how bad it was before — before he went." Limpy never referred to his father as the "Bum" now.

"I'm twelve," said Teed stoutly, "an' it ain't so long ago that I c'n forget. The difference is we didn't care then, an' we would now. See?"

"Teed, I wisht we could go with Archie," Limpy said.

"Well, you know we can't. An' you've got to stop callin' him Archie an' Kid, an'

begin to call him Mr. McHugh, now that he's struck such luck."

"But, Teed, *why* couldn't we go with him?" persisted the boy. "You know he'll ast us to go."

"Yes, I know he'll ast us, an' more'n that, I know he'll want us to go. But you know we can't, with him — father — in the penitentiary an' us like we are — 'the masses' is what the gray one called the people in the mission."

"I'd like to thump his mug!" interrupted Limpy wrathfully.

"That wouldn't help. It's the truth. We are all right here. But we ain't onto the talk o' the up-an'-up's, an' we couldn't ketch their style. It's no use to try. We ain't blooded. We just got to stay here. We'd only hinder Mr. McHugh if we was to go. He's got the stuff in him — the Lord put it into him — an' he's got to go."

"That's right!" said Limpy, catching some of Teed's fervor. Then he added in his heartiest prayer-meeting manner: "Let's give him a great send-off, in the name o' the Lord! — But say, Teed, do you suppose he really *wants* to leave the mission?"

That night the solemn assistant to the pastor of Grace Church droned painfully through the service at the Front Street Mission Rooms, while the Rev. Kid McHugh passed through his second probation in the bishop's pulpit. Limpy listened conscientiously to the assistant's sermon as long as he could stand it — long enough to see Teed, worn out with the excitement and sorrow of the day, sink down into peaceful slumber. Then Limpy slipped quietly out and hurried to the beautiful church on the avenue. There was a council of all the churches of the denomination in the district and the great building was crowded with delegates, both from the clergy and the laity. There were several speakers on the general topic of city missions, and the Rev. Kid McHugh was to be the last. The only seat which Limpy could get was behind a great stone pillar; but when Mr. McHugh's turn came to speak, he rose and leaned against it.

Limpy's heart swelled with pride as he listened to the really eloquent beginning of McHugh's speech. Then it came over him in a moment that this might be the very last time he should ever hear the missionary speak. Of course Mr. McHugh would go away to take charge of his new business, and he and Teed had decided that he would probably have to start at once. The boy's

eyes filled with tears at the thought, and to keep them back he set his jaws and drew his breath hard. Then a strange thing happened to Mr. McHugh, and after it was over Limpy hurried home to tell Teed.

As McHugh himself went home after the meeting he met the assistant and told him this experience:

"I began my speech easily enough. I wasn't scared. I even made a little joke about the way the bishop introduced me as 'reverend.' I began to feel at home with the audience right from the first. I knew there were some millionaires in the house, and I wanted to stand well with them. I was ambitious to make a great speech, and God had to humble me. I thought I was doing first rate, when all of a sudden I caught sight of little Limpy Keenan in the back of the church. How he got in I don't know, for he's very timid; but there he was, patches and all. I saw every gaping button-hole in his jacket. I saw him only, as though there hadn't been another soul in the house. His face was drawn. He seemed to me as though he was losing faith in God because he had lost faith in me. He knew I was trying for all I was worth to get away from the dear old Front Street Mission. He saw through my meanness in thinking that I had outgrown that poor little hall. He knew I was making a strike in that speech for a bigger place, and it was breaking his heart to think that I wanted to leave them. I tried to look away and forget all about the mission; instead, I forgot what I wanted to say. I tried to find my place in the notes I had made, but I might as well have looked at white paper. The words had no meaning to me. My mind was a total blank. I couldn't have told where I was nor who I was. The sun went out of the sky. The horizon fell in on me. How long it lasted, I have no means of knowing. It seemed ages. It must have been a good while, for when I struggled back to consciousness the bishop was at my elbow trying to persuade me to go into the vestry room, and somebody was bringing me a glass of water. But I didn't have time to notice these things, for the first distinct impression that made itself felt on my mind was a clear call, as if someone had told me to plead for the Front Street Mission. So I got rid of the bishop somehow, and stepping to the edge of the platform, I began a new speech—one I had never thought of before."

In the meantime, Limpy was pouring into

Teed's wondering ears the same strange tale.

"I thought he was goin' to faint," he said. "An' his speech was done f'r, sure. But pretty soon he chased 'em all away from him an' come to the edge of the stage all right enough an' jest ripped the roof off the house. 'The poor has the gospel preached amongst 'em,' an' 'The Lord God has ernointed me to declaim the good tidings,' he says. An' then he told 'em the things he'd seen in the Front Street Mission an' what he'd like to do—when he gets into this new job he's goin' to take, I suppose. Oh, Teed, I'm ashamed I didn't wake you up an' take you along. You never heard t'le like. You'd 'a' thought these people wher' he's goin' was his blood brothers. He had the house laughin' an' cryin' an' cheerin'—the hull thing at onct. But he went right on with the rat killin'—never stopped. An' before he was rightly done, the high muck who bossed the crowd started to say somethin' about this entoosium takin' some practical form, an' then some cully they called judge got up an' said he'd go a thousand on this work, an' another fellow in a gray business suit—it must 'a' been the same one that was down here—he covered his thousand right quick, an' in a little while there was quite a pile o' money bet on it. All this time Mr. McHugh kept feelin' worse an' worse, though he tried to laugh it off. I know now, Teed, he *don't* want to leave the mission here; you couldn't help but see how bad he felt about it from his face. I wisht you'd been there, so's you could see f'r yourself. But he kept pretty good hold on himself till they ast him to pray, an' then he lost control o' the machinery altogether. An' when a good many o' them had cried while he was tryin' to pray, the bishop—I think they called the high muck bishop—he said they'd sing the 'Sockdoliger,' an' I come away. I couldn't stand it no longer. But I don't feel so bad as I did, Teed, because I *know* he *don't* want to leave us. They're forcin' him into it, somehow."

The children were still comforting each other, when Mr. McHugh came in. He looked wan and tired, but not at all sad, as Teed had expected from Limpy's description.

"I've saved your supper for you, Mr. McHugh," Teed began steadily. "I cooked the things you like." Then she ran to him crying: "Oh, Archie! Limpy told me all about it. It's grand, an' I'm so glad an' happy that you're goin'!—That is, I'm glad for your sake now, an' I'll be happy tomorrow because I love you so!"

Then, probably to show how very glad she was, she began sobbing most pitifully at the thought of facing life without the missionary.

"Why, Teed! Didn't Limpy tell you? I'm not going. We're to have everything we ever wanted, or dreamed about. A gymnasium, schoolrooms—everything, Teed! There was enough money for everything I've wanted—and all for this dear old Front Street Mission. But I've learned tonight

the poorness and meanness and weakness and selfishness and a great many other ugly things of my own heart. If my dear child friends, Limpy and Teed, could know it all, I'm not sure they would be glad to have me stay.—Would you?"

The two faces, full of unfailing trust and love, looked up into his, while Teed stroked his hand and Limpy said, with an approving nod of his head:

"Betcherlife!"

WORD-COINAGE BY LIVING AMERICAN AUTHORS.*

BY LEON MEAD.

HE present task made necessary direct correspondence with many authors, from whom it is frequently difficult to extract secret views about vocabularies. They concoct an argot, conveniently and sometimes by mere courtesy designated as "dialect"; but many of them do not care to father or mother new words. Some of them call coining words a sin; others call it a crime; and they seem anxious to forget that they have been culprits in this direction. Yet the evidences of their rashness are to be found in their published works. Fortunately, all authors are not reticent on this subject, and what they have been so kind as to give me is transcribed for the edification and entertainment of the reader.

Personally, I am not in sympathy with the practise of any writer who coins vocables simply to parade his linguistic cleverness. I detest promiscuous verbal inventions which have no *raison d'être*. I believe, however, that the English language, though it now contains many more words than any other, has by no means reached its limits of normal growth and expansion. While we have a superabundance of synonyms, we doubtless lack words that express the finest shades of meaning, such as the French language possesses. These words will creep into our tongue in time, and will become an integral and ornate part of it; many will be assimilated from the French, German, and other living languages, and the rest will be substantially our own mintage, though largely based on Greek and Latin roots.

*The first of Mr. Mead's articles on "word-coinage" appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for November, 1899. A second instalment appeared in February, 1900. The unique series is concluded with this instalment.—EDITOR.

It has been stated that there are three thousand English words not found in any dictionary. My own investigations would lead to the inference that there are at least twice that many. Science constantly requires new words to designate and describe her new discoveries, appliances, and processes; hence it may be said that the vocabularies of all civilized nations are increasing—chiefly in technical words, which the work of the chemist, the electrician, the machinist, etc., renders necessary. For instance, there have been suggested a number of words which fastidious philologists insist are more elegant and concise than "horseless carriage." Determining to frame a word which would be readily intelligible to all who understand the language of Flanders and who have never seen a horseless carriage, the members of the Flemish Academy of Anvers, after much deep thought, evolved the following word:

Snelpaardelooszonderspoorwegpetrolrijtuig. This word signifies "a carriage which is worked by means of petroleum, which travels fast, which has no horses, and which is not run on rails."

Speaking of long words, the late eminent historian, Prof. John Fiske, wrote me that the only word he remembered coining was a very technical one, namely: *deanthropomorphization*, which is duly defined in the "Century Dictionary" as follows:

"The act of freeing from anthropomorphic attributes or conceptions, e. g. There is one continuous process (of knowing) which (if I may be allowed to invent a rather formidable word in imitation of Coleridge) is best described as a continuous process of deanthropomorphization, or the stripping off of the anthropomorphic attributes with which primeval philosophy, the unknown Power, is manifested in phenomena.—J. Fiske, 'Cosmic Philos.' 1, 176."

It is said that the late John W. Keeley, of

motor fame, invented some fifteen hundred spurious and pseudo-scientific words and terms, which, in a layman's ears, had a plausible sound. How thankful we should be that these bogus and hybrid words are not likely to become "naturalized," as Lord Chesterfield once phrased it. Americans have enough of a difficult task in memorizing the fairly legitimate coinages that science, art, Americanisms, fashion, new ideas, names of men, foreign intercourse, national movements, orientalisms, and slang press upon them.

Some of the most facile as well as the boldest writers in the guild of American letters today have never coined any words; they do not believe in such experiments; they say that the English language of Shakespeare, Burke, Ruskin, and Washington Irving is good enough for them.

This is the purist's point of view, at which, I think, no one will cavil. But suppose all men assumed this inflexible attitude; then, indeed, our language would be at a standstill; it would become a stagnant reservoir. There is a fashion in words, as in dress and other things. Certain words come curiously into vogue, we know not just how, and are popular for a while until their very triteness drives them into the obsolete list. In the course of two or three generations many of them are revived. Pope has stated the case better than anyone else, in the familiar lines:

"In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

This dictum may influence the judicious and conservative jugglers of our mother tongue. When society takes up an expressive slang word you will find your fashionable author using it, without bothering about its antecedents or pedigree. Doctor Murray, in a recent address in London before the Philological Society, said:

"Words were constantly cropping up in Elizabethan times of which nothing was known, of which nothing cognate could be found in any foreign language. After the discovery of Sanscrit it was fondly supposed that Aryan roots existed (if they could be found) for all words, but that was certainly not true of all English words. There were cases in which the closest and most immediate inquiry could not discover the origin of modern words. For example, the word 'dude' suddenly appeared in America, and, though investigation was made within a few weeks of the recognition of the word, no one could say how it originated. It came epidemically, so to speak, and it has remained."

Nothing better illustrates the capriciousness of public taste than the shifting of

meaning in words by use. It is said that the word "spread," as a slang word, originated at Cambridge University. It did not imply a profuse feast, however, but a poor one, spread over the table to make a show.

The standard quality of many words has always been disputed by certain critics, who object to their admission into the language as being without proper authority. The Rev. Dr. Burrowes (afterwards Dean of Cork) in an "Essay on the Style of Doctor Johnson," published in the first volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Society" (1787), observed:

"Johnson says that he has rarely admitted any word not authorized by former writers; but where are we to seek authorities for 'resuscitation, orbity, volant, fatuity, divaricate, asinine, narcotic, vulnerary, empirumatic, papilionaceous,' and innumerable others of the same stamp, which abound in and disgrace his pages?—for 'obtund, disruption, sensory, or panoply,' all occurring in the short compass of a single essay in the *Rambler*;—or for 'cremation, horticulture, germination, and decussation,' within a few pages of his 'Life of Browne'? They may be found, perhaps, in the works of former writers, but they make no part of the English language. They are the illegitimate offspring of learning by vanity."

To this John Wilson Croker, in his edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," adds this illuminative footnote:

"It is wonderful, that, instead of asking where these words were to be found, Dr. Burrowes did not think of referring to Johnson's own dictionary. He would have found good authorities for almost every one of them: for instance, for *resuscitation*, Milton and Bacon are quoted; for *volant*, Milton and Phillips; for *fatuity*, Browne; for *germination*, Bacon, and so on. But although these authorities, which Dr. Burrowes might have found in the dictionary, are a sufficient answer to his question, let it be observed, that many of these words were in use in more familiar authors than Johnson chose to quote, and that the majority of them are now become familiar, which is sufficient proof that the English language has not considered them as illegitimate."

Boswell himself says in his famous "Life of Johnson":

"Johnson assured me, that he has not taken upon him to add more than four or five words to the English language, of his own formation; and he was very much offended at the general license, by no means 'modestly taken' in his time, not only to coin new words, but to use many words in senses quite different from their established meaning, and those frequently very fantastical."

In his very readable "Biography of Samuel Johnson," Mr. Leslie Stephen has indicated the chief difficulties that beset Johnson in the greatest undertaking of his career. Mr. Stephen remarks:

"He shares the illusion that a language might be 'fixed' by making a catalogue of its words. In the

preface which appeared with the completed work, he explains very sensibly the vanity of any such expectation. Whilst all human affairs are changing, it is, he says, absurd to imagine that the language which repeats all human thoughts and feelings can remain unaltered. A dictionary, as Johnson conceived it, was in fact a work for a 'harmless drudge,' the definition of a lexicographer given in the book itself. Etymology in a scientific sense was as yet non-existent, and Johnson was not in this respect ahead of his contemporaries. To collect all the words in the language, to define their meanings as accurately as might be, to give the obvious or whimsical guesses at etymology suggested by previous writers, and to append a good collection of illustrative passages, was the sum of his ambition. Any systematic training of the historical processes by which a particular language had been developed was unknown, and of course the result could not be anticipated. The work, indeed, required a keen logical faculty of definition, and wide reading of the English literature of the two preceding centuries; but it could of course give no play either for the higher literary faculties on points of scientific investigation. A dictionary in Johnson's sense was the highest kind of work to which a journeyman could be set, but it was still work for a journeyman, not for an artist. He was not adding to literature, but providing a useful implement for future men of letters."

Yet Samuel Johnson was the one man of his time to do this work, for which, everything considered, he was perhaps the best qualified.

Among many others, in various ranks of authorship, who absolutely disclaim or who do not remember having coined any words are: Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Lew Wallace, D. C. Gilman, former president Johns Hopkins University, Prof. Walter A. Wyckoff, author of "The Workers," Richard Henry Stoddard, F. Marion Crawford, Henry James, W. D. Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, John Burroughs, Owen Wister, Frederick J. Stimson, Donald G. Mitchell, Oscar Fay Adams, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, Mrs. Margaret Deland, Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, Kate Douglass Wiggin, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

It should be said there are a number of others who are disinclined to rummage through their published works for their coinages, as though unwilling to uncover them to posterity. I think that class might better have disavowed *in toto* their offenses, for so they seem to regard them. It would seem as though still others wished to reserve the right to exploit their verbal confections in their own way, at some future time, should there be any glory attached to their excavation by virtue of the possible public scramble for such relics.

The following information is offered in each author's own language, as being more direct and picturesque than I could hope to

make it. Technically speaking, some of the words mentioned are not coinages, but compounds or variants, but they are given for what they are worth.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN: "Although I have invented several words, and in some cases given a new meaning, for the purposes of literature, to strictly scientific terms, yet at this moment I have a distinct recollection of only one of my 'coinages' — *lyronym* — an assumed name under which a poet may write. This occurs on page 100 of 'Victorian Poets' — 'A wide leap, indeed, from Matthew Arnold to 'Barry Cornwall,' under which familiar and musical lyronym Bryan Waller Procter has had more singers of his songs than students of his graver pages.' "

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON: "I am not conscious of having produced more than one new word; that is the verb *to densen*. This was used in the form of the participle *densening*, in an essay called 'April Days,' first appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1861, and then reprinted in my 'Outdoor Papers' (1863), where the passage appears (p. 238): 'As the spring comes on and the densening outlines of the elm give daily a new design for a Grecian urn.' It seemed to me that there was previously no word to describe the steady filling out of the delicate outlines of an American elm in spring. I remember writing an especial appeal to Mr. George Nichols, then proof-reader of the *Atlantic*, who was excessively opposed to all verbal irregularities, and he let the innovation pass. I do not justify this act, and do not think I should now do such a thing, but it then seemed to me justifiable. I do not know that any other author has used the word, and I have seen my sentence quoted as authority for it in some dictionary, probably the 'Century' . . ."

PROF. HENRY A. BEERS, of Yale, author of C. L. S. C. book, "From Chaucer to Tennyson": "There are no serious word-coinages in my published works. On page 192 of my 'Ways of Yale,' I propose the adjective *gemmy* (from *The Gem*, Phila., 1842) as descriptive of the style of the old annuals. (See the whole passage.) On page 36 of the same book I venture the noun *chumlock*, for the relation of college chums or roommates, on the analogy of *wedlock*.

"On page 174 of the same book I use the word *sphinxy* — dealing in riddles, which is, so far as I know, original. Somewhere I have employed a verb of my own invention — *troll*, to ride on a trolley car, but I cannot refer to the passage.

"In my 'Suburban Pastoral,' page 3, I use the expression 'Nepotic suggestions'—of a man who looks as if he had a number of uncles. I see that Webster gives nepotic, though with a different meaning. These are all playful suggestions—not seriously proposed mintages. Adjectives such as *sandal-woody* and *twee-rosey*, for an oriental-looking young woman; or 'Tulkinghorny existence'—from Lawyer Tulkinghorn, in Dickens's 'Bleak House'—I have frequently hit upon for the nonce; but their employment is too special for extended connections."

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, author of "Ben Bolt": "The series you propose will doubtless form a valuable contribution to our literature, and I regret that I am unable to give you much assistance. I have always found that the number of words in our language was sufficient to supply my needs, except in one instance, where I did coin a word. That was *metropoliarchy*. My recent use of this was in an oration delivered on the Fourth of July ('98) before the mayor and common council of Newark, New Jersey, in which occurs the following sentence: 'Now under the mask of a republic, they (the French people) form a *metropoliarchy* governed by the *bourgeoisie*, who use the mob to erect or pull down dynasties, change or modify forms of government, and do what best suits their profit.' It is not necessary to point out the Greek root from which the word grew."

CLINTON SCOLLARD: "I fear my adventures in word-coining are very few, if any. Indeed, I cannot at this moment recall that I can claim to have fathered any word, unless it be to make an occasional noun into a verb, which is doubtless foreign to your purpose.

"I remember my use of *unurns* was once commented upon as unique, but it may be that the writer was mistaken in so characterizing it. The word occurs in the lines:

"The tiny King cup that upon the floor
Of emerald meads unurns its ample gold.
— *Masque of March.*

"I have never come upon *warfarer* in the dictionaries, but likely it has been used.

"And none of the bold warfarers, though the flower
of the land was there.

— *Taillefer the Trouvere.*

"But I suppose you are not dealing in compounds. I can't place *moany*, save in

"So upon a morning moany.
— *The Bells of Fossombrone.*

"Yet I am sure others have written of 'moany mornings,' lured by the alliteration."

EDGAR SALTUS: "I really can't recall all my coinages. There are a lot of them, though, for I always felt that an author has a right to give alms to the dictionary. But such as I have manufactured have always been made with a view to brevity. The most recent which I recall are *monopolian* and *automobilically*."

MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON: "I believe I have been guilty of some coinages, but I doubt if they have enriched the English language! One of them is *littleist*, as a more exact description of the would-be realist. Another is *United Statesman*, in lieu of American—a descriptive term to which all North and South Americans have an equal right; *polaric*,¹ in place of icy cold. I cannot remember any more. I recall dubbing the Theater of Arts and Letters, which flourished briefly in New York about five years ago, 'The Home for Incurable Amateurs,' but I suppose this does not come under the same heading."

PROF. J. H. HYSLOP, of Columbia: "I have coined a few words and adopted one or two others with an entirely new meaning, so that it amounts to coinage.

"First, I coined the word *conferentia* in logic, for the purpose of having a word to contrast with *differentia*, and to avoid the equivocal use of the term genus. *Conferentia* I use to denote the common qualities of any class of objects.

"Second, I coined, so far as I know, the term *contraversion* as a better term for what is usually called *contraposition* in logic.

"Third, the word *vellety* is an unusual word for the lowest kind of desire, but I adopted it from the Latin *velletas*, to denote that kind of freedom which is expressed by the idea of alternative choice, and in distinction from freedom as exemption from external restraint on the one hand, and freedom as mere causation without alternative choice, on the other. This may not be word-coinage within the limits of your requirements, but I state the facts for any use that you may wish to make of them.

"Fourth, in my ethics I coined the word *univolism*, to denote that theory of volition that denies alternative choice, but does not make volition the effect of external causes.

"Fifth, in my recent book on democracy I coined the word *kakistocracy*, as the proper opposite of *aristocracy*, and intended it to express that view of politics opposing aris-

¹This is in some dictionaries.

tocracy which meant unconsciously to defend the government by the worst classes instead of the best. I do not know any other words that have been coined by myself, though I have several in my mind that I intend to coin in the publication of some future work. But this must await publication."

ERNEST INGERSOLL: "I have delayed replying to your note hoping I would remember a good reference for you to the only word of my coining that I recall, but I cannot do it. This word is *quotated* — to designate a paragraph marked as quoted by the use of quotation marks. My feeling is that you *quote* the man or the language or thought by the mere fact of giving it; but the act of using the typographical signs " " is *quoting*, and such a paragraph is *quotated*. I believe this is a useful distinction, but it is of no great importance. Otherwise I have found, and am likely to find, the English language quite broad enough for my purpose."

CAPT. ALFRED T. MAHAN: "The only word I can be said to have coined is *sea power*, which is rather a phrase than a word. It was born of my preference for the English 'sea' over the Latin adjective 'maritime,' although I recognized the incongruity of marrying 'sea' to a Latin word, 'power.' There was, however, no handy equivalent, and I have heard the Germans have been puzzled to find one in their tongue. Afterwards, I stuck to the expression, because I thought its very roughness — over 'maritime power' — would arrest and fix attention and so give vogue, at which I aimed. The result has justified the expedient. I used once by chance the word *eventless* — 'dull, weary, eventless month.' The word slipped without premeditation off my pen. I immediately thought it without authority and found it not in Worcester. Nevertheless I stuck to it. It has its analogue in 'moneymen,' 'shameless,' 'heartless'; and its only recognized equivalent, *uneventful*, is a stupidity. First, *full* is affixed and then *un* prefixed to neutralize it. *Eventless* strikes me as briefer, stronger, and much more significant.

"In speaking of eccentric — for military operations — I use *excentric*, as the secondary meaning is now most common. I don't know that I originated this, or, if not, where I got it."

PROF. SIMON N. PATTEN: "I am not sure that I have coined words of enough importance to be worth mentioning. An attempt, however, is made on page 166 of my 'Development of English Thought.' The word *introspection* has been in use for the knowl-

edge of psychology we obtain by studying our own mental states, but there was no word to indicate the knowledge of psychic phenomena we obtain by observing others. Needing such a word I employed the word *altrospection*, to mean the knowledge of psychology we can obtain by observing the impressions that excite other people to mental activity, as judged by their reactions against their impressions. If this is an example of what you want I give it for what it may be worth."

REV. HENRY VAN DYKE: "Thus far the ordinary American language has been more than sufficient to let out my ideas. I can't remember inventing any words since babyhood; and those which were coined in that over-productive period have gone out of use and out of memory."

"But stay, — there was once a little river that could not be described by any other adjective than *waterfally*, and a bird whose song seemed to me *wild-flowery*. The proof-reader objected to both of these words; but I withstood him. Once I preached a sermon on *Politeethics*, as distinguished from 'politics.' But 'tis a rare subject, and the word stands small chance of living unless the thing becomes more common."

LLOYD MIFFLIN: "I mail you a marked copy of my book of sonnets, 'At the Gates of Song,' where you *possibly* may find a few words such as you desire. From other poems written by me I give you the following, not thinking they will be of much use, however. In verse one must avoid the startling and unusual in language, and I fear I have sinned in using a word here and there better omitted. One often needs a new word to convey one's idea (in verse) and finding the language furnishes none, one is then tempted to coin it:

"And in the honeysuckle *rasped* the wren.

(From sonnet.) This is used to give the sense of harsh scolding which the wren sometimes indulges in.

"And on the Mullein's *tipmost* top
(the thistle finch perched.) This, to give sense of being at the extremest point.

"And from Apollyon's form *mal'ulgence* dread
Fell on the hosts.

(From sonnet.) Meaning a baleful light — a *bad* brightness.

"No lathe-turned limbs, the work of *jours*, has won this eminence.

The word *jours* in the sonnet 'To the Sculptor of Ladro,' on page 44 in 'At the Gates of

*They are valuable as annotations by the poet on his own works.

Song,' is a localism. The masons often speak of a *jur* — meaning an inferior workman, one who has to learn his trade. I suppose it may have come from the French — a day laborer, unskilled. It is used in half contempt, and in such sense I have ventured to use it. I confess I have never seen it written in verse.

"I have just sent to the press for publication a series of sonnets with the title, 'Selections from Bion, Moschus, and Bacchylides, Rendered into English Sonnets.' I needed a caption for one of the sonnets — a sonnet in praise of the horse *Pherenicus*. I therefore ventured to coin the word *Hippopæan* — song in praise of a horse, one might say. The caption stands: *Pherenicus: A Hippopæan*. I must say I am as yet in doubt whether to like this or not. Such a word is needed, however.

"Have you seen *The Literary Era*, issued by Henry T. Coates & Company, Philadelphia (about February, '99, I think), containing an extract from some English magazine,* and giving a few new words, of an amusing character? A prize was offered. One of the words was *Bluedomer* — one who worships under the sky, but who does not attend church! I fear you will find very little of any use to you in this letter. No doubt the English magazine, from which the above notice was taken, would interest you. A word very little known is *summer colt*. It is a *necessary* word. I used it on page 102. If you make use of any of the words, do, if you can, quote the whole line in which they occur, as without this, such words generally seem repellent. In fact a new word raises the reader's ire.

RECAPITULATION.

- P. 97. "From the dim sea's unknowable *extreme*."
- P. 120. "Some peak unscalable of high *achieve*."
- These words are used something in the manner in which Shakespeare uses words. I mean the *manner* in his. *Tipmost*, from "The Slopes of Helicon and other Poems."
- P. 44. *Jours* (pronounced *jurs*), unskilled day laborers, who yet profess to know a trade — a botch.
- P. 121. *Aureole*. Used as a verb.
- P. 89. *Fanged my hand*. Said of an adder. *Malfulgent*, an evil light.
- P. 33. *Unthoughted*.
- P. 82. *Unniched*, i.e., unhonored. *Hippopæan*, song in praise of a horse.
- P. 96. *Fulgence*, used as a noun.
- P. 121. *Faunian*, like a Faun's nature; it might mean libidinous, in the sense of having no moral responsibility. A Faun's nature was one step above a Satyr's. *Rasped* the wren, i.e., sung in a rasping voice. *Wood-butcher* is used contemptuously by skilled carpenters when they speak of men who work at carpentering, but who have never learned the trade.

*The (London) Academy.

Jours (*jurs*) has not always this bad *sense*. It is sometimes said without any opprobrious meaning. This is a local slang word used here (Columbia, Pa.).

"One of the best proof-readers in America, a Yale man, I think, had no conception of the meaning of *summer colt*, and thought it a 'colt born in the summer.'"

In another letter Mr. Mifflin writes:

"Since writing you I recall a coined word which I have used in a sonnet from one of the odes of Bacchylides — his 'Fragment on Peace,' and one of his most beautiful things. I enclose the copy, that you may see the connection. The usual translation from the Greek is, 'in handles of the shield,' etc. Now this word 'handles' does not give the idea of the shield's construction. A handle generally is a projection. I used the word *hand-holds*. This is from a localism current among workmen here, who say: 'Give me a han'-holt and then I'll help you lift it.' That is, give me a place to catch hold of — not necessarily a projection, but used in case of a long log, or a sack of wheat. To put such a coined word into the version of a Greek ode seems rather bold, but its appropriateness, I think, is proved by the fact that my manuscript passed through a very critical proof-reader's hands and *without* comment upon this word. This is its justification. Such a word (compound) is needed. To say the 'handles of a shield' is too preposterous; yet where is there a word for it? If *hand-hold* has been used I do not know of it."

The lines in which the compound occurs are as follows:

"In hand-holds of the shield, the spider lies
And weaves her web; spear points that overcame
The warrior in the battle's red retreats,
And two-edged swords, all rust and rest from war."

From a poem, "Syrinx and Pan," Mr. Mifflin makes this novel use of a word (or variant of a word) dear to Tennyson:

"When this keen nose, whose scent ne'er failed me yet,
Sniffed in the *bosc* a Naiad," etc.

From *bocage*, Fr., or it might *bosk*, from Grk. *Boóky* = Bosket.

HENRY E. KREHBIEL, musical critic of the New York *Tribune*: "Concerning word-coinages I desire to say in answer to your letter of inquiry that, while I have indulged in that questionable privilege it has never been done consciously, and I could not make a list from my books if I tried. I remember but one that I thought my own, and that I have used in lectures, but not in print — *isomodal*, as referring to the distribution of musical modes throughout the world. I

fancy it is correctly made, but I do not aim at such things."

PROFESSOR CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE: "I hardly think I have anything to contribute to your investigation, unless it be the term, *closet-verse*, made on the model of 'closet-drama.' I do not know whether the following (in December, '98, *Bookman*) are either new or to your purpose: *soul-drama*, as a term to designate the highest form of psychological drama, such as Browning's; and *Helen*, the *world-beauty*, possibly suggested by an unconscious thought of Goethe's treatment of *Helen* and so of the German compounds in *Welt*."

JOEL BENTON: "I don't remember all my verbal coinage. I think I first used *hypethral* in the sense (adjectively) of out-of-doors; as *hypethral* writings. Soon after doing so I found Lowell did the same thing. I also have spoken of *dendral* growths—meaning woody growths. Lately I used the word *poethood*—'in his early poethood,' as one might say 'in his early priesthood.' In reference to *hypethral* and *dendral*, I asked Richard Grant White what he thought of them. He said: 'Dendral whether in the dictionaries or not is all right. I shouldn't hesitate a moment about using it. As to *hypethral*, in the sense named, I must think awhile.' But I never saw him afterwards. And what Lowell *did* seems to me as authoritative as what White might have *thought*. Probably I have made a dozen words besides, but I don't bring them to the surface at this writing."

PROF. L. H. BAILEY: "I enclose a list of new words which I have made in my various publications. I have also made several phrases, but I suppose that you do not care for these; nor for the giving of technical meanings to words already known."

Cuttage. The practise or process of multiplying plants by means of cuttings, or the state or condition of being thus propagated. (First used by the present author in 26th Report of the State Board of Agriculture of Michigan, p. 432 (1887). Equivalent to the French *bouturage*.) See Chapter IV.

Graftage. The process or operation of grafting or budding, or the state or condition of being grafted or budded. (First used by the present author in 26th Report of the State Board of Agriculture of Michigan, p. 433 (1887). Equivalent to the French *greffage*.) See Chapter V.

Layerage. The operation or practise of making a layer, or the state or condition of being layered. (Word first used by the present author in report above cited (p. 431). Equivalent to the French *marcottage*.) See Chapter III.

Seedage. The process or operation of propagating by seeds or spores, or the state or condition of being propagated by seeds or spores. (Word first used by present author in same report, p. 432.) See Chapter I.

Inter-tillage. This term I proposed in a footnote on page 69 of Robert's "Fertility of the Land." The full note is as follows: "'Intercultural tillage' is a term proposed by Sturtevant to designate tillage between plants in distinction to that which is performed only when the ground is bare of plants (as in the sowed crops). See Conn. Board of Agric. XI, 190 (1877-8); also, an editorial in *Gard. Chron.*, May 28, 1887. As *tillage* is a better word than culture to designate the stirring of the land, *inter-tillage* has been used in this book to designate tillage between the plants—that is, ordinary cultivating, hoeing.

"Three new words were proposed in my 'Survival of the Unlike.' They are defined in the glossary as follows:

Centrogenesis. A term proposed by the present author to designate the rotate or peripheral type of form assumed by members of the plant creation. Compare *Dipleurogenesis* (pages 16, 17, 18).

Dipleurogenesis. A term proposed by the writer to designate the two-sided or dimeric type of form assumed by the members of the animal creation. Compare *Centrogenesis* (pages 16, 17, 18).

Pseud Annual (that is, false annual). An herbaceous plant which carries itself over winter (or the inactive season) by means of bulb, tubers, and the like (page 249). First used in this book.

Landscape-horticulture (*Garden and Forest*, 1888, p. 58, and used in my subsequent writings). The operations and manual appliances employed in embellishing grounds; the industrial phase of landscape-gardening.

"I see that *olericulture* is in the Century and Standard dictionaries; therefore I suppose you don't want it. It was made by the late Dr. E. Lewis Sturtevant. He also made *nuciculture* (nut culture) but I have not been able to find out when or where. You should mention *bush-fruits*. It has been long in use in England, but was introduced into American writing by myself ("Principles of Fruit Growing"), in my *Rural Science Series*. Professor Card has now written a book on 'Bush Fruits,' comprising small fruits minus the strawberry.

Stercology was invented by Dr. M. M. Rogers, in the *Geneseo Farmer*, August, 1847, and used in his "Scientific Agriculture," 1848. It is the science of enriching the soil. It has never been used by any other author, so far as I know, but I am tempted to take it up.

Offscape was used by landscape gardening writers in England a century ago. I am now using it to designate that part of the landscape which lies beyond one's own area.

"Other coinages from the 'Survival of the Unlike' are:

Communal intensity. An expression to designate the fact of the rapid spread of insects and fungi consequent upon the greater number and extent of host-plants.

Cultural degeneracy. Used to designate the common assumption that plants become weakened in constitution or virility by cultivation.

Varietal difference. A formula to express the fact that unlike constitutions may be characteristic of horticultural varieties.

Plur-Annual. A plant which is annual only because it is killed by the closing of the season (as by frost) in distinction to one which dies at the close of the season because of natural ripeness or maturity. This word has been used by French writers, but was first used in English, so far as I know, in my "Survival of the Unlike."

Professor Bailey is the author of a "Cyclopedia of American Horticulture," in three large volumes.

A. C. TRUE, director of the Office of Experiment Stations in the United States Department of Agriculture: "The work which I have been doing in connection with the Committee of the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations has made necessary new technical words. I send you herewith the reports of the committee in which the terms *Agronomy*, *Zoötechny*, and *Agrotechny* are used to denote divisions of the general subject of agriculture. *Agronomy* covers the general subject of plant production, *Zoötechny* animal production, and *Agrotechny* agricultural technology. The first two terms are adapted from the German; the third is perhaps original with us."

PROF. RICHARD BURTON: "People accuse me of word-coinages, and generally I find they are talking about existing words or those they are ignorant of. I believe, however, that in a few cases the charge is true. In my 'Dog Literature' I speak of *cynophiles* (dog-lovers) and don't find it in the dictionaries. In a paper on Robert Louis Stevenson, in my recently published volume of essays, 'Literary Likings,' I speak of Stevenson's having a 'hang for spiritual things,' meaning a natural inclination or bias for them. This is a colloquial expression in New England, but I don't find it illustrated in the dictionaries, though it may be. In the same work I speak of summer clouds *heading up* in a thunderstorm, this use of the verb to head up being familiar to me from boyhood, it being often used (both in speech and writing) by my father, the late Rev. Dr. N. J. Burton of the Park Church, Hartford. It is different from the *head up* of the dictionaries in the sense of 'heading up' (i. e., closing up) of a barrel. It means, rather, to 'converge in' or 'come to a culmination in.' These occur to me. I imagine by searching I might find others both in verse and prose, but it would take too long, and no doubt this will do you. Oh, I recall another example. In 'Literary Likings' I say: 'Contemporary Criticism proverbially walks in *Blind Man's Alley*.' If that figure and phrase has ever been used before I am unaware of it."

EDGAR FAWCETT: "Although I have been living here (London) for two years, most of my books, in fact nearly all, are stored away in New York. Therefore I cannot refer to them, and accounts of verbal coinages I give you must be meager and somewhat vague. The language is greatly in need of this kind of stimulation; the greater the number of immigrants the better — although there should certainly be a kind of philological Castle Garden or quarantine where they should be forced to wait until their health and respectability are both proven. Of late I have coined the phrase 'to hermetize oneself,' used, as you see, in the Greek middle sense. Also *congenials* as a substantive, just as we use 'intimates.' This fills a want, I should say. So does *viewpoint*, now used a good deal for point of view, though, unless I am very wrong, your humble servant was the first to employ it. In the same way I now employ *watchpoint*. I should recommend 'guide' in the sense of aid — why not? 'Help me with your guide' has a perfectly legitimate sound. 'Guidance,' though a melodious word, is not a monosyllable, and the language in monosyllables is almost pitifully poor. I think every writer ought to have on his conscience the coining of at least five good ones each year. Then, too, the word 'spirit' — to spirit a man, that is, to give him courage, zeal, etc. Also the verb to *fin* — 'Watch how the fish *fin*s the sea' — just as we say that a bird wings the air. Another good monosyllable gained, I think, but I must pause here, for lack both of time and material."

ROBERT BURNS WILSON: "I do not now think that I have been much of a word-coiner, though sometimes tempted in that direction. I do not recall anything, unless it be the word *unimpressioned*, used in 'The Shadows of the Trees,' title poem in my latest volume. The word *murth*, in the sense of a rich overgrowth, is perhaps unusual. It occurs in a poem 'On San Juan Hill,' which was published in the New York *Sun*:

"The tufted *murth* of the patient earth
And the mystery of the trees.

"I recall nothing more, unless it be the word *brit*, which I used in an unpublished poem:

"Far from the *brit* and jungles of the world,

"Meaning grating harshness. The word is in the dictionary as the name of a small fish, but fishes have to suffer from all sorts of names that may, or may not, mean something."

WEAVING SPIDERS.

BY N. HUDSON MOORE.

T is a pity that such interesting and useful creatures as spiders should be so universally disliked. The chief prejudice against them arises from the poisonous nature of their sting or bite, but if one can put all this mass of testimony out of mind, and believe that a spider's bite is no more harmful than a needle's prick, one can endure their proximity, and study their habits at leisure.

The making of the web is what distinguishes spiders from all other animals. They spin not only the web, but also silk for lining their nests, and for making cocoons. The spinnerets are situated at the end of the abdomen, and as the secretion is forced out it hardens into a thread. The process of spinning and the placing of the thread is helped by the hind feet. They guide the thread, keep it clear from surrounding objects, and even help to pull it from the spinnerets.

The males are usually much smaller than the females, and have proportionately longer legs and smaller abdomens. They run to darker colorings and less distinct markings, and have less active habits. Spiders do not grow gradually, but by moults, and the shedding of the old skin is a strange process to watch. The skin cracks around the thorax, above the leg-joints, and along the sides of the abdomen, and withers together, leaving the spider hanging to a thread. She works vigorously to free her legs from the old skin, and when this is accomplished hangs motionless for fifteen or twenty minutes, when her legs begin to strengthen, and she works them actively and then climbs up into the web again.

The orb-weavers and line-weavers are the spiders most readily found and approached. During August and the first two weeks in September their habits may be readily noted right at hand in the garden, on the house-vines, and on the shrubbery on the lawn. This class of spiders is arranged in two great groups, vertical and horizontal snare-weavers, though by some exigency of construction the vertical web may be horizontally inclined, and vice versa; yet these deflections are not usually enough to disturb the observer in his classification.

Of the vertical orb-weavers, the familiar

basket argiope (*Argiope cophinaria*) is one of our most beautiful weavers. She spins what is known as the "sheeted hub," in which the center of the web is covered with a sheet of white silk, against which the spider hangs.

The wide range of this spider, over the whole United States, her size, and conspicuous coloring, black and yellow, render her an easy one to observe. Last summer for several weeks I had one under observation, her web being stretched between two of the piazza posts, and she became sufficiently tame to come to the edge of the web to receive rations of fresh flies, which I handed her on a spear of grass. After the first she did not often refuse a fly, but after her appetite was satisfied she would roll them up in a covering of silk which she pulled down from her spinnerets with the greatest rapidity, and lay them away for future use. In my efforts to become friendly with her I wrought fearful havoc with her large and beautiful web. Three times I tore great rents in it which she repaired, each time, however, with less care. But by this time I had learned that there seemed to be less sticky matter towards the center of the web than on the outer threads. So I was careful never to touch these outer threads. Besides the sheet which covers the hub, there are two zigzag bands which extend up and down from the sheet. They give a very ornamental look to the web, which is one of great beauty.

My spider was an adult female, mature, and the difference in size between herself and her mate was most marked. He had spun a rudimentary web, below the piazza level, and one morning when I went for my usual observation, I found him on one of the outer ropes of the female's web. He remained on the outskirts of the web for two days, occasionally shaking the web, or advancing warily towards her, but she encouraged none of his attentions. He lingered about for two days and never during my observations did he get nearer than six inches. The third morning he was gone as he came, during the night, and whether she killed him or he himself left I could not determine. She remained till about the 14th of September when she too disappeared.

I knew well enough that she had gone to spin her beautiful basket-shaped cocoon and place there her eggs, but she had sought some spot remote from prying eyes. The greatest drawback to the study of these creatures is the fact that most of their life-work is done after dark. My friend never repaired her web till it became too dark for me to watch the process.

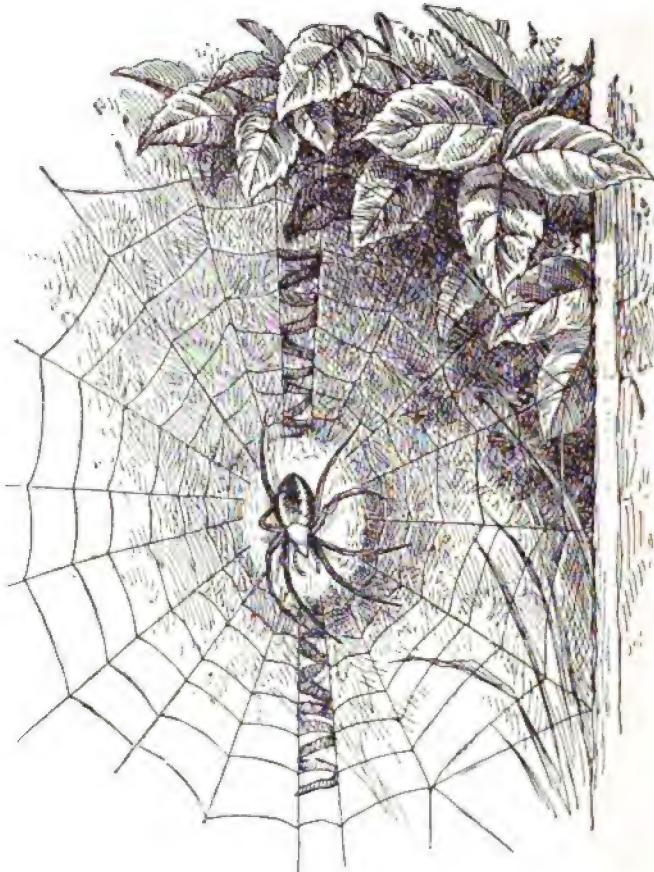
The position usually occupied by the orb-weaver in her snare is with the head downward. She never turns her head upward unless startled, or to go for her prey. This attitude gives best command over the web, she can sally forth with greatest speed to catch entangled insects, or in case of extreme peril drop to the ground and remain in concealment.

In speaking so briefly of these familiar creatures, it thening them in every direction so as to is not possible to touch upon a tithe of stand the storms and winds of winter. It the interesting facts connected with them. The next time you come across one of these patient "spinsters" let your housewifely instinct and the broom be held in check, and watch developments. Of the varieties of spiders, the running, jumping, crab spiders, and those that build such wonderful tenements with trap-doors cleverly disguised, we have said not a word; nor yet have we glanced at the water spiders. One is not apt to credit spiders little spiders, with gallantry, yet the saltigrade spiders

dance before their mates, leaping and jumping and trying in vain to attract the attention of the female who is indifferent to a degree. Sometimes two or three males will vie with each other, and dance till one is accepted by the female.

Not the least wonderful quality with which spiders are endowed is what may be called maternal instinct. Our basket argiope spins the largest cocoon we have. It is long and flask-like in shape, of tough yellow silk, and securely moored to surrounding objects by ropes of stout silk. Look for these cocoons upon stout grass stems, on goldenrod stalks, among the leaf stems of the Virginia creepers, or even in crevices of stone walls. The mother spider expends a world of care in the placing of these cocoons, strength-

ARGIOPE COPHINARIA.



ARGIOPE COPHINARIA.

stand the storms and winds of winter. It is most unusual to find such cocoons within doors, yet upon outbuildings or arbors they are by no means uncommon.

Immediately after the completion of the cocoon the mother begins to show signs of languor and finally dies. The cocoons are seldom more than one and one-half inches long, and are sometimes as small as five-eighths of an inch. The silk of the bowl part expands somewhat with the growth of the little spiders, but the general shape remains the same. Most orb-weavers make but one

cocoon. Two exceptions are the tailed and labyrinth spiders.

During June one of the Lycosids or wandering spiders came under my notice. These spiders seclude themselves while weaving the cocoon, which is made in the following ingenious manner: A little silken sheet is woven, and upon this the eggs are laid. The edges of this silken sheet are gathered up, and a bag is formed, which is pressed to the spinnerets where it sticks. My *Lycosa* ran nearly half a block bumping her bag upon the sidewalk. It is remarkable how any eggs survive such rough usage, for this bag is not wadded with silk nor are the eggs particularly protected. Fortunately the period before hatching is short, and the personal care of the mother seems to be relied on to preserve the eggs. Those cocoons which are left to care for themselves are more carefully packed.

If any obstacle causes the egg-case to be pushed off from the spinnerets the *Lycosa* seizes it and attaches it again. Maternal solicitude is expressed in numberless ways by all these humble creatures, whose industry, intelligence, and beauty are not altogether appreciated. I said beauty advisedly, for spiders share with birds the greatest brilliancy and variety of coloring, many of the smaller varieties gleaming with the brilliancy of jewels.

Who that kills a spider is prepared to do its work to mankind? Under the heading of beneficent insects should be written large the name *Arachnida*. Their mission is to keep down the hordes of insects whose increase would threaten the life of mankind. Some scientist has advanced the theory that if dragon flies were raised in sufficient numbers they would keep down the hordes of mosquitoes that ravage our coasts as well as our inland retreats. But Mr. Henry McCook, our most famous arachnologist, insists that if spiders were protected and suffered to increase, the mosquito plague would be lessened. Many people are prejudiced enough to consider the remedy worse than the disease!

There is much opportunity for original research among the *Arachnidæ* and their allies. What more peaceful pursuit can be imagined than to lie in the grass and watch the comings and goings of Dame Arachne?

I watch her in the corner there,
As, restless, bold, and unafraid,
She slips and floats along the air
Till all her subtle house is made.



LYCOSA.

Her home, her bed, her daily food,
All from that hidden store she draws;
She fashions it and knows it good,
By instinct strong and sacred laws.
* * * * *

I know thy heart when heartless hands
Sweep all that hard-earned web away:
Destroy its pearléd and glittering bands,
And leave thee homeless by the way.

I know thy peace when all is done.
Each anchored thread, each tiny knot,
Soft shining in the autumn sun;
A sheltered, silent, tranquil lot.

—Rose Terry Cooke.

AUGUST NOTES.

Such nature-lovers as are interested in the study of bees, and have the good fortune to visit the beautiful Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, will do well to climb to the second story of the Agricultural Building and observe the dozen hives in operation there. I happened to be there about a half-hour after the first hive was opened, while the bees were learning their way out

into the grounds and home again. Through the glass sides of the hives the bees may be seen nursing the young bees, storing the honey, and carrying on all the duties of the hive. There are four varieties of bees living there, and no black bee ever makes the mistake of alighting at the brown bees' front door. She knows her

house as well as you or I know ours, even better perhaps, for her particular house is like every one in the row, while ours at least vary in color, if not in shape. The superintendent is most courteous, and "guarantees" that his bees will not sting.

August's color is yellow. Turn your eyes where you will, that seems to be the prevailing shade. Mustard, celandine and buttercups, evening primrose, five-finger "scented fern and agrimony," yellow-broom, yellow sweet clover, jewel and butterfly weeds, the St. John's wort, butter and eggs, the yellow cactus baking on the sands from Massachusetts to Peru, horse balm, mullein, moth mullein, false foxglove, pop-weed, bush honeysuckle, wild lettuce and sow-thistle, golden aster and rattlesnake weed, and then,

"Along the roadside, like the flowers of gold
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,"
come the golden-rods, elecampane, Indian-cup, black-eyed Susan, gleaming in hot fields you find the sunflower. Then come the sneeze-weed and the brook sunflower, tansy and groundsel — But who wants a longer list?

August, while glowing with color, is comparatively silent among the birds. They are resting and moulting, refreshing their memories as to the southern route they will soon be following, and by the end of the month a few will be quite ready to leave us, among them the bobolink, who becomes in his southern home the dull, sad-voiced reed bird, a mouthful for an epicure. Some of the fly-catchers and a few warblers may reward the patient searcher for migrants, but our most vocal friend will be the red-eyed vireo. At the sea-shore the pipers and sandpipers may be noted running up and down to catch a meal, and some notion of the amount of insect life in the water may be gained by seeing how often these little creatures stop to clean themselves.

Late in August the flicker comes in large numbers upon the lawn, becoming quite a ground bird. It eats quantities of ants, often emitting its curious harsh cry as it moves awkwardly over the grass.

THE GEOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

BY LUCIUS E. ALLEN.



T is doubtless true that of the thousands of strangers who visit Chautauqua lake every summer, few stop to think how the lake was formed, or why it has the peculiar shape of a "bag tied in the middle," as its Indian name is said to signify. To the indifferent observer Chautauqua lake presents no features different from those of any other beautiful natural body of water; but if we carefully investigate the natural surroundings, we soon discover that the lake has a long and interesting history, which must be studied carefully if we are to understand its formation and development.

Just as a child is born and develops into youth, middle age, and maturity, so lakes, rivers, and mountains have their birth, growth, and maturity. The most powerful agencies which tend to change the land surface of our country are not, as one might infer, sudden changes or upheavals of the crust, but the slow agencies of frost, running water, and atmosphere. These are the agencies which have had most to do with the development and growth of the lake.

In studying the physiographic features of our country, no better example of the results of geological time can be found than in the study of a well-formed, typical lake. Chautauqua lake is situated in the extreme western part of New York state. Its course is from northwest to southeast. It is twenty miles long, and its width varies from one-fourth of a mile to three miles. The average depth is from twenty to thirty feet, though in many places it is from seventy to ninety feet. The area of the lake is about twenty square miles, and the elevation is about 1,385 feet above the sea level. Since Chautauqua lake is only eight miles from Lake Erie, we should naturally expect its outlet to flow into Lake Erie; but instead of its waters flowing into that lake, down the St. Lawrence, and into the sea, we find that its outlet is southward through the Outlet, Cassadaga creek, the Conewango, the Alleghany, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers, emptying at last into the Gulf of Mexico. These are the principal facts connected with the lake as it exists today, but if we are to trace its constructive geological history, we must take into consideration many features which may look insignificant on first inspection.

The geological origin, growth, and develop-

ment of the lake into its present form may be conveniently divided into three periods: pre-glacial, glacial, and post-glacial.

The formation of most of the lake basins found within the great terminal moraine, extending from New England through New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and into the northwest, was more or less altered, and in many cases originated by the descent and retreat of the great continental glacier. Chautauqua lake, situated within the lower rim of this great terminal moraine, owes its present form principally to glacial action. Without doubt a lake basin existed before the descent of the great continental glacier, as the topography of the surrounding region shows; but it is equally true that the lake basin did not exist in its present form and that it was altered in many ways by the action of the glacier.

The most striking proof of this fact may be found in the change of the outlet in the pre-glacial and the glacial periods. It is quite evident from a careful survey of the lower end of the lake that the waters of the lake flowed through a channel which extends under the drift from the foot of the lake north of Jamestown to Falconer, where they were discharged into a river flowing northward, and probably emptying into the undeveloped Lake Erie basin. This old outlet channel has recently been utilized as the roadbed of an extension of the Jamestown & Chautauqua Railroad, and at one point where a very deep cut has been made the stratification exposed shows very clearly that this was once the old outlet channel. The lake was probably larger than it is at present. Quite well-defined lake beaches are to be seen in many places, and from measurements made of these beaches above the present level of the lake, it was probably several feet higher. The old outlet and the present one are separated by a large morainal deposit about one mile in width, and it is a peculiar fact that this moraine was the partial cause at least of changing the outlet of the lake from a northern discharge to an extreme southern one. This shows the probable character of the lake before the descent of the great glacier which changed its topographic form to such an extent.

Next came the glacial epoch, and with it the powerful agencies of ice, water, and the material embedded in the ice. Nothing was

left uncovered, and this whole region was one expanse of glacial ice. It flowed over the land in great sheets, and carved and furrowed the land once covered with vegetation. No better evidences of glacial work may be seen than are to be found along the shores of the lake from Jamestown to Mayville. The most prominent deposits are those at Point Chautauqua, Long Point, and Bemus Point. These points project into the lake like great elongated spikes, and are moraines left by the retreating glacier. From the foot of the lake to Falconer, which is about two miles below Jamestown, are huge piles of glacial drift, and at Tiffanyville are some immense piles of gravel and stone.

The glacier moved obliquely along the eastern shore of the lake. The great amount of glacial debris which it carried with it was removed from the northern part of the county. This debris had been loosened from the hard stratified rocks, transported several miles, and deposited, forming the great glacial hills of the present time. It was this glacial stream which stopped up the old outlet of the lake north of Jamestown. The moraine then follows the direction of Moons creek toward Falconer.

The city of Jamestown is situated upon two well-defined moraines. That portion of the city on the south side of the outlet is the lower spur of the great terminal moraine. This moraine dammed up the old channel, and gradually crowded the outlet southward, until at the close of the ice period its course extended to where we find it now, bending around the main part of Jamestown. Evidences of the retreating glacier may be seen on every hand, especially in cuts which have been made in various parts of the city, as on Jones hill and at the end of West Third street.

If we examine more closely the different points which project into the lake, we find that they are entirely made up of small terminal moraines. They are really capes which extend across the old channel in the same direction, and now when the waters of the lake are lowered crowd its course southward in the same manner. If the water of the lake could be lowered sufficiently, the whole lake would be divided into four smaller lakes, the lower boundary of each being the small terminal moraines, or capes which project into the lake. It would also be seen that the deepest portions of the lake are just above or just below these moraines, which is another indication that the lake was divided into four smaller lakes, and that eventually a portion of each of these moraines was

eroded sufficiently to make one continuous lake.

Above Point Chautauqua there is a depth of thirty-five feet, which gradually decreases toward the head of the lake. Just above Long Point there is a depth of ninety feet, which is the maximum depth of the lake. Between Bemus Point and Long Point it is about sixty feet deep, and below Bemus Point it is twenty-five feet in depth, gradually decreasing in depth from there to the end of the lake where it is only about six feet.

It is quite probable that there existed during the ice invasion a fifth lake. This fifth lake occupied the cavity between the drift hills now occupied by that part of Jamestown known as Brooklyn and the eastern part of the city. It was connected with the other part of the lake by a narrow strait. This lake was dammed up by the drift and ice which accumulated at Dexterville. There is a peculiar phenomenon connected with the dam at Dexterville. The outlet is at a point just above the bridge of the Erie Railroad. The tops of the rocks through which the outlet passes are many times higher than the surface of the ground a few rods to the west. A deep depression connects the valley above Dexterville with the wide valley below the point which the railroad has utilized by its cuttings. The question arises, Why should the water seek a passage at this elevated point through such a difficult and rocky route in preference to a depression a few rods to the right and west which would have been unobstructed with the exception of loose rocks and earth? Mr. Frank H. Leverett, U. S. Geological Survey, believes that there was probably a break made in the ice dam at this point and that as soon as an opening was made, the water cut its own channel through the rock. This seems to be the only reasonable explanation of this apparent phenomenon.

Another fact which should be noted is that Chautauqua lake is not like the "finger lakes" of central New York. The basin of Chautauqua lake was probably not eroded to any great extent by the descent of the glacier, and if it was eroded and carved to any great extent more glacial matter was deposited than was carried away, for the lake, being on the lower rim of the great terminal moraine, was in a district of great deposition, as may be seen from the surrounding glacial hills. The smaller terminal moraines seem to have been projected into the lake from the eastern side, as there are very few prominent moraines on the western side until the lower end of the lake is

reached, where the lower spur of the great terminal moraine branches toward the west.

The extensive area of four thousand square miles, including most of Chautauqua, Cattaraugus, and part of Alleghany counties, and a part of Warren, McKean, and Potter counties in Pennsylvania, is termed by Professor Caarl the Chautauqua basin. It is quite certain that the headwaters of the Alleghany instead of flowing southward were deflected at Steamburg, and discharged into the ancient river running northward into Lake Erie.

At many points along the shores of the lake where cuts have been made the glacially laid material has been laid bare. On what is known as Jones Hill in the city of Jamestown an excavation from thirty to fifty feet has been made, and the stratification of the fine sand and coarse gravel may be seen. The strata vary in thickness from six to fourteen inches, and some very fine sand strata are six to ten inches in thickness, and very white.

In connection with rivers, the term delta is used, which signifies a deposit of fine debris, as silt or sand, at the mouth of the river. It is quite evident from the nature of the topography at the lower end of the lake that at least two well formed deltas exist as a result of the ice invasion. If the observer will note carefully the level plain commencing just below where the old glacial dam existed, he will see that the superstructure of the soil is very fine and unstratified. The lake above the glacial dam acted as a basin for the deposition of fine silt and sand coming from the melting glacier, and

when the dam was melted and eroded sufficiently to allow the water to flow through, the fine silt and sand were deposited as we see at the present day in the delta.

Another interesting feature connected with the lower end of the lake is found in the tract of land known as Marvin Park, located at the left of the outlet going toward Jamestown. This land has always been rather low and swampy, and several years ago a large amount of gravel was dumped upon it to raise its general level. As the gravel was dumped upon the land, it was found that it slowly sank proportionately to the amount of gravel. A reason for this again brings us back to the glacial epoch. This tract of land probably did not exist until the final retreat of the glacier, but was formed from the deposition of silt material brought down by the glacier, and slowly deposited in the basin of the fifth lake.

Thus it is seen what an important part the descent of the great continental glacier had upon the topography of this region, and not only this region but on the country at large. When we realize the fact that the St. Lawrence river has not always been the drainage channel of the great lakes, but that the great volume of water passed down what is now known as the Mohawk valley in New York, and thence down the Hudson river, we can better appreciate the immense effect such an ice mass had upon the country.

The changes in Chautauqua lake are typical. No better field for the study of glacial phenomena exists than in the Chautauqua basin.

RASTUS' DREAM.

BY JAMES HOWARD GORE.

Las' night I had a dream,
An' it 'peared mighty queer,
Fur I heard massa say,
A-leavin' his cheer:

"Heah, boy,
You'se gwine down de river."

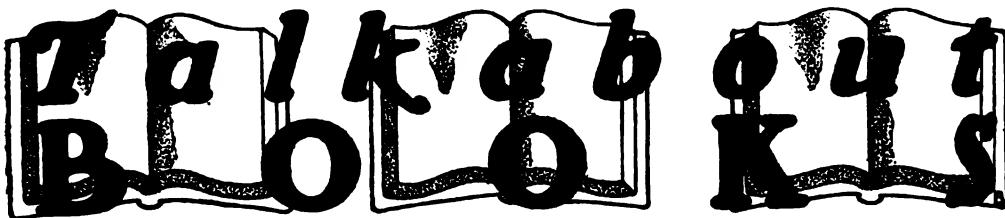
An' what you s'pose it was
Thet he guv me fur a raff
To go on dis journey?
No better 'n chaff
It was
Fur sailin' on de river.

He handed me a *gourd*—
Not as big as Jonah had—
An' dis is what he said,
A-lookin' glad:
"Take dis
Fur yer trip down de river."

Dis woke me with a start,
An' I went to thinkin' hard,
A-sayin' to myse'f,
"What sort of gourd
Is dat
What nav'gates de river?"

But now I know it all,
An' it doesn't seem so odd,
An' I'm glad to tell you how
Good Massa God
Helps all,
A-sailin' down de river.

De Bible is de *gourd*,
An' de river is death.
Ef you don't git 'ligion
'Fore yo' las' bref,
You'll drown
In sailin' down de river.



"East London" is a series of descriptive essays by Sir Walter Besant on a subject with which he was not only thoroughly familiar, but to which he brought the richness of a ripe literary style, together with the charm of sympathetic consideration. Consequently, the volume is not a catalogue of facts, but a collection of carefully wrought pictures. The aim throughout is to correct some of the erroneous ideas which exist concerning this much maligned portion of the world's greatest city. The points of difference between this portion of London and the ordinary city are noted. Attention is called, in the most delightful fashion, to the historical association which it possesses; and pleasing little stories are woven about the few old landmarks which remain. The people spoken of are characterized with discrimination. The individuals, frequently mentioned with a personal anecdote, are introduced to illustrate more clearly the peculiarities or the tendencies of a class. The volume gives a larger knowledge and arouses a larger knowledge of the diversified human interests which center in "the city of many crafts." An unusual number of excellent drawings add to the interest of the text.

S. C.

[*East London*. By Walter Besant. New York: The Century Co.]

A second edition of "*Domestic Service*," by Lucy Maynard Salmon, calls attention to a subject on which talk is lavished, but to which, strangely enough, Miss Salmon has given about the only serious, scientific study. The first edition, published four years ago, merited the high praise bestowed upon it. The large amount of data collected, together with the excellent and suggestive discussion, gives the volume a permanent value. Although the new edition contains an additional chapter on domestic service in Europe, the chief significance still lies in the statement of conditions in America, where "the substitution of higher ideals for those of feudalism and the spread of democratic ideas have removed the social ban from every occupation except domestic service." The author makes it quite evident, after a broad-minded discussion of the many difficulties, that the removal of this "social stigma" is essential to the solution of the "servant problem." This result can be attained, it is suggested, by specializing in household work and by training skilled workers. A book on a theme of such far-reaching economic and social significance, touching the life of the home so closely, ought to receive careful attention from the increasingly large number of thinking women who, dissatisfied with the present unsatisfactory conditions, are anxious to contribute something toward the improvement of the world.

S. C.

[*Domestic Service*. By Lucy Maynard Salmon. Second edition, with an additional chapter on domestic service in Europe. \$2.00. New York: The Macmillan Co.]

The conflict between wheat producers and the railroads is the subject of Frank Norris's novel "*The Octopus*." The ranchmen are caught in the grip of the road that controls their land, their means of transportation, the popular vote, the courts, and the press. The

struggle is not with men, but with a power that crushes all opposition, impersonally and inevitably. The only hope is that, though individuals are overwhelmed, the force of the wheat is strong enough to prevail in the end. As an attempt to depict in its large meaning the life of the west and the problems of our mercantile civilization, the book is worthy of commendation. It touches what is vital and characteristic. The characters are well drawn—strong, practical, whole-souled men and women, not at all the primitive nature-born, brutal beings the author makes them typify in his paragraphs of picturesque comment. We cannot accept their final destruction by the railroad. To lose property unjustly is hard, but it need not make men criminals nor cringing turncoats. The book is called an epic, but its view is too partial to justify the title. Whatever the hostility of producer and transporter, there is a closer, more vital interrelation and dependence.

A. H.

[*The Octopus*. By Frank Norris. \$1.50. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.]

The intending reader of "*The Last Refuge*," upon finding himself in its first pages in Rome, will revive his memories of "*The Marble Fawn*," remember his obligations to Marion Crawford and Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and think he knows where he is. Before he has gone far he will wonder whether Mr. Fuller intended this work for a purposeful allegory or the prose version of an operetta whose long popularity should be justly due to the inconsequence of its persistent whimsicality. However, it is very cheerful reading. The Freiherr of Kaltenau, returning to Rome after an absence of eighteen years, finds himself utterly unresponsive to the varied appeals made to the imagination by the Eternal City. Fearing this apathy may be a sign of premature old age—he is now nearly forty—he decides to make a final test of susceptibility in Sicily, as yet unvisited by him. He takes for companion a handsome, enthusiastic youth, whole-hearted when they start, also bound for Sicily on his own account seeking there a possible dukedom. Between Rome and the straits of Messina they meet several persons, of as many separate types, who, having failed to find elsewhere in the world the thing they most desire, have concluded that it can and must be found in Sicily. All these people meet at a rendezvous in the villa of Belriguardo where enchantment and disillusion work together in merry confusion, to what end the reader must decide for himself. The brilliant descriptions of Italian scenery give a foundation and setting of something like reality to the extravaganza.

A. E. H.

[*The Last Refuge*. By Henry B. Fuller. \$1.50. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

In these busy times, when the law has, in the opinion of some of its practitioners, become a mere technical business and has lost character as a learned profession, books upon historical and comparative jurisprudence are lamentably rare. The law student acquires a more or less adequate stock of rules and cases, and supplements it as years go on by experience paid for by his clients, and so comes to be a good lawyer in the sense

of being first a good man of business and second a master of complex and intricate systems of technical rules. Yet the really sound lawyer, like the really sound student of history, finds both profit and entertainment in tracing the principles which he applies to their source, and he who would escape the drudgery as well as the mediocrity of being "a mere lawyer" will do so by observing the old maxim "*seculi rivulos, petere fontes.*"

To begin the acquirement of this sort of redeeming culture, Professor Lee's book affords a pleasing opportunity. It traces the imperfect and rudimentary legal concepts of primitive peoples, points out the profound adaptation of a people's laws to its needs, shows how law, tending always to crystallization, yet always responded to the progress of its subjects, and finally traces in large outline the social history of the human race as seen in its enlarging conception of human rights. The ample discussion of the Roman and canon laws are perhaps the most interesting portions of the book, but its most impressive lessons are in the fact that as our modern institutions have grown with time, preserving this and that element of now forgotten systems and improving gradually upon ancient failures and insufficiencies, so our laws for the future can be best made by men who know enough of the past to avoid its errors and enough of human institutions to understand that laws which will work are both better and more useful than statutory theories and judicial benevolences which, however beautiful in the abstract, are not within the reach of the men who must live them. This book is in a clear, stimulating style, and we know no other book in anything like the same compass which covers the subject so well.

N. D. B.

[Historical Jurisprudence. By Guy Carleton Lee, Ph. D. \$3.00. New York: The Macmillan Co.]

"Faiths of Famous Men," by John Kenyon Kilbourn, presents in their own words the "sober second thoughts" of great men concerning religion. The subject-matter in this book of quotations is arranged under these general topics: God, Creation, the Bible, Christ, Immortality, the Millennium, the Intermediate State, the Resurrection, Heaven. A book of this kind can serve no purpose other than that of suggestion or of illustration. The test of its merit is therefore to be found in the arrangement, the method of indexing, and the completeness and accuracy of reference to the sources quoted. The store of information here collected would be more available had the editor furnished a subject-index rather than a list of names of the men from whose writings extracts are taken. It is as absurd to imagine that a just estimate can be formed of a man's idea of religion from a few phrases taken out of his writings as it would be to assert that a true appreciation of a beautiful statue can be gained from a chip of the marble. The meaning which came to the compiler can rarely, if ever, be shared by the reader of detached phrases and paragraphs. The reader must see the quotation in its original setting before he can measure its value. The compiler does his task well when he selects passages which arouse interest and then states just where they are to be found, so that reference to them in their context is easy. The editor of this book has failed to give a suitable index, and his reference to sources is inadequate.

S. C.

[Faith of Famous Men in Their Own Words. Compiled and edited by John Kenyon Kilbourn, D. D. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.]

"Five Years of My Life," by Alfred Dreyfus, although absorbing, is not pleasant reading. The period covered by this autobiography is that from October 15, 1894, the day on which Dreyfus, then a captain in the French army, was accused of treason, to Sep-

tember 12, 1899, when he was released after the court-martial at Rennes. The details of the "Dreyfus Affair": the arrest on the charge of treason, the court-martial, the degradation, the transportation to Devil's Island, the prolonged efforts for revision, the second court-martial rendering the anomalous verdict of condemnation with "extenuating circumstances," and the subsequent pardon have received so much attention in the public prints as to be well known. Notwithstanding all the publicity, the personality of the victim of this remarkable conspiracy remained obscure until he himself gave to the world an account of his harrowing experiences. This account depicts the struggle between the forces of authority and the conscious innocence of one man. On the one side is confinement in the most unhealthful place, insufficient food, degrading and exasperating surveillance; a prolonged process of torture calculated to break down physical and mental resistance. On the other side is the determination to live until vindicated. No one can read and fail to admire the superb exhibition of will power. If sheer endurance be a virtue, then Alfred Dreyfus possesses virtue in no common measure. The material of this brief autobiography is composed of letters exchanged between husband and wife; pathetic messages of love and appeals to bear wretchedness in the hope of restoration to honorable liberty. There is also a journal which ends, toward the close of the second year's imprisonment on Devil's Island, with the despairing cry, "I am so utterly weary, so broken down in body and soul, that today I stop my diary."

S. C.

[Five Years of My Life. 1894-1899. By Alfred Dreyfus. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.]

The title "Friend or Foe" indicates the mystery that invested the movements of the young Englishman, Murray Gordon, sojourning in this country during the war-period of Madison's administrations. The scenes of the story are for the most part laid in the old Connecticut town, Litchfield, where Gordon found a loyal friend, a fair lady-love, and an unscrupulous enemy. Aaron Burr makes his appearance in the story, and the session of the famous Hartford Convention is an event of personal interest to several of the characters. The illustrations include typical and historical New England views and a portrait of Judge Roger M. Sherman.

A. E. H.

[Friend or Foe. By Frank Samuel Child. \$1.50. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

E. B. Treat & Co. have published "The Bench and Bar as Makers of the American Republic"—an address delivered Forefathers' day, 1900; celebrating the 280th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. The author is Hon. W. W. Goodrich, presiding justice, supreme court, appellate division, New York.

J. M. S.

[The Bench and Bar as Makers of the American Republic. By Hon. W. W. Goodrich. .50. New York: E. B. Treat & Co.]

George Henry Nettleton has edited, with introductions and notes, a collection of eight good short narratives. The volume is called "Specimens of the Short Story." The authors represented in the collection are: Lamb, Irving, Hawthorne, Poe, Thackeray, Dickens, Harte, and Stevenson.

J. M. S.

[Specimens of the Short Story. By G. H. Nettleton, Ph. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.]

"Newest England," Henry Demarest Lloyd's latest book on political and social conditions in New Zealand, recalls, by contrast, Gen. William Booth's "Darkest England." The latter gives an impression of the hopeless struggle for existence in an old-world center of civilization, while the former reveals the causes which inspire courage for successful effort in this most recent experiment station across the seas. This land, where

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democracy is receiving a new interpretation, Mr. Lloyd does not consider an Utopia, but only the nearest approach yet made, for "there are no absolutely good governments or peoples, but some are not so bad as others, and for New Zealand it may be claimed that its government and people are 'the least bad' this side of Mars." The secret is found in the fact that man is here considered of more value than the development of natural resources or the perfection of mechanical contrivances. Advance in every direction is calculated according to the comfort or convenience secured to man; and man's freedom is of vital importance in all things. Public debt in New Zealand possesses this notably unique distinction, that it "stands for public works not war, for construction not destruction." The beneficence of a policy which has this result is everywhere apparent. Railroads owned by and operated for the people, land freed from the control of the few, public contracts undertaken by the people themselves, insurance and banking made functions of government, old age pensions granted without the brand of pauperism, and a public trustee created to become the executor for widows and orphans and the especial friend of the unfortunate are a few of the features on which the author lays special stress. "There is nothing really new or sensational about New Zealand democracy. Its political novelties prove upon inspection not to be novelties at all, but merely like most American and Australian slang, old English in a new place." In this conclusion of Mr. Lloyd's observations, the firm believer in democracy will find added reason for his faith, and he who has begun to doubt the workableness of its principles will gain new assurance.

S. C.

[*Newest England. Notes of a democratic traveler in New Zealand, with some Australian comparisons.* By Henry Demarest Lloyd. \$2.50. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.]

"Social Control," by Edward Alsworth Ross, is the latest addition to the Citizens' Library of Economics, Politics, and Sociology, edited by Richard T. Ely. This survey of the foundations of order, as the author explains, deals only with a single phase of social psychology. The treatment of the subject is scholarly and exhaustive. The subject-matter is grouped under three heads: the grounds of control, the means of control, and the system of control. The nature of the discussion is such that it is necessary to state the essentials of the problem at the outset. The forces which make for order from within the individual, as sympathy, sociability, justice, etc., are examined and shown to be inadequate in a complex and highly organized society. Then the forces brought to bear by society for the establishment and maintenance of order, as public opinion, law, belief, social suggestion, etc., are considered and proven a necessary supplement to the moral instinct or inclination. Finally, the various methods which communities have adopted to effect this control are reviewed and the conclusion reached that the time is far distant when men of their own volition will establish order, unless it be under conditions such as are found in the most primitive life.

S. C.

[*Social Control, a Survey of the Foundations of Order.* By Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph. D. \$1.25. New York: The Macmillan Co.]

"Politics and Administration" sets forth the difference between the formal and the actual governmental system in the United States. This treatise is a worthy addition to the other excellent works already published by Professor Goodnow. To prepare the way for his main argument, the author shows that the student of government must search beneath legal forms for elements which shape political institutions. He defines the primary functions of government as, "the expres-

sion and execution of the will of the state." Politics is the channel of expression, and administration is the channel of execution. The development of the existing governmental system is traced through these two functions. Care is taken to point out methods of working which have arisen and have been accepted in the course of this development, but which have never received constitutional sanction. Particularly instructive is the account of the evolution of the English political boss into the prime minister, the responsible head of the government. Deduced from this account is the suggestion, seemingly sound, that in America the boss is not to be overthrown but should be made responsible to the people. In this, as well as in other ways, the author thinks it would be wise to cultivate that frame of mind which in England has led to the adoption of the governmental system to changed conditions. The conclusion reached by the author, from this study of the forces now at work, is that popular government will be furthered in the United States by "reasonable concentration and centralization of our present administrative system and by the legal recognition of the political party as a governmental organ." The volume is written in a scholarly rather than a controversial vein. The student of the theory of government and the practical reformer alike will find it valuable and stimulating reading.

S. C.

[*Politics and Administration: A Study in Government.* By Frank J. Goodnow, A. M., LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Co.]

It would be well if a gentle compulsion could be laid upon all honest-minded people who care in the least to read along the lines of thought vital to human existence, to begin President Hyde's contribution to the theological literature of the day. The unspoken, but nevertheless prevalent, conviction that a work of this character must be dull, and read from a sense of duty, if read at all, would be triumphantly argued against by the voluntary good-will with which the reading would go on after the beginning had been made. The purpose of the volume is to restate in modern terms the essential truths of the religious life, and so successfully is this done through the frankness and fearlessness of the thought and the freshness of the language, that the reasonableness of Christian living appeals irresistibly from the page to the intellect and the heart. The main portion of the book treats of "Control by Law," "Conversion by Grace," "Character through Service," the three chapters being linked by the unfolding of a single thought which may be indicated by the word education. There is an introduction and a conclusion for the skipping of which the author grants absolution in advance, but no reader will avail himself of a freedom that would involve loss to himself.

A. E. H.

[*God's Education of Man.* By William De Witt Hyde. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

"The Leeper Photographs in Bible and Classic Lands" consist of one hundred reproductions of photographs of scenes in Palestine. The pictures are reproduced by a special process, and are issued in art form with a portfolio. Accompanying each picture is an explanatory text, which renders it doubly valuable. The series is arranged in logical order, and when complete will form an illustrated work on the life of Christ, the manners and customs of the people of Palestine, natural scenery of the Holy Land, Jerusalem and its environs, and many other subjects.

C. C. T.

[*The Leeper Photographs in Bible and Classic Lands.* By Rev. J. L. Leeper, D. D. Fort Wayne, Ind.: Edward F. Biddle, agent for the Leeper Photographic Co.]

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A. E. H.

[*A Georgian Bungalow.* By Frances Courtenay Baytor. \$1.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

On rainy days when the boys were all in the house it sometimes seemed as if Ednah had six brothers. In reality there were only three of them, all under nine. Their father was a sculptor and their mother a painter, and these kind people were very friendly to Ednah and her brothers. There is a baker's dozen of the chapters in "*Ednah and Her Brothers*" telling of the doings, more or less delightful to other people, but always satisfactory to the four most intimately concerned, and very pleasant reading they are, even to people who don't "look young on the outside." The series opens with "*A Christmas Tree Rehearsal*," which is followed up with the unusual entertainment of a buffalo hunt at an afternoon tea. All sorts of unexpected pleasant things happen before the happy ending is reached. There are many young people in the land from five years to ten or thereabout who would vastly enjoy the good society furnished by this book. A. E. H.

[*Ednah and Her Brothers.* By Eliza Orne White. \$1.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

It would be asking too much of indulgent fortune to hope for another story this season so satisfying as "*King's End*" for both human and literary quality, for a limpid simplicity in showing how inseparably related are the things of the spirit to the work of the hand and the dream of the heart, and for the refreshing sanity with which life's tragedy and comedy are played for us by a few quaint people in a rural region of New England. The other-worldliness of Elder Kent leavens the entire atmosphere through which the attractions and antagonisms of the other characters react upon each other, while the late flowering into expression and action of his sister Julia's love-secret appeals to our sympathy quite as strongly as does the manly young lover's patience of hope with the intense moods of the charming maiden Nancy. Mrs. Sally Horner would, all by herself, rescue any neighborhood or novel from dulness. There is no hint in all the pages of a problem or of a desire to give lessons in living, but there is, in full measure, delight for the reader's critical and artistic sense, and a tender ministry to his sympathy with human nature. A. E. H.

[*King's End.* By Alice Brown. \$1.50. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

When five sisters between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three — each attractive in her individual girlish way, each eager to lend a hand towards keeping the home-life happy, and also intent on some pet project of her own — live with their sisterly mother in a New York apartment to which we are admitted on terms of intimacy, it is not surprising that we meet there from time to time several persons of the sterner sex. Not every author could keep the complications of five love affairs in one family distinct, but it seems easy in this case because fortune proved to be in generous mood towards Margaret, Judith, Ruth and Frances, and

promised at the end of the story to do no less well by Ursula. It is a wholesome story, radiating good cheer from the happy family life and the unselfish interest of the characters in the good of the neighbor. A. E. H.

[*Fortune's Boats.* By Barbara Yechton. \$1.50. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Henri-Gaston-Étienne de la Tourelle, Marquis de Veaux, teller of the story, "*The Favor of Princes*," is presented to us at the age of twenty-three upon his arrival at Versailles shortly after the punishment of Damiers for his attempt upon the life of Louis XIV. The young marquis is in reduced circumstances which he is induced by a relative at court to better by marriage with the *bourgeoisie* but beautiful and wealthy Mlle. Lansac. The unexpected happens in that the marquis is irresistibly swayed to respect, admire and love his bride. Upon their happiness intrigues converge that bring the king and La Pompadour upon the scene and confirm the popular tradition concerning the insecurity of the favor of princes. The book, however, would hardly have been written, had its ending been designed to leave the reader in a melancholy frame of mind. A. E. H.

[*The Favor of Princes.* By Mark Lee Luther. \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.]

"*A King's Pawn*" is one of the many romances of the sword, now current. The story centers about a secret expedition made by Henry of Navarre in his early days, into Spain, as prelude to attempt to recover Spanish Navarre for France. Danger waits the characters at every turn, stationed there, a little too apparently, perhaps, by the author, and robber inns, treacherous castles, and midnight escapes with the ring of hoofs behind, give the hero plenty of use for his "*Florida blade*." The story is not above the average, but in spite of the theatrical nature of the incidents, holds the interest to the end. The scene is laid in France, but the characters are frankly English, and there is little in the book besides the names that suggests either the country or the times. A. H.

[*A King's Pawn.* By Hamilton Drummond. \$1.50. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.]

Among the most powerful short stories which have lately come to our notice is a collection by Harry Graves Shedd entitled "*Over Grass-Grown Trails*." They are all stories of western life, and easily rank with Hamlin Garland's best. Mr. Shedd not only knows how to tell stories well but his knowledge of human nature and especially of western human nature makes his characters very real and very absorbing. "*The Coward*" is perhaps the best of the collection. It begins with a tragedy in the south — one of the many in the struggle between the blue and the gray — and ends with another tragedy in the far west where the young husband proves his heroism in a wreck, saving lives at the risk of his own. It is all told with a dramatic intensity seldom equalled. Altogether Mr. Shedd is an artist. S. D. N.

[*Over Grass-Grown Trails.* By Harry Graves Shedd. \$1.00. Lincoln, Neb.: Kiote Publishing Co.]

Stopford A. Brooke and T. W. Rolleston did a great service to literature when they compiled their excellent "*Treasury of Irish Poetry, in the English Tongue*." They do not claim for Ireland the distinction of having produced much poetry that is great "on the scale of the eternities," but they do claim for this literature the affection and reverence of Irishmen, and a distinct place in the temple of poetry. The book contains admirable introductions to the various divisions, and also brief biographies of the numerous poets from whose works selections are made. It is a most interesting piece of work, and enables one to get a survey

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[A Treasury of Irish Poetry, in the English Tongue. Edited by Stopford A. Brooke and T. W. Rolleston. New York: The Macmillan Co.]

Lyman Abbott's "Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews" possesses a title which is not misleading; and the contents of the volume should go far toward familiarizing Christian people with the new views concerning the Old Testament. The best results of the more recent study in this well-worked field are here gathered up, with the discrimination which we have come to expect in all Dr. Abbott's writings, and pre-

sented in convenient form. The gracious temper of the author pervades the volume and makes it attractive. The fundamental difference between the orthodox and the modern attitude toward the Bible is fully recognized, but no controversy is entered upon. The author states his position, trusting to the spiritual insight of the reader to determine whether that position is right or wrong. A careful reading of this volume will dispel many erroneous conceptions concerning the higher criticism. S. C.

[The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews. By Lyman Abbott. \$2.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. With Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$. \$1.50.
 Social Control. A Survey of the Foundations of Order. By Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph. D. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. \$1.25.
 The Principles of Morality and the Departments of the Moral Life. By Wilhelm Wundt. Translated by Margaret Floy Washburn, Ph. D. 6×9 . \$2.00.
 Foundation Lessons in English. By O. I. Woodley and M. S. Woodley. Book I., .40. Book II., .50. Each $6 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$.
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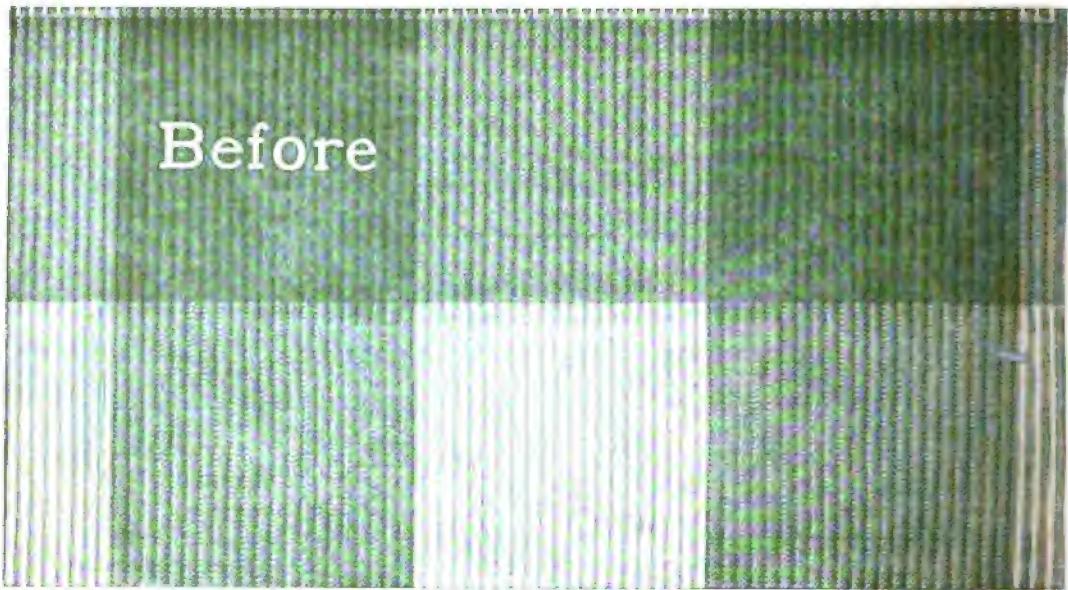
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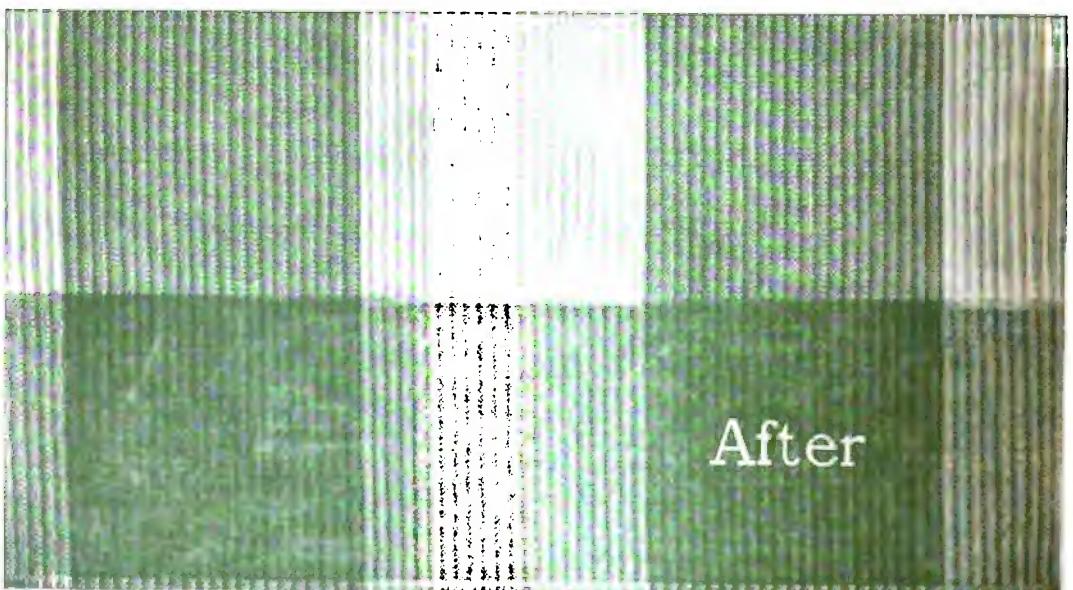
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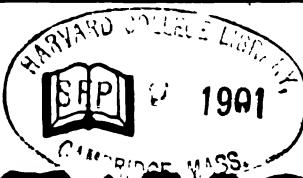
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CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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Entered at Cleveland Post-Office as Second-class Mail Matter.





"A TERRIBLE LEAP TO THE OTHER SIDE, A MAN'S FEARFUL CRY,
AND ALL WAS STILL."

From "The Ruin and Legend of Kynast." Page 606.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN,

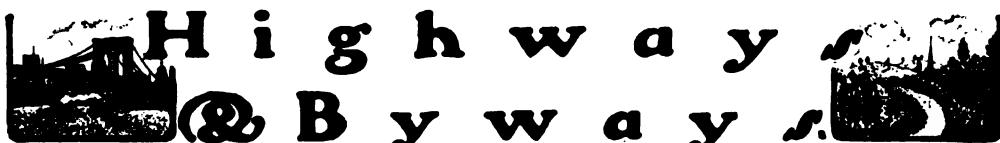
A Monthly Magazine for Self-Education.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SEP 9 1901
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

VOL. XXXIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

No. 6.



THE great steel strike is one of the most remarkable contests between organized capital and organized labor known to industrial history. The issues involved, unfortunately, have not been presented or treated with the intelligence and fairness required by so grave a situation in a basic industry. It has been charged that the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers sought to compel all the non-union men in the employ of the United States Steel Corporation to join the union, and even asked the corporation to become *its agent* in that tyrannical undertaking. Many of the mills in the combination are "non-union," and it has been asserted that the Amalgamated Association insisted on an agreement with the combination *forcing* all those men into the union. Most of the criticism and condemnation to which the leaders of the strike have been subjected has been grounded on these versions of the controversy.

But, in truth, the Amalgamated Association never presented any such sweeping demand. There was no attempt to force a single workman into the union. What the officers of the Amalgamated Association demanded of the combination in the first series of conferences (those which preceded the strike) was that the "scale"—that is, the wage contract for the year—be signed for all the mills controlled by it; that the differences as to wages between the union and non-union mills be done away with, and that the non-unionists be *permitted* to join the union, many of them, it is understood, being under a signed pledge to remain unorganized.

This the representatives of the corporation refused to concede. They offered to sign the scale for all the union mills and a few "doubtful" ones in which the union had gained some foothold. Whether the strike was expedient or not, opportune and wise, or

the reverse, is a question upon which fair-minded men may differ. The United States Steel Corporation is itself a combination of combinations, the most gigantic "trust" in the world, and its directors cannot reasonably object to the efforts of a conservative labor association to strengthen itself and enable the unorganized to join it without incurring loss of employment.

The disagreement in the first conferences led to the strike, which was limited to the Tin Plate Company, Steel Hoop Company, and Sheet Steel Company. All the union men obeyed the strike order, and—to the surprise of the employers—also many non-union men. That is, some of the "non-union" mills were likewise closed by the order, a fact which indicated sympathy with the Amalgamated Association on the part of a considerable number of the unorganized men.

No attempt to reopen any of the closed mills followed. When the strike was two weeks old the influence of outsiders brought about another conference between the strike leaders and the heads of the combination. Mr. J. P. Morgan and President Schwab conferred with President Shaffer and Secretary Williams of the Amalgamated Association, and certain peace terms were proposed by the former. These terms were considered with great care by the executive committee of the association, and after a week's discussion at Pittsburg, the headquarters of the strikers, a final conference was held at New York in the offices of the combination. It ended in disagreement and failure. All that Mr. Morgan and his associates offered was the signing of the scale for the mills that were covered by last year's contract, except a few, which had not been closed by the strike. The officers of the Amalgamated, on the other hand, had receded from their first position and asked the signing of the scale only for those who desired it—the union

mills and those non-union mills which had voluntarily joined the strike. The corporation's final proposition was far less favorable to the men than its original terms.

At this writing the outlook is a gloomy one. President Shaffer has ordered out

all the union employees of the corporation. This order, if carried out, will extend the strike to the four great companies whose mills have remained in operation and whose workmen have no personal grievances. A strike on their part would be purely sympathetic, but it is not seriously doubted that they will obey the order to quit that has come.

The number of men now on strike is placed at fifty thousand,

but the extension demanded will raise it to one hundred and fifty thousand. One considerable difficulty is that the Amalgamated Association has made contracts for a year with some of the companies in the trust, and a strike in their mills will be regarded as a breach of faith. The enormous cost of supporting so great an army of strikers is another formidable obstacle in the way of the leaders. The trust is said to be determined on "a fight to a finish"—or wiping the association out of all its mills and destroying the union in the steel industry. Its attitude hitherto has not warranted the imputation of resolute hostility to unionism as such, although President Schwab has declared that he regards membership in a union detrimental to a workman. J. P. Morgan, there is reason to believe, is willing to accept full recognition to labor organizations directed by conservative and responsible men. Ultimately, perhaps, the combinations of capital will withdraw all objection to the fullest organization of labor and to collective bargaining, but the present contest shows that this stage of development has not yet been reached.



A labor—or rather anti-labor—decision recently rendered in Chicago by Judge Baker of the circuit court has excited much con-

troversy and animadversion. For the first time in the history of American jurisprudence blacklisting has been declared legal. In several states laws have been passed prohibiting and severely punishing this practise, and the courts have not heretofore questioned the validity of such legislation or its congruity with the common law. Judge Baker, however, has disregarded all precedents and has applied a radical principle which only thoroughgoing individualists have advocated.

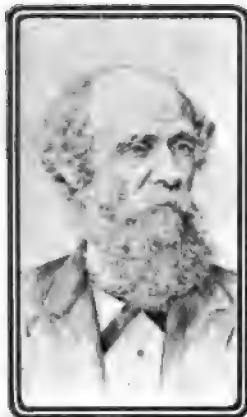
There were no questions of fact in the case. For the sake of the legal issue involved the defendants admitted the allegations of fact and demurred to the declaration—in other words, they disputed the conclusion that what they were charged with was wrongful and criminal. The plaintiff was a girl whose trade was that of can labeling, and at this occupation she formerly earned fifteen dollars a week. In consequence of a strike in one of the canning establishments all the canners in Chicago agreed not to employ any one who had struck or who should quit work thereafter without the consent of the employer. Owing to this agreement the plaintiff, who was one of a number of strikers, had been denied employment in her trade, and had been forced to work for five dollars a week at an inferior occupation.

The case was one of systematic blacklisting, deliberate and actuated by malicious intent to injure the ex-strikers. Were the conspiring defendants guilty of a criminal action? Judge Baker answered the question



JOHN BULL:—"You're liable to lose your grip on that hammer, uncle, if you don't watch out."

—Minneapolis Tribune.



THE LATE
PROF. JOSEPH LE CONTE,
Distinguished Educator and
Scientist.

in the negative. His argument, being brief and clear, may be quoted in full:

"When damage is sustained by one person from the wrongful act of another, an action for compensation is given to the injured party against the wrongdoer." By wrongful act is to be understood not an act wrongful in morals only, but an act wrongful in law. An act is wrongful in law if it infringes upon the right of another, and not otherwise. An act which does not infringe upon any right of a person is not, as to such person, wrongful. One has a right to decline to enter the service of another, and several persons, acting jointly in pursuance of an agreement to that effect, have the right to so decline. So, one has the right to decline to employ another, and several persons, acting jointly in pursuance of an agreement to that effect, have the right to so decline.

The existence of malice, of a malicious intent to injure a person, will not convert an act which does not infringe any right of such person into a wrongful act or a civil wrong. It follows that, in my opinion, the facts and agreements of the defendants set forth in the declaration cannot be held to infringe upon any right of the plaintiff, and therefore are not as to her, in law, wrongful.

Stated still more concisely, the principle of this decision is that what men may lawfully do individually they may do in concert. Each of the firms in the blacklist combination unquestionably had the right to decline to employ the plaintiff, and Judge Baker draws the conclusion that these firms had the right to act jointly and to agree to refuse work to the plaintiff and her associates. Into their intent or motive the law could not inquire, for they were not bound to have any reason for their behavior, much less to give one to anybody.

As said above, all agreements and conspiracies to injure some one and deprive him of the means of earning a livelihood have almost invariably been held to be contrary to law and public policy. Blacklisting effectually deprives the victims of work and wages, and in many cases involves absolute ruin. Can Judge Baker's view be good law? If it is—though nearly all the precedents are at war with it—then it indisputably follows that boycotting is also legal and innocent practise. Boycotting is simply the blacklisting of employers, or of merchants and others friendly to such employers, by strikers or dissatisfied workmen. What the employer tries to do

by blacklisting, the organized workmen try to do by means of the boycott. There is not a case on record in which the right to boycott has been upheld by the courts. Judge Baker's reasoning clearly legalizes boycotting along with blacklisting. One man has a right to withdraw his patronage or trade or good-will from a merchant or employer, and a thousand men have, in their individual capacities, the same right. It follows, if Judge Baker's doctrine be sound, that these thousand men have the right to agree together and conspire to boycott any one offensive to them, and malicious intent to injure cannot make such conspiracy wrongful. Are the courts prepared to abide by this logic? It must be admitted that employers, while claiming the right to blacklist, have denounced boycotting in unmeasured terms, and that unionists, while assisting and practising boycotting, have bitterly complained of the blacklist. Neither side has been consistent. But the courts certainly ought to apply the same principle to both practises. It should be added that Judge Waterman, also of the Chicago bench, has, in a similar case, followed Judge Baker's ruling, and, in a more elaborate opinion, argued the propriety of boycotting as a corollary to the legality of blacklisting.



WILLIAM H. HUNT,

Who will succeed Charles H. Allen as Governor of Porto Rico.



AJAX BRYAN DEFYING THE LIGHTNING.

—Minneapolis Journal.

In several states the question of fair tax-

ation is a "burning" one at this juncture. No additional evidence is needed to prove that personal property, in the hands of rich and moderately well-to-do alike, escapes proper assessment and taxation. Every student, every official body which has inquired into

the subject, has become satisfied that personal property cannot be reached, and that all attempts at doing so merely encourage perjury, evasion, and dishonesty. Real property, especially in rural districts, is unduly burdened in consequence.

But this is not the aspect of the tax problem which is just now engaging the attention of officials and taxpayers in Ohio, Illinois, New Jersey, Texas, and

other commonwealths. It is not to the failure to reach personality that men like President Ingalls of the Big Four and Mr. Henry Holt, the writer and publisher, refer when they denounce our tax system as the worst in the civilized world. They have in mind the discrimination in favor of corporate property, especially of such property as is represented by valuable public franchises.

In Ohio a vigorous attempt is being made to assess railroads and other corporations *at the same rate* as individual property owners. Mayor Johnson of Cleveland is the leader in this movement, and it is in consequence of his strenuous efforts that the Democratic state convention (which, by the way, repudiated free silver and completely ignored the party's national platforms of 1896 and 1900) adopted an unequivocal declaration urging that "steam and electric railroads and other corporations possessing public franchises shall be assessed in the same proportion to their salable value as are farms and city real estate." The latter kinds of property, under the Ohio tax law, are assessed on sixty per cent of their true money value, while, according to Mr. Johnson and his followers, the quasi-public corporations have been assessed on from ten to fifteen per cent (if not less) of the real value of their property.

Mayor Johnson has not been successful in inducing the tax boards to accept his prin-

ciples or methods, but the Cleveland board of equalization (whose authority is under dispute) has been reorganized with the view of carrying out, if possible, or, at least, of taking into the state courts, the "radical" proposals of the Johnson element of the Democratic party. As a matter of fact, an injunction has already been secured from a Cleveland judge restraining the board of equalization from raising the valuation of certain corporate property in an "unfair and unusual manner."

The chief question which the courts will have to decide in the Cleveland tax suits is as to legality and propriety of arriving at the "true money value" of a corporation's property by multiplying the number of shares of its capital stock by the market value of the same at stated times, adding to the sum the bonded indebtedness of the corporation, and treating the total as the "value" of the property within the meaning of the tax law. On behalf of the corporation this method is assailed as arbitrary, unjust, and confiscatory. The value of stocks, it is asserted, is no index to market value, as the former depends on managerial skill, goodwill, the general financial situation, franchises, etc. Net earnings are urged as the safer and fairer measure of property for taxation purposes.

Chicago is likewise in the throes of a tax struggle. The city is in a semi-bankrupt condition, and its income from taxation is utterly inadequate, failing to cover even ordinary expenditures. The law limits the tax rate to five per cent of the "assessed valuation," or one per cent of the "full" valuation of the real and personal property of the state. Evasion is so general that, probably, half of the taxable property escapes the assessor. There is a state board of equalization, whose duty it is, among other things, to assess franchises of quasi-public corporations. This duty has never been performed, and the board has been scathingly denounced by one of the courts of the state for dereliction and neglect, if not worse. Permanent improvements are impossible, owing to a constitutional limit upon the borrowing power of municipalities, Chicago having exceeded that limit. Salaries of public officials have had to be reduced, street cleaning abandoned, and the police force weakened. Yet the public is quite apathetic, and while all recognize the need of reform, progress is scarcely perceptible.



In connection with this question of taxa-



THE LATE
PRINCE VON HOHENLOHE,
Former Imperial Chancellor
of Germany.

tion, an important decision recently rendered by the supreme court of New Jersey is not to be overlooked. The case was that of the city of Newark *vs.* the North Jersey Street Railway, and the issue involved was the legality of the city's tax upon the company's road-bed. The local authorities had treated the road-bed as real estate, and assessed it as such under the general property tax. The corporation appealed to the state board of taxation, and secured a heavy reduction of the tax on the singular ground that "the trolley company had no greater right in the street than the traveler upon it, and that it therefore had no taxable interest in it." This was obviously contrary to fact and experience. The controversy was taken into the courts, and the supreme court has sustained the position of the Newark assessors. It says:

"As between Newark and the North Jersey Street Railway, the latter has acquired the right to lay in the soil the foundations for its rails, to lay rails thereupon, and the right to the continuous uninterrupted occupancy of such part of the public estate. Its poles and its tracks are there permanently, to the exclusion of any other person that might desire to occupy the land, and during the life of the grant the city of Newark will be without power to remove them. The company has a grant of a part of the public estate as its own permanent, exclusive use, and that is an interest in real estate; the part must be of the same character as the whole."

There is evidence on every side that the greatest confusion prevails in official, legal, and citizen circles with regard to the taxa-

tion of corporate property, especially of the intangible kind. A body of law is slowly being evolved, and the principle of equality of burdens is asserting itself. Resistance on the part of short-sighted corporations to equitable taxation and reasonable control is undoubtedly responsible for much of the favor which the alternative of municipal ownership and operation of public utilities is now receiving.



The taxation of special franchises—that is, exclusive privileges granted by the state or municipalities to corporations performing quasi-public functions—will probably receive an impetus from the remarkable

decision recently rendered by the supreme court of Michigan. Only in a few states are franchises taxed. New York enacted a law about two years ago taxing them as real property. The constitutionality of that act is still in doubt. New Jersey has adopted the plan of imposing a two per cent tax on the value of franchises. In some states it is the municipal governments which demand and obtain "compensation" for the special privileges—a policy which is not free from objections, for the companies compelled to pay a percentage of their receipts are slow to improve their service and to reduce their rate of fare. Municipal reformers have not regarded "compensation" with any degree of favor.

Here and there bold officials have asserted that even under the general laws for the taxation of property the full value of franchises may be taxed. This contention is now supported by the unanimous opinion of so able and learned a tribunal as the Michigan supreme court. The street railway company of Detroit had been assessed on the value of its intangible property, its franchises, though there is no express legislation in Michigan for the taxation of franchises. The company objected, and has been defeated in the courts. In the opinion referred to it is held that there is no occasion for specific and express legislation authorizing such taxation. The constitution of the state demands equal and



WILLIAM H. TAFT,

First Civil Governor of the Philippines.



UNCLE SAM:—"My plaster is coming off for good."
JOHN BULL:—"And I am sticking more on."

—Minneapolis Journal.

uniform taxation of property of all kinds, and there is no doubt that special privileges are "property." There is no excuse, says the court, either for ascribing a fictitious value to property, tangible or intangible, or for undervaluing it or omitting it from the tax roll.



EVELYN B. BALDWIN,

American Explorer who has started for the North Pole.

— often very greatly — in value, and the basis of the market value should be the basis of taxation. Is there any reason, asks the court, for assessing a street railway for less than it would command in the market if sold? It is therefore the right and duty of the assessors and receivers to ascertain the market value of franchises and to assess them at the same rate as other property.

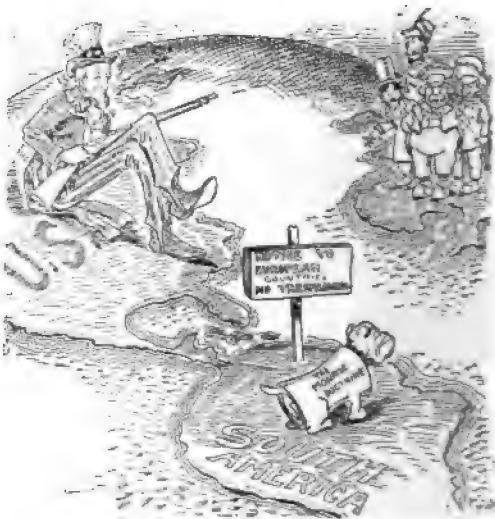
Now there is nothing peculiar about the tax provisions of the Michigan constitution. The organic law of every state in the union demands equal and uniform taxation, and hence what is true of the franchises of Michigan corporations should be true of franchises elsewhere. No special law for the taxation of such privileges should be needful, and if the tax officials did their duty no franchise having value would escape its share of the tax burden. But, as intimated above, the effects of such taxation may prove far from beneficial to the public. No doubt it is the realization of this fact which is prompting more and more public men to advocate municipal ownership and operation of public utilities. In Chicago, for example, a special committee of the city council, composed of the ablest and most upright aldermen, has drafted a bill for municipal operation of the street railways. Even the conservatives were urging the state legislature to pass this measure. The voters of Chicago

would be asked to decide upon the proposition, and there is little doubt as to what their verdict would be. Ten years ago equitable taxation of franchises might have operated as a preventive of "municipalization," but now this remedy is plainly insufficient in the eyes of the majority. In all parts of the country the movement for municipal ownership is steadily and rapidly gaining ground.



Porto Rico is now a part of the great free-trade union of the states and territories. The Foraker act, imposing a fifteen per cent tariff on the trade passing between that island and the United States, has been suspended by a presidential proclamation. The act itself, limited by its terms to a period of two years, had several months of life yet, but it contained a provision that whenever the legislative assembly of Porto Rico should adopt a system of local taxation and revenue adequate to the island's needs, and should notify the president of that fact, the latter might order the cessation of the tariff.

Several months ago the Porto Rican legislature passed the so-called Hollander tax law, which has recently gone into effect. It has completely revolutionized the tax system of the island, and for the first time in its history provided for a general assessment of all property. At first there was some dissatisfaction with the law, but the American



UNCLE SAM:—"I don't believe they will ever come over as long as the watch-dog is there."

—Minneapolis Tribune.

officials assert that all distrust and suspicion have vanished, and that an exceptionally satisfactory condition prevails on the island. There is no debt, and last year's budget has left a surplus of over \$1,500,000 in the treasury.

The fifteen per cent tariff greatly stimulated trade—the Porto Rican-American trade. The law was passed in April, 1900, and the first year of its operation showed an increase of \$4,000,000 in our exports to the island and a very material increase in the imports. The steady expansion since the substitution of American for Spanish sovereignty is clearly exhibited in the following table:

	Exports.	Imports.
1897	\$1,964,850	\$2,181,024
1898	1,481,629	2,414,356
1899	2,633,400	3,179,827
1900	4,260,892	3,078,648
*1901	6,292,660	3,748,093

*Eleven months, ending May.

The opposition to the American administration has disappeared, and the people look forward to an epoch of prosperity, activity, and harmony. Of course, under the decisions of the supreme court in the insular cases, congress is at liberty to impose a new tariff upon Porto Rican exports to the United States, but this is merely a theoretical possibility. The freedom of trade Porto Rico has secured is as safe and permanent as that

of Oklahoma. But congress has not "extended" the constitution as a whole to the island, and the status of its inhabitants is yet to be determined. Are they citizens of the United States? Has the bill of rights "followed the flag" to their territory? These questions will be answered by the supreme court in disposing of cases still pending before it.



The fiscal year 1901, ended June 30, was a remarkable one as regards the foreign trade of the country. The expansion of exports continued steadily, despite certain unfavorable factors, such as the war in China, the campaign in South Africa, and the trade depression in Germany and Russia. A considerable decrease in at least certain lines of American exports would have surprised no one, yet the figures show an actual and very considerable increase in each of the great classes of merchandise, except manufactured goods, and in this class the loss is rather apparent than real.

Our exports aggregated \$1,487,656,544, exceeding those of the preceding fiscal year by over \$97,000,000. The imports were valued at \$822,756,533, being over \$27,000,-000 less than those for the fiscal year 1900. The balance of trade in favor of the United States amounted to the tremendous sum of \$664,900,000, showing an increase of not less than \$120,000,000 over the balance of the previous year.

The reduction in the value of the imports is due largely to the fall in prices. Divided into classes, the values thus compare with those of the year 1900:

Articles of food and animals, in 1900, \$218,510,098; 1901, \$222,227,898. Articles in a crude condition for use in domestic industry, in 1900, \$302,426,748; in 1901, \$269,763,404. Articles wholly or partially manufactured for use in manufactures and mechanic arts, in 1900, \$88,433,548; in 1901, \$79,080,716. Articles manufactured ready for consumption, in 1900, \$128,900,597; in 1901, \$130,662,903. Articles of voluntary use, luxuries, etc., in 1900, \$111,670,094; in 1901, \$120,938,095.

The exports, divided into great classes, were as follows in the last two fiscal years:

	1900.	1901.
Products of agriculture	\$835,858,123	\$944,059,568
Products of manufacture	433,851,756	410,509,173
Products of mining . . .	37,843,742	39,267,647
Products of the forest . . .	52,218,112	54,312,830
Products of the fisheries	6,326,620	7,743,313
Miscellaneous	4,665,218	4,561,278



For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain, the Heathen Chinee is now paying.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

The decline in the class of manufactures,

"on the face of the returns," seems considerable, and indeed the tendency for some months past has been downward. But the loss does not exceed a few million dollars. The exports of manufactures to Hawaii and Porto Rico no longer appear in the tables of foreign trade, and that fact alone accounts for a large proportion of the apparent decrease, since most of the merchandise shipped from the states to those territories is of the manufactured class.

As stated above, the favorable balance was the largest recorded in our trade annals. The net balances for the past three fiscal years (including silver and gold) reach the sum of \$1,745,236,489. It is further to be remembered that since 1893—the panic year—every fiscal year has shown a heavy excess of exports over imports. For the eight years ended June 30 last the net balances aggregate \$3,177,992,028. It is generally supposed that our current indebtedness to Europe,—the annual payments for freights, interest on foreign capital, dividends, travelers' expenditures, etc.,—will not exceed \$200,000,000. This accounts for half of the net balance. As to the other half opinions differ. Some allege that American stocks and bonds have been surrendered by Europe and acquired by our own investors in settlement of the difference. Others assert that Europe owes vast sums to American financiers and is paying interest on them. The question, "What becomes of the balance?" is under active discussion, and we shall have occasion to recur to it.



A petition signed by the leading cotton manufacturers of the south, recently presented to the state department, called attention to the fact that the chief market for American cotton goods is found in the very region of China which is now disturbed, and that the cotton goods used in China are largely of the grades manufactured in southern factories which, since the beginning of the Boxer uprisings, have lost half of their trade and have been compelled to materially reduce the running time of their mills. They declare that the "open door" is necessary for them to hold their important trade with China, and they call upon the state department to take whatever action may be necessary to secure the "open door" to China, and to prevent any movement by any European power calculated to close the Chinese market to our manufacturers. These facts will be new to most people, as also will be

the figures here given showing the importance of this cotton trade with China to the whole country.

The total exports of manufactured cotton from the United States amounted last year to but little over \$20,000,000 in value. Over one-half of this went to China, and of the \$10,273,000 worth of American cotton goods taken by China, almost \$8,000,000 worth was taken by the three ports of North China—Tien-Tsin, New-chwang, and Chefoo—all of which lie in the disturbed district. The foreign trade of these three ports amounts to about \$40,000,000 per annum, being greater by far than that of all the Yang-tse river ports combined. Of these three ports, New-chwang, the port through which passes our trade with Manchuria, is by far the most important to us. It alone takes almost \$6,000,000 worth of drills or sheeting, more than half our total export of cottons to China. The control which Americans hold of the cotton trade of this vast territory is shown by the report of the English consular officer stationed there. Out of 1,750,000 pieces of drills and sheetings landed at that port fewer than 50,000 pieces were of Japanese or English make, all the rest being American. The value of the cotton goods taken by this single port is more than one-third the total exports of the United States to the whole empire of China.

It is apparent from this that the United States, and particularly the south, which is interested in the manufacture of cotton goods, cannot remain unconcerned at the



THE SKELETON GETTING OUT OF THE CLOSET.

—Minneapolis Journal.

prospect of the partition of China. New-chwang is now held by the Russians who have taken advantage of the place that Peking has held in the eyes of the world, to pour an army of 200,000 men into Manchuria, and there to wage a successful war of conquest. The agreement just published between that power and China for the government of Manchuria offers little promise that the hold which the Slav now has upon that territory will ever be relinquished unless force is used by some power like ourselves with vital interests at stake. Eastern Siberia has been a growing market for the wheat and flour produced on our Pacific coast, but such a tax has just been levied upon American flour imported into that region as completely to demoralize the trade, and the action of Russia in this case is an indication of what may be expected by us in Manchuria and those parts of China supplied through Tien-Tsin and New-chwang if they are allowed to remain under Russian control. Germany's hostile attitude toward American products is of course well known, and should she be allowed to secure her claims to the province of Shantung, a small part of whose twenty-six million we now reach through Chefoo, we may as well regard that rich market as permanently lost. Our total exports to China last year were only \$15,000,000, two-thirds of which was cotton goods. Of the remainder, \$4,000,000 was kerosene oil, leaving about \$1,000,000 to cover other exports of every description.



APROPOS OF FRENCH DUELS: A HUMANE SUGGESTION.

—London Sketch.

Our trade with China has almost been limited to the two staples, cotton and petroleum; but it has been noticed that wherever our cotton goods have been introduced there has come an inquiry for other American goods. So, while the south, which grows and manufactures cotton, is chiefly interested in keeping an "open door" to China, still its importance to the whole country lies in the fact that it is through our cotton goods that we are introducing other American products into that great empire.



The French parliament has passed the "associations" act, which is rightly supposed to be directed against the monastic

MINHUI CHO,
New Minister from Korea
to the United States.

orders hostile to the republic (especially the Jesuits) and to aim at their expulsion. All the religious organizations which confine themselves to charitable and educational work will doubtless apply to the ministry for the license or grant of authority required by the law. The pope, who at first resolutely fought the act, has publicly advised the chiefs of the orders to reorganize and comply with the law. It is believed, however, that to some permission to continue their work will be refused by the government.

On the whole, the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet has succeeded beyond all expectations. As parliament is prorogued for the summer vacation, the ministry is "safe" till October, and it is worthy of note that at the end of that month it will have attained the twenty-eighth month of its existence, and will be the longest-lived cabinet in the history of the Third Republic. It was called into existence during the height of the Dreyfus agitation, which threatened civil war and a military attack upon the republic. It became known as the "ministry of the Republican defense," and it enlisted the active and loyal support of the Socialists, two of whose leaders were given cabinet positions. A large number of moderate Republicans, led by Meline, the ex-premier and extreme protectionist, have opposed the ministry, and if it has survived all attacks and realized nearly the whole of its program,



it is because the Socialist deputies have been solidly arrayed on its side.

Several labor measures have been enacted, and tax reforms have been instituted. The supremacy of the civil power has been asserted and vindicated, and the intriguing



SEÑOR LUIS F. COREA,
New Minister from Nicaragua
to the United States.

generals whose anti-Dreyfusism was carried to dangerous lengths have been reduced to obedience. The so-called Nationalists are still sowing discord and disaffection, but their influence is small, and the stability of the republic is greater than ever. A general election is shortly to be held, and all the indications are that the country will return a decisive majority of Republican deputies

and repudiate the enemies of the existing régime. The recent elections for the councils-general in the departments resulted in overwhelming Republican success. In but four departments are the new councils anti-Republican. Evidently France is in favor of peace and the policy of the coalition now in power.

The last, and perhaps the most important, act of the French chamber of deputies prior to the prorogation was the voting of the first article of the government's bill for workmen's old-age and invalid pensions. This bill is an extraordinary one in many respects, and while it has encountered much opposition, it is certain to pass parliament and become law. Great Britain has been discussing "universal" old-age pensions, but the South African war has banished that great social reform from practical politics. France will be the first great nation to follow the example of New Zealand and Denmark in the direction of making provision for the industrial army of the state.

The act applies to all workmen, including agricultural laborers, but not to small merchants or other independent non-salaried elements. The beneficiaries of the pension system will number about 8,300,000. The details of the plan are summarized as follows:

Every workman under sixty-five is to be required to pay one cent a day if he is under eighteen and earns less than two francs. For those above eighteen the compulsory deduction will be two cents a day on wages between two and five francs, and three cents on higher

daily wages. The employer will be required to contribute an equal sum in each case. The money will be paid to and invested by the government in national or local securities. After the age of sixty-five any workman can demand a pension based on these payments. To workmen disabled before the age of sixty-five the state will pay a bonus not exceeding one hundred francs a year. Workmen who are sixty-five at the time the law goes into effect will receive a pension not exceeding one hundred francs a year if they have worked for thirty years. Those under sixty-five will be similarly dealt with on reaching that age.

It is estimated that the state will have to contribute 7,000,000 francs the first year, and that the amount will steadily increase thereafter, reaching a maximum of 90,000,000 francs in the eighteenth year, and then decreasing gradually to an annual charge, on the average, of 45,000,000 francs. As taxation is heavy in France and the expenditures are increasing at a rather disquieting rate, some statesmen believe the pension scheme to be impracticable, if not ruinous. But few deputies venture to oppose it, and there are Radicals who criticize it as falling short of the requirements of justice and humanity. The act will undergo modification, as the trade unions have been invited to offer suggestions freely and the cabinet is ready to entertain friendly amendments. The essential provisions, however, will stand, and a landmark in "social legislation" will have been established by the Republican ministry of Waldeck-Rousseau.



It might not be entirely correct to say that the present general movement throughout the country in behalf of public libraries is due to the liberality of Andrew Carnegie, but it is undoubtedly true that widespread interest has been aroused because of his gifts. In many places to which his generosity has not extended movements are under way for the higher development of the people through the medium of the public library. In fact, this movement has become one of the greatest educational developments of the generation.

One of the chief fostering influences of this movement is the woman's club, which in various parts of the country has made a special effort in this direction. There are now between thirty and forty state federations of women's clubs in this country, and these comprise a large number of individual clubs, representing many thousands of women. In nearly every one of these organizations there is a standing committee on library extension, and this committee is specially charged with the duty of urging the establishment of free public libraries wherever possible. The

result is that in many states the traveling library has become a part of the library system, and in several states where the traveling library system has not yet been adopted, the federated clubs have put in circulation traveling libraries of their own. Eighteen state library commissions are now in existence, and some of these owe their existence to the coöperation of the women, as for instance that of the state of Iowa, which was established last year largely through the influence of women's clubs, of which there are 224 in the state, representing 8,000 women.

The Iowa traveling library is in some respects a unique institution. There are now between eighty and ninety fifty-volume sub-libraries, made up of miscellaneous books, and a number of juvenile libraries. The plan is to make it possible for an individual or association deprived of the advantages of a good local library to secure at the simple cost of transportation any book or collection of books. This idea has been eagerly seized upon in many villages of the state, where a club, for example, interested in the study of art, history, criticism, or household economics, or indeed any other subject, is enabled to borrow from the state a well-selected collection of books such as it may need, and to retain it either three or six months.

The value of such a system is readily seen, especially in its relation to the higher development of the rural community. In Iowa there are a large number of small libraries of less than two thousand volumes, and it greatly increases the value of these libraries to secure fifty additional books from the

state as frequently as they may desire. In isolated villages and school districts, where there are no public library advantages whatever, the traveling library is of especial value.

It would be well if every village could have its own collection of books for free distribution,

and it would seem that such a result might be achieved at the expense of a little enterprise and public spirit. As a remarkable instance of this sort, the village of Greenup, Illinois, might be mentioned. This place has a population of about one thousand, and the citizens decided to create a library, depending wholly upon their own resources.

This scheme also originated with the woman's club, and it was not long before every resident of the village was interested. A "book shower" held at one of the churches brought out 282 desirable books as a beginning, and in a little while this was increased to one thousand volumes. Later five hundred more were added, and many contributions of money were received. A room in the schoolhouse was fitted up as a library, the local carpenters furnishing the shelving and the work of construction as their contribution to the good cause, and the librarians served without compensation. The village has now a good library, and the public spirit of the community has been greatly quickened.

DR. DANIEL PURINTON,
New President of the University
of West Virginia.



THE DESTRUCTIVE CHILD.

— *Minneapolis Journal.*

An interesting experiment is being tried by the American Publishers' Association, in accordance with a plan formulated a year ago and discussed in these pages. The condition of the bookselling trade has steadily gone from bad to worse in late years, owing to severe competition, lack of uniformity in prices, and the rivalry of the department stores. Many of the smaller dealers have been forced to add other "lines" to their trade, and the old type of bookseller—the purchaser's guide, counsellor, and friend—has nearly disappeared. The public, too, has suffered through the absence of a fixed price on books, for each dealer charged what he pleased and thought "safe."

After a great deal of intelligent discussion



the reputable publishers of the country evolved a scheme designed to help the retail dealer without injuring the book-buyer. On May 1 it went into effect for a year's trial. If successful, it may be renewed. Here are the main features of the plan: all copyright books



HORATIO J. SPRAGUE,
Late United States Consul
at Gibraltar.

— except current fiction, school books, and subscription books — are to be listed at net prices, and at a twenty per cent reduction from the prices heretofore claimed in catalogues and advertisements. There is no gain to the public or loss to the publishers in this reduction, for the real price of the books not marked net has been twenty per cent below the advertised price. The dealers must main-

tain the net prices, illicit cutting of them being punishable with rigid boycotting. The discount to the dealers is to be twenty-five per cent, but any publisher may grant a higher or impose a lower discount. Libraries are to receive a discount of ten per cent from the retail price. When a publisher sells at retail, he must not only sell at the listed price, but must add the postal or express charges to all customers ordering books from out of town.

There is no injustice to any of the parties concerned in this arrangement. Its benefits would be much greater if fiction were included, for it is notorious that the book-sellers dispose of more fiction than of any other kind of literature. Department stores must observe the new rules or find their supplies cut off. Some of them are opposed to the plan, and at least one store in New York is selling the net books below the publishers' prices. It seems to have no difficulty in obtaining all the books it wants, a fact which indicates laxity and breach of agreement somewhere. There has been some talk of appealing to the courts to enjoin the recalcitrant store from underselling the regular dealers, but it is doubtful if a case for judicial intervention can be made out. The publishers' agreement involves no monopoly and no restraint of trade, and they would probably be upheld in their refusal to supply with books those who decline to accept their conditions. But he who, in some way, has

managed to get the books is clearly at liberty to sell them at any price he may see fit — even below cost. Some department stores may go into the publishing business on their own account. Whether it is possible to rehabilitate the book trade and restore its former dignity and importance to letters is decidedly an open question.

The National Council of Women, which will meet in a three days' session September 11, 12, and 13, is a remarkable expression of the modern woman's enterprise. This energetic body, which has created the conditions out of which other federations might grow, is probably the most cosmopolitan body ever formed for the single purpose of elevating and strengthening the legal, moral, mental, and social conditions of a sex. Its scope is all-inclusive; its membership a remarkable aggregation of varying creeds, aims, tastes, and nationalities. For fourteen years its progress has been steady and remarkable. Its first president was the late Frances E. Willard; its present presiding officer is Mrs. Fannie Humphreys Gaffney. Out of the council has grown the Canadian council which, in numbers, is even sturdier than the parent organization, the councils of Indiana, Illinois, Maine, Rhode Island, New York, and Minnesota, and the great International Council of Women. The latter binds the humanitarian and philanthropic women of the United States, Germany, France, Sweden, Norway, Italy, Denmark, Great Britain and Ireland, New Zealand, Austria, Greece, and Russia. It has already played an active part in the correcting of false social and industrial conditions. Among the most active branches of this strongly organized force is the Universal Peace Union, which works along the lines of international arbitration; the National Association of Women of American Liberty, whose endeavors are for the preservation of public schools from all sectarian tendencies and to see that money set aside for the sustenance and establishment of public schools shall not be diverted to the use of any sect whatever; the National Association of Business Women, designed to aid in every way the individual worker and to protect her rights as trades-unions protect the interests of the masses. Incorporated with the National Council are societies for rescue work among women; benefit societies that issue death policies and are provided with funds for sick members; the National Council of Jewish Women, established for the purpose of deepening and strengthening

the religious feeling and training among children of their race, and especially for surrounding the families of newcomers with the best influences.

Perhaps the boldest step taken thus far by this amalgamated club body is the admission to its councils of the National Association of Colored Women, the first national organization of the educated colored women in America to help their own race. Its primary object is to secure a willing co-operation among colored people that shall work toward a lessening of the disabilities that attend their work in practically all lines; the strengthening of their own lives, and to raise the standards in housekeeping and in the home. Their motto is "Lifting as we climb."

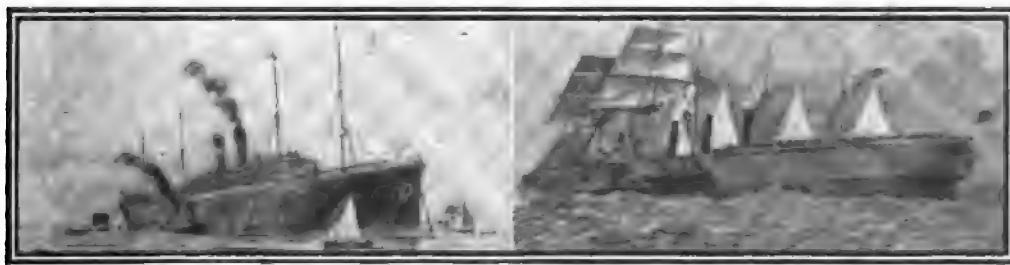
From time to time the progress of woman suffrage has been recorded in these pages. In the United States and in New Zealand the greatest victories have been won by the persistent advocates of political equality and truly universal suffrage, but in Europe the movement is by no means barren of notable and significant results. In Great Britain they have been discussing the expediency of enabling women to serve on municipal governing boards, and even conservative organs have urged this reform on the ground that on questions of education, sanitation, dwellings, housing of the poor, parks, and other local interests the voices and votes of earnest, public-spirited women would be a potent factor for good. But the lead in this respect has been taken by little Norway, that thrifty, progressive, model nation. By a law passed by the Storthing only a few months ago certain classes of women are enfranchised so far as municipal politics and administration are concerned.

Municipalities in Norway are independent in the management of their own affairs. Their governing councils are composed of from twelve to forty-eight members, according to the population. The members serve gratuitously and the term is three years.

Women who are twenty-five years of age, have had fixed places of abode for five years, and pay taxes on an income of not less than three hundred kroner (eighty-one dollars) in the country or four hundred kroner in cities, or live with husbands who pay these amounts, are to have the same rights as men in voting and holding office in municipalities. Many intelligent women are still debarred from the suffrage under the property qualification, but the step toward complete enfranchisement is a long one. The agitation will continue, the leaders in the movement demanding national suffrage as well for all the women of Norway. The Woman Suffrage Association was organized in that country in 1884, and the chief leader is Miss Gina Krog, now fifty years old, a refined, educated, and talented writer and speaker.

Horatio J. Sprague, "the father of America's consular service," died at Gibraltar, July 18, at the age of seventy-seven. Mr. Sprague represented the United States at Gibraltar fifty-three years. He was born of American parents at Gibraltar and lived there all his life, having visited his own country but once. During his official career Mr. Sprague entertained three presidents who traveled abroad after leaving the White House—Fillmore, Pierce, and Grant. Mr. Sprague is said to have successfully met severe official difficulties during the Civil war and the Spanish war. He seems to have been kept at his post because of his efficiency.

The new White Star liner *Celtic* reached her dock in New York August 4 after her maiden voyage from Liverpool. The *Celtic* is the largest boat in the world, being 700 feet long, 75 feet broad, and 49 feet deep. Her gross tonnage is 20,880. She can accommodate 2,859 passengers and a crew of 335. At the same time she can carry 12,000 tons of freight. She has nine decks. It is interesting in this connection to note



THE CELTIC.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

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that *the Great Eastern*, launched more than *forty* *years ago*, was nearly as pretentious in *size*. *The Great Eastern*, the disastrous history of which is familiar to all, was 692 feet long and 83 feet broad. Her gross tonnage was 18,915. She was propelled both by paddle and screw. She could accommodate, though *not in accordance with our ideas of comfort*, about 4,000 passengers.

Readers of this magazine will notice that in this *issue* a portion of the contents bears relation to the subjects of the Italian-German year of reading for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, which begins in October. The subjects of the nine-months' reading course ensuing appear in four books: "Men and Cities of Italy" in three parts, by James Richard Joy, Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer, and J. A. R. Marriott; "Studies in the Poetry of Italy," by Frank J. Miller, University of Chicago, and Oscar Kuhns, Wesleyan University; "Imperial Germany," by Sidney Whitman; "Some First Steps in Human Progress," by Frederick Starr, University of Chicago. A part of the contents of the magazine each month will be correlated with these subjects. "A Reading Journey in Central Europe" will cover Italy and portions of Germany and Austria. A series of "Critical Studies in German Literature" and a series of "Inner Life Studies" of historic figures in Italy and Germany will be presented. Attention is called in this issue to "A Florentine Monk's Romance," "The Beatification of a Saint," "The Ruin and Legend of Kynast," "A Pestalozzian Pilgrimage," and "A Black Hussar at Waterloo," as features suggestive of the topics about to be taken up in popular systematic form.

In this connection emphasis may be properly laid upon what we are pleased to call the Chautauqua method of studying current events to the best advantage. THE CHAUTAUQUAN appeals to every person who desires to secure a correct perspective of current events. Two years ago the leading feature was a series of illustrated articles on "The Expansion of the American People"; during the past year "The Rivalry of Nations: World Politics of Today," was presented; for the coming year Prof. E. E. Sparks, author of the "Expansion" articles, will furnish the series on "Formative Incidents in American Diplomacy." In such a series the attempt is made to set forth authorita-

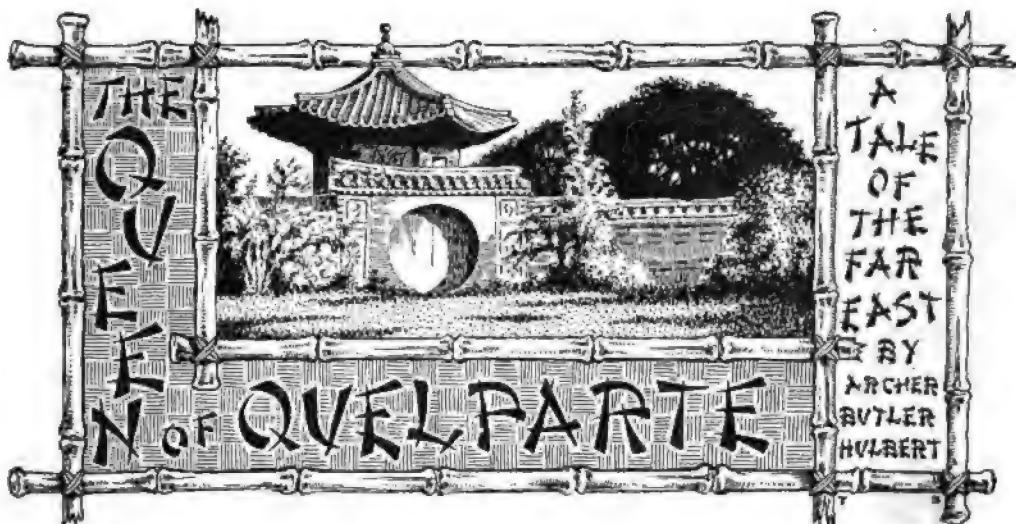
tively and pictorially the topic uppermost in the public mind, concerning which people want to be well informed. With this series as a basis, the magazine couples special articles dealing at greater length with particular phases from time to time, and in the editorial section of "Highways and Byways" current happenings are treated so as to point out their relation to the great permanent factors involved in the chief topic under consideration.

Most people read a bit here, pick up a bit there, and skim an article somewhere, gaining only a mass of indistinct, unrelated impressions. THE CHAUTAUQUAN, by giving a comparatively brief but comprehensive historical view of the important topic of the day, sets up a standard in relation to which all one's reading on this subject naturally falls into place. The detached, floating, incomplete news of the hour is referred to a standard of comparison, gaps are filled, relative importance is established, and the essentials are the more easily remembered through the law of association. In other words, one has established a base-line of discrimination, from an intelligent student point of view; one will get definite results from one's reading concerning current events.

This method is not only sound in an educational sense, but we believe it is a real time-saver for people nowadays, for whose attention all kinds of publications clamor.

Specifically, the coming series on "Formative Incidents in American Diplomacy" will hang "on the line" for us, as artists would say, pictures of the significant developments in the policy which has been pursued by the United States in its relations with other countries, from the beginning to the present day of our "supreme" international importance. At the end of nine months we shall have learned what contributions the United States has made to the machinery and spirit of international intercourse; how we have conducted ourselves internationally, and why the current history of diplomatic developments is of paramount interest.

From these statements it will be seen that the magazine, by itself, seeks to present the best kind of current events course, for which people who may not care for the entire C. L. S. C. course may be enlisted. A number of clubs and literary organizations have made a reading course out of the magazine alone; for those who wish to specialize further in this direction the C. L. S. C. office has formulated a special course of supplementary book reading.



XIV. NSASE, THE SWORD-DANCER.

WHEN I regained consciousness, the sun was in the zenith. The horse to which I was tied was climbing upward slowly. Behind me rode the two men. We were still ascending rocky ridges toward the mountain crest, which I now saw was not far distant. The men behind me talked excitedly; now and then they laughed. My capture evidently meant much to them. Yet they may not have been thinking of me at all. At any rate, all I knew was that they talked Chinese—and perhaps I could not have known anything worse. Of course I knew nothing of their destination, though I recognized at once the stony byroad on which I had come up from Han Chow to Keinning.

I think no one ever cared less about the future than I did then. I remember I wished to "go to my Gawd like a soldier," as the soldiers sing—not to be tortured to satiate the hate of a Chinese mandarin.

I was bound with ropes made of twisted straw. Now and then by raising myself on my hands or by straightening the muscles of my limbs I was able to lessen the pain. But when the pain eased I thought of Dulcine smothering in that marble tomb. Then I relaxed my muscles and let my bonds cut and tear me. Yet, as time passed, the same thoughts came in spite of the pain. I remembered the distracted Oranoff, and prayed God he would believe we had run away together; and I swore, so far as I was concerned, that he should never know otherwise.

But what of Dulcine? Could she live? Had the concussion of the falling of that tremendous tablet killed her? If not, was she not alive? I remembered the great size of the tomb. She could not exhaust the air in it in an hour or a day—no, not in a week. As for food, she was buried in it; food to last a soul's lifetime. Yet the fragrance of that mass of cake and spice, would not that suffocate her? And I really wondered if it would not be a blessing to her to hope that it would, and speedily!

With these thoughts came hope—a hope quite as agonizing as the despair in which it was conceived. There was chance enough of the girl's living, I believed, to warrant my attempt to escape, even though I had to thread the finest needle in the world to do so. If alive, Dulcine could not live very long, and if I would bring assistance it must be brought quickly. The measure of my life measured hers—and the least I could do now was to die in the attempt to save her.

My horse limped on, continually urged by those behind. At last there was a stop. My horse went steadily forward to a spot where the path widened, where Kepneff's servant and I had built our fire. Long yellow grass lay above the deceptive overhanging edge of the sloping precipice of sandstone. To this he hobbled hungrily. A great mass of earth caved away, and horse and rider (who was luckily on top) went sliding downward, the ropes of straw being severed as we shot along. We brought up with a crash in tall bushes which had taken root in a

wide, natural catchwater. I was thrown through these bushes by the force of the impact, and lay quite breathless, as my guards, wild with excitement, rushed to the point where my horse had fallen.

They were not more surprised than I; but they were a deal more unlucky. For a moment I lay still to get my breath. Then I arose as best I could and ran along, keeping behind the shrubs. A rifle snapped on the ridge above me. Its companion repeated the command, and blood trickled from my hand, for the ball went between my fingers. I ran on, bending lower. Soon I was out of sight. Resounding hoofbeats along the crest announced that my guards were hurrying around to head me off.

Then I turned about and went leisurely back up the cliffs to the spot where my horse had fallen. I crossed the road and went down on the opposite side of the ridge.

I use the word "leisurely" without flippancy. I could not have gone otherwise, and I found I could not go far even leisurely. I had done this much on the strength of desperation, and other strength I had not. Yet I stumbled on, looking only for a place to hide. My legs were benumbed by the thongs which had bound them; the blood ran easily from my hand. I did not care where I went—and I knew I was caring less each step I took. It was easier going down hill, and I went on somehow to the bottom, to the brook where Kepneff's servant and I had drunk. I saw an overhanging bank, crept under it, and thrust my hand wrist-deep into the cold mud.

I was awakened by the monotonous thwack-thwack of a Quelpartienne's paddle, for these people wash their clothes on the stones of the brooks, beating them with boards. I was faint for want of food, it was coming on night, and I was worse than lost. I arose and followed the bed of the brook toward the resounding paddle. I would be very much safer in a Quelpartien hut that night than lying about the mountainside.

When the woman saw me, she dropped her paddle and ran screaming up the bank out of sight. I fancy I did look ghastly, though I had tried to wash the blood from my face and head. What clothes my captors had left on me (they had confiscated my coat and hat) were bright enough with gold and silver to attract attention. I had torn the lining from my heavy vest, and had bound up my hand. I must have looked like a warrior wakened from his sleep on a for-

gotten mountain battle-ground. I did not blame her for running.

I went on to the path up the bank which the frightened woman had taken. But before I reached the top of it I was on the ground again. If I remember correctly I had not eaten since the noon of the day before, nor slept for a week, save my naps at Han Chow, at the legation, and on the horse to which I had been bound.

When I awoke again I was lying on a rush mat in an unlighted room. The smell of earth and the distant drip of water made me believe—as it turned out—that I was in a cave. My eyes became accustomed to the darkness and I saw a bowl of rice beside me. A woman began singing in a low monotone not far away. Presently she came to the matting which hung between the mouth of the cave and the rear of the hut built up against it, lifted a corner, and looked in. With the light behind her I could see only her figure. She was not dressed in native costume, and she was shapelier than any Quelpartienne I had seen. She dropped the matting and resumed the song, probably thinking I still slept. From the moment I saw her I believed that it was she who befriended my servant and me as we passed this way before, and that now she had brought me to her hidden home to save me from my captors. The woman lit a candle, then two others joined her and an unsavory supper was eaten from wooden bowls.

I was just going to sleep again. The soft mat under me, the strange feeling of safety, the nourishing rice, and the woman's song made me content for the moment to stop thinking and to try to recover my strength for the journey to Keinning—I was confident that I was in the hands of friends who would see me through.

Then a rough, harsh voice brought me quickly to my feet, my hand at my beltless waist. The women screamed.

I knew that voice. I knew what the screams meant. I backed mechanically against the wall of the darkened room, and cursed the scoundrels for having taken my sword. For I was ready to fight—yes, with the dark cave behind me I fairly ached to fight them. I groped along the wall. It was covered with matting. Then I cut myself on a sharp edge. I felt—and it was a sword-blade. As I tried to take it down, another beside it cut me again. And beyond this were more—each sharper than an adder's fang. What did this mean?

My question was answered. Some one

came to me in the darkness. Finding me by the swords, the girl led me back to my mat where I lay down again at a whispered word of command in an unknown tongue. Fast quarreling in the outer room had been succeeded by violent rummaging about. The noise came nearer and nearer. By this time another girl had entered the cave. She brought some glowing substance like phosphorus which the two divided between them. Then, side by side, they took their station just within the matting, a glittering sword in each hand.

Then I knew I was hidden in a Quelpartien sword-dancer's cave. I was where no man had ever been before or would ever come again. The girls waited patiently, supremely confident in their magic power. They expected intruders, and intruders came.

Instantly, as by magic, the heavy mat curtains moved aside on the wire from which they hung. The girls, hardly visible to those without, were more plainly revealed to me. Their black, sequin-studded hair fell loosely down. A young tiger's skin enveloped each of them, thrown over one shoulder, caught together on the opposite loin, and hanging down on one side a hand's breadth below the knees. Their black hair was long, and was wrought into tiny snake-like braids which writhed about as the arms were put in motion, or darted off swiftly with the flames of the glistening swords which in an instant were whirling in their orbits.

Such a dance! My regiment could not have protected me more securely. A man's life was not worth even the weight of the dimmest ray that came from the swords. No battle-field ever was so deadly as the blazing zone through which those swords writhed and hissed. Though I had seen the secret of the illumination employed, nevertheless I utterly forgot my danger as the wild dance went on. It would have made any man forget anything.

Each broad sword was a flame of light; two thrown together with a practised hand wrought a sheet of flame; the four, when they cut the semi-circle together, sent blinding blasts of fire straight forward and straight back. Now a bolt of chain lightning fell from the right or left, seeming to cleave the ground. Now a flame poised overhead a second, then descended as the glittering blades came down. The fine black braids of hair curled lovingly about the round white arms, or, flying in the wake of the sweeping swords, stood extended. Often a descending blade severed them, and num-

berless braided ends lay on the ground beneath the softly stepping sandals. Now a ball of fire rolled spluttering around each form as the swords were whirled on a finger; then each white face was surrounded by a flame of light, the dusky eyes flashing beneath a thousand wayward wisps of hair.

I could not see into the room beyond. But all had become deathly still. The intruders now knew the nature of this hidden hut in the mountains. They knew they need not look for me in that cave, even had I dared to so much as approach it.

All this I read in the demeanor of the dancing girls. And as my baffled guards turned themselves into sight-seers rather than spies, the quick-witted dancers turned their cunning into an exhibition rather than a continuation of it as a menacing defense. They came back, sweeping the cave with light; they came forward in perfect unison and swiftly, throwing the great swords about them to a weird song which now became a feature of the performance. The new development of the fiery drama—the melody of the monotone and the more elaborate scenic display, the circles and squares of flame, the concentric circles and other nameless convolutions—rendered the close of the exhibition as marvelous as the beginning. Next to the last service at the temple of Ching-ling, I shall ever remember the dance of Nsase, the sword-dancer, which saved my life on the mountains of Quelparte that night.

At the end came a tumult of applause from the delighted spectators, now utterly at the mercy of my friends. I saw at once they meant to stay all night; and I also saw, with disquietude, that they were being received with hospitality, to say the least. Perhaps anything else would have aroused suspicion.

Food was prepared for the visitors, and the jars of *sul*, or native beer, clinked as they were raised and lowered. There was more laughter than talk, and more *sul* than rice. The girls, still fantastically dressed in the scant raiment in which they had danced, led in the laughter and did most of the talking; and Nsase outlaughed and outtalked her sister. The soldiers answered with many a coarse guffaw, which grew louder for awhile—and then quite ceased.

I had grown despondent. I did not know what the strange carousal of the dancing girls meant. I feared what might happen when all became drunk. I took down a forbidden sword and lay quiet on my bed.

I must have dropped asleep, and I know

not when the scene changed in the other room, nor just when Nsase and her sister ceased playing the tragedy they acted so well. I awoke when Nsase aroused me by unclasping my fingers from the sword. She was dressed decently and heavily, as for traveling. She smiled as I sat up, and instantly helped me to my feet. I saw she intended to start me on my way. In a moment I was ready—but I paused and pointed to the sword. I wanted that. Nsase led me into the other room.

Her sister and the old woman were gone. By the light of a paper lantern we picked our way along by the overturned pots and jugs. Nsase paused as we neared the door, looked at me, and then looked behind her. She still held my hand, and now she pressed it. I looked over her shoulder.

The two Chinamen lay stretched on the floor. The color of the liquor was on their bloated faces—and another color, too! In searching for me they had found the sword-dancers' hut, which no man may know, much less enter. And yet into it they had broken, rough and furious. They would trouble me and them no more!

Before we went out and mounted their horses, Nsase wrapped me in a long white robe, such as that she wore. She took the lead, and we pushed the horses on from ten o'clock until dawn. In this time we covered the distance the horses had traveled from daylight until noon the day before. As it began to grow light we were getting down deep into the mists of the Phan valley, and I knew that when they lifted Keinning would be in sight. When it became light enough for us to see each other, Nsase dropped back, and we rode side by side. Now and again I knew the girl was looking at me from between the folds of her white headdress. We had not spoken—for good reasons. And yet, amid all else I was thinking, I had not forgotten her; she was not a girl easily forgotten. In a hundred ways she had shown that she had seen the world and knew it. Where had she come from, that she should now be found in the mountains of Quelparte, a past master in the outlawed profession of sword-dancing? And now,

her wild lessons learned from the old woman with whom she lived (for Quelpartiens are known as unrivaled in this soldiers' art), what strange land would claim her, what cities praise her—Singapore or Rangoon, Lhassa or Port Said? Strong, handsome—Oh, well; something set me to humming “Mandalay.”

At last the mists did lift. And there was Keinning just at our feet. Nsase had come farther with me than necessary. But I think she would have gone farther—much farther.

She drew up her tired horse on the last range of foot-hills, and dismounted. She pointed to the distant city, then, with a sad smile on her face, up the road which she must return. I dismounted, too, to rest a moment. It seemed good to feel safe again. We stood still awhile by our horses. I was more grateful to her than I could ever tell, could we have spoken the same language. It was a relief not to be able to try.

After a while Nsase reached under her long robe (she had taken mine off) and drew out a long, beautiful scabbard containing a finer sword than many more exalted officers than I carry. With an attempt at laughing the girl surrendered to me, and then girt the belt around my waist. For a second she held the scabbard. She was very close to me, and looked away at the distant city. Then she dropped it and went to her horse.

I was greatly moved by the gift, remembering that she took a sword away from me as we left the cave.

Though now more deeply in her debt, I was utterly helpless to repay Nsase, however much I longed to show my gratitude. But I could not in any way, so I only pressed her hand as I gave her the bridle and bade her farewell. She sat quiet a little while on her pony, then, as I moved aside, she rode off slowly and never once looked back.

With aching heart I watched the still figure till it was lost amid the great boulders by the side of the mountain path. Then I turned to my horse in haste to pass Nsase's good favor on. My life was saved, but there—yes, the mists had just lifted from it—stood the mound of the imperial mausoleum, where Dulcine lay!

XV. THE KEEPER OF THE TOMB.

As I descended into the great plain in which Keinning lay, my eyes rested steadily upon the conical mound of earth which enclosed the imperial mausoleum. No one

gazing from those heights could have overlooked that peculiar formation. If I ever had a hard problem to solve before in my life it was a kitten's plaything to this: How

could that mound, made impregnable by the best of human skill, be entered, and the prisoner released?

The mound was about fifty feet in height. The diameter of its base was equal to its height. Its gravel sides had been turfed with grass since the imperial funeral. The magic city which had been at its base had disappeared, with the army and the great concourse of people. All the temporary buildings had been taken away; but the Hall of Spices remained, for it was not temporary. It was to be the Temple of the Tomb where services to the memory of the queen would be celebrated. As I pushed my horse down from the hills I felt the fever of fear fill my veins. It was verily a tomb.

As I came nearer—for I had to pass the mound to reach the east gate—I saw workmen on its summit erecting a diminutive temple roof to shelter the face of the great tablet. My spirits rose at the sight of these men, and I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of a familiar form. For, during the ride from the sword-dancer's cave, I had decided that all my hope lay in one man—old Ling's son, Kim. Not until then had I thought of him and remembered his appointment as Secret Guardian of the Queen in his father's place. I congratulated myself on having kept my hasty promise to the father, for the more I thought of it the surer I was that Dulcine's life was in his hands—but I dared not think what the grave youth would do or say. I knew the penalty of an attempt to enter that mausoleum. The body of the vandal would be divided among the capitals of the twenty provinces, and displayed in a public place.

If Kim could not help me, there was but one man left to ask. That was the king. Asking him would be to tell the whole miserable story of Lynx Island and Prince Tuen's victory. And yet, had not a week passed without the fulfilment of the terrible myth? Was the king not sane still, and the dynasty still secure?

And might not another week go by like this—and many?

I pushed my horse on as fast as it could go, knowing each moment was an eternity to Dulcine. I passed within a hundred yards of the mausoleum. A score of men were at work upon the little temple roof. The material for it was being brought up on the very car and track upon which the golden sarcophagus had ascended.

As I looked again at these scenes so indelibly impressed on my memory, I thought

of the terrible experiences Dulcine had endured since she bade me that last farewell. How the poor girl must have waited and waited and waited in her narrow cell for the signal that had never come! How her exhausted nerves must have trembled! How her very life blood must have been wrung from her heart as the moments passed! Did she know when the service of the priests was over? Could she have known when she was placed upon the sliding car? Did she realize that she was beyond the Altar of Spices—beyond all human power to save? Did she feel herself being lowered into her tomb—or had the stunning, deafening shock of the falling tablet first told her that her lover had proven faithless and had sent her to a living tomb after failing to bring back the real body of the queen?

I ached to hurry now to the mound, but I could not, dressed as I was. And so I pushed on into the city. But here another question arose. Where should I go? I could not go to the legation. Already Colonel Oranoff might have given out the news of Dulcine's absence, and of mine. Yet I was sure he would believe we were together, and that he would not quickly make public our disappearance. I could not help wondering if in all his diplomatic days he had ever faced a riddle more difficult to solve than this.

And so I turned toward the Japanese settlement, as I went into Keinning, and lodged at a Japanese inn. From there I boldly indited a letter to Oranoff. I said that for reasons which he would fully approve when we explained them, Dulcine and I had left Keinning together. I dated my note Tsi, the morning after the funeral, for I knew a boat had left then for Chefoo and Port Arthur.

Soon I was ready to return to the imperial grave. A fresh horse took me over the three miles quickly, but it was only by the best of luck that I was enabled to approach the mound. I found the roadway thither guarded by soldiers, but the men knew me, and sent at once for their captain who ascended the mound with me. The moment my foot touched this, I was beside myself with excitement. Yet I went on with the officer, continuing my questions regarding Kim Ling. He did not know him, but we were near the workmen and the building they were erecting.

And then a man, dressed more conspicuously than the others, stepped to me with an affable "Good-morning."

I had almost forgotten my mother tongue, it had been so long since I had had occasion to use it.

"Good-morning," I replied eagerly.

"May I see Lieutenant Ling?"

"Lieutenant Ling is not here."

"Kim Ling not here?" I cried.

"No."

"Was he not appointed keeper of the tomb?"

"No."

I quite forgot myself in my consternation—for I could not lose Kim now. I could not go to the king!

"But, sir, you must be mistaken; Ling was appointed to office here—I saw the appointment."

The man stepped quickly back, his eyes opening wide. I saw I had gone too far. But then, with utmost gravity he answered, firmly but kindly:

"He is not and has not been here, sir. I am Keeper of the Royal Tomb—Wun Yon Kip."

"Then where may I find him?" I asked in anguish, even holding my hands out to the men. I saw they were greatly moved, and I left them a moment together. I felt that Wun Yon Kip had not told the whole truth.

The tablet had fallen fairly into its place, without sign of crack or other mar. Directly upon it were laid the light sleepers of the building which was being erected upon it. I wondered if Dulcine heard these workmen. I could believe she still trusted me, as I trusted her, and was yet as brave and calm as when she had bidden me good-by.

"Have you inquired for him at the barracks?"

This came from the keeper of the tomb, who, after consultation with the officer, came and spoke at my back.

"No—he left the barracks the night of the funeral. His commission took effect when the queen was buried—where else could he be but here?"

I said this with the passion of despair, in a sharp, spiteful tone. I have often thought I might have saved myself very much had I used more diplomacy with Wun Yon Kip.

A long silence followed my fierce affirmation. The men talked again behind me. Then Kip said:

"You can find trace of him at the barracks, or of his uncle who is ringer of the great bell."

I felt I could do no more, and I left the men in as good humor as possible, though I

saw they thought I knew more than might have been expected.

I rode carelessly back to the barracks. I would find trace of Kim even if I met Oranoff himself. I called for Kim's captain. He came, and he knew less than nothing.

Kim Ling had disappeared from human sight!

From a soldier I found where his mother and sister lived, and bolted out of the barracks on that slight clue. At the gate I met one of my legation boys. He knew me almost instantly, and ran up saying:

"Go slow; I bring you *pinge* from Colonel Oranoff."

"Bring it to the great bell," said I, and I galloped on.

The house of the great bell was locked, and the keeper was away. I was turning to leave for Kim's house, when my boy came hurrying up. He brought this letter:

"Mr. Robert Martin:—Your commission as captain in the czar's cuirassiers is handed you herewith. I leave Tsi at daybreak for Port Arthur. I will return on the *Genkai Maru*, touching Tsi the 27th. I will return to Washington with you. You need not report at St. Petersburg before the spring maneuvers in May. Hastily, but gratefully yours,

"IVAN ORANOFF, Colonel."

This was dated the night of the imperial funeral.

Then Colonel Oranoff had not received my deceptive note! He was out of the country—and there were five days in which to get Dulcine from the tomb, and to meet her father at Tsi. I hardly paused to thank the man for obtaining for me such an enviable commission in that most wonderful body of horse in the world. I know he was thinking as much of Dulcine as of me in doing so.

I told my boy where I wished to go as nearly as I could, and he became my guide. At last he paused before a door and spoke to a little girl playing near.

It was Kim's house. The girl called her mother, who talked with my boy. Kim had gone away the night of the funeral and would return home at stated times. He had not come yet, and they did not know when he would come. They were happy in his fortunate appointment—but the news of the father's death, though they had not seen him for four long years, brought a gloom which even the son's promotion could not dispel.

Here was the end of my last rope. I could learn nothing further of the disappearance of Kim Ling.

I asked that news of his return be sent to his uncle, the old ringer of the bell, and I turned gloomily away.

I would wait a little for Kim before I went to the king. Passing by my inn, I stopped long enough to write a note to the Russian minister, saying that I had gone on a little journey to the mountains, and would return to Keinning in time to take the boat

on which Colonel Oranoff and his daughter would return from China. I also explained that Dulcine had joined her father at Tsi.

Then I went on to the house of the great bell. It was coming on night again — how soon the hours had passed!

XVI. "EMMILÉ."

The old ringer of the bell was standing in the door of the bell house as I came across the plaza to it. My boy told him something of me, which made him very friendly. To my surprise he could speak some English. He had been an old servant at the British legation before receiving his present appointment, which was, to all native eyes, a most honorable one. He had obtained it through the influence of his brother, General Ling.

I remained with old Kysang from that evening until the following night at midnight. As I look back on them, those hours were by far the darkest in all my Quelpartien experience. Since Kim could not be found, I must await his return. There was nothing else to do — that is, unless I went to the king. I determined I would not do this for at least one more night. I sent my boy again to Kim's house to make sure that word would be sent me upon Kim's arrival. He returned affirming that my wish would be obeyed. He also said that Kim's mother was afraid of me, and that Kim was now away longer than he had expected to be.

If Kim were delayed, for how long would it be? I trembled to think that Tuen might have entrapped the son as he had the father! If so, I was wasting each moment I waited for him, and would better go to the king this very night. By force of will I decided not to go to the king until midnight of the following night. If Kim had not come by that time I would hurry immediately to the Russian legation, where the king would be with his cabinet, throw myself at his feet, and tell all.

And how did I live through the terrible hours intervening? In other circumstances my stay of thirty hours within that bell house listening to the tales of old Kysang would have been of utmost interest. The house was perhaps fifteen feet square and twenty feet high. It was latticed on the sides, and roofed overhead. In one corner Kysang had a little room and a fire. Here I lay sleeping or smoking desperately while listening to the old man talk.

In the center of the house hung the great

bell of Keinning. It was twelve feet high, and more than half as broad at the mouth. It was made of a strange composition of metals, chiefly iron. It hung suspended from two heavy beams. It had no tongue, but was struck by a great beam hung on heavy chains. And when the beam was drawn back by the old ringer and crashed down upon the bell, a sound, the like of which one will hear nowhere else in the world, goes out over the great city, and echoes among the surrounding mountains. The composition of metals in the bell and the effect of being struck by a wooden instead of an iron tongue give to its tone a peculiar quality which is likely to preserve forever the terrible legend which has come down the centuries with it. The sound is plaintive and pathetic, from whatever part of the city you hear it — as if it were, in reality, the death-cry of a child.

The dynasty to which Whang Su belonged began one hundred years before Columbus discovered America, so old Kysang affirmed in telling the story of the great bell. I thought I could have told pretty nearly when it ought to have ended if myths be true, but I held my peace and smoked on. Each new dynasty must have a new capital; so the new king sent out three wise men to locate the site of his capital. These wise men, like all wise men, fell into a dispute, but on awakening one morning they found a narrow line of snow which formed a circle just here in the plain of Phan river. Providence had settled the question, and had indicated the propitious spot by this band of snow.

On this circle the work of excavating for the foundation of the city wall immediately began. One day a workman struck his pick in a metal substance. Digging carefully around it he soon brought to light a small iron bell of perfect proportions. The discovery was noised abroad, and the king ordered the bell brought to the palace. Immediately a proclamation went forth that a gigantic bell should be cast to hang in the center of the capital. Each of the twenty provinces was asked to furnish one-twentieth

of the metal, that it might be truly a national bell.

Messengers were sent riding forth to each province to bring the metal to the great mold which was being prepared at Keinning. Each province contributed its share gladly. Soon the king appointed a day for the casting. The nation assembled with the king and court on the hillside above the molten mass of metal. At the raising of the queen's hand the mold was filled. After a feast the great bell was lifted on mighty chains to hang before all the people. But even as the cheers of the thousands went up a loud report was heard which silenced the tumultuous applause.

The side of the bell had cracked!

Confusion reigned in the court, and the king's face was white with mingled anger and fear as he proclaimed that the bell would be recast on the morrow, and sent the people running to their temples to pray.

On the morrow a greater concourse gathered. A greater feast was prepared. Again the metal was heated, hotter than before. Again at the queen's signal the great mold was filled, the feast was enjoyed, and the bell was lifted from the mold.

And with a mightier report, again it burst asunder. The king and his nobles fell on their faces. The people rushed away now of their own accord, as fleeing from the very wrath of the gods.

Only one of all those thousands stood still. With an agonized face upturned this man beat his breast and walked onward, alone, up toward his prostrate king. Nearing the great dais built on the greensward, he fell on the ground. A nobleman brought the king's eye to him, and at a signal he arose.

"Sire, I was a gatherer of metal in Rang-do. As I went through a little village I asked for metal at each hut. In one, darker than the rest, I uttered my request. Whereupon an old woman replied, from the gloom: 'I have no metal, but take this,' and she unbound a babe from her back and held it out to me. I laughed and went on. And as I went the woman cursed the bell."

The court arose at these words, and all exclaimed:

"A witch has cursed the bell!"

Then the king set another day for the casting, and ordered that the witch and her child be found. The man was raised from the ground to which he had fallen in shame and terror, and, with a troop of horsemen, rapidly off into the mountains. The

prayers of a nation followed them and brought them safely back.

And now the green hillside witnessed again the assembling of the nation—for everywhere the strange tale had gone. Even the lame and the blind came. The great white-robed concourse formed a semi-circle about the molten crater. On the dais, again spread with tiger skins, sat the king and the queen. The court in gorgeous apparel again waited.

Just as the queen arose to give the signal for the filling of the mold a strange form was seen running through the crowds of people. All eyes turned to it.

It was the witch.

On she ran. Reaching the red-hot crater, she unloosened a babe from her back and looked upward to the dais. With a wave of her white fingers the queen gave the terrible command, and the babe was cast headlong into the boiling maelstrom of heated iron.

As it went downward its plaintive cry rang out, and all the people heard:

"*Emmilé, Emmilé*"—"O mother! O mother mine!"

It was said that the cry was heard in every part of the kingdom, and not a mother but shuddered and turned quickly to her sleeping babe.

Then the great mold was filled, but the people waited in silence for the cooling of the bell, and feasted not. The chains straightened and lifted it again in air.

A nation held its breath. The moments passed. But the bell remained whole! The life-blood of the babe had proven the rare flux needed to cement its ponderous sinews. Cheer upon cheer arose, and the king proclaimed a holiday. A wooden beam was garlanded and hung to strike the bell. It was swung back at the king's command and descended.

But what sound came forth? *Only the cry of the burning babe*:

"*Emmilé! Emmilé!*"

And the queen fainted where she stood.

During a part of the time garrulous Kysang talked, I slept. There was nothing I could do before the time I had set to go to the king but sleep, and there was nothing I needed to do more. The booming of the great bell at midnight of my first night with Kysang awoke me with a fright I had never felt in my life before.

"*O Mother! O Mother mine*," the iron monster cried, and a thousand Quelpartien mothers turned unconsciously in their sleep, and drew closer the infants beside them. And old Kysang, believing implicitly that the

cry was that of the murdered babe, lovingly stroked the quivering metal with his bony hand and crooned a plaintive lullaby.

On the second night I awoke with a frightened sob, as the great beam swept again through the air and announced midnight.

Yet I arose determinedly, shook old Kysang's hand roughly, and started for the door.

There in the open doorway stood a woman in white. Oh, God! I shall never forget that face. It was ablaze with the fire of deadly hatred and blanched with the most deadly fear.

I looked, and saw it was Kim's mother!

I went quickly toward her. Kim had come! She had brought me the good news. The one man who must know of Dulcine and her condition was now within reach. I knew he would tell me of her safety and help me release her. I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving from a thankful heart.

But all the time that white face stared wildly upon me. What could that mean?

The woman came nearer, then quickly ran around me and entered Kysang's room. She fell across the threshold as the old man was coming out, and lay sobbing her message in his arms.

Then he arose and came tottering forward. The little lantern partly lighted the space between us, but I could see the man's face was very pale.

"Kim has come, has he, Kysang?" I cried in anguish. The man groaned. The woman sat up and leaned against the partition of the room. I never saw a sadder face.

"Aye, yes, boy—Kim has come," the old man sobbed.

And then he burst into tears, and, putting his face in his arms, groaned and spoke to himself as though he could not believe it. Then he looked up, feeling, I think, the misery I felt. And he did not lessen it, as he said:

"Yes, Kim has come, but it is Kim no more. Emmile!" sobbed old Kysang, "Emmilé! Emmilé!"

XVII. KIM.

Kysang picked up the woman and went out. I followed the two through the black streets. I could get no further word from them, and they groaned at every step.

It was all too strange, almost, to frighten me—and yet I was frightened. What were their groans but words of fear and terror? What did they mean by saying Kim had come but it was not Kim? In my despair I sped on the faster through the smoky blackness, pressing upon their heels, for I felt better in action. Nothing seemed to allay the torture of my mind save exhausting myself in the hope of releasing Dulcine. I had waited in most poignant distress all these hours. And at the end had come this wild scene in the bell house, these groans and tears, these signs of terror and despair!

The fresh air and exercise aroused the woman, and taking the man's hand she now pressed on faster through a perfect maze of narrow streets filled with smoke. Quelpartiens build their fires beneath the floors. The chimneys empty into the gutters, and on damp nights the narrower streets are choked with smoke. Yet the smoke smelled better than anything else.

As I pushed on I asked many questions. Some I asked of the man before me. Some I asked myself. To none could I get or give

any answer. I wondered if this tumult could have been occasioned by Kim's loss of position. Might it not be that the boy already had sacrificed himself and his station for us? Had he already found Dulcine and saved her? This was too good to be true, by any possibility. He could not have known the identity of the white form we together had borne into the throne room that night. He could not have read the message he brought me from Dulcine. He could not have known that the fall of the great tablet had buried her within the queen's mausoleum. And yet I remembered with a start that Prince Tuen's wily servants had known all this—at least they had guessed it all and had acted swiftly and triumphantly on the basis of their supposition.

But while I struggled with these fears and hopes, we came to Kim's house. An excited crowd had gathered about it. Talk ran high, and was sensational in its nature. I told my boy, who followed behind me, to remain without and hear what was said.

I pushed on after Kysang and the mother. First I saw the little sister lying on the floor. She was shrieking loudly. There was no one else in the room. The mother led Kysang to a doorway beyond, and the two looked through. Neither crossed the threshold. Soon Kysang turned back with a

terrible groan. He came to me, and as he came he sobbed pitifully:

"What have you done—what have you done?"

I saw he at once associated my relations with Kim with the youth's present condition. I was utterly unnerved, but I went forward quickly when once they made way for me, and I entered without stopping at the door.

There Kim sat on the floor leaning against the wall—and they were right; it was not Kim. His hair was as white as snow. His head rolled idly from side to side. His eyes were staring dully out of distended sockets. The fine grave face was distorted out of every original proportion. He had gone away a sober, manly servant of the king. He had returned, within forty-eight hours, a white-haired, gaping idiot!

My anguish was of a selfish tinge, but it was no less genuine. Beside myself with terror, I fell prostrate at the man's feet. He had looked up at me, as I entered the room, with a perfectly blank expression of face. As I sank before him the head tipped foolishly forward, and the dull eyes looked stupidly at me where I lay.

"Kim, lad," I cried, "you know me—you must know me!" I held my arms out beseechingly to the silly face. The crowd had surged into the house and was pressing about the door looking at me.

The boy answered not a word. I grasped his ankles—and they were trembling. I felt his hands—they were cold and were shaking, too. He was trembling all over. Fright had unbalanced the mind. I kept on pleading with him, but to no purpose. He sat in a trembling lethargy. I could not arouse the staggered brain. But I remembered my only alternative, and stood up quickly and shut the door in those staring faces.

I was desperate. Failure here and now meant a confession to the king. I could not, would not, fail. I felt if I could get one word from Kim, Dulcine might be saved. I felt instinctively that his condition was attributable in some way to the terrible farce we had played. I knew a mind unhinged by fright could be aroused again only by a like shock of equal violence. I acted on this theory. I put the lantern on the floor before the huddled, trembling form of the youth. I backed quickly into the farthest corner, and the silly face followed me. Here in the darkness I drew Nsase's sword. I had not looked upon it before save in day-

time with which she danced. I had not swung it once over my head before the dull eyes opened wider. Noting the advantage, I whirled the blade bravely before me and rushed down upon the prostrate form of Kim Ling. He cowered back, displaying, by so doing, the first sign of mental activity. I threw the sword in the ashen face and shouted in the lad's ears. I seized the back of his long coat and threw him to his feet. Then I spoke sternly, even fiercely, my mouth not an inch from the quivering eyelids:

"The queen lives, Kim; tell me she lives—long live the queen!"

The next moment seemed an eternity to me. Physician never watched the action of a potent drug, when life was hanging by its slenderest silver thread, with more anxiety than I watched the effect of those words upon that disordered brain. I could see them burn deeper and deeper. As the seconds crawled along I felt the exultation of success. For once in all my Quelpartien experience I was winning, not losing!

The boy began to stand on his own legs. One by one the quivering muscles relaxed. One by one each wild light died out of his eyes. Then the lad slowly raised his hand and saluted me with his first particle of sentient strength, murmuring thickly:

"Aye—the queen lives—long live the queen!"

Then he fainted, and I laid him in his mother's lap. But she saw the change in the face, listened to the regular, quiet breathing, and wept over him for very joy.

As for me, I called my boy, and went quickly out into the night. I knew I need not look for more help from Kim. It would be days, perhaps weeks, ere he would recover. What was to be done I must do alone and do quickly. Pushing my boy ahead, I bade him guide me to the Russian legation. We ran on through the smoky blackness. When we stopped to rest I asked Pak what he heard outside of Kim's house.

"That Kim was dead," he said. Then he asked if it was true.

"No, not dead—but how did he get home?" I had been wondering how Kim had reached his mother's hut. Pak crept up to me in fear, and whispered:

"He was brought by men in black."

I started. I had forgotten those tongueless men in black. As soon as I thought of them I began running harder than before.

My mind leaped to the solution of this mystery of the mausoleum, and in a moment it seemed as though I had known it always.

And I changed every plan I had made—except that of going to the legation. I ran toward it all the faster, my heart pounding with sheer delight of discovery.

It was not later than one o'clock when I reached the legation plaza. I was admitted quickly, but I did not go to the king's wing.

It seemed like meeting a good friend to get back into my old room. I left it, in ten minutes, looking as though a typhoon had swept through it. When I went out, pistols were in my belt, liquor in my flask, and Nsase's sword at my side. I also carried a large bundle. Then I stole softly down the great hall of Oranoff's suite to Dulcine's room. The Cossack standing beside it knew me and turned the key.

I stopped the moment the door shut behind me. The room was in utmost disorder. And the sight held me spellbound a moment. Many long white bands of cloth lay upon the floor and chairs, and the heavy scent of spices and balsam filled the air. Here the brave girl had embalmed and anointed herself. How little she dreamed of all that was to follow. Yet had she known I doubt if it could have daunted Dulcine Oranoff.

In the center of the room stood a bowl of ashes through which each white band had been drawn to give it a musty color. I hurried by and hastily gathered up an armful of these bands. Then I went on to the great clothes-press through the open door of which I could see a quantity of woman's apparel. I stood there a moment in doubt. The perfume of those dresses—it seemed as though I was again in the girl's very pres-

ence! I buried my face there a moment, and the tears came hot when I thought where she was. If I delayed a moment while thinking of this, I hurried the faster afterward because of the memory of the awful contrast.

In a moment more I was on the plaza where Pak had brought the horses. But I paused once more and sent a wondering boy for Colonel Oranoff's mail. I ran through the pile of letters and took out mine to him.

We were tying our horses in a clump of bushes half a mile from the imperial tomb as the cathedral chimes rang two o'clock. We struck off, circling around the paddy fields, evading the sentinels who watched the avenue which led from the main highway to the mound. I know not what my boy took for a guiding-star but he brought me safely to the foot of the rise of ground upon which stood the temple of the tomb. There we lay still a space, listening. I soon made out the temple roof and the cone of earth beyond.

I felt certain that that building contained the secret of the mausoleum. Kim must have seen Dulcine, for he said the queen lived. Moreover he had been promoted to his father's old position, and I knew the general had been in immediate charge of the queen's body. Here Kim and his dumb black-robed friends surely lived, and I was determined to disturb their solitary reign.

Slowly we crawled up the hillside. We reached the matting hung along the sides. We crept in and lay down in the dark.

XVIII. THE SECRET OF THE ALTAR.

The chime at half-past two rang out from the city. We lay still as Indians—my boy Pak and I. We could not even see each other. It was the darkest hole I was ever in. Yet my plans could wait, if necessary, until morning light. And what I was hoping for might happen before then—if we were not too late.

I spent my time trying to remember the details of the temple. But all I could recall was the dais upon which the golden sarcophagus had rested behind the yellow curtains. I think we entered the building nearly where the hideous impersonation of Oranoff had stood and lured me away. I shudder even now as I remember that face. If I was right, then the altar was beyond. I trusted to luck, and we crawled far along and

stopped behind a screen which had been discarded since the funeral.

It struck three. The first dim gray of morning was showing. I could make out the outline of the pillars of the temple. The coming of morning would change my plans. Yet I was waiting. While I waited I undid my heavy bundle and took out a quantity of white bands. These I wound about my arms and legs. Pak assisted me, wondering but silent. Then I wrapped my body closely, and, lastly, my neck and head, leaving a slit to see through. Then I took Pak's long white cloak, such as all Quelpartiens wear, and bound it about my waist for a skirt. And I wound the scabbard of Nsase's sword in white and hung it at my side. We worked desperately, and it grew

lighter. Finally I lay quiet—and ready.

Only a moment after Pak seized my arm convulsively. I leaned toward him. He did not even whisper, but with his hand turned my head. I looked into the blackness beyond. I could see nothing. Then the soft tread of sandaled feet sounded outside the temple. The sounds came nearer. They mounted the steps. The matting was drawn aside and two men entered. The two in black had returned from Keinning.

My dearest hope was realized! We crouched lower, but I watched the two intently. In the dim gray light their black gowns could easily be followed. They stealthily crossed the large room to where the altar stood. There they stopped. And as I looked upon them, plain to be seen there in the dim light, they vanished from sight!

I leaped to my feet. I could see more plainly now, and no one was near the altar. With a stern word to Pak, I drew Nsase's sword and rushed forward. The hideous image stared down upon me as though frantic with fear. I did not blame it. The candles on the altar were burned out, but around it on each side I felt the hangings of heavy tapestry. I pushed one of these, and it gave away. Instantly I bent down and nearly fell into a hole through the floor which had not been closed up.

Sheathing the sword, I crawled under the hanging, and let myself down. My feet reached a step, and I stood and turned about. The step rested on a floor of stone flagging. It seemed lighter at my feet, and I bent over. Then I saw a narrow passageway four feet high and thrice as long, with a torch burning at the end. And it led straight as an arrow toward the mound!

Drawing my sword again, I crouched down and went swiftly where the passage led. It, too, was paved with stone. No wonder it took time to build the mausoleum if a stone ballasted underground railway was a necessary adjunct! By the torch was a paper door, standing ajar. I looked beyond. The two were standing in a hallway beside an open door. Others were near them. The hall was some six feet in height, and extended on into the dark, but ever straight toward the tomb.

My plans were not to be achieved by remaining unseen. I waited just a moment. Then I threw the door open and rushed upon the group waving my sword. With gestures of alarm, the men fell across the threshold and shut a heavy door as I flew by. The moaning which came from that room has not

yet ceased to ring in my ears. I pitied men so superstitious—and yet I must have made a wild sight as a queen's soul rampant!

I did not stop here, for I knew that door would not be opened soon. I went on. I came to a flight of stone steps, almost a stone ladder, ascending very straight.

A cry of joy rose to my quivering lips. I sheathed Nsase's sword, and ascended silently. The steps were in a round shaft dug in the soft limestone, perhaps five feet in diameter. As I slowly ascended, the air became heavy, and I caught the dense scent of spices and balsam.

I breathed a prayer and crept upward softly, for I remembered how I was dressed, and there were no others I cared to frighten. At the top was a little room some eight feet square. A couch lay along the wall. Before it on the floor a paper lantern lay on its side. The flame had burned a hole through it. The candle was still long and would have lasted Kim all night, I thought. For this was surely his room. The lantern, lying where he had knocked it, proved the room had not been entered by the men in black, and I knew they would not come now.

All this passed through my mind ere I mounted the last step. My face was even with the curtain of the wall, and my eyes did not fall upon the heavily barred window in it until I was fairly at the top of the stairs. I sank quickly to my knees and crawled to it. The light cast by the bright candle fell downward. Panting, I raised myself to the corner of the window and looked down. At first all was darkness. Then, as once before in the temple of Chilling, a long, bright, shining object appeared slowly from the gloom, and my eyes rested full on the golden sarcophagus of the queen!

It was only by exerting my utmost strength that I kept from leaping to the window and crying out. But I feared the shock of the sudden greeting. Besides, my hands were around the great iron bars, and these tempered my exultation and set me to thinking. The window was two feet square. Four great bars two inches in diameter were planted in the solid masonry, in the hope of keeping the queen's soul in its gloomy cell.

I crept to the couch on which Kim had lain, where I lay still, thinking. The girl now and again turned and moaned in her troubled sleep. My plans had to be readjusted. As I sat there I remembered Kim. How nearly I had guessed the truth! The boy, like the father, sat facing the king's precious treasure—never to leave it save

for short visits to his home. What a life that had been for the lad to look forward to! Would that white-haired boy ever return?

I doubted it. For this must ever be to him the most dreadful place in the world. Here he sat in the dim light, gazing idly, perhaps, through those heavy bars. Suddenly the golden cover, closed by the king's own hand, started. I wondered if the youth had detected its first movement. Then a white hand was laid, maybe, on the golden curved side. He must have seen that! I groaned as I thought of such a spectacle in that place. Then slowly the murdered queen, asleep four years, sat up in her cell!

Oh, the terror with which the lad must

have thrown himself headlong down those stone steps. Little wonder the men in black heard his awful cry — little wonder that, when they found him, it was not Kim. No mind could have endured such a strain and retained its delicate equilibrium.

All this scene passed through my mind in a moment's time. Soon I had altered my plans to meet the new conditions. I righted the lantern and looked once more upon the sleeping girl. I could not see her face, but now and then I could faintly hear her moan.

I leaned for a moment in prayer against the heavy bars. Then, placing the lantern on the couch, I drew my sword and went down out of the room swiftly.

XIX. THE FLIGHT OF THE QUEEN'S SOUL.

Running down the narrow hall, I passed the door of the priests' room. It opened as I came to it, but was quickly closed, and I heard a man fall to the floor with a groan.

This suited me exactly. I needed a little time, and I knew that the door would not be opened soon again. I crept forward quickly to the altar, and came out to my boy Pak.

Behind that discarded screen a transformation took place. Tearing the bandages from my arms and legs, I quickly donned a brilliant uniform. With a few touches from Pak's attentive hands, I stood forth as unlike the queen's soul, in which rôle I had been an undoubted success, as darkness is unlike light. Of the great bundle I brought little was now left. The white rags were brushed into a corner, and I took a single package under my arm. Then I walked to the center of the room, making a loud noise with my boots. There I uttered a long halloo. I repeated it soon vehemently. But I had to wait some little time. It took courage to open that door again!

A door opened slowly on the far side of the building, and those twelve tongueless creatures dressed in black entered, paralyzed with fear, even holding one another's hands. The door blew shut behind them, and every one whirled about with a gasp.

But they knew me, or at least my uniform quieted them, and I treated them as rough as any Russian. They filed to the long bench to which I pointed, and Pak was my interpreter. The gaping faces nodded replies.

On my oath, I knew not what to say first.

"The great king," I began at random, but in a very loud voice, "desires to know if all is well in the Temple of the Tomb."

The row of liars nodded affirmatively, looking sideways at one another to see if they agreed.

"Your rooms are comfortable?" I queried.

"Yes."

"The service and appointments of the temple are complete?"

Again they nodded. I still played for time. But I now gave up in despair and blurted out:

"Send for General Kim Ling."

As Pak repeated this, the poor men shook like beech leaves in March. One of the two attempted to talk on his fingers, but gave it up quickly with a groan. Then he arose and pointed toward the city. I interpreted the gesture by asking:

"Keinning?"

And all the gaping heads nodded.

"He is satisfied with his majesty's arrangement?"

I put this lie into the tongueless mouths and they swallowed it whole, each looking blankly at his fellow as he wagged his head.

There was something ghastly ridiculous about it all, and I kept from laughing only with effort. But Pak was growing pale. I saw this and, alarmed, cut short this scene by coming to the point.

"His majesty feared lest in the commotion caused by the funeral the temple might have been neglected and might now be wanting for some necessity, or that actual use might have shown the need of change. He is particularly anxious" — and I whispered the words and made Pak do so — "lest the bars of the queen's window are so far apart that her soul would attempt to escape."

The words told awfully on the trembling

men. They fairly writhed. One tried to speak, forgetting in his excitement that his tongue had been removed. He sank to the floor. Another attempted to talk with his fingers, but they shook beyond all reading.

The Quelpartien idea of a soul's taking human form is matched nowhere, to my knowledge, save among that tribe of American Indians who leave a space in their funeral procession for the soul of the deceased to walk before the body.

I remembered that these men in black were the masons and carpenters of the imperial mausoleum. They planned and built the tomb. They built the watcher's cell, the window, and the passageway thither from the Temple of the Tomb. At last, after a confused wrangle, one man arose, stood before me, and held his quaking hands far apart, nodding wildly.

"Are the bars too wide?" I asked.

Pak repeated my question, and a dozen heads began bobbing violently.

Then I reprimanded them severely (not asking for further proof), and roughly ordered that the error be corrected.

Holding the package I carried more tightly under my arm, I started for the door through which the priests had entered the room. I saw they stood aghast at my presumption, but I turned to Pak and told him that the king had ordered the altar passage closed up.

These words had their effect. They knew I was about my business. So indeed I was. Then I ordered them to get their tools to remove the heavy stone in which the bars were planted, since double the number of holes must be drilled in it. This work could not be done in the tomb, so the stone must be carried away. Fortunately, like the great temple, the sound of hammer and mallet must not be heard in it.

I led the way, entering the higher hall by a passageway I had not noticed in my previous hasty incursion. No one was near me as I mounted the stone steps, as careful now to step heavily as I had been careful before to step lightly. Once at the top I ran to the barred window and cried:

"Dulcine—it is Robert—lie still until I call!"

A little scream followed my first word. Then utter silence reigned as the girl mastered herself. I wondered if she had fainted. Oh, the agony of that next half hour!

The priests came up fearfully, and went to work. The activity made men of them again, and soon the base stone was loosened.

They looked at me for the order to remove it, wondering, no doubt, if I would guard the window while the change was made. I gave the word by an eager gesture. They lifted it, and all went with it down the steep stairs. They were glad to get away from that black, open hole.

And, oh! was I not glad to have them? In a moment I had rushed headlong through it, down, down into the masses of cake and spice. Then I was up again and over the golden sarcophagus.

Dulcine's face felt cold as I covered it with kisses. I did not realize that she had fainted until she started into consciousness at the touch of my lips. Spasmodically she reached for me, and looked me steadily in the face. While life shall last I shall remember those bright eyes as they looked up at me in the dim light of that marble tomb!

But I saw the reaction was coming, and I knew there was much to do before it came. Drawing my wet face from hers, I lifted her gently from the glittering box and began to tear the white bands from her. She lay quiet in my arms, and spoke not a word, the brave, quiet smile the more beautiful in so dreary a place. From my package I drew a black gown, such as the priests wore, and wrapped it around her. Holding her in one arm, I threw the pieces of white cloth into the sarcophagus, and pushed the golden cover into place.

I put Dulcine through the window and crawled after her. Gathering her in my arms again, I bore her safely to the screen in the temple. There I drew over her a skirt and a fur cape I had brought.

Pak, true to my orders, was holding the horses outside the building.

And such of the worthy citizens of gray old Keinning as lived by the east gate and were astir in the first freshness of that morning saw a new sight under the sun. For a brilliantly dressed army officer and a girl rode in the gate. A native lad led their horses close together, for the lady, though seated on her own horse, lay wholly in the soldier's arms.

Even the grinning monkeys on the gables of the gate roof bade us welcome.

As we went under the gate I whispered, looking down upon her:

"You went through this gate a queen."

Dulcine looked up at the gate roof. She smiled dreamily, but sobered and nestled closely to me and did not speak.

She had been Queen of Quelparte long enough!

XX. THE CZAR CONTINUES.

Regardless of the host of wondering servants, I took Dulcine from her horse myself at the legation entrance, bore her to her room, and placed her on her bed. At a nod the Cossack sentry closed the door behind us. Dulcine would not unloose my hand, and I knelt beside her. For several minutes she pressed my face upon her own in silence — then came the tears, and sweet relief.

When she let me go I silently emptied the jar of ashes into the fireplace and put the jar away from sight. Then I gathered up the white bands that were still left upon the floor and hid them, too. Nothing was left in sight to suggest that night. I poured a glass of white wine. Presently Dulcine sat up and drank the wine, and in the quiet of her own room quickly regained her strength and spirits. But she clung to me as though fearful of another awful separation. When I left her to order her breakfast she bade me hasten to return.

During these six months since the imperial funeral of the Queen of Quelparte I doubt if I have been separated from Dulcine more than a few hours in any day, and then she holds me very close before I leave her and closer yet when I return. Those few dark, terrible hours alone will never, probably, be forgotten. Since our wedding Dulcine has been happier and brighter, if possible, than I ever knew her to be, but the few times I have been compelled to leave her alone have proven the secret of her happiness, for in a brief time she will grow sober and gloomy. And so I almost never leave her. For this reason we speak less of the past than one might suppose. A tacit agreement obtains between us not to refer to the hours which so nearly cost us all the happiness we now enjoy.

After a time Dulcine asked me the secret of my failure to release her, and I told her briefly of my unexpected journey into the mountains, of Nsase, and of Kim. Before Oranoff's ship came from China, at Dulcine's request, I visited Kim and found him in his right mind and gaining in strength. When fully recovered he will find a permanent home and work at the Russian legation. He resigned his former position, and another now watches beside the grated window in the imperial mausoleum — one whose eyes will never see the awful thing which gave Kim Ling his crown of snow-white hair. I could not visit Nsase before our ship sailed, and perhaps the attempt would have been dan-

gerous. It may be that some time I can repay the great debt we feel we owe her, if such a debt could be paid at all. The czar's crown would not take from my side the blade she gave me, and it is the admiration of all.

Our life in St. Petersburg is very pleasant, though after Nell's promised visit, a post in the Russian legation at Washington, which has been offered me, may seem more acceptable. Quelparte seems very far away as we talk of it sometimes in a general way, but those nights and days there — they do not seem so distant. And sometimes when I am lying awake at night I feel Dulcine start suddenly and hear her gasp. Then I know she is playing queen again, and that the great tablet has fallen upon her marble mausoleum.

Colonel Oranoff is with us now and then. We told him our secret at last. Then he told another, and, presently, we were invited to dinner by that "hardest and best served master in the world." But he knelt as my wife entered, and kissed her hand!

To the czar and czarina Dulcine told more of the story of her burial than she had ever told to me. His majesty asked particularly concerning the Quelpartien myth that insanity comes upon relatives of deceased persons if the bodies are disturbed. I remember he was sober even when we all were laughing.

But when Dulcine was through and the czarina had kissed away the tears which came irrepressibly into the girl's eyes, Emperor Nicholas said slowly, in French:

"But the end is not yet." Then he told of Tuen's scheming to gain Quelparte, and of other matters not known in the public press. But soon my wife, pale and trembling, forgot host and hostess and arose unsteadily from her chair. When she spoke her voice sounded like a child's cry:

"I do not care for sequels, your majesty."

Nicholas sat quietly looking at the flowers as the ladies moved away, the czarina's arm thrown around Dulcine, but I heard him murmur as though to himself, "Nor do I, lady." For a moment we three sat in silence, but Oranoff was looking at the czar.

Then the latter turned to us, dark lines showing at once in his face; and he spoke sadly as he said:

"Myth or superstition, foolishness or not, gentlemen, the King of Quelparte has gone insane."

A BIT OF SPAIN UNDER OUR FLAG.

BY LEONORA BECK ELLIS.

NOT haughty, blue-blooded Spain, not bull-fighting Andalusia, fiesta-keeping Castile, or battling Aragon, but work-a-day Spain, wearing the hickory shirts of America and toiling in plain ways to earn sound American dollars, yet with that inseparable picturesqueness lending color and quaintness to the situation! It was this we found one day in the winter of 1900 as we cruised along the coast imprinted so often with the footsteps of Spanish cavaliers.

There is no finer body of water on the globe than the Gulf of Mexico; none more beautiful, nor any approaching its size that is so rich in life. Embracing temperate, semi-tropical, and torrid regions in its great expanse, it affords to the living things within its vast arms a diversity of climate, salinity, and sea bottom well fitted to foster that superabundant life.

To be sure, the fisher-people, trappers, and plume-hunters on these waters and shores find existence easy-going; for the main problems of life are made simple. Food is here in riotous plenty, and in diversity sufficient to nourish; yet greater variety is readily obtainable by barter and sale. Fuel is little needed, but found in quantities. Shelter is a slight consideration in climate so kind; shacks of saplings and palmetto thatch are easily constructed, and are highly satisfactory. The problem of clothing is not brought quite so close to elemental conditions as are the other three; yet the requirements in that line, also, can be met with but little difficulty.

The simplicity and ease of living in such a locality have brought diverse people to the west coast of Florida to engage in its unsystematized maritime industries. In studying this coast, the status of its industries, and the nationality, character, and habits of living and work of its fisher-folk, I have been much struck by the great number of Spaniards and people of Spanish descent, and by their fitness for the occupations and climate.

A large fish ranch on Captiva Island, whose bay opens into beautiful Charlotte harbor, an important arm of the Gulf of Mexico, will serve as a type from which to gather acquaintanceship with the numerous similar ranches on our gulf shore.

It was at the cloudy close of a warm day in February of last year that our little sloop-yacht found its way from the open gulf through Captiva pass into a sheltered and quiet crescent of water that we found to be Captiva bay. Green mangrove islands dotted the sapphire surface of Charlotte harbor to the east, while on our starboard there curved inward a lovely beach, snow-white on its upper shelf, but, next to the surf-line, rose and purple with millions of delicate shells. Standing on deck, watching the sailors make ready to anchor, we suddenly discovered, as the boat drifted inward, that a flag was flying beyond a thick ridge of palmettoes, and that its colors were red, white, and blue.

We landed, and, following a well-marked trail, came out on the sheltered inner shore of what proved to be the northern spur of Captiva Island. The Stars and Stripes, much battered and weather-beaten but still majestic, floated from an old mast stuck in the sand, and about this center clustered a tiny village of palmetto shacks. A little man was lazily smoking in one door, while from the shack next to him came a great clatter of masculine voices.

"Good afternoon," said the spokesman of our group, approaching the solitary smoker, "I hope that we are not trespassing?"

The man nodded with a smiling "*Buenas dias*," which in itself disclaimed any thought of trespass. On some further remarks from us, he shook his head in mild despair over our English, but trotted off towards the vocal tumult under the next thatched roof, observing as he went:

"I call el capitan. Manuel talk to you."

He returned quickly, accompanied by a man who, notwithstanding his simple costume of canvas trousers, cotton shirt, and palmetto shade hat pushed back from his curly, sunburned forelock, wore an air of dignity and command. He was scarcely thirty years old; his face was frank and pleasant, and though browned by exposure, inclined to the blond type; he was rather below the American medium height, but had fine, square shoulders, while his chest and throat, fully revealed by the wide-open shirt, were magnificent. Altogether he stood a good type of



AT THE CAPTIVA LANDING.

physical manhood, from his bare feet to his well-shaped head.

Seeing ladies, he took off his hat and gave courteous welcome, speaking English with as much fluency and correctness as the majority of our laboring people, and with an agreeable mellowness of tone and accent.

When we explained that we were cruising for pleasure, that we had put in from the open, fearing a possible tempest or squall from the sultry clouds, and that we had run into this sheltered haven without thought of trespass, as most of the islands in Charlotte harbor are uninhabited, he assured us we had done wisely. Bad weather was coming, he said, and he was glad that before it came we had found the safest and prettiest place on the coast. We must bring our boat around to the inside cove, for the blackest squall could never reach that.

"Make yourself at home," he concluded, with an easy wave of his hand. "You'd better stay a week or two, storm or no storm. Finest fishin' an' huntin' in the world right here. Got plenty of water?"

"Low, and we were getting uneasy," my husband admitted.

"All our barrels are full," the captain

said. "Your men can fill up when they've brought the boat 'round. Now I've got to go back an' finish saltin' down. Want to see it?"

Without delaying him by further questions, we followed to the shack where the men were at work. A silence fell upon them at first, and a certain sullenness appeared on half a dozen swarthy countenances. We could not miss their whispered "Americanos" mingled with some terms of contempt. But it was easy to forgive it; the conflict between our blood and theirs had ended but a few months back in their national defeat and humiliation. One cannot expect even Spanish fishermen in an alien land to forget at once. But the majority of the twenty men at work glanced at us with indifference or light curiosity, and soon resumed their chatter, laughter, singing, and whistling.

The shack was twenty-five feet long and fifteen feet wide, with clean sand for a floor. Nearly half of it was filled with sacks of salt piled on a sort of staging, while at the upper end were stacked thousands of salted fish, chiefly mullet, we could see, ready for shipment. Down the other half of the room ran



A CAPTIVA SHACK MADE OF PALM LEAVES.

a series of troughs or stalls. These were in threes, every middle one with a sort of latticed bottom for the split fish to be thrown into, and on both sides of this a trough of salt, at each end of which stood a man rubbing and packing the mullet with nature's preservative. The men displayed much care in the task, but worked with a rapidity that astonished us. Several men were hurrying up and down the aisles carrying the salted fish to two others who were doing the stacking at the upper end.

The captain resumed his place at a salt-trough, and worked as well as any private there, meantime talking easily with us in English, or directing, encouraging, and admonishing his men in Spanish. The slatted stalls were soon emptied, and the fishermen scattered. Manuel disappeared, and we went aboard the *Kite* which our sailors had meantime run around into the little cove.

We were finishing supper on deck when Manuel came to pay his *devoirs* in proper formal fashion. No rain had come, and only a strong breeze reached us in the tiny land-locked harbor; but we could hear the gulf sullenly booming outside, while from the

west the sunset banners trailed upward, lurid and threatening. We were watching these and listening to the sailors' interpretation of the omens, when a dingey shot out from the fishers' landing a hundred yards away. Another moment and the captain drew alongside, saluted us debonairly, and of course was invited aboard with much cordiality. How smartly and becomingly he had arrayed himself! The jaunty cap perched on his sun-yellowed curls, the red jumper thrown open at the throat, the blue silk sash, and velveteen trousers, even the pointed shoes and gaily-striped hose, seemed to sit as easily upon him as if he wore them all the time.

He paid us a long call, and proved a most entertaining guest, answering our questions with a readiness that encouraged us to ask more, and displaying great variety and accuracy of information regarding matters pertaining in any way to his calling.

"This is different from any of the fish camps we have visited hitherto," my husband observed.

"It's a fish ranch, not a camp," the captain answered. "It's permanent, you know, an' we manage our own business, take

our own fish to market, an' sell 'em ourselves. This was a fish ranch eighty years ago, when Spain owned the country."

I opened my eyes with a woman's delight at the aroma of antiquity.

"And you—were you born in Spain?"

"My father an' mother left Spain an' landed in Key West the year before I was born. I'm a good American," he said, with a smile of comradeship.

"Shall I put you down in my note-book as Captain Manuel?"

"Manuel Almas," he replied, showing his white teeth agreeably; "an' I'll be glad to be in your note-book."

"Are all of your men Spaniards?"

"Mostly Key Westers or Cubans," he nodded; "but three are only over this year from Cadiz. Then there's José who's lived about here seventy years, like his father before him. An' the two six-footers are from North Car'olina."

We smiled, remembering the pair of blue-eyed, good-natured, slow-moving giants among the swart, squat, lively men around the fish troughs. Then, recalling the lynx-eyed, leather-skinned old Spaniard, I asked:

"And who is José?"

"Why, he's the owner of everything, you know—the schooner, boats, nets, the whole ranch outfit. He makes me captain; I manage everything, buy the supplies, sell the fish, get in all the money, an' pay him thirty per cent. Then I settle with the men, an' what's left is mine."

house reservation; but I hope they'll never spoil the ranch to put up a light. I've fished from the reefs to St. Mark's, an' there's not such another spot anywhere for fish to abound all the time an' without ceasin'. José keeps up the shacks. His father before him got a



THE LONE FISHERMAN.

permit from the government for a ranch here after Spain give up the land, an' José's had it renewed in his time."

"And is it José that flies the Stars and Stripes?"

He shook his head in laughing protest.

"He don't love 'em; learned diff'rent from his father, you know. It's *my* flag."

"Then you must be very patriotic."

He cast an arch glance around our circle.

"Yes, as long as the government don't enforce the fish law an' make me stop my business through the very months when there's most in it. But the flag—I set that up when the war was on. The men mostly kicked; but I soon had 'em convinced that it was the safest thing for folks of their color an' lingo, with cruisers comin' an' goin' in these waters."

"Do your men often work on Sunday, Captain Almas, as they did today?" a young lady of our party asked.

"Why, is it Sunday?" he inquired, with face drawn into extreme gravity, but eyes that gleamed roguishly.

"We plum forgot that."



GASPARILLA LIGHTHOUSE. NEAR CAPTIVA PASS.

"Does José own the place, too?"

"José own Captiva Island? Why, it belongs to the United States. It's a light-

But I'll remember next time, sure."

When he rose to take leave, he invited us very pressingly to go ashore with him, even

urging that we camp there, as the ladies must be tired of the boat.

"My shack is at your disposal," he said. "Of course it's rough; but it's cool and large an' has curtains to divide it. I'd be glad for you to use it a week or two. Plenty of room in the next one for me."

With much appreciation of his very genuine hospitality, we yet declined to dispossess him. But we promised to spend at least the next day in enjoying the beauty and the sport of Captiva.

As his skiff moved from the *Kite*, the golden moon of the subtropics broke from

tall Carolinians, unacquainted with the language or music of their mates, had yet fallen under the spell of the moonlight, the soft air, and romantic scenery, and were making good their right to join in the concert according to their movings.

Variable winds and weather combined with our own inclination to keep us in the neighborhood of Captiva ranch for many days, and we gathered full information regarding its business workings and the pecuniary results accruing from such an industry.

The ranch is in active operation from August to April, and from twenty-five to forty men are employed all the time. Their daily routine is simple. At four o'clock each morning — unless raining — the cook, who, by the way, is an important and much honored personage in the little commonwealth, blows the conch, and summons to hot black coffee. The boats and nets are quickly made ready, and the men are out after the day's harvest in the neighboring inlets and coves. So marvelously abundant are the mullet in this bay that one haul of the great net often brings in eight thousand fish. We saw such a haul one quiet, sunny morning. The long fish-boat is fairly filled with these, the heavy seine is piled up, the men clamber in on the benches, taking their tonic drink of aguardiente before they start back, then home to seven, eight, or even nine o'clock breakfast. This over, all hands except the cook must hasten to the shed nearest the water's edge, and split and clean the fish, throwing them into the water-pen to wash. If the weather is reasonably cool or cloudy they may soak here some hours before being carried up to the salting-down shack. It was so on the day we arrived. But ordinarily they salt down in the morning and have the rest of the day free. For it must be admitted that *vis inertiae* is strong in the Latin blood; and with Spanish fishermen the best success is attained by having the day's tasks close on one another's heels and the *dolce far niente* undisturbed.

There is no more fishing until next morning. In mullet-fishing there would be but poor results, even if the men were willing. So for the remainder of the day everybody but the cook is free to follow his own desires. They sleep much, loaf much, play cards, and smoke endlessly, wash and mend their clothes if the notion strikes them, sometimes visit camps or ranches on adjacent islands, and often sail some distance to get fruit, wild, or from neglected groves and orchards. On moonlight nights, if they do not visit other



A FISHERMAN.

the clouds and splendidly lighted the picturesque shore and waters. Immediately the tinkle of a mandolin sounded from a bowery spot near the landing, another answered farther back, a broken guitar twanged from a doorway, and a banjo began to thrum. The first verse of a Spanish song, with love and wine and the heaving sea in it, was trolled out from the bower under the wild fig tree, and figures began to move in that direction. In a few minutes all the instruments and many voices had concentrated there; but I cannot say that perfect harmony was evolved from the blending. Yet we enjoyed it wondrously, and beyond a doubt they did. Now and then we could catch the strains and even the words of "Mabel Clare" and "Sweet Violets" rising above the Spanish songs; we divined that the two



LOADING THE SEINE FROM REEL TO BOAT.

fisher-people, they play, sing, and dance among themselves.

Some of the wives, mothers, and sisters are generally with them; but we were unfortunate enough to miss these, as they had gone down to Key West with the schooner the day before our arrival, remaining there to visit until the next trip.

This schooner of José's is a taut craft of forty tons, and it carries all their fish to market. They sell wholly in Cuba, ordinarily at Havana, but occasionally at Matanzas.

Both places furnish far better markets for their class of goods than any of our own ports; for the Cubans consume quantities of salt fish, most of which must be imported, as, owing to the filth of the harbors and adjacent waters of Havana and Matanzas, all their fish are condemned as inedible or disease-producing.

Of course the war prices are now of the past; but Manuel's cargo always commands from five to seven cents per pound, sold in bulk. When you remember that mullet run from one to two and a half pounds each, and that during these two years of increased demand they have salted down all other fish that may come into their nets with the mullet (excepting only the offensive "cats"), you can see that the ranch brings in returns handsomely disproportioned to the expenditure of capital and labor. The dried roes must be counted in, also; I regret to have to say that they sell very large quantities of these, the prices ranging from twelve and a half to sixteen cents per pound.



THE EARLY MORNING CATCH—3,000 MULLET.

José's capital invested is \$1,700 for the schooner, \$200 for the net boat, and \$75 for the great seine. He has several skiffs and dingey's, but they amount to little; probably \$20 would cover all. Several of the men keep small sailboats of their own. A little labor keeps up the shacks, and \$75 would surely buy the entire camping outfit.

The schooner averages one trip per month to Cuba, and usually carries a heavy cargo of fish. But twice the preceding winter it had carried only eleven tons; this was owing to protracted wet weather. Neither the men nor the mullet will do their part when it rains; both keep strictly to cover.

The usual cargo is from twenty-five to thirty tons. Six or eight men man the schooner on these trips — a different set going each time, since the majority of them are as good sailors as fishermen — and this holiday is greedily sought. With a fair wind they often sail



ANTONIO AND HIS CHUM.

from Captiva to Havana in two days, the distance being only two hundred and twenty miles via Key West. But they usually linger a week in one or the other city, visiting friends, seeing the sights, and spending their money lavishly. Indeed, improvidence, that goes hand in hand with a reckless generosity on one side and a light indifference to the demarcation of *meum et tuum* on the other, seems to be a racial characteristic of these fishermen. This was well illustrated in the Captiva kitchen. Here 'Tonio (or in full, Antonio Quevasa) presided. 'Tonio the genial, the gentle, the generous. He it was who summoned the captain to talk to us on our arrival; he it was who pressed

on us dozens of sweet lemons (gathered in abundance from an abandoned grove on a neighboring island), loaves of his fresh bread, dishes of really delicious broiled roe, and all sorts of stews and chowders odious with garlic to our Saxon palates. He it was, too, who first spied out our camera, and begged for his "fotografia," insisting

that it should be taken with his watch in his hand — perhaps with some vague idea of proving himself a systematic chef; also that we should include his chum, a brigandish-looking old fellow who yet revealed his softer side by hastening away and returning with his mandolin and mimic tambourine. 'Tonio it was, again, who invited us each day into his quaint kitchen, a low shack of palmetto thatch, but, unlike the others, having boarded sides; it was furnished with a long, rough table, rude benches on either side, a much-worn stove at one end, various im-

provised cupboards, and sundry barrels, boxes, and other contrivances for holding provisions. A giant coffee-pot furnished reminder of the one great indispensable on the fisherman's menu every time. A great tub was swung from the roof-tree, and lowered or raised by rope and pulley, this peculiar device being the camp method of keeping every sort of vermin from the bread.

'Tonio's bunk, with its flowered calico mosquito and sand-fly curtains, was in the kitchen; it was elevated — as we noticed all the bunks in the various shacks to be raised — about three feet above the ground, and under it a bushel or so of Irish potatoes were spread out and sprouting lustily in the

humid atmosphere. On a shelf above, onions were sending out strong green shoots, and I could not help thinking how disagreeable the smells must be in the night. But doubtless Antonio's Spanish olfactories are proof against unpleasantness of that sort. The ubiquitous feature of that apartment was the garlic, festooned and pendant whichever way you turned. One of the Carolinians said to us in confidence:

"Oh, we have plenty to eat an' abundance to waste; but if it wasn't for the coffee an' fish roe, I'd starve here. Everything tastes just like everything else from that everlastin' garlic. An' when it ain't garlic, it's spice. They even mess up the canned goods that way."

Abundance to waste! It did not require more than one trip to the kitchen to comprehend the fact. Even the numerous chickens, cats, and dogs that were hangers-on, had grown capricious in their appetites from overmuch feeding, while the mascot of the ranch, Manuel's huge, sleek black cat, had to be coddled like a princeling. Seeing all this, and remembering Florida prices, one could not question the captain's estimate of \$4,000 requisite to cover the supplies for seven months, even though the water is a good free market, lemons, sea-grapes, wild figs, pawpaws, and prickly pears cost them nothing, and no government imprint raises

the price of that indispensable commodity, aguardiente, their popular sugar-cane rum, the name of which, by the way, they corrupt into what sounds like "augerdent."

"Easy come, easy go" it is with these fishers' money, as one might almost say it is with their lives. Lightness and gaiety are their characteristics, rather than the austere resolution and courage of the men who risk so much on the Grand Banks every year. There is no death from exposure here, and very little sickness of any sort. There are no storms or dangers of the deep to be faced daily, little indeed to cultivate the sterner virtues. True, when we were at Captiva we knew Manuel to sail thirty miles in a blue nor'wester to attend a dance or "baile" at a ranch on Pine Island Sound, where a Spanish fisherman's five daughters were the center of charm. Any of his men would have done the same, and thought nothing of it; for they are not without boldness and endurance enough where their pleasures or desires are concerned.

Let them be, the men of Captiva and the neighboring islands and shores, with the gay sunshine on their sails and on their natures. Just as they are, with their virtues and their vices unaltered, they interest us, these aliens under our flag. Stranger things have happened than that a sturdy citizenry should grow from such beginnings.

A FLORENTINE MONK'S ROMANCE.

BY ELIZABETH M. ELGIN.



HERE is one pilgrimage outside the gates of Florence which every student of art history should make, not merely for the interest which attaches itself to the work of an artist whose pictures may be seen in the Uffizi and Pitti galleries, not solely for an inspection of the faded frescoes by this master upon the walls of an ancient cathedral, but for love of a romance which even in this practical age appeals to the sentiment of every reader who learns, in connection with the art history of this painter, his heart history as well. It is a story which comes down through the centuries in unsatisfactory, broken bits, pieced out by tradition where history fails; yet a wonderful record even at its worst—a record which succeeding painters and chroniclers have brodered with the seed pearls of their fancy.

This pilgrimage should be to Prato, a

small town once belonging to Florence, whose fortunes it shared throughout the middle ages. It boasts of a church interesting to all lovers of early Renaissance architecture, and numbers among its sculptures and paintings works by Donatello, Michelozzo, Andrea della Robbia, the incomparable Mino da Fiesole, and Rossellino, and Filippo Lippi's finest frescos. It is not for these art treasures, however, that the pilgrimage should be made, as better specimens of the work of most of these artists may be found elsewhere. The student bent on satisfying a sentiment, should pass by the duomo and up the paved street in search of the narrow via Margherita where, in the convent of that name, once lived the young novice whose love the artist-monk Filippo Lippi stole unawares, and whose face looks out from the Madonnas of his famous canvases. In this Italian town was laid the romance of Fra Filippo Lippi,

the Carmelite monk who linked his name and fate with Lucretia Buti, and whose son was the Filippo, or Filippino Lippi, who as a painter is classed with his illustrious father, and his master, Botticelli; their works in the churches and galleries of Florence showing a strong line of demarcation from the style of all preceding artists.

This is the romance, as far as can be gathered, from the few authentic sources at the command of the twentieth-century historian:



"THE PAINTER LIPPI AND THE NUN BUTI." BY G. CASTAGNOLA.

Filippo Lippi, born at Florence in the year 1406 (some chronicles have it 1412), was the son of Tommaso Lippi, a Florentine butcher. At the age of eight years, being left an orphan, he was adopted by an order of Carmelite monks whose convent walls overshadowed the shop of his parents. It was in the church attached to this convent that Masaccio left those frescos which have been the inspiration of all Florentine painters since his day; and it is thought that the

novitiate must either have painted

under that master's instruction, or copied from these frescos in the Brancacci chapel, as his early work strongly savors of Masaccio's influence.

At the age of fifteen he took the vows of the order, more from necessity of circumstances than from inclination, it is presumed; but he was permitted to leave the convent in 1432, still wearing his monastic garb, to follow his vocation as painter, for which he early evinced a taste. He led a wandering life for a time, receiving commissions from patrons, one of whom was Cosimo de' Medici, who recognized the talent of the young monk, and afterwards befriended him in the greatest crisis of his career.

In 1442, Filippo Lippi was made rector of San Quirico at Legnaia; and, in 1452, he became chaplain of the monastery of San Niccolò di Fieri in Florence. Of his life during those ten years little is known, except the fact that some of his best panel pictures were executed at that time. Vasari, without whose notes on Italian painters modern historians would be hopelessly at sea, states that after his departure from the Carmelite convent, Filippo Lippi was abducted by Moorish rovers on the shores of the Adriatic, and taken as a slave to Barbary; that he was returned to his country by his master, who thus rewarded the artist for drawing his portrait in a wonderful manner. Unfortunately, Vasari's love for the embellishment of dry facts led him far afield in his search for interesting material, and this ingenious account of the ten years of the monk's life must be questioned.

His ablest work, now faded

almost beyond recognition, was begun at the expiration of the ten years, in the choir of the pieve (now the duomo), at Prato; and here begins the romance which linked forever his name with the fortunes of this little dependency of Florence.

The nuns of the convent of Santa Margherita at Prato held among their number the two sisters, Spinetta and Lucretia Buti, aged respectively seventeen and sixteen years. These sisters took the veil in 1451—not of their own free will, but at the instiga-



THE MADONNA BY FILIPPO LIPPI. THE FACE IS A PORTRAIT OF LUCRETIA BUTI.



MADONNA BY FILIPPO LIPPI. "SAINTED FAMILY WITH ANGELS."

tion of their brother, who, upon their father's death, was left with a large family to support.

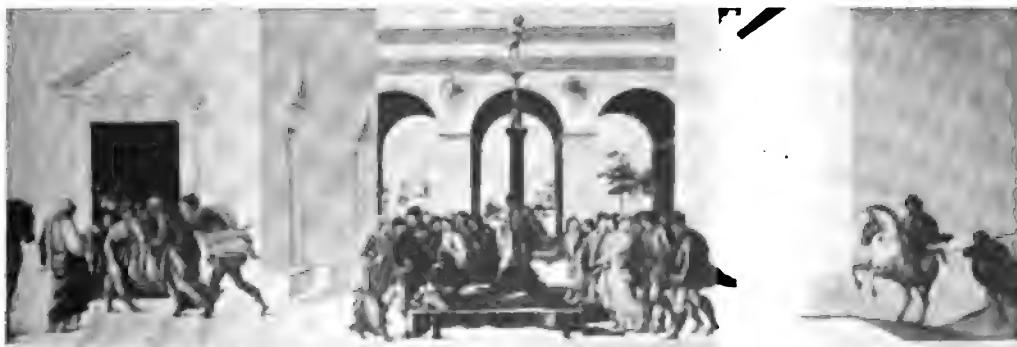
Filippo Lippi at this time was appointed chaplain to the convent of Santa Margherita, and of his own accord added the office of ecclesiastical painter to his duties. At the desire of the abbess, he set about completing an altar-piece for the convent chapel, taking as his model for the Madonna in his picture, Lucretia, the younger of the Buti sisters. In spite of the watchful eyes of the abbess, the painter contrived to declare his love for the young novitiate, who fled with her sister to his protection during the confusion attendant upon a public sacred festival in Prato, at which the nuns were present. The two sisters remained at Filippo Lippi's home for two years, and to Lucretia was born a son who was destined to perpetuate the artistic reputation of his father.

At the end of two years, Lucretia and Spinetta Buti were induced to rejoin the sisterhood, taking upon themselves fresh vows; but escaping again to the protection

of the monk, they called down upon his head the maledictions of the church, which was forced to take cognizance of the scandal. It was at this juncture that Cosimo de' Medici used his influence with Pope Pius II., and induced that prelate to issue a bull, releasing the two from their monastic vows, and sanctioning their marriage. According to Vasari, their daughter Allesandria was born in 1465, four years after the marriage of her parents; but some historians give credence to the story of Lucretia's untimely death before the kindly prelate could carry into effect his intentions on their behalf.

Filippo Lippi being now deprived of all of the benefices of the church, had to depend upon his pencil for a livelihood. Yet the heart which beat too high for a monkish garb, must have been an improvident one as well; for it is known that the artist was poor all his life, at times being in great straits for money.

After finishing the frescos in the pieve at Prato, Filippo Lippi obtained a commission



"THE DEATH OF LUCRETIA." BY FILIPPINO LIPPI.

to decorate the choir of the duomo at Spoleto, but was destined never to finish these frescos. After a sudden illness, supposed to have been the result of poison, he died at Spoleto on the 9th of October, 1469, and was buried in the duomo of that city.

Following this family history a little farther, we find that Filippino Lippi, born about 1457, became a pupil of Botticelli, and studied the frescos of Masaccio in the Brancaccio chapel, as his father had done before him. In 1484, he was chosen to complete these frescos, left unfinished by the master sixty years previous to that time. This work established his reputation, and caused him to receive the commission to fresco the Strozzi chapel in the church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence. In 1497, Filippino Lippi married Maddalena, the daughter of Pietro Paolo Monti. He died eight years afterward, on the 3rd of April, 1505.

The result of this union was a son, Francesco, who is mentioned in the quaint, conceited memoirs of the celebrated goldsmith, Benvenuto Cellini; in these words:

"About that time (1518) I contracted a close and familiar friendship with an amiable lad of my own age, who was also in the goldsmith's trade. He was called Francesco, son of Filippo and grandson of Fra Filippo Lippi, that most excellent painter. Through intercourse together, such love grew up between us that, day or night, we never stayed apart. The house where he lived was still full of the fine studies which his father had made, bound up in several books of drawings by his hand, and taken from the best antiquities in Rome. The sight of these things filled me with passionate enthusiasm, and for two years or thereabouts we lived in intimacy."

The knowledge of these few facts in the life history of these two painters of the fifteenth century makes the visit to Prato seem truly a pilgrimage to the shrine of love and genius. One treads with thoughtful steps the narrow, roughly paved streets where, six centuries before, human ambition and human love played so prominent a part, and made this little Italian town stand out from among its fellows as the background of a romance unique in the annals of the world's history. It makes the student pause before the open door in the high convent wall which runs along the via Margherita, to glance with an interest which forbids the imputation of curiosity, at the worn tiled flooring beyond the court, where the feet of

the young nun must have passed and repassed many hundreds of times during her enforced seclusion. It compels him to pay homage to the filial affection which erected a shrine in a niche in the wall outside, where behind wooden panels a Madonna by Filippino Lippi commemorates a parent's love, as human in its tendencies as that of the bright-faced Italian mothers who come with their *bambini* in their arms to kneel before it. It causes him to visit the old duomo, where, if time presses, scarce noting the beautiful circular pulpit carved with sphinxes and serpents by Mino da Fiesole and Rossellino, he passes on to the choir to peer at the frescos, once glowing with the life and color of Filippo



"ADORATION OF THE MAGI," BY FILIPPINO LIPPI.

Lippi's brush, but now beautiful only to a Ruskinian disciple with patience enough to await the one hour in the day when the sunlight throws its brightest shafts through the stained windows. It causes a return to Florence with a renewed interest in the frescos of the Strozzi chapel by Filippino Lippi, and in those by the same hand in the church of Santa Maria del Carmine which completes the chain of circumstances connecting the lives of father and son; the old convent church forming the center and circumference between which their lives circled. And then, having received his reward for this self-imposed duty which ends in pleas-

ure, the student may feast his eyes freely upon the works of these two masters—beautiful alike to the initiated and uninitiated—which decorate the walls of the Uffizi and Pitti galleries, like jewels upon a queen's fair front.

In the Pitti there hangs a Madonna in a rich frame, by Filippo Lippi. The face of this Madonna is the real portrait of the nun Lucretia Buti, whose flesh tones gleam with the pale bisque tints so characteristic of the artist who delighted in showing the material, rather than the spiritual side of motherhood. The sentimentalists may prefer the supposed portrait of the young novitiate which, in a painting called "The Painter Lippi and the Nun Buti," hangs on the walls of the Academy of Fine Arts among the modern Florentine works of art. But the authenticity of the former portrait is well established, while the latter is merely the creation of poetic fancy.

This same academy holds an authentic portrait of the monk, painted by himself, in his "Coronation of the Virgin"—a work in his latest style, and one of his masterpieces. It is remarkable for its unusual size, and for clear, harmonious coloring. The kneeling monk at the right of the picture, from whose clasped hands there floats a scroll bearing the words "*Is perfect opus.*" is Filippo Lippi. The face is characteristic of the artist, who was essentially a painter of the material things of life, in con-

tradicition to the æsthetes who preceded his school. Browning, in "Fra Lippo Lippi," puts these words into the monk's mouth:

" We're made so that we love

First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

Another writer states with the same correct judgment of the monk's character:

" Fra Filippo Lippi added to that whole-strength and sanity of sight an even clearer perception of natural beauty and grace. The glories of the physical realm in landscape, in the power of men, and in the loveliness of women were handled now with a growing boldness which outran the delicate timidity that had restrained it in the shadow of the church."

There is another round Madonna on the Pitti walls which shares equal honors, in the public eye, with the elder Lippi's Madonna. This is Filippino's "Sainted Family with Angels," a painting charming in conception, composition, and richness of



"MADONNA ENTHRONED." BY FILIPPINO LIPPI.

color, shown in the wonderful green-tipped crimson wings of the adoring angels, and the garments of the kneeling figures. The delightfully conventionalized background with roses, suggests Botticelli; and one might be pardoned for attributing this *chef-d'œuvre* to the master instead of the pupil.

Unmistakably the work of the younger Lippi is the "Adoration of the Magi," in the Uffizi, with excellent portrait faces,



"CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN." BY FILIPPO LIPPI.

among which may be seen the features of Pietro Francesco de' Medici. In the same gallery hangs a "Madonna Enthroned," by the same artist; in richness of design it suggests Carlo Crivelli, but shows decidedly original treatment in the descending angels in the upper half of the painting.

Very different from this artist's other works is his "Death of Lucretia," a long, narrow canvas in the Pitti. He has taken the death of the wife of Collatinus as his subject, probably gratifying a personal feeling, which prompted the portrayal of a scene in the life of the Roman matron whose name was the same as that which his mother bore. The painting is filled with figures whose

interesting facial expressions and grouping form its principal attraction. In the distance, through the arches of the background, may be seen a pleasing landscape effect.

This closes the description of the life, and of most of the principal works of two of the chief artists of their time, whose influence made itself felt upon the work of succeeding Florentine painters, and whose glowing canvases are today lasting attractions in the galleries of Florence. The touch of nature which makes the whole world akin is present in all their handiwork, and causes their Madonnas, in their material loveliness, to rival the more saintly creations of brother artists.

ARCADY.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Where is Arcady? where
Is that lovely land? you say;
You have footed a weary track and dreary
Day upon eery day;
Yet never a pilgrim found
Who has glimpsed its hills afar,
But met many dreaming of the beaming
Cast by its gleaming star.

Where is Arcady? where
Is that wondrous clime? you cry;
Where unfolden is the olden
Charm of its golden sky?
'Tis given to every soul
To gaze on it once, forsooth!
With the eyes of—in the guise of—
Under the skies of—Youth!

A DAY IN TENERIFFE.

BY MARY CHOLMONDELEY, AUTHOR OF "RED POTTAGE."

 It is seven o'clock on a February morning. Candelaria has just brought me a cup of goat's milk, and I may as well drink it at the open window. What an air comes blowing in, warm as an English June, but laden with

"Them spicy garlic smells,"

which would tell me that I was in a sub-tropical climate, if I shut my eyes.

High and near at hand, shutting out most of the turquoise blue of the sky, which will be bluer still presently, rise the fantastic, tortured outlines of the range of volcanic hills which shelter Santa Cruz from the north. These hills fill me with a species of horror. They appear to me like the work of demons, and as if temptation and crime lurked among their stony-tilted ravines and rent clefts. Among those clinging cactuses and clumps of "devil's fingers" Faust might have walked and stumbled, with Mephistopheles at his ear. But today, with the morning sun and the cloud shadows upon their seared, grotesque faces, they look almost dignified, almost absolved of evil. A weird beauty takes possession of them.

It is silent up there. Down here at their feet the day is already in full career. The black goats are bleating and ringing their bells. The "Canarien birts," as a German friend calls them, are shouting among the pepper trees. The canaries are not yellow, as they ought to be, but brown, which I regard in the light of a personal injury. There goes the hoopoo again. "Cuk! cuk! cuk!" just like the first note of the cuckoo, repeated three times over, but more sweetly. I wish I could see him.

A girl's voice, fresh and gay as any bird's, but with a strident note in it, comes from the tomato gardens near at hand. I lean out of the window. Yes, they are all at work again picking the tomatoes. An immensely stout woman, clad in white trousers, is poising a tray of tomatoes on her head. Surely the most advanced of our "new women" only needs to see a few of these fat Spanish women in trousers, in order to be convinced that we cannot in all things imitate man with advantage. The costume certainly makes the feet look small, but when one has said

that one has said all. These trousers make such a deep impression on my mind that I inquire into them. I find that they are lent by the farmers to the peasant women to protect their dresses while they pick their tomato crops.

On one stone terrace above another narrow strips of earth have been rescued from the hillside, and here, in long lines, the crops are grown. On the terraces below the tomato crop the prickly pears stand in serried ranks, with a white bandage on each of the many fat, upraised hands. They look like a plant hospital. Even the chance prickly pears—the out-patients—struggling up the hillside are nearly all similarly bandaged. It is the first process of the manufacture of cochineal. The young of the cochineal insects are sprinkled on these bandages, which are then tied round the unlucky cactus, which is obliged, so to speak, to furnish board and lodging to the insect. Seen near at hand, this insect does not present an engaging appearance, having a strong resemblance to the Norfolk Howard family. I applied the point of my umbrella to the poor parasite-covered plant the other day, in a spirit of inquiry. Several cochineal insects immediately went to their last account, and a deep red blot trickled down the cactus and stained the point of my umbrella. I looked. I felt that I had committed murder. I fled.

When the insect is full grown he is collected, passed through a sieve, ground into powder, and finally becomes, among other things, a means of culinary beauty. Whenever I see persons eating a pink blancmange or "shape" in the future I shall make a point of mentioning this interesting process to them.

And now Candelaria reappears with a *Baño caliente*. Candelaria is a very pretty girl, and she wears a pink cotton blouse with crimson rings on it, which suits her olive complexion admirably. She looks even better in it than in her white cotton gown of yesterday, when she waited at table, with flowers in her hair, and two gold rings on her fingers. Victor, the butler, also wears a gold ring on Sundays. I cannot imagine why he does not marry Candelaria; but perhaps he will, if he is given time, especially

A DAY IN TENERIFFE.

as at present he is restricted almost entirely to her society, because he dare not take a walk for fear of the conscription.

I wake V., who is still sleeping the sleep of the sluggard in an adjoining room, in what she calls her "meat-safe"; and an hour later, having breakfasted, we take a turn in the garden. We peep over our neighbors' wall to see how they are getting on, to the surprise of a little golden-brown calf which is lying in the sun, tethered to a twisted shrub of plumbago, the blue flowers of which almost touch him. Though it is not yet ten o'clock, it is already hot, in spite of a fresh, light-hearted air that comes dancing across from the sea. The sunlight trembles on the yellow stone steps and on the trailing, climbing masses of the bougainvillea, which has flung its mantle of purple over the balustrade. Through an opening in the trees we glance down across the white watercourses and green terraces to the little town of Santa Cruz—its irregular, flat-topped buildings and quaint cupolas, outlined as if cut out in white paper, sharp white, against the fierce blue of the sea. Far away on the horizon the Grand Canary lies like a cloud. We look ruefully at that blue sea. We have no colors in our paint boxes to reproduce that vivid marvel of color. The sky reflects it, as one dazzled glance shows us, through the network of pink almond blossom above our heads.

An immense, prosaic German steamer, with yellow quarantine flag flying, after making a vulgar and unseemly noise, has anchored exactly on the top of the highest white-lace cupola, making a capital T of it.

"If B. were here, wrestling with her art," says V., meditatively, "she would draw in that steamer exactly as it is now, impaled on the top of that spire."

The aloe near at hand has drooped even since last week. Poor aloe! I watch it with a painful interest. It has put out a monster flower, a giant, as high as the house, and is dying slowly in consequence. I did not realize that it was a flower until I was told.

"Methought it was a trusty tree";

and I supposed that all the leaves—and

what great double-edged saws they are, eight to ten feet long!—had grown at its foot by mistake. What I took for the trunk is the stalk of the flower! Once in a hundred years, it is said, the aloe flowers thus, and then dies.

We turn back into the shade, and drag our deck chairs along the stone flags to the yellow tank under the orange trees.

"Now," I say sternly, "if we don't improve our minds early in the day, we shall never improve them at all. Fetch Prescott."

We are reading "The Conquest of Mexico" aloud to each other. We have been reading



A GROUP OF TENERIFFE CRAFTSWOMEN.

it for some time, but we make but little progress. When the "Conquest" is shut (as it generally is), our marker seems to cleave to the fly-leaf. This, however, is not true, as we are in reality half way through the first chapter.

V. opens the book and spreads out the atlas on her knee.

A large yellow butterfly comes floating through the shadow, and settles on a crimson hibiscus, which is hanging like a flame against the pale green stem of a coral tree. The two ardent colors quiver together in the sunshine.

"Where were we?" I ask stoically, when the butterfly has flown away.

"They had just sent a humming-bird out of the ark," says V., "and that apparently without any collusion with the old world;" and she begins to read.

"The dyes used by the ancient Mexicans were obtained from both mineral and vegetable substances. Among them was the rich crimson of the cochineal, the modern rival of

the famed Tyrian purple. It was introduced into Europe from Mexico, where the curious little insect was nourished with great care on plantations of cactus."

"Just as they do next door," I remark.

V. goes on, unheeding.

The sunlight is scattered like silver coins among the little round stones and on the pink verbena which nestles round the tank. The goldfish swim lazily near the surface, and the big red one eats a bit of floating stick, and then, just as I am beginning to be anxious, spits it out again to quite a surprising distance. It must have a very strong popgun inside it. A gray lizard comes out and suns himself on a patch of sunshine on the watercourse. On the edge of the tank, in a wicker pot, stands a tiny orange tree, about a foot high, composed of two twigs. On one of them are two oranges; the other is in full blossom. The H.'s bought it for half a dollar in the town.

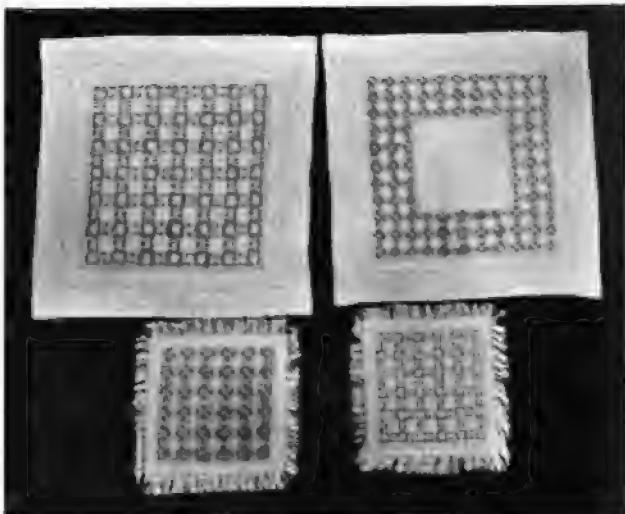
V.'s eyes leave her book and follow mine.

"I can't live any longer without a little tree like that," she says. "Now that I have seen it, I know that I have been wanting it all my life."

"As R. said, when he married F.," I reply. "Go on." Thud! Down comes a ripe orange on to the stones. V. shuts Prescott with a will. It is an understood thing that she eats any oranges that fall from the trees. She says she looks upon it as a sacred duty to prevent waste. She cer-

up into the foliage above us, where orange flowers and oranges, green and yellow, are all tangled together. "You will die of one on your head some day."

We no longer read as we used to do under the betanga tree, because the small scarlet fruit is always dropping from among its white



DOILIES MADE BY TENERIFFE WOMEN.

blossoms, and distracts V.'s attention continually. She says it tastes like hair-oil and medicine, and urges me to try it, but I have lately taken so much medicine and so little hair-oil that I have not the courage.

Amid the singing of the canaries another sound mingles suddenly — the sweetest sound that can reach the ear in a thirsty land — the murmur of running water. Suddenly, also, the fallen rose and bougainvillea leaves in the dry watercourse begin to move swiftly,

borne along by the down-coming water, and in another moment it is rushing and dancing all round us, overleaping its miniature white channels, and filling the whole air with music. Juan, the gardener, comes hastening down to regulate its course among the trees of the garden and the vegetables below the terrace, for none must be wasted. Water is an expensive commodity in Teneriffe. Juan is a melancholy young man, dressed in white, with a

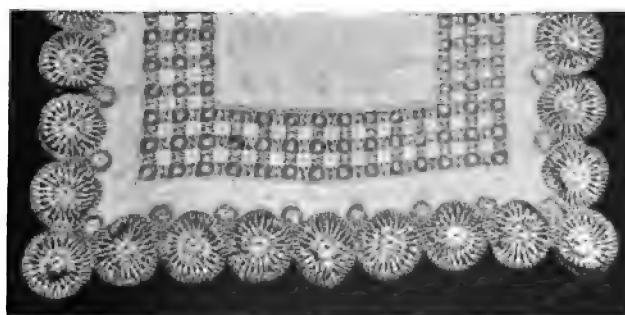


TABLE CENTER MADE OF SILK BY TENERIFFE WOMEN.

tainly performs it. The other day, after a gale, she was seriously indisposed.

"They do come down with a bang," she says, releasing her features for a moment from the severe strain of suction, and gazing

black sash round his waist, instead of the usual red one, because he is a widower. His little son, Juanillo, runs at his heels. Juanillo is generally clad in a pink shirt, encrusted with earth. But, as today is a



THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE FROM VILLA DE OROTAVA.

saint's day, and a balloon is to go up from the bull-ring, his face is washed and powdered, and his father has arrayed him in his best blue cotton frock and sailor hat. It is a girl's frock, but his father is not aware of that, and no one, not even the old garden woman who sits opposite him on her heels picking tomatoes half the day, has told him of the mistake.

"V.," I say reproachfully, "Prescott."

"This climate does not further intellectual development," says V., unabashed. "One wants the accessories of chilblains and a red nose and a fog to foster the cultivation of the mind. Just look at that beetle walking out of that clump of mignonette. What a green coat of mail! Hot weather, I should have thought, for plate armor. And — oh! look at those two red dragon flies above the tank."

We both gaze at them. The large, clashing blue ones we have seen before, but these, blood-red, poised above the water, are new to us.

Perhaps when the hibiscus flowers die they turn into red dragon flies!

A gentle chatter reaches us in our orange-flower nook. "The Icod women," V. says, and down goes Prescott on his face on the stones, and she is off.

I am hardly less excited, but I pick up Prescott and follow more slowly.

Some Icod women with their exquisite

drawn thread work have appeared here once before, and we have for some time past been anxiously waiting for others to descend from their mountains.

They are squatting on their heels, spreading out their wares on the clean stone flags under the oleander tree near the front door. The oleander ought not to be in flower in February, but it is, and has hung out dusky pink blossoms here and there among its long leaves.

The women nod and smile at us, as if we were old friends. One wears an orange silk kerchief on her head, and the other one of violet silk. They are both dressed in white cotton gowns with a pink sprig, and wear white, embroidered aprons.

V. is standing by them in the sunshine. I have often seen her gardening in England in the white blouse and blue linen skirt which she is wearing now, without noticing them. But under this blazing sky these ancient garments take out a new lease of color, and startle the eye by their vividness. Even the silver clasps at her waist seem to have undergone a fresh burnishing. She looks quite as gaily attired as these Spanish girls.

I advance cautiously. I endeavor to preserve an air of indifference, as if merely strolling past.

"Barat! Barat!" screams the pretty woman in the violet kerchief, spreading out a white gown.

I look at it, shaking my head. The embroidery is exquisite. The spider web, the wheat sheaf, the rose, and the red cross, are all there beautifully finished. She throws it over a piece of pink material, and the color shines through, bringing the cunning tracing of white threads into delicate relief.

I look at my watch. Eleven o'clock. Two hours before luncheon. I may have time to buy that gown. Last time they were here it took two hours to buy a white petticoat and an apron.

Gradually the household gathers around us. Victor, in easy undress, with a water jug in his hand, strolls out. Candelaria follows. The cook joins the group, holding an

"Five pesetas."

"What's a peseta?"

"A peseta is worth about eightpence."

"Then five about eightpences, and three times that would be—?"

"Ten shillings."

V. utters an exclamation of astonishment and drops the gown.

"My good woman, I am a *pobra Inglesa*."

"No! No!" scream both the women, nodding and smiling at V. "Rica! Rica!"

I have in the meanwhile found a small hole in the white gown. This is pointed out to the women with much pursing of lips and shaking of heads.

"Two and a half dollars," they both shriek together in Spanish, and toss the gown at V.

"Two dollars," says V., holding up two fingers.

They shriek a dissent, and she tosses back the gown at them, and goes slowly indoors. I follow her. We withdraw into her bedroom, leaving the door ajar.

The violet neckerchief follows to the door, and throws the gown once more at V.

"Two and a half dollars."

V. throws it out of the room.

"Two dollars."

The gown is thrown in again.

"Two dollars and two dogs."

We close on the bargain. V. produces the money — two dollars, and two penny pieces of ten centimos with a lion on them. These the women call the big dogs, as they have no personal acquaintance with lions. The half-pence or five centimo pieces are little dogs.

We then all go smiling out into the sunshine and begin buying a child's frock.

The luncheon bell rings long before we have finished, and Mrs. D. implores us to remember that other women with equally good work will probably follow in a few days' time.

And so they pack up their bundles and walk off with them on their heads, and we return to the prosaic side of life. But even luncheon is not very prosaic today, for the table is covered with pink roses and begonias of the same shade, and among them a hideous gray manthis, about three inches long, is walking, I must own, with remarkable dignity, considering that his legs are bent the wrong way. He looks more like a child's drawing of a dragon than anything else.

We are going for a drive after luncheon,



STREET SCENE IN SANTA CRUZ.

embroidered petticoat against her, and putting out an immense yellow-shod foot. She does this every time the women come, but she never buys anything.

We have looked at everything; we know what we want. Business now begins. I retire to the other side of the path, and sit down under the pomegranate tree. V., who has in every respect a more flinty nature than I, conducts the bargaining.

She takes up the white gown. "Quanto?"

"Tres douros." The women hold up three fingers.

"Miss D., what's a douro?"

Miss D., from an upper window, replies, "A dollar."

"What's a dollar?"

and we have not to wait much more than half an hour beyond the appointed time before our carriage and three appears at the gate, and we set off. We do not wish to go in state, but we find that three horses are more usual here than a pair. Sometimes we see two horses hitched to a carriage with a mule sandwiched between them.

We are soon clattering down the narrow streets of

Santa Cruz;

Santa Cruz the

capital; Santa

Cruz the dirty;

Santa Cruz

littered with

refuse and slov-

enly soldiers

and mongrel

dogs; Santa

Cruz the evil

smelling, where

a few years ago

the cholera

raged and will

rage again.

Our three

horses make a

tremendous

noise on the

round stones

between the

high yellow

and pink walls.

Half the wo-

men of the

town are lean-

ing out of their

windows and

quaint, roofed-

in balconies.

Two camels,

with patient,

treacherous

faces pass us

on silent, padded feet, nearly brushing us with

their loads; a young woman, with black lace

mantilla and fan, comes out of a green door-

way, followed by her duenna. A soldier in

the street is making love apparently to three

sisters at once at an upper window. We rattle

with many crackings of whips past the Plaza,

past the church where Nelson's flag is kept

under glass, and so out along the sea road, the

splendid new road, cut out of the living rock,

which leads to nowhere and skirts the sea

for miles.

"Cortez may have landed at this very point
on my way to the New World," I remark.

"Now M.," says V., reproachfully, "don't be improving. We did our duty by Cortez this morning, and this afternoon we ought to unbend."

Our driver is certainly unbending. He has lit a cigarette, and is resting his feet on the top of the splashboard. The universal smoking at first surprised us, but we are now becoming accustomed to be served by a shop-

man who is smoking, to see a priest smoking in the church, to be begged of by an old woman who is smoking, and to see the young women washing, or rather banging and rending clothes, with cigarettes in their mouths.

Presently we pass a hole scraped out of the rock, some twenty feet above the road. It has excited our curiosity before. It is apparently inaccessible, yet shows signs of habitation. On this occasion a man is sitting in it with his long white blanket, looking very

much at home, beside a small fire, the smoke of which curls blue against the cliffside.

"I know that you will always give out now that you have seen the cave-dwellers," says V. "It will be my duty to tone down all you say when we return home."

I treat this remark with the silence it deserves. We are both dying to see these cave-dwellers, who live in the interior of the island, and who are, we are told, a remnant of the Guanches — the original inhabitants of Teneriffe before the Spanish conquest.

And now we turn back and see Santa Cruz lying like a handful of dice at the foot of a



MONUMENT IN SANTA CRUZ COMMEMORATING THE GUANCHES, THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF TENERIFFE.

sweeping range of hills, and beyond, behind, a small excrecence peeps up, like the top of a sugar-loaf fresh from the stores. The driver waves his cigarette at the sugar-loaf and says, "Pica!"

We have heard of the Peak all our lives. We have read how the straining eye of the traveler ever looks too low as he approaches Teneriffe, and then sees the Peak high in air above him. We have waited patiently for nearly a month, while "it kept itself to itself." Now our illusions drop from us. We gaze at that snow-covered bagatelle, and then at each other in silent indignation.

"Is that all?" I say at last, in the tone of a cabman looking at a "long shilling." And apparently it is all, for a cloud rolls before it, and it is gone. A low clap of thunder is tossed about among the steep ravines past which the road runs. Make haste home, coachman, or we shall be caught in a storm! One black cloud after another is hurrying up across the jagged hilltops. Our three horses make better speed uphill than down, and we are soon clattering through Santa Cruz once more, and up the main street. A sudden whirlwind of dust catches us in the open by the bull-ring, and

with it come the first large drops of rain. But we are nearly home now. We reach the gate, and leaving the carriage we run up the short drive.

The gust has fallen as suddenly as it rose. All is very silent in the garden, where the birds nearly deafened us earlier in the day. Not a breath stirs. It is the lull before the storm. The low sun peers over the shoulder of the hill.

We look back. The peaks of the Grand Canary lie clear and ethereal against an opal sky, above a sea of changing amethyst, which near at hand melts to a shimmering green as of reflected larches in still water in spring.

Is that vision of a holy city, rising stainless, girt with amber, and crowned with pearl, above a sea of glass — can that be Santa Cruz? Nay, for surely we can almost see its streets of gold; in the silence we can almost hear the song of those who walk therein in white robes.

For one moment the rainbow flings its arch like a benediction across transfigured sea and sky and gleaming town. And then, with a sigh — as of one who sees what God would have him to be — our little island world hides its face and breaks into a passion of tears.

MAMMY'S LOVE-STORY.

BY JULIA B. TENNEY.

 OU want to hear 'bout me an' Tobe? All right den, honey; if yer jes' lay down dere and keep de kivers up ober yer so yer won' tek no col', I'll tell it to yer agin; but I 'specs yer mos' tired ob hearin' it by dis time.

Well it were dis yer way. Me an' Tobe growded up togeder, down in Fau-
quire, Virginny, on ole mars' plantation long wid de udder servants (an' dere was lots ob 'em — mos' as many as dere was chillun ob Isrul in de wil'nes, I reckon), and we growded monstrous sot on one 'nudder.

Tobe he'd tek me to all de bush-meetin's an' de cake-walks, an' we was mostly always mo'ners togeder at de funels spite ob de res ob de yung blades dat was always er tryin' to cut Tobe out wid me.

He warn't much to look at, dat's sho', kase he war as freckled as a guinea-keat's egg, an' squint-eyed, too, let 'lone bein' tur'ible short an' bow-legged; but he war always kind and gentle-like, and he ac' like a real white gemman in his ways wid de

wimmen on de place — kinder perfectin' an' perlite-like.

Well, den, it all go 'long comf'table tel' Miss Sally — dat's your ma — got mar'ied; den de trubble begin.

Yer see, honey, I b'long to Miss Sally, an' cou'se she want tek me 'long wid her to her new home, an' Mars' George — dat's yer pa — he ain' mek no offer ter buy Tobe, spite ob de fac' dat Tobe he keep er throwin' out hints on de subjec'.

'Bout two days 'fore de weddin', I tries Miss Sally. I goes in her room when she war by herself, an' I axes her ain't Mars' George don' want a good stable-boy. Den I say dat his hoss what he bringed wid him fum Georgy when he cum ter spen' de summer look mighty rusty an' po', like he ain' been rubbed down right; an' I say he don' look like old mars' hoss what Tobe tek care ob — he jes' as fat as a pig 'fore Chris'mus, an' as shiny as mars' bal' haid.

But Miss Sally she jes laff, an' say: "I reckon dat's one word fur de hoss an' two fur Tobe, ain' it Cynthy?" An' den she go

right on a-packin' her trunk, an' I don' neber get 'nuther good chance at her.

Well, arter de weddin' — an' don' say 'twan't a gran' one! — all de quality in de kintry 'scusin' de pres'dent hisself cum dere, an' dance an' eat an' drink wine, tel' de air made yer dizzy. An' arter it were all ober, an' de bride an' groom was sayin' good-by, ready to git in de keeridge to go to de depo', I slips off an' goes down by de smoke-house, whar I see Tobe a-settin' wid his haid buried in his han's, jes' a-cryin' like a baby.

I acts like I was s'prised to fin' him dere — kase I ain't gwine ter spile him by runnin' arter him, no ways; but I seen him fum de kitchen doo' long time befo', — but he jes' jump up an' grab me in his two arms an' he say: "Cynthy, is yer goin' off an' lebe me, an' den mar'y some udder man, an' forget all de good ole times what we done had sense I toted yer 'bout de place in de wheelbarrow when we all war little? Cynthy, I ain' neber lubed no gal but you, an' I can't somehow want ter; an' tonight, when you driebes outen dat gate, you lebes Tobe no better'n a daid co'pse, kase dere won't neber be no more use in nuthin' fur me, Cynthy, arter you is gone."

Well, honey, I felt a big t'ing in my throat jes' then, an' swallowin' of it made my eyes feel wat'ry like; an' somehow I feel awful sorry 'bout lebin' Tobe. 'Peared like I jes' coulden' gib dat little bow-legged nigger up no ways yer fix it! So I jes' up an' says: "Doan' you tek on so, Tobe," I says. "I gwine ter cum back 'fore de year's out an' git yer. Doan' you be skeered dat I gwine git mar'ied to ary udder man, Tobe, kase I jes' couldn'!"

"Does yer mean it, Cynthy?" says he. "Does yer cross yer heart dat yer gwine ter cum back an' mar'y me?"

"Yes, dat I does," I says; "dat's zac'ly what I is gwine to do." Den I hear 'em callin' me at de house, so I jes' jucked away fum him, an' skipped back to de kitchen. But I sha'n't neber forgit dat nigger's happy laff; an' he say, for all de worl' like he war in meetin', "T'ank Gawd! Amen, amen!"

Well, honey, arter we all got 'way off here down in Georgy, look like I warn't goin' be able fur to keep dat promise to Tobe, kase fur two reasons.

Fust, Miss Sally ain' say nuthin' 'bout goin' home on a visit, like I hope she will; but she an' Mars' George jes' pintedly took up wid one 'nudder an' bill an' coo an' doan' so much as *t'ink* ob de ole home.

I git putty lonesome, an' wish for de

home cabins. 'Cou'se dere war plenty ob cabins dere on Mars' George's plantation, an' de servants was as thick as fleas, but dey warn't like our people; dese here was jes' plain "niggers," ounr was culrud folks.

Dere was one man here — de butler — yaller, an' tall-completed, wid side-whiskers like fine-tooth com's. Mars' George done sol' him arterwards fur impitence, an' he 'serve it, too. Well, he sot hisself up to co'tin' me, but I soon put him whar he b'lond'! I tolle him why'n' he go hunt in his own spare-grass patch, an' let his betters lone.

Miss Sally she favor his plans, an' she say: "Cynthy, why is it you don' like de 'tentions ob Wellin'ton? I think he is a very nice, inspectable young man," she says.

I answer: "Yes'm, Miss Sally, ain' nothin' matter wid Wellin'ton 'cep jes' a swell haid an' dose 'dic'lous siders what makes him look like a Jack-in-de-box; an' I doan' keer 'bout de 'tentions ob anyt'ing what mek yer jump ebery time it 'pears."

'Long 'bout Chris'mus, I jes' lis'en sharp an' hope dey-alls would say sumpen 'bout goin' home. But dey neber let on dey hab n'ary udder home 'sides dis one way down here in Georgy. Las' one day I hear 'em talkin' 'bout sendin' a box ob presents home, an' 'pears like my lef' side got too heavy fur me to tote. We done been 'way fum home now gwine on five months, an' I ain' neber hear a word 'bout Tobe all dat time.

When I hear 'bout dat box what war gwine home fur Chris'mus, I ax Miss Sally kin I put a teensy little bundle in it, an' she say:

"Yes, indeedy."

Den I got some ob de ole cravats what Mars' George done tired ob, an' frowned away, an' I clean'em up an' i'on 'em nice, an' den I cut a big heart outen a red pas'bo'de box, kase I couldn't write none; but I knowed Tobe would un'erstan' dat dat stood fer my lovin' heart to him, an' den I wrop all ob 'em up an' tuk 'em to Miss Sally.

She say: "Well, Cynthy, whose name mus' I put on de bundle?"

I felt kinder foolish-like, an' I didn't want Miss Sally an' Mars' George to git de laff on me, so I says kinder musey-like: "Lemme see, Miss Sally, yer might put Jim Nicks' name on it — But den he's so pizen 'ceited, an' he t'inks all de gals is in lub wid him. Let's see. Ef yer put Adam, den Lizey'll have er duck-fit. Better write ole Petes' — or Tobe — or — oh, I reckon you jes' might as well write dat little freckle-face nigger Tobe on it, 'case he so no 'count dat nobody won't t'ink to git him nuthin'."

Mars' George he wunk 'roun' de corner ob his paper, an' Miss Sally laff a little bit an' say: " You suttinly is kind, Cynthy, to 'member no'-count little Tobe, when such a fine-lookin' young fellow as Wellin'ton is hangin' 'bout you day arter day." But she writ de name on de bundle, all de same, an' sent it in de box.

Well, chile, dat present like to mek Tobe bus' wid joy, so dey tel' me. Dey say he crack his ole fiddle-strings so fas' dat it soun' like corn er poppin', an' he dance de fus hoe-down dat he done dance sense we alls done leff ole Fauquire. Den he go up to de big house an' ax ole miss to write out his t'ankee fur him, an' she writ 'em jes' like he say. Honey, dat letter soun' so natchel when Miss Sally read it off dat, you kin b'lieve me, I could smell de hair-ile dat Tobe done put on his haid wheneber he dress hisself up, an' talk fine like dat letter soun'. I kep' it, an' I got it yit, Miss Sue, honey. It went un'er my piller ebery night, an' in my frock-wais' ebery day for a whole year.

Well, 'long 'bout T'anksgiben time de nex' year, *you* come. Whar you come fum? Why, right outen de sky, honey. I seed yer when yer cum froo; an' yer lef' de doo' open a crack, same as yer always does de doo's now. I war a-settin' out on de back po'ch steps, an' de sky war dark—dere warn't no moon dat night. An' jes' as suddent a big yaller star bust t'rough de sky, an' I heered a sort ob whisshy soun' like wings 'bout me, an' de berry nex' minit I hear you cry up dere in your ma's room. De nex' t'ing I had you in my arms, jes' a-huggin' an' a-kissin' yer 'most to pieces, kase I was so glad to see yer.

Dat night, when I look outen de window 'fore I lay down on de palate by Miss Sally's baid, whar I axed 'em to lem me sleep, de big yaller star had gone, an' I ain' neber seen it sence. So I knowed it were a doo', an' de angel what brung you down shet it when he went back up dere— Lay down, lay down, baby, nex' t'ing you be habin' de croup agin. Keep de kivers up ober yer, yer needn' t'ink you is pas' baby-troubles ef you is 'mos' ten years ole. Dere, now, stay tucked in nice an' tight.

Well, when de nex' Chris'mus cum your ma an' pa 'low to spen' it at de ole home. Doan' say my heart didn' flop when I hear 'em er plannin' it! I knowed dey'd tek me 'long to tek keer o' you; an' 'peared like de days couldn' git 'way fas' 'nuff tel' de one fur startin' cum. But it cum at las', an' de ole train jes' 'peared ter sneak 'long on its

han's an' knees, an' ter stop at ebery blessed 'simmon tree on de road.

'Long to'a'ds seben 'clock in de eben we rid into de station, an' dere a-stan'in' on de platform, foremost ob de white folks eben, ef dere warn't dat little freckle-faced Tobe, big as life — but *dat* ain' sayin' much.

I jes' step down, unbeknownst-like, wid you in my arms an' let on like I don' see him — kase de man's de one for to do de runnin' arter, — and I teks you up to your gran'ma, who was stan'in' dere wid Miss Cicely er-watchin' fur we all.

Yer Ant Cicely she jes' snatch you outen my arms, an' sech 'mirations you neber did hear. Dey were right, too, kase you suttinly war a putty little pink-an'-white critter, wid big brown eyes dat war de berry graben image ob ole miss' eyes.

Den Tobe he step up an' tech me on de arm kinder skeery-like, an' say: "Cynthy!" I jump like I didn' know he war dere, an' I say: "Who dat call Cynthy? Oh, it's little ole Tobe, ain' it? Huh! you better go 'n git de trunks."

His face, dat is gen'ly 'bout as roun' as a basin, it git so long an' miserable at dat, dat I feel 'bleeged to say more kinder-like: " You doan' know de trunks when yer see 'em. I'll jes' hab ter go 'long wid yer an' pint 'em out, seein' 's you is so no'-count."

Miss Sally she turn 'roun' den an' say: "Cynthy, we will tek de baby home wid us, an' you kin ride up on de trunk-wagon wid Tobe."

Den dat nigger's face shine agin. I flounce a little bit arter I see Miss Sally not lookin', an' I says I mos' rader walk it. But Tobe he 'member de ways ob me by dat time, an' he jes' laff, kase he know I warn't goin' do no walkin' when I kin ride aside ob him.

Well, chile, dat suttinly war one happy Chris'mus. We stayed at de ole home t'ree weeks an' a day, 'zacy. Dat las' day? Wait er minit, I gwine to tell you 'bout dat now. Keep kivered up an' lay still, kase yer been mighty sick an' mammy doan' wan' yer ter git col'.

All de time fum de fus' day Tobe he 'low he goin' ter ax ole mars' ter let me an' him git mar'ied. But, I 'spon', what's de use in we gittin' mar'ied ef Tobe got to stay in Virginny an' me got to go 'way down in Georgy?

When de days keep er-slidin' 'way like dey war greased to go fas', an' me an' Tobe couldn' t'ink ob no way to git wesselfs happy, we git to feelin' monstrous moanful. And Miss Sally she tek notice, an' she ax me

one day: "Cynthy, why ain' you sing any more, dese days?" An' she say ain' I glad to git back home agin?

I 'low: "Yes, miss — Miss Sally, dat I is; but it is de goin' way agin dat's worryin' me."

She look kinder sad, an' she say: "Would you rader stay here, Cynthy, an' lem'me tek Rose back to nuss de baby?"

My, but dat fatch me up! To t'ink ob dat trif'lin', onery, shif'less Rose er-takin' you to nuss. "No, miss," I says, good an' strong, "dat I wouldn't! I goes whar dis chile goes, whedder it to heben or to de debbil!" Yas I did, honey, I git so com-flustered dat I jes' up an' swear dat berry way.

Miss Sally laff agin, an' she say: "What's der matter, den, Cynthy?"

I pick up currage den an' say: "Well, Miss Sally, it's jes' disser way. Dat no-count, freckle-face Tobe, he pester de life 'mos' outer me fur to mar'y him. But I say, what's de use er we gittin' mar'ied an' he stay in Virginny an' me way down dere in Georgy? Dat 'ould jes' keep we boff-tied down good an' fas' to nuthin', an' less Tobe go 'long out to Georgy fur to black Mars' George's shoes an' keer fur his hose an' sech-like what dat fancy Wellin'ton too much ob a gemman to do decent — den I doan' see nuthin' to do 'bout it but jes' natchly say 'howdy,' an' 'goo'by.' You arn' t'ink Mars' George like tek Tobe 'long of us, is you, Miss Sally, kase he ain' no 'coun' to ole mars, he so triflin'-like an' freckle?"

Miss Sally she laff an' she laff, tel' I feel mighty foolish. But she say: "I'll see what I kin do 'bout it, Cynthy." Well, arter whiles I hear her er-talkin' to all ob our folks down in de li'berry, an' I know fum de laffin' an' goin' on old mars' ain' mad 'bout it, nohow.

Presen'ly, jes' as I lay you down in de ole crib an' tuck you in, dat peart Rose cum up an' she say ole mars' want see me in de li'berry, an' Rose she was to set wid you. Den Rose she say, er-grinnin' for all de worl' like a chessy-cat: "So you wants dat little guinea-keat nigger go down Georgy wid yer, does yer? Well, Lord knows none ob us doan' wan' him kep' here! Tek him, an' welcome," she says. I knowed by her er-sayin' all dat dat she been er-lis'enin' at de crack ob de li'berry door, jes' like she usen to do, so I ups an' says: "I'd heap sight rader hab speckles on my face dan donkey-ears on my haid, an' be er-stealin' de news outer de key-holes." An' I jes' slaps her face good as I goes pas' her to de doo'.

When I git down to de li'berry, all de

whole endurin' fambly war er-settin' dere. Ole mars' he say: "What dis you wants me ter do, Cynthy? I can't be er-giben my niggers 'way right an' lef' fur nuthin'," he say. "Is you wan' buy Tobe an' tek him 'long fur your slave? Lord knows he ain' been nuthin' short ob dat sence you cum back here, nohow. He eben forgot to do de churnin' yes'day, an' little Dan had ter do it. What yer gib me fur him, Cynthy?" he says.

I knowed I ain' got money nuff to buy eben a piccaninny, let 'lone one mars' house-servants, an' de lump in my throat git so big it 'mos' choke me, an' I jes' draps down on de floo' by old mars' cheer an' cries, an' I say: "Ole mars', you is rich an' you got ober hundred niggers, an' dis here little bow-legged, squint-eyed, freckle' nigger ain' no credit to de plantation, no ways you put it; an' you says yo'se'f dat he so no-'coun' he done forgot to churn dis week. Mars', he wouldn' bring ten dollars at a sale, he so triflin'. Ole mars', gib him to Miss Sally! You won' neber miss him, ole mars' deed you won', sir; you got so many fus-class ones dat ain' bandy-legged an' wuthless. Miss Sally suttinly do need a good trus'able nigger to black Mars' George's shoes, kase dat fancy Wellin'ton down dere ain' been brought up right like we alls is. Gib him to Miss Sally, old mars', an' God'll pay yer, kase He know I ain' got de money fur to buy Tobe." An' I jes' bubbles up an' cries out loud. Den ole miss she cries too, an' Miss Sally, an' yer Ant Cicely dey cries, too. An' ole mars' he walks to de winder an' blows his nose hard, an' says sumpen to Mars' George. An' Mars' George says: "Yes indeedy," hearty-like, an' he blows his nose hard and coughs.

Den ole mars' come back, an' he put his han' on my shoulder jes' as tender-like as he tech de baby, an' he say awful gentle: "Cynthy, you is won de case." Dat's jes' what he say, "You is won de case." Kase ole mars' is a jedge, yer know, so he 'bleeged ter talk dat er way. "I meks you a present ob Tobe," he says. "He is to be your slave, as he seem to like dat office, an' you kin see dat he serves bofe you an' your white-folks well tel' you choose to gib him freedum-papers."

Dat's how cum it dat you hear me tell Tobe, when he git 'strep'rous, dat he my slave an' I sell him less he mind me peart an' spry. Well, honey, de day 'fore we lef' de ole place we was mar'ied, right dere in ole mars' parlor under de arch, an' by de self-same white preacher what mar'ied your ma

an' pa. Miss Cicely she gib me a lubly white swish frock what hadn' neber seen de wash-tub; an' I beg Miss Sally ter lem me wear de settin'-room curtain fur a weddin' veil, so she don' it. Arter de weddin' ole mars' gib us a big supper, an' all de niggers on de plantation cum. We had it in de summer kitchen, an' we danced tel' 'mos' fo' 'clock in de mornin', an' de oberseer cum an' tell us ter stop de racket an' go ter baid.

De nex' day we all cum back to Georgy. Dat dun been 'mos' ten years 'go now, an' it doan' seem no more'n yes'day when I gits ter tellin' it. Honey, yer jes' orter seen dese niggers here when Mars' George tell 'em, "We done bring back you all a bride an' groom." Dat whiskered fool ob a Wellin'ton he fall back agin' de doo', an'

jes' let off a hoss-laff when he see Tobe dat night in de kitchen; an' he say, er-hol'en out his arm high an' straight: "Pass un'er my arm, speckle-face, an' show de ladies how big you is." An' dat's how cum I to slap his face fur him. Mars' George, nex' day, he tell Wellin'ton fur to be perlite an' kind to Tobe, kase he were a fam'ly-servant an' much 'pected, an' he ain' to be 'sulted. An' dat fix Mars' Wellin'ton. An' dat's de story ob me an' Tobe.

Now den, honey, it 'mos' seben 'clock, an' I mus' go down-stairs an' see if Tobe got de wood cut fur mornin'. I'll fetch yer a glass ob milk when I comes up d'reckly, an' den you say yer prayers an' go ter sleep, kase de hoo-doo man suttinly do ketch yer if yer stays 'wake arter dark.

"THE HEARING EAR AND THE SEEING EYE."

BY N. HUDSON MOORE.



ITH the coming of September the bird student becomes alive once more to the possibilities of every tree. You can never tell what chance visitor may be hiding behind the leaves, and you must train your ears to be on the alert so that even a feeble "zeep" may not escape you.

The autumn migrations, to my mind, do not seem to go with such a rush and a sweep as the spring ones. But a new puzzle is added in the numbers of young birds, and the changed plumage among the adults.

I spoke of the bobolink laying aside his coat of cream and black, and hushing his rippling song; his example is followed by others whose coats were as gay as his. The goldfinch gradually suffuses his gold and black with an olive green, but retains till later his sweet song; the scarlet tanager, that spirit of flame, puts out his light with this same favorite olive green, though he keeps his black wings and tail as a mark of supremacy.

All birds molt after the nesting season, and renew their entire plumage; some of them adding a line of color to the edges of each feather, some just renewing their everyday suit.

In this month the warblers are once more with us, and we have the chance offered us—which we may have missed in the spring—of learning about these brilliant and beautiful birds.

It has been my personal experience that in the autumn birds are a little less shy than in the spring: whether they feel more secure, or a trifle more languid, one cannot say, but they seem to perch more and to show themselves a little more freely. Last September on Long Island I became acquainted with a family of yellow-billed cuckoos. Just outside my window was a large Russian mulberry, and on it I observed with pleasure quite a number of the larvae of the polyphemus moth, whose cocoons I was looking forward to capturing a little later. But I did not get one. A cuckoo found them, and I saw her prepare her meal. She would seize one of these great fellows, quite three inches long, and pass him up and down through her bill till he was perfectly limp. Then, tossing back her head, she started one end of the carcass down her throat, swallowing and swallowing till it all disappeared, and her gullet visibly protruded. By actual count she ate five of these great worms in less than an hour. The next morning, hearing that curious rustling which the cuckoo makes in passing through heavy foliage, I again sought the window. This time she had brought her family or some friends, for there were four birds in all. They looked over and under every leaf on that tree, I verily believe, and disposed of every one of my larvae. Sometimes it was quite a struggle. The worms were so large and their struggles in the pinching process

so vigorous that the birds would sometimes fairly lose their hold on the twig, and be forced to seek a lower one. But never once did any of them drop one of the worms, and they all ate them in the same way, end first, with much humping and swallowing.

In the autumn when the hard, sour wild cherries are ripe, much bird nature may be studied under one of these trees. Robins will gorge themselves, and then sit a woe-begone ruffled bunch of feathers; and as digestion goes on, will cast from their bills the offending pits. As soon as the tension is relieved, they will stuff themselves full again. Cedar-birds also love cherries, but their manners are much more polite, and they never have the appearance of stuffing, no matter what the fact may be.

In the first part of this month one may see the humming-birds perching—that is the females and young. The male prefers to be ever on the go, and seems more elusive than the tiny mate.

Towards the end of the month the thrushes flit through the shrubbery, and the first white-throated and white-crowned sparrows make their presence known. Neither of these birds nests in this part of New York state, so that it is only during their migrations that we know them. The white-crowned is the rarer of the two, and by far the sweeter singer. In the autumn, when they return in flocks with the young birds so handsome in plumage and so eager to show their accomplishments in song, one is ready to yield to them the palm among all the sparrows. Both spring and fall they are very fond of heaps of brush, and on a September afternoon they will make the thicket ring "to many a flute of Arcady."

That protection is doing much for the increase of our song birds, and that the fashion of chiffon instead of feathers is doing more, there is abundant evidence. In my city thicket, one hundred and fifty feet square, have nested this season the wood pewee and least flycatcher, robin, catbird, song sparrow, chippie, purple finch, goldfinch, summer yellowbird, warbling vireo, and oriole, making the mornings lovely with their songs, and each day delightful with their charming ways.

In some way birds by their intelligence and beauty appeal to our affections more than other creatures of a lower type. Yet among these latter is constantly going on a round of life so interesting that we lose much by not observing it.

Early in September takes place the nuptial

flight of the ants, and these tiny insects, only less remarkable than the bees, prepare to perpetuate the species, and get ready to pass through the winter. The method observed in a formicarium or nest is governed by definite laws. Only the workers hibernate. The females produced in autumn, having taken their marriage flight and laid their eggs, are stripped of their wings, either through their own efforts or by the workers, and after their brief soaring, return to the humble fashion of their kind, and run about. Indeed, they do not seem to take at all kindly to wings. You may watch them pouring out of the exits from the nest, crawling up grass-stalks or any foliage near at hand, and after much tentative effort and abortive buzzing of the wings, spread them and let the wind carry them where it will. Sometimes these female ants return to their own nest, more often they are carried so far away that when they return to earth they are taken to new homes by workers of the same species, and are cared for till they lay their eggs. Often from a large nest there will be so many of these winged females and the diminutive males that accompany them, that the air will be filled with clouds of them, usually in the late afternoon. Towards dusk you will notice many of these female ants on the ground, or caught on nearby foliage, moving awkwardly about, with wings much torn and damaged, and apparently very glad to be done with the burden of using this unaccustomed means of locomotion.

It seems very astonishing to note the preparations made against the coming cold weather by these and other insects which have danced the summer through on gauzy wings. Something warns them of the approach of frost, and the hum of their active wings fills the hot afternoons.

The predatory ichneumon flies are found everywhere, seeking some patient larva, or some handy string or bunch of eggs which will offer lodgment and food for its ravenous offspring. Under the electric light globes you may find sadly damaged moths, just as in the spring we found many dead birds. Even now we may find occasionally one of the latter, though for some reason not so many as in the spring.

Caterpillars in every direction are spinning the silken homes which are to protect them from cold and frost. Those larvæ which spin no cocoons are preparing to descend deep into the earth, and in their beautiful chrysalid cases, which so often resemble

bronze, safely weather frost and snow. Our friend, the potato worm, is one of the largest and finest of these, and one of the most singular with its handle-like attachment. So far we have not visited the wild flowers to note what they have to show; on them we shall find many a wanderer. In the royal purple with which September decks herself, we find many flowers most attractive to insect life.

Do you know that humble herb rejoicing in the name heal-all, heart-of-the-earth, self-heal? Quite insignificant by the wayside, it lifts its dust-covered violet head to its friends, the bees. More freshly purple, more erect and attractive when growing in a field or spreading in a pasture, at all times this flower provides a feast for its insect friends. The bumblebees buzz about it, collecting nectar and pollen from its hooded corolla, and assisting the plant to pursue its mighty travels, by assisting in its fertilization.

With September's joys must be mentioned the asters—the large lilac New England aster, the late purple aster, the heart-leaved, the broad-leaved, and the wavy-leaved, all helping to make beautiful our autumn bouquet. Starwort is a pretty name for these lovely flowers, which belong strangely enough to that self-assertive family, the thistles. Iron-weed, another member of this same family, supplies the strongest note of color in the swamp, by the road, or in our bunch, and is well beloved by bees and butterflies alike. The joe-pye weed, close companion of the iron-weed, though more crimson in its purple than the latter, is another plant most attractive to insect lovers.

A single visit to some plants wearing September's color will prove to you the truth of Sir John Lubbock's statement that blue was the favorite color of bees, by "blue" mean-

ing the range of shade to these deep autumnal flowers. The joe-pye weed, or purple boneset, as it is more familiarly called, also has about it swarms of butterflies, they being able to secure the nectar which lies in the bottom of the tubular flower. This plant is also called thoroughwort. During this month we find the last of the vervain, that visitor from across the seas so woven about with legend and folk-lore. This plant rejoicing in so many names—herb-of-the-cross, Juno's tears, enchanter's plant, holy-herb—has brought with it some of the ascribed virtue it bore in the old world. As a love-philtre, as a general cure-all, it has been cherished and sung from the days of the Druids down. Witches used it for occult purposes, yet a freshly gathered sprig was also used to "hinder witches from their will."

There are few books which make more delightful reading for the lover of flowers than one called "Folklore of Plants" by Mr. Thiselton Dyer. It paints a little halo round the commonest weed, and I have known it to inspire a love of plants, where interest was before lacking.

SEPTEMBER NOTES.

On the 15th of June I was witness to the curious determination of

swarming bees, and the utter powerlessness of man. In the very center of the city, about three o'clock on a warm afternoon, I noticed the air filled with bees. They followed a man driving leisurely along in a runabout wagon, and finally became so thick that you saw him as through a mist. The horse became restive, although the bees did not sting, and the crowd which began to gather advised the man to stop. The queen was discovered on the axle of the hind wheels, and there the swarm hung, the horse being removed from the wagon. There must have been full forty thousand bees. Traffic was suspended, and many hundred persons watched this strange sight in the city streets. A nearby hatter gave the owner of the wagon a long round pasteboard box, such as holds a dozen straw hats, the hanging swarm was neatly swept off into it, the cover put on, the horse hitched to the wagon, and the owner drove off, already in his mind a prosperous bee-keeper!

Many bird stories are coming to me now of experi-



SEPTEMBER BLOSSOMS.

ences of various correspondents. Of all the number I select only one, because it is the prettiest of all. It illustrates admirably what Mr. F. H. Herrick calls "habit," as he rather frowns on the word "instinct," and deprecates reading into bird ways, human points of view. Our bird was a female oriole, about to build a nest. The party of the second part an invalid, not a very heavy sleeper, and her trained nurse.

About four o'clock one May morning they were both awakened by what the nurse unsympathetically called a "yelp," and there on the window-sill stood the oriole gathering up some threads which had been scattered there after the completion of some sewing, with which she flew away. Both nurse and patient lay perfectly still, and in a few moments back came the oriole, and gathered the remaining shreds. When she returned for the third time and found her stock exhausted, she looked through the open window, and, as everything seemed quiet, ventured within. On a table quite three feet from the window stood a work-basket, and she flew to this and hurriedly began to seize at the loose threads from the spools of cotton and silk. In less time than it takes to write it, the whole fitting of the basket was in hopeless confusion. Some scraps of darning-cotton she did get off, but became discouraged after her sixth trip and came no more that day.

The next morning at the same hour she came again, but quite silently. Things had been arranged for her, the basket holding bits of worsted and cotton cut in convenient lengths. Every night the basket was arranged, and every morning for ten days she came and took away the bits. She never came after eight o'clock in the morning, nor did she again shout in triumph, but did her work silently and speedily. The

male bird stayed outside and helped in building the nest which was placed near the window, so that the invalid, grown better now, was able to watch the housekeeping in the home for which she had provided the material, and to say "good-by" to the last nestling as it flew away.

" There's a little band of singers
Every evening comes and lingers
'Neath the window of my cottage in the trees;
And with dark they raise their voices,
While the gathering night rejoices,
And the leaves join in the chorus with the breeze.

" Then the twinkling stars come out
To enjoy a merry rout,
And the squirrels range themselves upon a log;
And the fireflies furnish light,
That they read their notes aright—
The katydid, the cricket, and the frog."

There are some other members of our band who join in only occasionally, the smaller owls, and whippoorwill. Sometimes at night it is possible to distinguish the voices of birds migrating, and late in the month the wild ducks sound their "honk."

Among the warblers you may easily find the myrtle, distinguishable by his yellow rump and wing-spots, though his general coloring is less gay than in spring-time. The Maryland yellow-throat, the Blackburnian, the hooded warbler, and the black-throated blue are all easy of identification, and less restless than in spring, but equally gaily colored. The fox sparrow which we missed this spring may be caught now, and once again the kinglets are whispering in the larches, but without the rill of song they poured out on their way north.



THE RUIN AND LEGEND OF KYNAST.

BY ANNA LOUISE VESTER.

"Behold where grandeur frowned.
Behold where pleasure smiled."

—Shelley, "Queen Mab."


OW very glad I am, Mrs. Marston, that you persuaded us to come here with you!" cried my Aunt Edith enthusiastically the morning after our arrival at Hirschberg. "Look at those mountains!"

"Oh!" we all exclaimed in a breath. "How wild and grand!"

We were a body of American tourists traveling through Europe, and were now looking out on the magnificent view of the Riesen-Geberge, one of the outlying ranges of the Alps that stretch beyond the blue Danube and help to form the boundary line between Prussia and Austro-Hungary. Ah! those mountains piercing the wide, free air, o'er-looking the petty strife of the world, majestic in their disdain, awful in their grandeur! They imbue the heart of man with the love of liberty and the fire of patriotism. We had come hither to visit the hot springs of this vicinity and the old dismantled castle among the mountains.

An hour of exhausting walking brought us to a gigantic perpendicular crag which loomed a thousand feet heavenward; and there, perched upon its very crest, huge, massive, towering amid the clouds, stood the ancient ruins of the castle.

We gazed in almost incredulous silence. Could human hands have erected that structure so far removed from other earthly dwelling, where eagles alone could nest? Even so. It was built, we were told, by the hands of slaves nine hundred years before. Such a fortress! Breasting in former days the storms of feudal war, it now stood contending with the elements.

Soon, however, we ascended the steps that led to the summit of this mighty crag of Kynast.

Not far in the distance stood the Schneekoppe, a mountain pointing five thousand feet to the skies, crowned with eternal snow. In this mountain the Elbe rises, and winds wondrously clear and blue into the distance. The huge, frowning Schneekoppe, however, jealously hides from view its beautiful, smooth bosom, except from this airy height of the towers of Kynast.

With conflicting sentiments we explored this ancient edifice, girt by its feudal ramparts and yawning abyss. It yet retained sweeping façades and the magnificence of the palace, while here and there among the crumbling decay rose fragments of a lordly tower, or a vast hall, to tell the tale of once pulsing life. A tender sadness tinged the atmosphere; a subtle, shadowy mystery hung over the entire scene.

Below, the city gleamed in the distance. Detached portions of its ancient walls still breathed tales of cruel pillage. To the south yawned the broad, massive Sattlers Ravine.

A thousand witcheries hovered over mountain and cleft. Glistening streams and lakes and tarns made the scene sublimely beautiful. Tradition, however, and the graceful credulity of the olden time lent a charm apart from the snow-pinnacled mounts; the steep acclivities and crags; the sublimity of the awful gloom; the tiny silver falls and crystal lakes. Over this wildly picturesque region hovered spirits of a mighty departed people.

"Didn't you promise us a legend, colonel?" suddenly asked Aunt Edith.

"I remember nothing of such a promise, but I did say that there is a legend connected with this ruin and its grim ramparts," replied the colonel.

"Tell us!" all chimed in, forming a circle around him.

Colonel Travers, our guide, was a great traveler, having circled the globe several times.

"Aye," he said, looking thoughtfully at the moldering rampart, "thereby hangs a tale." And then proceeded:

"In the day of dim tradition, when the gallant Conrad and his bold knights made their pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and

"To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until they won her,"

the castle of Kynast was in the full enjoyment of its palmiest days. Here was then held many a feast and banquet; wit and revelry held command; and many an armored

knight and his lady fair swore vows of eternal love under the star-bathed atmosphere, or, in the brilliantly lighted halls, looked love perhaps they dare not speak. This now moldering picturesque monument then had a mistress, a rare and exceedingly beautiful daughter of the baron, its master.

"A certain bold, handsome, and nobly-mannered knight, Ladislaus, Duke of Montferrat, had won the heart and promise of the hand of this pearl of beauty.

"Medaled with honors of the lists, and riding a spirited black charger with which he had done many a deed of daring and bravery that had excited the admiration and applause of all his courage-loving comrade knights, he was foremost in rank and title as well as in the chase, ever victor at tilt and tournament—the flower of bravery.

"It was his custom when he came to visit the occupants of the castle after having passed under the raised portcullis, to scale the crag seated upon his fiery stallion, to mount the dizzy rampart, and thus make a circuit to show his exceeding daring, that his lady-love might the more admire.

"The Crusaders returned, having been routed and defeated by the heathen Saracen. The Duke of Montferrat had, nevertheless, distinguished himself in battle, and he came home with personal honors and triumphs amid the tramp of steeds, waving banners and nodding plumes, the reverberating din of martial music, the glitter of steel armor and shield, golden spurs, flashing swords and lances.

"When this valiant knight reached the castle where dwelt the fair maiden of his choice and announced his arrival to its occupants, the earth was bathed in a radiant sheen of the moon. The fairies of the Elbe all arose to its surface in their array of silver, and were seen here and there in groups holding consultation. They were gliding, dancing, whispering—all in a shimmer. Now they vanished, now reappeared, anon they would pause—ever, ever whispering.

"The castle of Kynast loomed into space, a kingly, magnificent pile. The tips of its pinnacles and turrets and towers were silvered with light. The shadows hung in mystic corners. There was a sad presence in the air that echoed woe, which the breeze stole and bore to the tops of the tall trees to echo and reecho. The fairy sprites came gliding down the moonbeams in shimmering aerial groups, breathing of some foreboding.

"Who is that fair, graceful, snowy-robed

form? Did the elfin sprites bear to her ear some ill-omened prophecy? What mystic, evil misgiving was this she felt? Ah joy! She knew that familiar clanking sound of horse's hoofs upon the rampart. The war-horse neighed, and with the tact of love she knew that her Ladislaus had returned. No other would dare that deed. Ah yes! he wore upon his helmet a silken jeweled scarf of pale azure, her gift; his same familiar, noble bearing.

"Gleefully she ran to greet and welcome him; and, coming as she did like a white phantom from out the dark shadow, the horse was seen for a moment reared on its haunches. Then a terrible leap to the other side, a man's fearful cry, and all was still.

"They found the fair Margaret in a dead swoon, and kind hands bore her gently to her chamber in a tower to the west.

"Next day, down on the cruel rocks below, was seen an unrecognizable mass. Nothing was left to distinguish the once bold and handsome warrior from the noble black steed. Once so proud and grand, now a shapeless heap of clay.

"Margaret recovered after a long illness, but it was many a month before the roses again bloomed on her cheeks. Youth is strong, however, and nature is kind.

"The knight that would now aspire to the hand of the lovely mistress of the Castle of Kynast must mount that selfsame fatal wall and thus ride thrice around.

"For so much beauty and winsome grace almost anything would be dared by impetuous youth familiar with the ringing of steel, the blood of battle, and the terrible fray. Scorning danger, knight, prince, Templar, seated upon their prancing steeds, in turn mounted the perilous rampart, and all of them met a fate like that of the first unfortunate lover.

"Presently, there arose in the field a hero very similar in lineaments and form to the Duke Ladislaus of the strife, who rode a similar black courser that he had carefully trained, first by requiring it to walk the length of a wall scarcely more than a foot high, artfully increasing the height until the animal felt as free and natural to walk on the top of the highest wall as on *terra firma*.

"The night came when he essayed to make the fearful circuit thrice for the hand of the lily maid. She, seeing the resemblance of this hero to the other gone before, deigned to show him more favor than the rest, and bade him not to mount the wall. But, disdaining fear, thrice he made the circuit.

"Now the deed was done—through which

she had waited with breathless fear—she sought to show her admiration and approval, and approached with outstretched hands. Without a word of warning, he lifted her aloft and tossed her into the abyss among the graves that she had made.

“O, golden-haired, peerlessly molded beauty! thy wicked caprice is ended. Be avenged, O noble, fearless knights, lured to your deaths by a woman’s wanton whim!”

“Thus spake the mysterious warrior who had won thefeat to which all aspirants to

the hand of the beauteous mistress of the Castle of Kynast had been challenged. Then horse and rider faded into space. The moon shone calmly, and naught disturbed the serene tranquillity of the night.

“They say it was her lover returned to earth.

“Now every night when the moon is high there is seen on the rampart a rider and horse, and the white-robed figure of a woman wringing her hands and looking into the abyss, weeping.”

THE BEATIFICATION OF A SAINT.

BY CHARLES BURR TODD.

F the many ecclesiastical ceremonies which make Rome so interesting to the stranger, few are more splendid and imposing than those which celebrate the beatification or canonization of a saint. There is a difference between the two, although in the popular mind both mean the same thing. When a holy person has been nominated to the Roman authorities as worthy of saintly honors, the case is inquired into very closely by competent judges, and if in their opinion the facts warrant the decision of “extraordinary holiness,” the pope is petitioned to allow a formal trial to be opened. Should he consent, the person is by that act declared “venerable,” that is, worthy of veneration, but is not allowed any public honors.

After a certain lapse of time the trial is begun before the Sacred Congregation of Rites, at which expert testimony and special pleading for and against is admitted. If, before this court, the person’s sanctity is proven, the holy father is asked to declare the candidate “blessed,” or to “beatify” him, the declaration being accompanied with much formal ceremony and pomp. This declaration allows the person to be honored by some special religious body, or by the city or nation of his birth, but does not confer the title “saint,” nor allow a general public devotion all over the Catholic world.

Months and even years pass; then if the public devotion and additional miracles confirm the sanctity of the blessed person the process of canonization is opened and more severely carried on than in the preceding trials. If the issue is successful, the holy father is asked to give his solemn sanction and to declare the person a saint. This is

the magnificent festive ceremony called “canonization” which confers the title of saint, and allows public homage and devotion to be rendered all over the world. If there are candidates—which is not always the case—the ceremony of beatification is celebrated by the pope in the months of January and February of each year, and is much sought after by the citizens and strangers in Rome, not only from its rarity and splendor but because Leo from his advanced age is now rarely seen in public.

Formerly the ceremony was celebrated in the Vatican Basilica, but since the Piedmontese spoliation of Rome it does not take place in the body of the Basilica but in one of its many chapels. That in honor of the venerable servant of God, Brother Gerard Majella, I had the rare pleasure of attending. From the “decree” of beatification I learn that he was born at Muri in Lucania, in the year 1726, and was attached wholly to Christ from early childhood. The decree continues:

“That bond of faith was strengthened during his youth, while working at the tailor’s trade, and as an ordinary servant, and after his entrance to the Congregation of St. Liguori he advanced rapidly toward perfection, so that before the age of thirty he had reaped the abundant and consoling fruits of every virtue.

“The light of these virtues, especially humility and patient submission to injuries of all kinds in imitation of Christ Jesus spreading beyond the convent walls, called forth universal admiration, so that he was looked upon as a chosen instrument of God to reflect His goodness and procure His glory.

“His reputation for sanctity, widely spread during life, was greatly increased after death, especially through heavenly favors, and on June 10, 1877, Pope Pius IX., of sacred memory, solemnly proclaimed him ‘illustrious for heroic virtues.’”

Four miracles were said to have been wrought through the intercession of Brother

Gerard, and the discussion to verify his claim was held by the Sacred Congregation of Rites at three distinct sessions, the first on November 18, 1888; a second on March 9, 1891, and the third on January 25, 1892, in the presence of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., at a general session of the congregation in which the cardinal promoter stated the question, "Is there proof of the miracles required and claimed?" The most reverend cardinals and reverend consultors all voted "yes," but the most holy father, deferring his decision, urged that in a matter of so great importance the aid of heavenly light should be sought in prayer.

Today, sacred as the festival of the Annunciation made to Mary by an angel, his holiness, after the holy sacrifice of the mass, coming to this memorable hall of the Vatican and, seated on his throne, having summoned the most reverend cardinals, declared: "We may proceed in security to the solemn beatification of the venerable servant of God, Gerard Majella."

The ceremony of beatification consists now of two parts: one taking place in the morning and purely religious, the other in the afternoon of the same day, the holy father assisting only at the latter; indeed, the afternoon ceremony is wholly for the presence of the pope.

By canon law the morning service must be held in the presence of the following persons: cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the consultor of the same congregation, the cardinal arch-priest, together with the canons and other clergy of St. Peter's Church. The morning services consist of, first, the "Indulgence," or papal favor in honor of the newly blessed; second, public exhibition of the "Apostolic Brief"; third, the reading of the same; fourth, the Te Deum, or hymn of thanksgiving intoned by the bishop and chanted by the full choir of the Basilica; fifth, the picture of the newly beatified, previously veiled and placed on the altar, is uncovered together with the sacred relics, and the bells of St. Peter's announce the glad tidings to the people of Rome (formerly accompanied with salvos of triumph from the cannon of Castle San Angelo); sixth, veneration of the newly beatified, and a prayer in his honor; seventh, offering of incense before the picture; and eighth, the holy sacrifice of the mass, which closes the ceremony.

The afternoon ceremonies, which took place in the same church — the chapel over the portico of St. Peter's — I will describe

as an eye-witness. For this ceremony tickets of admission are required; ours were secured from the rector of the American College at Rome, by virtue of a letter from the American minister, and entitled us to a box seat. The costume for this function is also prescribed — evening dress for men, black gowns and black veils for women.

The hour set for the ceremony was three in the afternoon. At half-past two our cab set us down in the Piazza di S. Pietro, or Square of St. Peter's, on which the great structure fronts. On its right are imposing Doric colonnades built by Bernini in 1667, and on its left the Vatican, with its twenty courts and eleven thousand apartments. Before the huge doors of the palace a large company has already gathered — fair women and distinguished men, not of Rome only but of all nations.

Swiss guards stand at the doors; and as they will play a brilliant part in the coming function, a word in regard to them may not be out of place. They form the pope's body-guard, and are the selected men of their nation. Their uniforms, designed by the great Michael Angelo, are unique. They consist of tunics of detached strips of blue, yellow, and scarlet cloth, fastened at the neck, shoulders, and wrists. Their small clothes and stockings are of the same colors, the former fastened at the knee with bands and buckles. Over these tunics they wear polished steel armor with overlapping steel scales on shoulders and arms — such as was worn in medieval times.

The officers' armor is richly inlaid with ornamental devices in brass; the latter also wear purple velvet small clothes, or under uniform, with a gold lace band around the knee, fastened with golden cords and pendent tassels tied under a large silk rosette. Their purple silk stockings are richly embroidered with gold tissue, and they wear a silk rosette on the shoe. Officers and privates both wear burnished steel helmets, conical in shape, with a scarlet plume pendent from the top. The officers also wear kilts, some of silk velvet, others of netted chain work, with broad belts and long swords, and both officers and men wear a double-plaited row of ruffles around their necks.

Angelo saw that the clothing worn by people and ecclesiastics was dark in color and gave a somber aspect to all gatherings, and as the guards were to be dispersed among the people he designed this brilliant uniform to relieve the cold and somber tone.

By and by the doors are thrown open, and the people stream in—up the grand staircase of Pius IX., turn to the right through a few of the magnificent apartments of this grandest of palaces, then turn sharply to the right again, ascend a short flight of stairs, and find themselves in the “Chapel over the Portico of St. Peter’s.”

Not the equal of the Pauline, Sistine, and other chapels of the Vatican in some respects, it is larger and more decorative in its tone than they. In America it would be called a church. As in all the Roman churches of Europe, whether cathedral or chapel, there are neither pews nor seats. A high altar of marble with gold and silver vessels and purple hangings occupies a third of the floor space; about midway of the ceiling on either wall is a row of boxes like those in an opera house, hung with purple curtains, and above these, over the window cornices, beautiful marble statues of winged angels; the ceiling is decorated with frescos, as in all the chapels of the Vatican.

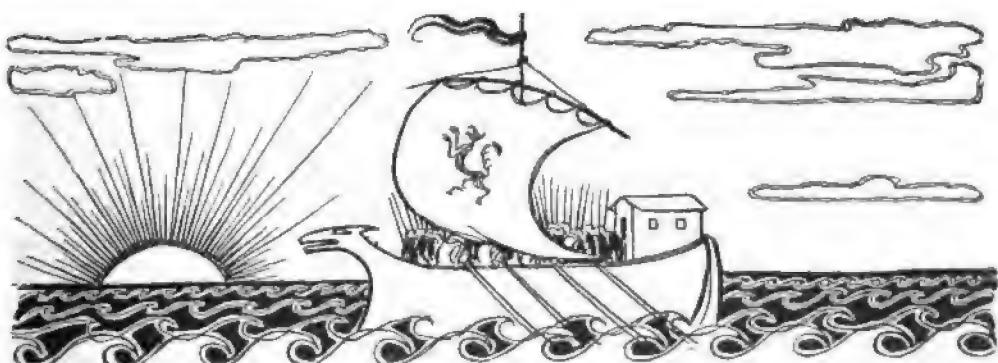
The boxes are devoted to the elect of the different nations, as the English, French, German, American, and others. The American box is midway between the door and altar, so that we have a fine view of the whole. The floor space below rapidly fills with a packed mass of humanity, which from our coign of vantage presents no more individuality than a swarm of bees; but the brilliantly uniformed officers keep open an aisle from the doorway to the altar.

There is a hush of expectancy; attention is concentrated on the door, through which the pope must enter. Presently there is a little bustle at this door, and we see officers in red uniform aiding an old man to alight from a chair; the latter is not the “sedia gestatoria” of more solemn occasions but the “portantius,” or smaller chair. The

holy father, for it is he, is attended by his full court—guard of nobles, young men, sons of the nobility of Rome, Swiss guards, monsignori, auditors of the rota, and bishops, all members of his palace, with the bishops and cardinals resident in Rome. The pontiff is in full canonicals—white cassock, stole, and cope—and wears on his head during the procession the tiara, but the miter is worn during the ceremony. At the door he is received by the canons of St. Peter’s and the seminarians of the Vatican, who, preceded by officers of the guards, escort him to the altar.

One rarely hears anything more hearty and spontaneous than the cheer which bursts from a thousand throats as the pope appears. “*Viva il papa! viva il papa!*” (live the pope!), they cry; and the audience goes wild with enthusiasm, clapping hands, waving handkerchiefs, and shouting. As the pope advances up the aisle he extends his hands on either side in benediction, but they are seized and held so firmly by eager devotees that his progress is impeded, and he is forced at last to hold them closely to his sides. On the altar the picture and relics of the blessed have been exposed. Before these the pope kneels and remains in veneration some twenty minutes. He then rises and sits on his throne surrounded by his cardinals and other clergy, and receives the homage of his court, and after that a special offering from the postulator of the cause of the newly beatified—a richly ornamented reliquary containing his picture, some relics, and a richly bound copy of his life.

All through the ceremony hymns and psalms of joy have been chanted by the choir to the accompaniment of the great organ; at its close the pope returns as he came; the throngs emerge upon the Piazza and melt into the world multitudes of old Rome.



A PESTALOZZIAN PILGRIMAGE.

BY S. LOUISE PATTESON.

AMOST unpromising child was Heinrich Pestalozzi. The sinister epithet "Inquisitive Harry of Fooltown," although very unkind, to be sure, was, nevertheless, the most natural characterization of a lad who, in turn, surprised his teachers by his precocity, and exasperated them by his stupidity. And yet probably no man has left so lasting an impress upon posterity as has the one who today is revered in his home-land as Father Pestalozzi, and acknowledged throughout the civilized world as the pioneer of the modern spirit of education. To his countrymen only one other name is equally dear; it is that of Tell, the fearless archer; and side by side the pictures of these two adorn every schoolroom in Switzerland. The one with bold, intrepid countenance and stalwart attitude impersonates the Swiss ideal of personal freedom; the other with care-worn, haggard, and distracted visage, looking tenderly into the face of a neglected child, is the herald of the new education which recognizes the brotherhood of man.

Our dream of years was realized when on a sultry summer day we found ourselves in the ancient city of Zürich, in the Rüdenplatz, standing in front of the "Haus zum Schwarzen Horn."

We feasted our hungry eyes on the old structure; we walked around to the side and viewed the entrance to the residence portion, the ponderous door with massive iron grip, the stone floor, the broad staircase with its substantial railing of ancient pattern. We conjectured that in view of all these things, the house did really look ancient enough to date back one hundred and fifty years; when, lo! over the entrance we espied "A. D. 1691," and our credulity was justified. Travelers abroad have more faith in what they see graven in stone concerning the antiquity of things, than in what their guides tell them.

We made inquiries in the store below, but were told that the rooms upstairs were private offices, so we did not venture in, but walked across the pavement, and there, leaning against a stone wall with an August sun pouring upon our heads, we indulged in a

sort of day-dream, gazing the while at the historic structure. Gradually the spell of the place took hold on us; and we seemed as if riveted to the spot, to us made sacred by the memory of him who was "all for others, for himself, nothing."

After thus musing for a time, our reverie was suddenly interrupted by the approach of the gentleman from the store, who surprised us with the information that he would take us upstairs. Had our yearning looks been such eloquent pleaders? We did not ask. We simply followed him, up two flights of stairs, into a very plain but spacious, well-lighted room at the rear.



"HAUS ZUM SCHWARZEN HORN."

"This," said our guide, "was the living-room of the Pestalozzi family, and here (pointing to a corner) is supposed to have stood his cradle. It is just as it was so far as the bare room is concerned."

The walls and ceiling were finished in hard wood, after the fashion of ancient Swiss architecture, and the windows were broken up into small square panes. But we had the uncomfortable feeling that we were intruding and detracting the attention of clerks and bookkeepers from their work, so we retraced our steps more hastily than was our pleasure.

Upon emerging from the building, we felt an inclination to still linger about the place, and to abandon ourselves anew to the magic spell of retrospection and introspection. The very cobblestones seemed to shine out like precious gems, as we imagined the little

feet of the retiring, home-loving motherchild pattering over them in innocent glee.

On the house a memorial tablet bears a legend which, translated into English, is as follows:

"The house 'zum Schwarzen Horn,' according to tradition, is the birthplace of Heinrich Pestalozzi, born January 12, 1746. In the neighboring house 'zum Pfug' was born Anna Schulthess, Pestalozzi's wife."

The house next door alluded to is called "The Plow," for in Zürich it was formerly a custom to give to every house a sign and a name. In this house the Schulthess family had a confectionery store, and it is related by Pestalozzi's biographers that once upon a holiday when the little Heinrich had a few coins in his pocket he was tempted by the good things in the show-window to step inside and make a purchase. Little Anna was keeping shop at the time, and the question as to what was the real attraction affords some opportunity for speculative doubt. But

whatever may have been the motive that actuated the boy, the sensible little girl advised him to save his money till he could make better use of it. She showed thus early her ability to manage Pestalozzi's financial affairs, a part which as Mme. Pestalozzi she filled with great efficiency.

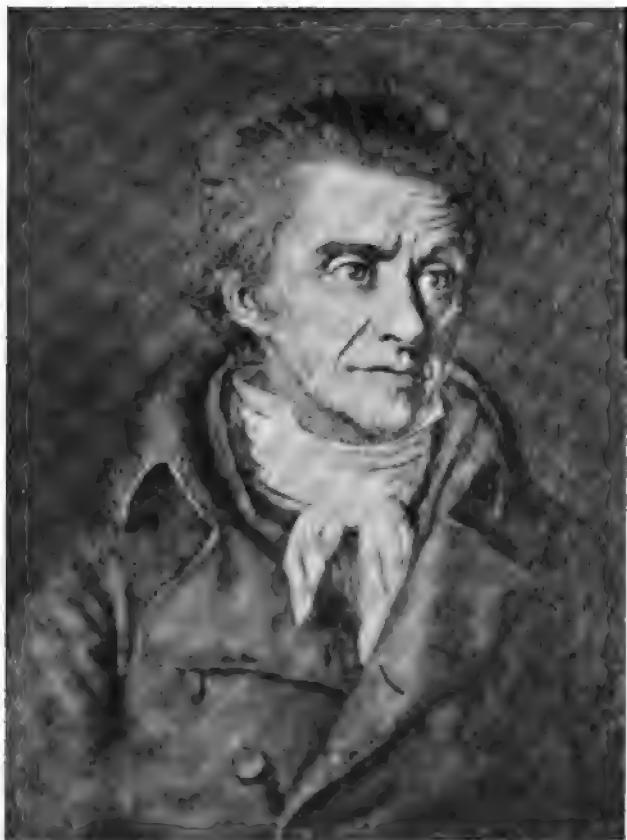
Much as little Heinrich delighted in childish sports, he was constantly restricted in this mode of expression by the autocratic domination of the housekeeper, who looked very closely after the economic management of the family, for the Pestalozzis were but scantily furnished with this world's goods.

The poor little fellow was no sooner engaged in a game of hide-and-go-seek out in the open than he was called away from his playmates, and it seemed as though I could see old Barbara's face at the window calling out, "Oh, Heinrich, why do you want to wear out your shoes and tear your clothes all to no purpose?"

These things passed in review before our eyes so vividly that we saw them acted out,

as it were, while gazing upon the scene where they actually occurred.

Our next trip was to the Pestalozzianum, the permanent exhibition of the products of mental and manual training, according to the Pestalozzian idea, to the reverent pedagogue, a worthy shrine, a temple, of which the "Pestalozzi Stübchen" forms the holy of holies. In the stübchen the most striking objects are an almost life-size statue of Pestalozzi in white marble, the famous painting by Schoener, and "Pestalozzi in Stanz."



From the painting by Schoener.

HEINRICH PESTALOZZI.

Here are pictures of Mme. Pestalozzi, gracious and benign, the idolized "Jakobli," and little Gottlieb, frail and pure; also of Bodmer, Breitinger, Lavater, Nägeli, Füssli, Iselin, Krüsi, Niederer, Zschokke, and others. In the cabinets are original letters of Pestalozzi and men of his time, original publications containing his articles, his baptismal certificate—superfluous thing for a man who was so evidently baptized of God—locks of his hair, his snuff-box, and various other mementoes. In the stübchen is also to be seen Pestalozzi's cradle, a substantial though clumsy affair of oak, with rockers

and wire supports for a canopy. The entire exhibition of the Pestalozzianum proper fills the space of about twenty large rooms, the products being graded in systematic order from the simple to the complex, very much resembling some of the rooms at the World's Fair.

The dean and leading spirit of the Pestalozzianum is Dr. Hunziker, whose grand-



STATUE OF PESTALOZZI IN ZÜRICH. UNVEILED IN OCTOBER, 1899.

father was a warm personal friend of Pestalozzi. I almost felt as though I touched finger-tips with Pestalozzi himself when I presented to Dr. Hunziker my letter of introduction from Dr. Hermann Krüsi, whose father had been a pupil of and a co-laborer with Pestalozzi.

Since this pilgrimage was made, a bronze statue of Pestalozzi, erected in the Linth-Escher Platz, Zürich, has been presented to the city. A noteworthy incident of the occasion was the fact that Dr. Pestalozzi, then mayor of the city and a collateral descendant of the great educator, conducted the ceremony of unveiling.

After Zürich, the next point of interest in chronological order was Neuhof, the country home of Pestalozzi, near Birrfeld, in the Canton Aargau.

Neuhof is visible from the train some time before Birrfeld is reached, and we easily recognized the square white structure with Italian roof and green shutters as one we had frequently seen in print. The road from the station leads through a level expanse of land under high cultivation, flanked on either side by a hill, crowned with an ancient castle, Brunegg on the left, and old ancestral Hapsburg on the right. A half hour's walk from the station brought us to the village of Birr, and thence, accompanied by the village school mistress, we set out for Neuhof. It verily seemed as though our sainted friend was walking by our side as we talked of him by the way.

Upon arriving at Neuhof we were met by a workman, who had already guessed our errand, and was smiling in expectation of the customary *trinkgeld*.

The original dwelling which Pestalozzi built in 1769 for the reception of his bride was burned in 1858, but the walls and roof were restored so that the exterior of the present building is substantially like its original. A new and stately dwelling, the exterior of which is modeled somewhat after the old, was begun by Pestalozzi, and finished by his grandson. In 1891, by the death of Prof. Karl Pestalozzi, the family became extinct, and the estate of Neuhof is now owned by an alien.

It is difficult to reason why the Swiss should allow a foreigner to become the possessor of Neuhof, when they have declined fabulous sums from the Austrian government for Old Hapsburg. But we believe the time will come when Neuhof will be cherished with equal fondness as a proud heritage.

In front of the old house stands a stately tree which Pestalozzi himself planted, and under which we gathered mementoes in the shape of little unripe nuts.

Although the original Pestalozzi residence is now but a storehouse for wagons and farm implements, yet, as the cradle of so much that has blessed mankind, it must ever, so long as one stone remains upon another, be of sacred interest to all lovers of the human race, for many so-called nineteenth-century reforms had their birth within its walls. Here, for instance, Pestalozzi planted the seed from which has grown the social settlement idea of today, when, as he says, he "lived with beggars in order to teach beggars how to live like men." Here he inaugurated the present system of helping the dependent and indigent classes, "not through alms, but through development of their own inherent powers." Here he

founded the modern system of ethical culture, the coördinate training and symmetrical development of the three H's—head, heart, and hand—in contradistinction to the stern and prosaic drill in the "three R's—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic." Here Pestalozzi first defined and demonstrated education to be the awakening of the soul, through a process of organic development, rather than the mere receiving and hoarding of information. Here the modern system of instruction by means of object lessons—"Anschaulichkeits Unterricht"—had its first trials and triumphs. And here in his famous classic "Leonard and Gertrude" (which, by the way, was written between the lines in an old account book for lack of means to buy stationery), Pestalozzi struck the initial blow at the liquor saloon as an institution, branding it the prime evil, the underlying cause of the degeneracy of the people and of the low moral tone of domestic life. Truly desolate, forgotten Neuhof, with its hallowed associations and traditions, deserves to be enshrined in the hearts of all lovers of humanity, and should be cherished by the Swiss people as one of their proudest possessions.

Upon our return to the village we visited the churchyard where rest the mortal remains of Father Pestalozzi. Once when asked what he would like for a monument, he replied: "A rough-hewn stone will do; I myself am nothing else," and for nearly twenty years nothing but a common field stone and a rose-bush marked his resting-place beside the old schoolhouse. But, in 1846, when a new schoolhouse was built, an imposing monument was erected to his memory, the gift of

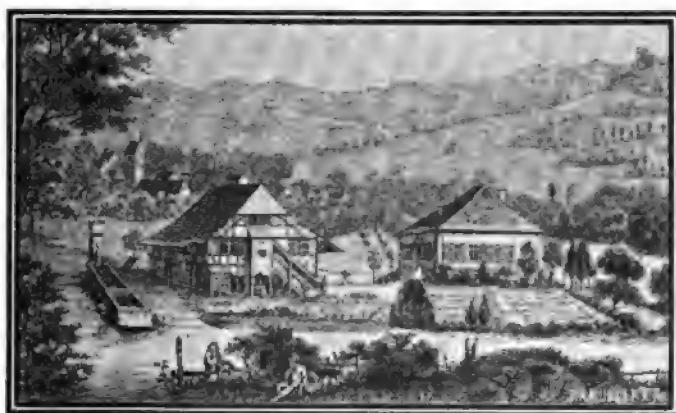
priety this memorial is incorporated into the very structure of the schoolhouse, forming the rear gable end thereof, which meets the churchyard at the very spot where his remains are interred; and here is written the incomparable and expressive sermon in six words: "All for others; for himself, nothing."



MADAME PESTALOZZI.

We made inquiries of some of the older villagers for anecdotes and reminiscences of their great forebear, and among the things they told us was that he was fond of visiting the village school; that he had a constant habit of sucking the corner of his neckerchief; that whenever he conceived a new idea along the lines of his cherished plans he would go to bed and stay there until he had worked it out to his liking; and that he was in the habit of entering stealthily into taverns and other public places, and secreting himself during a whole evening, in order that he might be able to contemplate the real condition of the classes whom he was endeavoring to elevate. It is told of him that on one such occasion he secreted himself in a chest, and, not being able to raise the lid when he wished to make his exit, he rapped upon it, so much to the consternation of the loungers they believed the devil was coming after them bodily.

Unfortunately, when Pestalozzi lived and



NEUHOF.

"Grateful Aargau"; and nature, with loving attention, has profusely strewn his grave with Swiss ivy. With singular pro-

thereon that they believed the devil was coming after them bodily.

died among the people of Aargau he was regarded only as a dreamer, a visionary, impractical man who had tried many things, but failed in all; and no one then supposed that a hundred years thereafter inquiries would be made concerning him and his theories.

His work there terminated after six months of the most arduous and thankless labors, aggravated by persecution, misrepresentation, and distrust; and yet he was wont to look back to his sojourn in Stanz as among the most blissful days of his life.

It was indeed a sad day for Father Pestalozzi when the exigencies of the Napoleonic campaigns compelled him to dissolve his institution and send his children adrift on the cold mercies of the world, in order that the convent might be fitted up for the reception of disabled soldiers.

In Burgdorf, the old castle which sheltered the Pestalozzian school is now used for the administration of the public affairs of the city and the residences of the stadholder and sheriff. Only one little room high up in the tower, and known as "Pestalozzi's Stübchen," is definitely identified with



From Krusel's "Pesta'ozzi." American Book Company.

VIEW OF STANZ.

Our next objective point was Stanz, Canton Unterwalden, which, by the way, was one of the three original cantons, and which has preserved its primitive customs to a remarkable degree. Here is the convent where in 1799 Pestalozzi conducted an orphan asylum; but the building has been so completely remodeled that absolutely nothing visible is left that can be traced to Pestalozzi with any degree of certainty, and the authorities of the convent actually discourage inquiry concerning him.

We were met at the entrance by a veiled sister who talked to us through an iron grating not more than eight inches square. At the sound of Pestalozzi's name she quickly started to close the little aperture, saying, "There is nothing here of Pestalozzi." But we found a convenient seat near by, and spent two blissful hours within sight of the old building which had once sheltered Father Pestalozzi with a hundred orphan children.

It is a well-known fact that Pestalozzi was not popular with the people of Stanz. At that time Switzerland was not the firmly united republic that it is today, and he was looked upon as the tool of a hated faction of the government. Moreover, he was a Protestant of the most progressive kind, sent as a teacher of youth to a Catholic canton that has always been noted for its conservatism.

his memory; it is said to be the place to which he was wont to retire for seasons of solitude and spiritual refreshing. A nameless spell about this room seemed to fill us with a blissful and heavenly sadness very much akin to joy. From the little window an enchanting view is had of the surrounding landscape, but Pestalozzi, if he ever looked out upon it, was probably more oppressed by the thought of the undeveloped possibilities in the human



From Krusel's "Pestalozzi." American Book Company.

OLD SCHOOLHOUSE AT BIRR, WITH PESTALOZZI'S GRAVE BEFORE IT.

souls all about him, than he was cheered and soothed by the charms and beauties of nature.

The school council of the city of Burgdorf was the first educational body to report favorably on Pestalozzi's method and to offer him an opportunity to demonstrate its worth. Here, in those days when education was regarded as a luxury to be enjoyed only by the highly favored, Pestalozzi proclaimed the astounding doctrine that education should be conferred and even forced, if need be, upon the poor, because it is the only thing that begets self-help and independence; and here, in establishing the first public school in the world, he planted the seed from which has sprung our great and benign system of common school education.

The customary tablet (which, however, is missing at Stanz) adorns one of the inner walls of the castle. This tablet is a tribute of gratitude from the people of Burgdorf to Pestalozzi. When translated, it reads as follows:

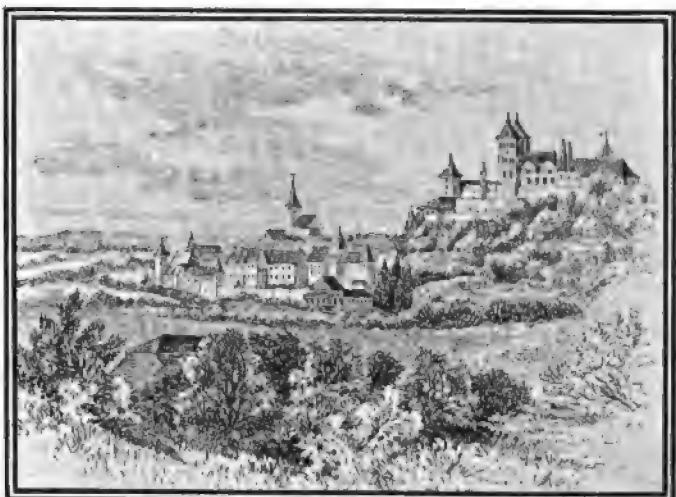
1799	HEINRICH PESTALOZZI,	1804
	OUT OF GRATITUDE, DEDICATED BY	
	THE CITY OF BURGDORF, 1888.	

The voice within us says:

*Live not for thyself only!
Live for the Brethren!*

In Yverdon, Canton Vaud, is the old feudal castle which in the early part of the nineteenth century was the scene of Pestalozzi's most flourishing period, and here the lives of the

link the two together for a brief space. Pestalozzi is justly credited with being the forerunner of Froebel. Certainly he blazed a path through the trackless wilder-

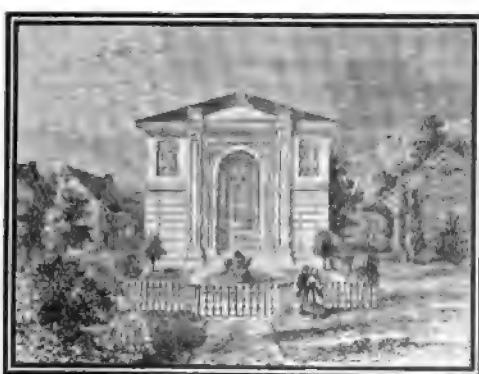


From Krüzi's "Pestalozzi," American Book Company.

VIEW OF BURGDORF.

ness of bigotry and superstition, and from his central idea that mankind must be regenerated through proper elementary education, emanated the institution which Froebel afterwards extended and elaborated into the kindergarten of today. Pestalozzi had his kindergarten, as outlined in "Leonard and Gertrude," but it was in the home, presided over by the mother, which is perfectly natural in view of the tender mother-love and the ideal home influences in which he had been nurtured. That Froebel should separate his kindergarten from the home is equally obvious to any one acquainted with his early life.

While Froebel was still groping after his real calling in life, he fell in with one of Pestalozzi's pupils, and this proved to be the turning point in his life. What an impetus this young man gave to elementary education when he followed some divine intuition which led him to urge Froebel to give up architecture and become a teacher! Very soon after Froebel's meeting with Grüner we find him going to Yverdon for a brief period of observation, and two years later he returned thither to "throw himself," as he says, "into the very heart of Pestalozzi's work." At this time nearly every government in Europe had its representatives at Yverdon to study the Pestalozzian method with a view to introducing it at home. The name of Pestalozzi was the watchword of education,



From Krüzi's "Pestalozzi," American Book Company.

NEW SCHOOLHOUSE AT BIRR, WITH INSCRIPTION TO PESTALOZZI.

two greatest exponents of child culture — Pestalozzi and Froebel — had their confluence. It may be pardonable at this point to

Werb' jetzt für Pestalozz

*seif freiem grab wird nie dort Blüthe - da
• alger weinen magen wird - da seie
filled laug - ager & brodorn yblech
seif freiem grab wird nie dort Blüthe, das
würdet alger weinen magen wird - da es
by keiner lieben trogne gablehne*

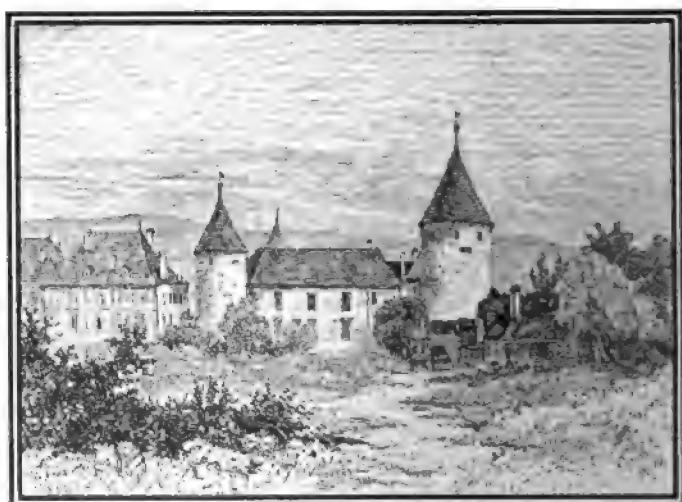
EPITAPH FOR PESTALOZZI. FROM THE ORIGINAL.

and Yverdon was the mecca to which all journeyed in search of the most approved method. And yet, in the face of all this, the publisher of the American edition of Froebel's autobiography says that Pestalozzi was an "eminently ignorant man"; which ignorance he attempts to prove by stating that his penmanship was bad, that he could neither sing nor draw, and that he wore out all his handkerchiefs by collecting pebbles in them which he never looked at afterwards.

Froebel found some things to criticize in Yverdon, it is true, as he naturally would in an institution that was conducted so largely upon mere experimentations. But, speaking of this period in his autobiography, he says: "The powerful, uplifting, and indefinable effect produced by Pestalozzi when he spoke set one's soul on fire for a higher, nobler life." Here we have the secret of Pestalozzi's power over his pupils. His chief aim was to arouse the inner consciousness to an appreciation of its true dignity and power, "in order that they might be raised," to use his own words, "not merely

unworthily of his high destiny." He frowned upon the notion that instruction must always be in the guise of amusement, contending that a child should early be encouraged to healthful exertion; that the teacher's first duty is to awaken the pupil's interest, and that, in case of failure, he should look to himself for the cause.

That Froebel expected to find more support and sympathy where Pestalozzi had gone before him than elsewhere, is evident from



From Kruzi's "Pestalozzi." American Book Company.

VIEW OF YVERDON.

above the plowing oxen, but also above the fact that the second Froebel school in man in purple and silk, who lives history, and the first after Keilhau, was

located close to Yverdon; and in the city of Burgdorf was established one of the earliest Froebel schools under the personal direction of Froebel himself.

The beneficent lives of these two men, so far-reaching in their influence, although very unlike in their outward expression, had much in common of that which goes to make up the inner life. They were slavishly devoted to the one idea of regenerating mankind through elementary education. Both were too far in advance of their time to be appreciated by their contemporaries; and having been despised and crucified during life, they rose again and live today in the splendid system of elementary education which has become our blessed heritage. As one has said, "They sowed, and reaped not, yet were thankful for having had the privilege of sowing." They "counted not their lives dear unto themselves."

The old castle of Yverdon, which played such a conspicuous part in the early history of modern education, is now used as the public school building of the town, and the large room with brick floor which served as dormitory when Froebel was a student there is now the public library. A large, well-lighted room in the second story, which is said to have been the private apartment of Mr. and Mme. Pestalozzi, is broom-clean and empty; likewise a dark, gloomy cavern in the main tower which is said to have served as their kitchen, and which has only two narrow openings in a solid stone wall ten feet thick. Here we were shown a plank suspended over the chimney-place, on which our guide said Pestalozzi hung his meat — when he had any. The numerous rooms devoted at present to the public school did similar duty during the Pestalozzian period; likewise some of the furniture. The benches are so old and uncomfortable that I supposed them to be relics of the Pestalozzian period, but our guide said no. In Room 7, where Pestalozzi himself taught, is the old platform upon which, it is said, he was wont to stand when addressing his pupils.

The inner court, which in Pestalozzi's time was a beautiful garden, has been paved with cobblestones, and presents a barren appearance. The walls are dirty, and the building as a whole is murky and repelling, and lacks

almost every quality to make it an ideal spot for educational purposes

Immediately outside the castle stands the well-known bronze statue representing Father Pestalozzi in his characteristic attitude of talking with two children. The inscription, which has probably no parallel in all the



STATUE OF PESTALOZZI IN YVERDON.

world, translated into English, is as follows:

Heinrich Pestalozzi
Born in Zürich, January 12, 1746,
Died in Brugg, February 17, 1827.
Savior of the poor at Neuhof,
Preacher of the people in Leonard and Gertrude;
In Stanz the father of orphans;
In Burgdorf and Münchbuchsee
Founder of the public school.
In Yverdon educator of humanity.
Man, Christian, Citizen,
All for others, for himself nothing.
Blessing to his name.

The very gutters surrounding the castle are an eloquent reminder of Pestalozzi's



From a painting by Grob.

FATHER PESTALOZZI.

prophetic saying, "I wish to be interred under the eaves of the school building, and to have only my name inscribed upon the stone that shall serve as my covering. When the action of the water shall have effaced it, the world will perhaps be more just toward my memory than it has been toward me during life." It seems that the unhappy man did have visions of a far-off time when his labors would be appreciated, for after his death, among his effects were found drafts of two epitaphs for his grave, of which the following is a translation:

Epitaph for Pestalozzi.

Upon his grave a rose will bloom, which will cause eyes to weep that long beheld his misery, and yet remained dry.

Upon his grave a rose will bloom, the sight of which will cause eyes to weep which remained dry on beholding his sorrows.

Five minutes' walk from the castle brought us to the cemetery, where we visited the grave of Mme. Pestalozzi. The spot is marked with a tablet dedicated to her memory by the municipality of Yverdon. As in the case of her husband, her grave is covered with the creeping ivy so common in Switzerland.

When Mme. Pestalozzi died, the institution at Yverdon received its death blow. Pestalozzi, who had no executive ability and no idea of the value of money, was compelled to entrust the economic management of the school entirely to strangers, and his own integrity and purity of mind caused him to become a victim of misplaced confidence. In 1825, the world-renowned institution of Yverdon was dissolved, and Pestalozzi, after a lifetime of the most strenuous and unselfish labors, was doomed to drain to the very dregs the cup of human thanklessness. Overwhelmed with mortification and defeat, he retired to Neuhof, "*ein armer Muedling*," as he called himself, and there remained until the curtain mercifully descended upon the tragedy of his sad life.

The house in which Pestalozzi died in the ancient city of Brugg is a stone structure in perfect preservation, and bears the usual memorial tablet. The identical room is now the office of a dentist, who, himself an ardent admirer of Pestalozzi, cordially welcomes any of the good man's friends.

It is customary in Switzerland to name all schools for neglected children Pestalozzi schools, and nearly every canton has such an

institution. On returning from Brugg to Zürich we visited one of these schools at Schlieren, and were fortunate in being able to attend part of a morning session, at which we took the following notes:

Teacher: Tell me a flower that is now blooming, or just about ceasing to bloom.

A pupil: The rose.

Another pupil: The rose balsam blooms yet; white, red, and blue colors and violet.

Third pupil: The Wuchern flower is still in bloom.

Teacher: Where did you see it?

Pupil: By the mill this morning.

Fourth pupil: Wind clover; I saw some yesterday.

Teacher: Are you sure you saw it yesterday?

Pupil: Yes.

Teacher: How do you know it was wind clover?

Pupil: It was yellow.

Teacher: There are other yellow flowers. What is the characteristic of wind clover?

Pupil: It is more fuzzy than hop clover, and it has butterfly blossoms.

Teacher: All clovers have those blossoms.

Fifth pupil: Ensian is still in bloom; I found some in the marsh, and it was blue.

Teacher: Which is the nicest of the ensians?

Pupil: The spring ensian.

Teacher: The Alpine ensians are nicest of all, and greatly prized by the people in the Alps.

Pupil: Yes, you showed us one once; it was pressed.

Sixth pupil: Maidenface and aster are still in bloom, and oleander.

Teacher: Why do they bloom so well this year?

Pupil: Because they have had so much sun.

Teacher: It is because they have what they want. In the Nile river, where the crocodiles are, the oleanders abound like willows along our streams, and there they have the most beautiful life because they have so much sun.

Here our time was up, and we left teacher and pupils talking about the flowers, a fitting finale to our Pestalozzian pilgrimage.

And as we sped along on our homeward journey the thought that seemed paramount, as the result of our observations, was that all fulness and completeness of life must proceed from the idea of more for others, less for self; that the broken and incomplete life of Father Pestalozzi, and his final and seemingly irretrievable failure was like the bursting of a chrysalis, and that from the apparent ruin and desolation of his career proceeded that new life which has since burst into bloom to bless and to beautify the earth.

INDIAN BASKETRY IN HOUSE DECORATION.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

N the pottery and baskets of the Amerind,¹ as well as in the blankets, the house decorator of the future will be compelled to deal. It is no fad that makes us seek to know something of the art-life and expression of the people whom we are thrusting to the wall after dispossessing them of the home of their forefathers. So far as we know they are the native-born, true Americans—the blue bloods of this continent—and just as the antique furniture, architecture, and records of our own nation's past are interesting and instructive to us, so should be the art manifestations of these aboriginal peoples. And when, added to the antiquarian interest, there is presented in

aboriginal blanket making, pottery, and basketry a distinctive and effective, though somewhat crude, decorative art, in which the expert may read the mythology, history, poetry, or religious thoughts of the designer and maker, it will be apparent that in these manifestations of Indian life and thought the true student has a wide and fascinating field.

What must be sought in the decoration of a room? The eye must be pleased. There must be agreeable forms tastily arranged, with due observance of proportion and harmonious combination or contrast of colors. The mind, the imagination, the memory, the sentiments, must all be appealed to in the decorations and furnishings. Every picture tells a story, suggests a thought, arouses an emotion, awakens a sentiment, stimulates a desire, evokes a question—hence serves its pur-

¹This is a new word coined by Maj. J. W. Powell, Director of the Bureau of Ethnology, from the two words American and Indian.

pose. The host or hostess delights in pleasing the intelligent guest, for a house is made beautiful not only for its immediate occupants, but also for its transient visitors and occasional guests.

Decorations and furnishings, also, are, in a measure, indexes to the mind of their possessor. The parvenu shows a want of artistic perception and a lack of innate refinement in the gorgeous ostentation with which he decorates his home. A man of wide sympathies, broad culture, and refined mind, unconsciously reveals himself in the chaste, appropriate, and yet widely differing articles of decoration and art with which he surrounds himself in his home.

Surely, then, the use of those articles with which the intimate and inner life of our predecessors in the possession of the soil we now call our own is inseparably connected,

will appeal to the man of culture, refinement, and fine sensibilities. And basketry is widespread; it is interesting evidence of the earliest development of the useful faculties and gave the first opportunities for the exercise of the dawning esthetic senses; in its late development it became to the aborigine what the cathedral was to Europe in the middle ages: the book of record of aspirations, ideals, fears, emotions, poetry, and religion. Victor Hugo strikingly exclaimed, "the book has killed the building!" and thus aroused in all minds a desire to preserve the original significance attached to the cathedrals—the lofty spires speaking of man's aspirations heavenward; the solemn and silent aisles of the solemnity

with which he should approach God; the statues of apostles, prophets, and martyrs, acting as historic reminders of grand and godlike lives in the past; the figures of demons reminding him of the constant warfare of the soul to overcome evil; the more beautiful figures of angels and saints keeping him in remembrance that the powers of good were watching over him and were ever ready to

give him help; the crook reminding him of the Good Shepherd who longed to lead His flocks into green pastures; and the cross, of the sacrifice of Himself that the Savior made that the world might be saved — all these and a thousand other things which the bookless middle ages read into their sacred structures, we now see and remember with veneration and delight. And so, though of course in a less measure, do these more modest memorials of a simpler and less devel-

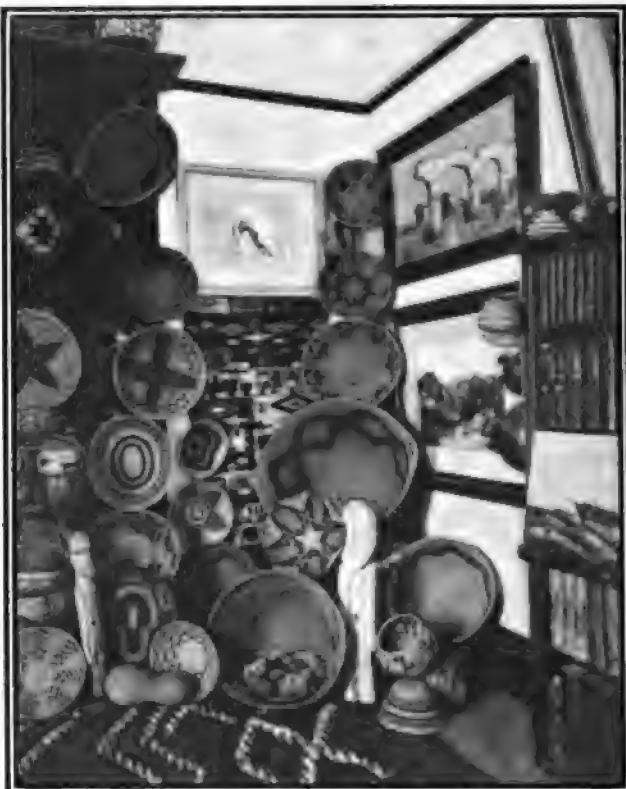


FIG. 1. INDIAN CORNER IN LIBRARY OF GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.

oped people appeal to our sympathies and ask us to preserve their original significance. It would be a misfortune to our advancing civilization to lose sight of that which meant so much to those of a dying civilization. We know ourselves better when we know what stirred the hearts, moved the emotions, and quickened the higher faculties of the races of the past. These baskets, thus looked at, become the embalmed mummies of the mentality and spirituality of ages that are past — of a civilization that would soon otherwise be lost.

Every well-appointed house might appropriately arrange an Indian corner. Here baskets, pottery, blankets, arrow-points, spear-heads, beads, wampum, belts, kilts,

moccassins, head-dresses, masks, pictures, spears, bows and arrows, drums, prayer-sticks, boomerangs, kachina dolls, fetishes, and beadwork might be displayed with artistic and pleasing effect.

Such a corner is shown in Fig. 1. This is in the library of the author in Pasadena, California, and while by no means a model, it will serve to illustrate, and perhaps will stimulate to higher endeavor those who are open to the suggestion.

Those who were privileged to see it, will remember the great charm of the library of Mrs. T. S. C. Lowe in Pasadena, California. Mrs. Lowe possesses the largest and finest collection of Indian baskets in the world. Her collection numbers over a thousand specimens, many of them exceedingly rare and precious. In this library many choice baskets were tastefully displayed on and around the book cases; Indian blankets adorned the floors, chairs and tables; Indian baskets were used as receptacles for waste paper, newspapers, photographs, cards, etc.; and other trinkets were displayed that made this room a most unique and highly pleasing one, with a marked individuality that impressed and stimulated effort in like direction.

Without attempting to make a large collection, a dozen or a score of well-selected baskets could be so artistically arranged as to give a very pleasing effect to any room where they were displayed.

Take such a basket as that in Fig. 2, which is in the Plimpton collection, San Diego, California. It is mellow in color and striking in

ask the meaning of the design. The human figures, the terraced steps, from which quail plumes protrude on the sides where the figures are, the diamond-back rattlesnake design forming a beautiful border around



FIG. 3. HAVASUPAI BASKET IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. WILLIAM WHITING, HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS.

the top of the basket, all demand explanation. For, gradually, the world is learning that the Indian woman has poetry and mythology and symbolism and imagination in her soul, and that she uses these powers in the making of her baskets, incorporating into her designs ideas of every conceivable character.

Fig. 3 shows a Havasupai basket which holds an honored place in the drawing-room of Mrs. William Whiting of Holyoke, Massachusetts. While the weave of the Havasupais is not nearly as fine as that of the Monos, Kerns, Pomos, or Yokuts, this is a beautiful basket of bold, pleasing, and effective design. I happened to be in Havasu canyon when this basket was in process of manufacture, and knew its maker well. She was a most devout woman, and, as her father owned (for a Havasupai) a large number of horses and cattle, she was making this basket as a propitiation of the powers that controlled the rain, so that her father's stock would have an abundance of water and feed. The central figure is the sun, and the radiating figures with steps are the rain clouds. In this basket she, accompanied by her mother and other female relatives, carried the sacred meal, which she sprinkled before the shrine shown in engraving No. 4. Then, with prayers and dancing, "Those Above" were pleaded with to send the rain. Without the sprinkling of the sacred meal all prayers would be ineffective, but when sprinkled



FIG. 2. TULARE BASKET IN THE PLIMPTON COLLECTION.

design. Suspended on the wall as a plaque, or hung in some corner, it would produce an artistic and agreeable effect. The observer would note the pattern, and if curious would

from a basket made with special prayers of purification, and with designs symbolic of the powers propitiated, both prayers and incantations were made efficacious and of great power.

form of which is represented in the basket to the right. The row of human figures in this basket shows it to be a dance basket, and it was undoubtedly used by the woman who made

it to hold ceremonial water or food during the performance. When one remembers that every dance was a religious rite to the Indian — that he never danced for pleasure — this memorial is regarded with a reverence that would otherwise not attach to it.

In the basket above it a beautiful illustration is offered of the changes designs are subject to, whereby their original appearance is lost, and they become no longer imitative in character, but symbolic. The two center rings are of imperfect double St. Andrew's crosses. Few ordinary observers looking at this design would see any resemblance to the diamond-back rattlesnake design below, and yet this is but the development of that. The diamond is divided into segments, and thus affords pleasing variety. But its original significance is not lost. The early weavers incorporated the rattlesnake design into their weave for two

reasons: the first was undoubt-

FIG. 5. TULARE BASKETS IN THE PLIMPTON COLLECTION.

Any one or all of the so-called Tulare baskets in Fig. 5, in the Plimpton collection, could be used to good advantage. Even to the tyro they are interesting and beautiful. They are of fine weave, smooth and even in texture, and are the highest art expression of this fast dying race. The large basket in the center of the bottom row shows water and the ripples upon it, in a highly conventionalized zigzag design. Reaching out from the zigzags are the plumes of the quail. These inform the hunters, four of whom are seen, that on the left side of the stream there is good quail hunting.

The simple but beautiful design of the smaller basket to the left, on the bottom, is a highly conventionalized form of the diamond-back rattlesnake pattern, the regular

edly in obedience to the imitative faculty, which suggested that here was a simple and easily copied design, ready at hand,



FIG. 4. HAVASUPAI SHRINE, WHERE THE INDIANS DANCE AND SPRINKLE MEAL DURING THEIR PRAYERS FOR RAIN.

one that would be pleasing to the eye; the other was a religious motive. The

incorporating of this design into the basket signifies that its maker was desirous of propitiating the evil power behind all rattlesnakes, and that she constantly prayed that none of them should ever harm any of her family. In this basket she kept the sacred meal — prepared by herself, but consecrated by the shaman or medicine man, with many smokings, prayings, and other rites — which she daily sprinkled around her house and at a certain shrine in order to secure the protection of herself and family from all evil.

a Hopi basket-maker at Mashongnavi, one of the cliff cities of this interesting people whose Snake Dance has made them famous throughout the world. Connected with the basketry of the Hopi are many singular facts. There are seven villages of this people, and yet at only four are baskets made. Three of the villages — Mashongnavi, Shimopavi, and Shipaulovi — produce one kind of basket, and Oraibi another. This engraving represents the style made at the three villages. These baskets are more often found in the round tray or plaque form, and are generally known as the sacred meal trays of the Moki. The name Moki should never have been given to these people by the whites. It is not their proper name, and is a term of reproach applied to them by the Navaho, on account of their uncleanly sanitary conditions. They call themselves the Hopituh, or People of Peace, and all well-informed writers and speakers refer to them now as the Hopi. To return to the basketry. These trays receive the name "sacred trays" because they are used in the ceremonies of the Hopi to hold the sacred meal, without which no prayer is effective. Meal is sprinkled upon every possible occasion.

Fig. 7 shows a number of Hopi women during the thrilling Snake Dance, standing where the dancers, carrying the snakes, pass them and so receive a pinch of the sacred and beneficial meal. They are also thus made the beneficiaries of the prayers that accompany the sprinkling of the meal. The ceremony is most weird and interesting.

In the finishing off of the baskets the Hopi woman is required by inexorable custom to symbolize her own physical state. There are three styles of finish, known respectively as "the flowing gate," "the open gate," and "the closed gate." The first is well illustrated in the rear basket to the left in Fig. 6. This is made by a maiden.

The open gate shows the ends of the inner grass cut off and the basket finished by tightly winding the wrapping thread of yucca over them, leaving about half an inch exposed. This is the style of finish required



FIG. 6. KUCHYEAMPSI, THE MASHONGNAVI BASKET WEAVER.

A careful study of the various weaves found in North American basketry reveals wonderful ingenuity, taste, and skill. The Pomas alone have nine distinct weaves now in use and five that are obsolete, all of which have appropriate names; and there are perhaps twice as many other weaves in use by different peoples. To see the various methods by which the stitches are made — how colored splints are introduced; how the bottle-neck baskets are narrowed and again widened; the various ingenious methods of finishing off the basket — all these afford subjects for interesting study.

Fig. 6 is a photograph of Kuchyeampsi,



FIG. 7. HOPI WOMEN READY TO SPRINKLE MEAL UPON THE SNAKE DANCERS

of a matron capable of bearing children.

The closed gate, as its name implies, shows the inner grass completely enclosed in the yucca wrapping, and is the style of finish observed by the barren married women and widows.

Nor are these facts all that are connected with these singular and interesting social revelations. Recently I learned that by a strange law of correlation between symbol and thing symbolized existent in the Hopi mind, the simple-hearted maiden or mother weaver implicitly believes that if she closes the "flowing" or "open" gate of her basket, she produces a similar result in her own condition, which thus precludes her, in the one case, from becoming a happy wife, and in the other deprives her of the further joys of motherhood. For to the unsophisticated and uncivilized "heathen" Hopi woman marriage without many children is unhappy and unblest.

In some baskets the whole history of a nation is symbolized, and to an intelligent sympathy expressed towards the weaver and her ideas, I owe the gleaning of much mythological, traditional, and historical lore that had hitherto entirely escaped ethnologists and others interested in the history of the Indians.

Colors, also, to the Indian are significant of religious interpretation. To learn the many methods for producing of pleasing color followed by the woman, is to have a revelation of industry, skill, and invention.

Indian baskets can be made to contribute to the intellectual pleasures of a club or social gathering. Let a loan collection be made of as many baskets as can be found. Then let some intelligent and interested member of the club prepare a talk to deliver an extempore talk covering the following points: the geographical location of the tribe of the maker of the basket; the material used in making the basket; the colors are made, and the significance of the design, whether imitative, nationalized, imaginative, ideographic, or symbolic. Such a talk could be followed by a general discussion and exchange of views that would prove to be profitable and instructive to the whole company.

Merely a loan collection could not give interest and increase knowledge to complement it, a number of photographs were placed on exhibition showing "majellas" making the baskets, considerably added interest would be secured.